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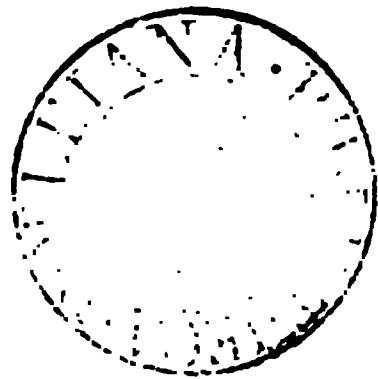


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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Eloquence of the United States.* Compiled by E. B. Willison. 5 vols. 8vo. Middletown, Conn., 1827.
2. *Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry.* By William Wirt, of Richmond, Virginia. Ninth edition, corrected by the Author. Philadelphia, 1838.
3. *Orations and Speeches on various occasions.* By Edward Everett. Boston, 1836.
4. *Speeches and Forensic Arguments.* By Daniel Webster. 2 vols. Boston, 1838.

THE Rev. Sydney Smith once wrote an article in the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ (re-published amongst his works), proving, to the entire dissatisfaction of the Americans, that they had produced no names in art, science, or literature, since they became a nation, capable of standing a minute’s competition with those produced by England within the same period. This was a little too much; and one of their crack reviewers was commissioned to answer the divine. After a little preliminary castigation, he proceeded to demolish him by a set of searching interrogatories, commencing somewhat in this fashion:

‘Has this writer never heard of Jared Sparks, or Timothy Dwight? Has he never heard of Buckminster, Griscom, Ames, Wirt, Brown, Fitch, Flint, Frisbie, and Silliman?’

Now it is most assuredly no matter of boast; for many of the writers on the list were men of undoubted talent, and have since obtained well-merited celebrity; but we much fear that Mr. Sydney Smith never had heard of one of them. If he had, he would certainly have been proportionally in advance of the great majority of the reading English public at the time. We have since done a little towards supplying our deficiencies in this respect; but if we were put through the same sort of catechism, most of us should still betray a lamentable degree of ignorance as to the indigenous literature of the United States,—and not less as to their oratory. During Mr. Webster and Miss Sedgewick’s visit to England last spring, it was quite amusing to watch the puzzled faces of the company on the announcement of their names in a drawing-room; for notwithstanding the reprint of Miss Sedgewick’s ‘*Tales*,’ and the constant mention of Mr. Webster by the

‘Genevese Traveller’ of the ‘Times,’ nine persons out of ten in the *élite* of English society had about as accurate a notion of their respective claims to celebrity as Lord Melbourne of Mr. Faraday’s, when it was proposed to add that gentleman’s name to the pension-list.

To prevent the recurrence of such scenes when Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, or Mr. Everett, shall honour us with a visit, we propose, in the present article, to bring our readers acquainted with the leading orators in the United States, by short sketches of their career and characteristic passages from their speeches,—to play, in short, the ‘Timon’ of America; and any comparison we may afterwards choose to institute as to the respective excellence of the two countries in this branch of intellectual exertion, will at least not expose us to the reproach of having selected a field in which the advantage is necessarily on the side of the mother-country. Seventy years of democratic institutions may not be sufficient to form a style or perfect a school of art, but they are enough, in all conscience, to show what a nation can do in eloquence and statesmanship.

The eloquence of the Americans, like that of the French, dates from their revolution; but they started under widely different auspices. When the National Assembly was first called together, the members were utterly unacquainted with the forms of business, or the tactics of debate. Dumont tells us that the only orators who possessed any talent for improvisation were Maury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Barnave, and Thouret; and of these Barnave alone was capable of extemporising an entire speech of any length. Mirabeau clearly was not; and most of his best passages are short, rapid, and electrical, flashing out from between the trains of argumentation laboriously prepared for him, like lightning through clouds. In North America, on the contrary, the habit of public speaking was as familiar as in the mother-country at this hour: each provincial assembly was a school; and the very first Congress conducted their debates and carried their resolutions in as orderly and business-like a manner, as if the contending parties had been led by the leaders of our House of Commons, with Lord Canterbury to preside; indeed, in a much more orderly and business-like manner than since the excitement of the crisis has passed away. Unluckily their most momentous sittings were held with closed doors: newspaper reporters did not come into existence as a class, even in England, till full twenty years afterwards; and the vanity of publication had no influence in such a crisis on men whose lives and fortunes were at stake. General descriptions of the principal speakers (Adams, Lee, Dickenson, Hancock) have  
come



come down to us; but the one orator who had fire and force enough to stamp his very words and image upon the memory, and blend them indissolubly with the best traditions of the land, was Henry.

Demosthenes left corrected copies of all his best speeches. Demades left none. For aught we know to the contrary, therefore, Theophrastus might have been quite right in saying, as reported in Plutarch, that Demosthenes was worthy of Athens, and Demades above it. But when a speaker takes his fair chance with his fellows, and his thoughts and expressions are laid up in cedar for no other reason than from their being of a kind that the world would not willingly let die, the bare fact is decisive of his claims. If, for example, we knew nothing of Lord Chatham's eloquence but what is recorded by Walpole, we should entertain no doubt of his superiority to Fox or Pulteney; and the few genuine fragments of Mirabeau which have been preserved—preserved only by constant repetition at the time—are more conclusive than volumes; for if the specimens do not entirely come up to the traditional reputation of the man, we are rather tempted to suppose that the thought or expression has lost something of its original brightness on its way to us, than that the concurrent voices of his contemporaries spoke false.

Applying the same criterion to Henry, we cannot well err in placing his name at the head of our list. His authenticated remains consist merely of a few insulated passages, enshrouded in the note-book of some zealous admirer, or handed down from mouth to mouth; but what are called 'Henry's speeches' form the favourite subjects of declamation in the schools; and the traditionary accounts of the effects produced by his voice and manner, with all those other nameless attributes which Demosthenes included under the word *action*, transcend most things of the kind recorded in history; except the consummate acting of Lord Chatham, who folded his flannels round him like a toga, and awed his adversaries into silence by a sweep of his crutch. Jefferson, no mean authority, declared Henry to be the greatest orator that ever lived; and a firm conviction of the justice of this estimate has been the means of obtaining for him so distinguished a biographer as Mr. Wirt.

Patrick Henry was the second son of Colonel John Henry, a Scotch settler, who emigrated prior to 1730.\* Patrick was born in May, 1736, at 'the family seat' called Studley, in Virginia, but

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\* According to Mr. Wirt, John Henry 'is said to have been a nephew in the maternal line to the great historian, Dr. William Robertson.' Had this been so, he must also have been cousin-german to the mother of Lord Brougham. But dates are awkward things. Dr. Robertson was born in 1721. There may have been some connection.

‘ was raised and educated ’ (to borrow the precise expression of Mr. Wirt) at another ‘ seat ’ in the same colony. Colonels and seats, however, are good cheap in America, as Blackstone said of gentlemen in England; and there is nothing in Patrick Henry’s ‘ raising ’ that bears token of aristocracy. He picked up a little Latin and less Greek, with a smattering of mathematics, under the direction of his father, who, it is rather enigmatically stated, ‘ had opened a grammar-school in his own house ; ’ but he manifested a decided aversion to study, and when the hour for it arrived, was generally to be found in the woods with his gun, or by the river with his fishing-rod. The melancholy Jaques, however, not Nimrod, was his prototype ; and the sports of the field were little better than a pretence to get away from books and men, and enjoy the solitary luxury (or vice) of day dreaming. His person at that period was coarse, his manners awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation rude, and if he gave any indications of future excellence, they were not of a sort to attract the attention of his friends. A fondness and aptness for the observation of character were the only creditable peculiarities they saw in him. At the age of fifteen he was placed behind the counter of a merchant (*Anglicè*, shopkeeper), and after a year’s novitiate was set up in business for himself, in partnership with his brother William, whose habits closely resembled his own. The result may be guessed, and was not long in coming. The firm failed within a year ; but its ill-success had one good effect on Patrick ; it drove him first to music, then to books, as a relief ; he learnt to play well on the flute and violin, and acquired, for the first time, a relish for reading. He had also found out one mode of turning his customers to account. When they met to gossip in his store, he availed himself of the opportunity to pursue his favourite study of character ; and it was subsequently remembered that, so long as they were gay and talkative, he generally remained silent, but whenever the conversation flagged, he adroitly recommenced it in such a manner as to bring their peculiarities of mind and disposition into play. At eighteen he married, and turned farmer, but he was as little fitted for agriculture as for trade. After a two years’ trial, he gave up his farm, and re-commenced shop-keeping, which soon reduced him a second time to insolvency. Part of the abundant leisure, however, in which he uniformly indulged himself, had been devoted to books, and whilst his farm was going to rack and ruin, or his customers were waiting to be served, he was deep in a translation of Livy, whose eloquent harangues particularly attracted him.

It was now that, all other experiments having failed, he resolved to make trial of the law, but his confirmed habits of idleness had induced

induced a general belief that he would stand no chance against the formidable array of competitors which the Virginia bar presented at the time, and he set to work with so little energy as to justify a suspicion that his own expectations were extremely moderate. 'To the study of a profession,' says Mr. Wirt, 'which is said to require the lucubrations of twenty years, Mr. Henry devoted not more than six weeks; Judge Tyler says one month; and he adds, This I had from his own lips. In this time he read Coke upon Littleton, and the Virginia laws.'

A student must be endowed with considerable powers of application who could read Coke upon Littleton in a month; and we incline to think that Henry's perusal was of a cursory description, for his licence to practise was obtained with difficulty, and the examiners who granted it acknowledged that they found him very ignorant of law, but perceived him to be a young man of genius, and did not doubt that he would soon qualify himself. Four years passed away before these expectations were fulfilled, and during much of this period he acted as assistant to his father-in-law, a tavern-keeper. An occasion at length presented itself peculiarly adapted to his powers, and he sprang by one bold bound into celebrity.

The ministers of the established church of Virginia (the Church of England) were then paid in kind, i.e. each was legally entitled to an annual stipend of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. In 1755 the crops failed, and an act was passed enabling the planters to discharge their tobacco debts in money, at the rate of 16s. 8d. per hundred weight, when the actual value was 50s. or 60s. This Act, though invalid for want of the royal assent, was submitted to; but when it was revived in 1758, the clergy took the alarm, and one of their body brought the question before the courts. It came on for argument in the shape of a demurrer, and judgment being given for the minister, nothing remained but to assess the damages under a writ of inquiry. The leading counsel of the colony threw up the cause as hopeless, and the defendants applied to Henry because they could get no one else to risk his reputation in it. On the appointed day the bench was crowded by the clergy, and the floor by the populace. What was still more embarrassing, the presiding judge was his own father.

'And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others, of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed,

possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuviae* of the clown seemed to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees, became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. \* \* \*

‘ It will not be difficult for any one who ever heard this most extraordinary man, to believe the whole account of this transaction, which is given by his surviving hearers; and from their account, the court-house of Hanover county must have exhibited, on this occasion, a scene as picturesque as has been ever witnessed in real life. They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.

‘ The jury seem to have been so completely bewildered that they lost sight, not only of the act of 1748 but that of 1758 also; for, thoughtless even of the admitted right of the plaintiff, they had scarcely left the bar when they returned with a verdict of *one penny damages*. A motion was made for a new trial; \* but the court too had now lost the equipoise of their judgment, and overruled the motion by a unanimous vote. The verdict and judgment overruling the motion were followed by redoubled acclamations from within and without the house. The people, who had with difficulty kept their hands off their champion, from the moment of closing his harangue, no sooner saw the fate of the cause finally sealed than they seized him at the bar, and in spite of his own exertions, and the continued cry of “order” from the sheriffs and the court, they bore him out of the court-house, and raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard in a kind of electioncering triumph.’—*Wirt*, pp. 42—45.

As Queen Caroline said of Jeannie Dean’s appeal for mercy—

\* This is quick work; but the narrator is an ex-attorney-general, and we must not judge the practice of an American county court by that of our own Queen’s Bench, where a motion for a new trial is not often decided under three years.

'this is eloquence.' Its wonder-working power is proved by the very exaggeration of the accounts. Unluckily (perhaps luckily for the speaker), not a sentence has been preserved: his hearers declared that they were carried away captive at the commencement, and that, when it was over, they felt as if just awakened from a dream, of which they were unable to connect or recal the particulars. To this day the old people of the country cannot conceive a higher compliment to a speaker than to say of him—*'He is almost equal to Patrick when he pled against the parsons.'*\*

Henry's reputation was now established, and he was employed in most causes of importance where there was any room for eloquence, for he could not be induced till long after to make the slightest effort with the view of removing his ignorance of law, and, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting-jacket, greasy leather-breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted, or affected, the vulgar style of pronunciation, as:—*'Naïteral parts is better than all the larning upon yearth'*—though his friends deny the is.

We pass over his many triumphs at the bar to come at once to his grand display in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, which at that time boasted five or six speakers, whom Mr. Wirt seems inclined to parallel with the first debaters of any country. Henry broke ground in opposition to a motion for shielding some influential members of the aristocratic party from the consequences of a misappropriation of the public money, but his first grand effort was in support of the resolutions against the Stamp Act, moved by himself. He was opposed by all the old members;

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\* At the same time we lay comparatively little stress on verdicts against law and evidence in cases where the passions or prejudices of the jury can be appealed to. For example, the late Sir John Astley brought an action of trespass against the notorious Henry Hunt, one while M.P. for Preston. Hunt, like Henry's client, suffered judgment by default: the damages were to be assessed under a writ of inquiry before the under-sheriff, who told the jury that the plaintiff was entitled to their verdict for some sum, however small, though no actual damage had been sustained. Hunt appeared in person, and contended that, as the only trespass proved was walking once across a bare common, and the witness admitted that no injury, not even a farthing's worth, had been done, he was entitled to a verdict; and they found for him. A second inquiry was instantly awarded by the court, and the result was the same. A third was then applied for, and, after an ingenious argument by Hunt, was granted,—Lord Ellenborough, who delivered the judgment, growling out an injunction to the sheriff to be prepared with an answer capable of teaching the jury their duty. The advice was followed, and the jury, happening to be more intelligent than usual, were at length brought to understand the true character of the point. A still more daring attempt is recorded of Curran. His adversary's case was clear, and he had not a tittle of evidence to oppose to it; so, seeing a fellow in the last stage of intoxication amongst the bystanders, he desired him to be placed in the witness-box, and told the jury that the other side had made his only witness so drunk that he could not utter a syllable. The jury (Irish) found for their favourite 'counsellor' without delay.

but

but (to borrow the words of Jefferson, who was present) ‘torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning of Johnson (the seconder), prevailed. The last, however, and strongest resolution was carried but by a single vote. The debate on it was most bloody.’ It was on this occasion that he uttered the celebrated passage—

“‘Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the Third—(‘Treason!’ cried the speaker—‘Treason, treason!’ echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis)—*may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.*”’—*Wirt*, p. 83.

Henry had hitherto confined his practice to the county courts, but in the year 1769 he joined the bar of the general court, and came into collision with the best lawyers of the colony. His biographer is obliged to confess that he stood a bad chance with them in most causes involving questions of property, but says he was unapproachable as counsel for the prisoner in a criminal case.

A gentleman who has examined several of Erskine’s briefs informs us that the notes and interlineations were few, but that particular parts were doubled down and dashed with peculiar emphasis—his plan being to throw all his strength upon the grand features of the case, instead of frittering it away upon details. Henry’s method was the same. He grouped instead of analysing, and produced, by a few master-touches, effects which laborious finish would have marred.

In 1774 he was elected a member of the first congress, and here too his superiority is said to have been soon established. Still we get nothing but descriptions, and to arrive at even the skeleton of a speech we must pass to a sitting of the Virginia convention, 20th March, 1775, when he brought forward a series of resolutions for arming the colony:—

“‘They tell us, sir,” continued Mr. Henry, “that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible



invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

“It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me,” cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—“give me liberty, or give me death!”

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment several members started from their seats. The cry, “to arms!” seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye!—*Ibid.* p. 142.

It was thought the highest commendation to say of Demosthenes that, when he had done speaking, the cry was not ‘*What a splendid oration!*’ but ‘*Let us march against Philip!*’

The colony took to arms at Henry’s bidding, and appointed him their commander; but his military talents were distrusted, and he was eventually driven to resign without having had any opportunity of showing what he could do as a general. Unlike Demosthenes, however, who was one of the first to run away at Charonea, he gave decided proofs of personal intrepidity in the field. In 1776 he was elected governor of Virginia, and in the fall of that year it was even proposed to make him dictator. The project was crushed by Colonel Cary, the speaker of the senate, who thus accosted Henry’s step-brother, Colonel Syme, in the lobby of the house:—‘I am told that your brother wishes to be dictator: tell him from me that the day of his appointment shall be the day of his death, for he shall feel my dagger in his heart before the sunset of that day.’ There is no proof of his implication in the scheme, which was suggested merely by the temporary bad aspect of affairs.

It is highly to Henry’s honour that one of the first measures proposed by him after the independence of the colonies was secured, was protection to the British refugees.

“Let

“Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them*!—what, sir,”—said he, rising to one of his loftiest attitudes, and assuming a look of the most indignant and sovereign contempt,—“shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*?”—*Ibid.* p. 254.

The concluding figure is said to have produced an amazing effect, which is highly probable, for it not only addressed the reason, but tickled the vanity of the assembly.

Mr. Henry was elected a member of the Convention which met to discuss the constitution of the United States in 1788. Their debates and proceedings have been fully reported by Mr. Robertson of Virginia, but he admits the impossibility of doing justice to such a speaker as Henry, and we find little worth quoting.

In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. ‘It was clear as—as—’ (at this moment the sun shone into the court) ‘clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations.’ Henry thus worked up a somewhat similar incident:—

‘After describing, in accents which spoke to the soul, and to which every other bosom deeply responded, the awful immensity of the question (the adoption of the Constitution) to the present and future generations, and the throbbing apprehensions with which he looked to the issue, he passed from the house and from the earth, and looking, as he said, “beyond that horizon which binds mortal eyes,” he pointed—with a countenance and action that made the blood run back upon the aching heart—to those celestial beings who were hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involved the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.” To those beings—with the same thrilling look and action—he had just addressed an invocation that made every nerve shudder with supernatural horror—when, lo! a storm at that instant arose which shook the whole building, and the spirits whom he had called seemed to have come at his bidding. Nor did his eloquence, or the storm, immediately cease—but, availing himself of the incident with a master's art, he seemed to mix in the fight of his ethereal auxiliaries, and, “rising on the wings of the tempest, to seize upon the artillery of Heaven, and direct its fiercest thunders against the heads of his adversaries.” The scene became insupportable; and

and the house rose without the formality of adjournment, the members rushing from their seats with precipitation and confusion.'—*Wirt*, pp. 312, 313.

We cannot help suspecting that the members rushed out, not so much from the confounding effect of Henry's eloquence as for fear the building should come crumbling upon their heads. It was, however, no trifling matter to induce them to keep their places till he had done.

In the same session he obtained a triumph of a different order. A young member of the federal party, the son of an officer of rank, who had been educated in England and resided there during the whole period of the revolution, had the bad taste to make a direct set at Henry. The occasion he chose was in reply to a speech in which the veteran had expressed his readiness 'at all times and on all occasions to bow, with the utmost deference, to the majesty of the people.' Being endowed with a lively fancy, a graceful address, and easy sprightly elocution, he rang the changes on these words with considerable felicity through thirteen periods, concluding each period with a bow. Among other things he said it was of little importance whether a country was ruled by a despot with a tiara on his head, or by a demagogue in a red cloak and a caul-bare wig (describing Henry's dress), although he should profess on all occasions to bow to the majesty of the people. Henry raised himself up heavily, and with affected awkwardness :—

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I am a plain man, and have been educated altogether in Virginia. My whole life has been spent among planters, and other plain men of similar education, who have never had the advantage of that polish which a court alone can give, and which the gentleman over the way has so happily acquired; indeed, sir, the gentleman's employments and mine (in common with the great mass of his countrymen) have been as widely different as our fortunes; for while that gentleman was availing himself of the opportunity which a splendid fortune afforded him, of acquiring a foreign education, mixing among the great, attending levees and courts, *basking in the beams of royal favour at St. James's*, and exchanging courtesies with crowned heads, I was engaged in the arduous toils of the revolution; and was probably as far from thinking of acquiring those polite accomplishments which the gentleman has so successfully cultivated, as that gentleman then was from sharing in the toils and dangers in which *his unpolished countrymen* were engaged. I will not, therefore, presume to vie with the gentleman in those courtly accomplishments of which he has just given the house so agreeable a specimen; yet such a bow as I can make shall be ever at the service of the people." Herewith, although there was no man who could make a more graceful bow than Mr. Henry, he made one so ludicrously awkward and clownish, as took the house by surprise, and put them into a roar of laughter. "The gentleman, I hope,

hope, will commiserate the disadvantages of education under which I have laboured, and will be pleased to remember that I have never been a favourite with that monarch whose gracious smile he has had the happiness to enjoy." He pursued this contrast of situations and engagements for fifteen or twenty minutes without a smile, and without the smallest token of resentment, either in countenance, expression, or manner. "You would almost have sworn," says a correspondent, "that he thought himself making his apology for his own awkwardness before a full drawing-room at St. James's. I believe there was not a person that heard him, the sufferer himself excepted, who did not feel every risible nerve affected. His adversary meantime hung down his head, and sinking lower and lower, until he was almost concealed behind the interposing forms, submitted to the discipline as quietly as a Russian malefactor who had been beaten with the knout till all sense of feeling was lost." '—pp. 322-324.

This reminds us of Lord Chatham's attack on Lord Mansfield, as described in a letter from the first Lord Holland to the Marquis of Hartington:—"Every word was Murray; yet so managed that neither he nor anybody else could or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat near Murray, *who suffered for an hour.*'

A long and elaborate report of his argument on the question of the British debts—whether debts due to British subjects were recoverable—has been preserved; and though its imperfections are frankly admitted by the reporter, it proves that Henry could thoroughly master a great legal question, and argue according to the strict rules of logic when he chose. (See Wirt, p. 331.) The case of John Hook is ordinarily put forward as an example of what he could do in the comic line. This Hook was a Scotchman, fond of money, and suspected of being unfavourable to the American cause. Two of his bullocks had been seized for the use of the troops in 1781; and so soon as peace was established he brought an action against the commissary. Henry was engaged for the defence:—

'He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigour of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection

jection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches: they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighbouring river. "But hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef! beef!*"—pp. 389, 390.\*

It is added that the clerk of the court, unable to contain himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum, rushed out and was found rolling on the grass in a paroxysm of laughter by Hook, the hero of the day. 'Jemmy Steptoe, what the devil ails ye, mon?' Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. 'Never mind ye,' said the defendant; 'wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'.' Billy Cowan's exertions, however, proved vain. The cause was decided by acclamation; and a cry of *tar and feathers* having succeeded to that of *beef*, Mr. Hook was fain to make a precipitate retreat.

His last appearance on the stage of public life was in 1799, when, alarmed at the violent measures meditated by the democratic party, he thought it his duty to stem the torrent, and presented himself as a candidate for the House of Delegates for Charlotte County. On the day of election he received such homage from the people that a baptist minister demanded why they followed him about: 'Mr. Henry is not a god.' 'No, indeed, my friend,' was the reply; 'I am but a poor worm, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and is remembered no more.' In the course of his address he painted the horrors that would ensue if they compelled Washington to march against them:—

' "And where (he asked) are our resources to meet such a conflict?—Where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country?" A drunken man in the crowd threw up his arm, and exclaimed that "he dared to do it."—"No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty: "you dare not do it: in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"'

He was elected by a large majority, and the assembly was thrown into commotion by the tidings of his approach; but his health was irretrievably broken, the crisis was accelerated by the agitations of the period, and on June 6th, 1799, he died.

The person of an orator who produced such effects by action is important. Henry was tall and raw-boned, with a slight

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\* This passage was introduced with considerable felicity by Mr. Charles Phillips, in his speech against a gentleman who had prosecuted two of his servants for feloniously appropriating to their own use sundry slices of a boiled round of beef.

stoop of the shoulders; his complexion was dark and sunburnt, without any appearance of blood in the cheeks; his ordinary expression was that of gravity, and he had an habitual contraction of the brow, which gave him a look of harshness till he spoke. His forehead was high and straight—nose Roman, and eyes of singular power and brilliancy, overshadowed by dark thick eyebrows. His voice was clear, firm, and of extraordinary compass. His delivery was easy and natural when he warmed; but he often hesitated at the commencement, and had the air of labouring under a distressing degree of modesty or timidity, which indeed continued to characterise his manner throughout, unless he was led to throw it off by some high excitement. His information was very limited, for his disinclination to study returned upon him so soon as his reputation was established. ‘Take my word for it,’ was his remark to a friend in advanced life,—‘we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes *we* can read to advantage.’ What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descanting tediously, till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, ‘you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—“Blessed be the man who first invented sleep: it covers one all over, like a cloak.”’

We have already suggested a parallel; and no one can help being struck by the striking resemblance which Henry’s oratory (so far as it can be collected from description) bears to Lord Chatham’s, notwithstanding the startling discrepancy between their birth, breeding, tastes, habits, and pursuits. The one, a born member of the English aristocracy—the other, the son of a Virginian farmer: the one, educated at Eton and Oxford—the other, picking up a little Latin grammar at a day-school: the one, reading Bailey’s Dictionary twice over, and articulating before a glass to perfect his use of language—the other, affecting a still greater carelessness of style and rusticity of pronunciation than were natural to him: the one, so fine a gentleman and so inveterate an actor, that, before receiving the most insignificant visitor, he was wont to call for his wig, and settle himself in an imposing attitude—the other, slouching into the provincial parliament with his leather gaiters and shooting-jacket. But they meet in all the grand leading elemental points—in fire, force, energy and intrepidity—the sagacity that works by intuition—the faculty of taking in the entire subject at a glance, or lighting up a whole question by a metaphor—the fondness for Saxon words, short uninverted idiomatic sentences, downright assertions, and hazardous apostrophes—above all, in the singular



singular tact and felicity with which their dramatic (or rather melo-dramatic) turns and touches were brought in.

It is in vain to say that people could never have been such fools as to be awed by what reads very like buffoonery or impertinence; or to cite the failure of Burke, who, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House, produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—‘The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?’ The scene would have gone off differently, had the actor been equal to the part. Lord Chatham often succeeded in worse. On one occasion, for example, he rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech. A silence ensued till the door opened to let him into the lobby. A member then started up, saying, ‘I rise to reply to the right honourable member.’ Lord Chatham turned back, and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:

‘At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,  
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,  
Ingenti trepidare metu: pars vertere terga,  
Ceû quondam petiere rates: pars tollere vocem  
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.’

Then placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, ‘Now let me hear what the honourable member has to say to me.’ When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor member, he replied, ‘No, sir, we were all too awed to laugh.’

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of ‘the gentle shepherd.’ At the time in question, a song of Dr. Howard, which began with the words, ‘Gentle shepherd, tell me where,’ each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth. In the course of the debate, Mr. Grenville exclaimed, ‘Where is our money? where are our means? I say again, where are our means? where is our money?’ He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line, ‘Gentle shepherd, tell me where.’

Mr. Butler states that a gentleman mentioned the two last circumstances to the late Mr. Pitt; the minister observed that they were proofs of his father’s ascendancy in the House; but that no specimens remained of the eloquence by which that ascendancy was procured. The gentleman recommended him to read slowly his father’s speeches for the repeal of the stamp-act; and while he

he repeated them to bring to his mind, as well as he could, the figure, the look, and the voice, with which his father might be supposed to have pronounced them. Mr. Pitt did so, and admitted the probable effect of the speeches thus delivered.

In the case of his Transatlantic rival we must go still further: we must infer both language and action from the wonders recorded of him; but when we find Americans of all classes, parties, and shades of opinion, bearing concurrent testimony to these, there is obviously no alternative but to assume the direct falsehood of their statements, or admit that Patrick Henry possessed the genuine *vis vivida*, the inborn genius of oratory, as much perhaps as any other modern, dead or living, with the exception of Chatham and Mirabeau.

Botta, the Italian, who, in his 'History of the American Revolution,' has thrown the arguments for and against the Declaration of Independence into the form of harangues after the manner of the historians of antiquity, makes Lee and Dickinson the champions of their respective parties. Lee certainly moved the resolutions, but Jefferson says, 'the colossus of that Congress, the great pillar of support to the Declaration, and its ablest advocate on the floor of the House, was *John Adams*,' who poured forth his passionate appeals in language which 'moved his hearers from their seats.' It was a bold measure to attempt an imitation, but this has been done by Mr. Webster, artistically interweaving the few original expressions which have been retained. We will quote a few sentences:

'Let us, then, bring before us the assembly which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots.

'Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration. . . .

'It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness—

'“Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander

commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? . . . .

“Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day’s business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. . . . .

“But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*—and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!”

The first sentence of the speech here given to Adams is copied from his declaration to the attorney-general for Massachusetts in 1774:—‘The die is now cast. I have passed the Rubicon. To sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination.’ The passage would be materially improved by leaving out the words ‘survive or perish;’ but a leaning towards pleonasm is one great defect of American style, as we may subsequently have occasion to point out.

Prior to his appearance in congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770; and, throwing all petty considerations and prejudices aside, called on the jury ‘to be deaf, deaf as adders, to the clamours of the populace.’ Captain Preston was acquitted; and the circumstance is often mentioned as a proof of the inherent sense of justice among the people of the United States. But is it quite clear that they retain as a nation all the good qualities which distinguished them as a British colony?

Were the ringleaders of the Baltimore mob, who murdered the printer of a newspaper which opposed a war with England in 1812, convicted or acquitted? Or if the slave-owners had tarred and feathered Miss Martineau, and sent her to keep company with wild turkeys, as they threatened, could any southern jury have been persuaded to find them guilty of an assault?

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters: — 'Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance.'—Jefferson was struck in precisely the same manner by Henry, and gives him credit for the same description of effect. We may split the difference, by supposing that Otis then laid the embers which Henry afterwards lighted and flung abroad.

This is all worth repeating that we have been able to collect regarding the ante-revolutionary epoch, and we gladly pass on to a period which offers something more substantial than scattered allusions to argue from. Common Rumour is an indispensable witness in an inquiry like the present. With all her hundred-tongued propensity to fibbing, she must be put into the box; and our first care was to learn from the most enlightened Americans of our acquaintance, which, according to the popular estimate, were generally regarded as the best speakers of their time. The following is a carefully-collated list of the chief names that have been forwarded to us with satisfactory testimonials:

Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Rufus King, Samuel Dexter, Chief Justice Marshall, John Wells, Thomas Emmett (the Irish barrister), Harrison Grey Otis, John Randolph, William Wirt, Joseph Hopkinson, Horace Binney, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, Robert Harper, Robert Hayne, James Madison, James Bayard, William Preston, Joseph Story, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Edward Everett.

It is a remarkable fact that the whole of these are lawyers by profession except the last. The order in which they are here named means nothing; and it may be as well to say that no just conclusion can be drawn from the preference we may accord,

or the comparative space we may devote to any of them, in our remarks and quotations.

Lord Brougham, in his *Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients*, says that public speaking among them bore a more important share in the conduct of affairs, and filled a larger space in the eye of the people, than it does now, or indeed ever can again. He afterwards alludes to their interest in oratorical displays as sources of recreation, but it seems to have escaped his attention that 'the orators' formed a class distinct from the public men in general, and were more frequently the disturbers than the rulers of the state. Thus Plutarch, in the *Life of Phocion*, says—'For as princes divert themselves at their meals with buffoons and jesters, so the Athenians attended to the polite and agreeable address of their orators merely by way of entertainment; but when the question was concerning so important a business as the command of their forces, they returned to sober and serious thinking,' &c. For this reason it was said that Demosthenes was the finer orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker—Phocion, who, when his opinion once happened to be received with universal applause, turned to his friends and asked, 'Have I inadvertently let slip something wrong?'

The good sense of mankind has established the same distinction in all countries,—even under a democracy like that of the United States, where, from the undue prevalence of the talking profession, it might be thought that the assembly or the forum afforded the only legitimate means of influence. The name of Jefferson, for example, does not appear upon our list; yet who has played a more important part? The fact is, his voice, weak at best, became guttural and inarticulate in moments of high excitement, and the consciousness of this infirmity prevented him from risking his reputation in debate; though, judging from the productions of his pen, he possessed all except the physical qualifications of an orator. Washington, again, was wont to exercise much the same sort of influence as the Duke of Wellington has long exercised in this country. He delivered his opinion in a few pithy sentences, written or spoken, and the mere declaimers subsided into insignificance. It is remarkable, too, that the patriotic exertions of these great men were generally directed against the same class of politicians—namely, those who sought to gain the favour of the people by relaxing the reins of government and weakening the foundations of authority.\*

It is related of Washington, at the conclusion of his campaign against the Indians, that, having to appear before the assembly

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\* Many other points of analogy will be suggested by a perusal of the inestimable and (in some measure) parallel compilations of Colonel Gurwood and Mr. Sparks.

of Virginia and return thanks for a complimentary vote, he got confused, and was unable to go on. 'Sit down, Mr. Washington,' said the Speaker; 'your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.' He afterwards, however, acquired the power of expressing himself without embarrassment, and when Patrick Henry was asked in 1774 who was the first man in Congress, he replied: 'If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'

Even amongst those who take rank as orators, there may be some whose speeches possess few attractions in a rhetorical point of view, though grave, dignified, replete with thought and knowledge, and admirably adapted both to the subject-matter and the time. Those of Alexander Hamilton, the most consummate statesman ever 'raised' in America, pre-eminently belong to this category. 'There is not an element of order, strength and durability in the constitution of the United States,' says M. Guizot, 'which he did not powerfully contribute to introduce into the scheme, and cause to be adopted.'\*

What the reader naturally looks for in specimens is the striking metaphor, the happy illustration, the biting sarcasm, the graceful irony, the bold invective, the vehement apostrophe—something in short, of the stimulating or exciting kind, and these are not always to be found in the models of clear statement or the correctest trains of reasoning. At the same time, it would be unfair in the extreme to infer the absence of statesmanship from the presence or even abundance of these qualities. Fire and fancy are not incompatible with truth and wisdom; or, as Lord Chatham once said in answer to Mr. Pelham—

'What the gentlemen on the other side mean by long harangues and flowers of rhetoric, I shall not pretend to determine; but if they make use of nothing of the kind, it is no very good argument of their sincerity, because a man who speaks from his heart and is sincerely affected with the subject upon which he speaks, as every honest man must be when he speaks in the cause of his country, such a man, I say, falls naturally into expressions which may be called flowers of rhetoric, and therefore deserves as little to be charged with affectation as the most stupid serjeant-at-law that ever spoke for a half-guinea fee.'

We have now, it is to be hoped, said enough to escape the risk of wounding the self-love of any irritable individual of the most irritable nation in the world. To save the trouble of frequent

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\* *Washington*. By M. Guizot. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq. 1840.

and (with two or three exceptions) most distinguished strongly advocated the expediency of giving the largest power to the supreme central authorities. The men of the lower class, backed by the lower class, struggled hard to maintain the supremacy of the provincial legislatures, on which their voice could be brought to bear with full effect. The former were explained in a series of letters called *Federalist*. This gave a name to the party; and *Federalist* and *Anti-Federalist* were thenceforward the designations of the divisions into which the entire country was split. Jay, Hamilton and Madison were the chief leaders of the Federalists, in the support of Washington. The principal speaker on the other side was Patrick Henry, but their real leader was then absent on a diplomatic mission. The Federalists looked towards aristocracy and England, the Anti-Federalists towards democracy and France. 'Thus,' says M. Guizot, in the already quoted—in our humble opinion the best thing yet written on the subject—'the controversy between them involved the social and the political order of things,—the very constitution of the country as well as its government. Thus the supreme, eternal questions which have agitated and will ever agitate the world, and which are connected with the far higher problem of the destiny of man, all lay at stake between the two parties to which the American community was divided, and which were concealed under their designations.'

When the constitution was discussed, the parties were so equally matched that the decision often hung upon a vote. But after the ratification at Washington the popular party rapidly gained ground.



tocrats, were christened *Whigs*; and the democrats (who supported Van Buren) *Tories*,—which had been regarded as a term of opprobrium ever since the revolution, when the adherents of the mother-country were so called. Some of these new Tories had a meeting at Tammany Hall, New York: the lamps being accidentally extinguished, the hall was re-lighted by Locofoco (Lucifer) matches, and thus arose the term *Locofocos*, by which the ultra-Radicals of the United States are designated. We need hardly add that these lines have been occasionally crossed by both parties: thus Jackson's proclamation against South Carolina in 1833 was, to all intents and purposes, a strong Federalist manifesto. Of late years, too, other questions, not strictly referable to either set of principles, have been chosen for rallying points, as the bank, the tariff, the abolition of slavery and at the present moment topics of a purely personal nature are most in fashion. The suffrages of an enlightened public have been demanded for General Harrison (the *Whig*, i.e. *Conservative*, candidate for the Presidency) on the ground of his dwelling in a log-house and drinking hard cider of his own making and it is deemed patriotic to use letter-paper headed by a vignette representing him seated in front of such a residence with a cup in his hand and a hog'shead by his side.

The speakers whom (with reference to the foregoing considerations, and with reference also to the materials within our reach we have selected for particular illustration are: Fisher Ames, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Wirt, Story, Randolph Calhoun, Clay, Everett, and Webster.

*Fisher Ames* was born at Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758. He graduated at Harvard University, and, after going through a course of legal study at Boston, began the practice of his profession in his native village. In most parts of North America the functions of the barrister and attorney are combined, like those of surgeon and apothecary in an English country-town and he probably discharged both. He made himself known by his political contributions to the newspapers, and was elected a member of the provincial assembly, where he so highly distinguished himself as to lead to his being soon transferred to a more conspicuous field,—the first congress that met after the constitution was declared.

Fisher Ames has received from the fond partiality of his countrymen the name of the American Burke, and though his political *Essays* form the chief and most lasting foundation of his fame, there are passages in his *speeches* which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify, the appellation. Thus, in his speech on Mr. Madison's motion in 1794 to impose



impose additional restrictions on foreign commerce in the hope of inducing other nations to repeal theirs :

‘The extravagant despotism of this language accords very ill with our power to give it effect, or with the affectation of zeal for an unlimited freedom of commerce. Such a state of absolute freedom of commerce never did exist, and it is very much to be doubted whether it ever will. Were I invested with the trust to legislate for mankind, it is very probable the first act of my authority would be to throw all the restrictive and prohibitory laws of trade into the fire; the resolutions on the table would not be spared. But if I were to do so, it is probable I should have a quarrel on my hands with every civilised nation. The Dutch would claim the monopoly of the spice-trade, for which their ancestors passed their whole lives in warfare. The Spaniards and Portuguese would be no less obstinate. If we calculate what colony monopolies have cost in wealth, in suffering, and in crimes, we shall say they were dearly purchased. The English would plead for their navigation act, not as a source of gain, but as an essential means of securing their independence. So many interests would be disturbed, and so many lost, by a violent change from the existing to an unknown order of things; and the mutual relations of nations, in respect to their power and wealth, would suffer such a shock, that the idea must be allowed to be perfectly Utopian and wild. But for this country to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and to begin the abolition of restrictions by restrictions of its own, is equally ridiculous and inconsistent.’

We believe it to be equally Utopian for any country, in the present condition of the world, to form the project of changing the policy of nations, and begin the abolition of restrictions by abolishing its own. But the self-complacency with which our corn-law repealers annually bring forward their commonplaces as novelties, and think it the height of philosophy to have discovered the abstract evil of monopolies, is the principal topic of reflection suggested by this paragraph; though Sir Robert Peel’s masterly exposure of their fallacious statements, which he tore to tatters without finding it necessary to go into the main question, has pretty well reduced them to their proper dimensions as economists.

Mr. Ames’s countrymen may still learn something from the following :

‘In open war, we are the weaker, and shall be brought into danger, if not to ruin. . . . By cherishing the arts of peace, we shall acquire, and we are actually acquiring, the strength and resources for a war. Instead of seeking treaties, we ought to shun them; for the later they shall be formed, the better will be the terms: we shall have more to give, and more to withhold. We have not yet taken our proper rank, nor acquired that consideration which will not be refused us, if we persist in prudent and pacific counsels; if we give time for our strength to mature itself. *Though America is rising with a giant’s strength, its bones are yet but cartilages.* By delaying the beginning of a conflict, we insure the victory.’

Burke

Burke, in his speech on American affairs delivered in 1772, calls the Americans 'a nation in the gristle;' and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as 'un géant sans os ni nerfs.'

Mr. Ames's great speech, however, is one delivered in 1796 in support of the Treaty with Great Britain, which, though ratified by the President, a considerable party in the House of Representatives were anxious to repudiate. He was so weak from severe illness when he rose, that it seemed doubtful whether he would be able to do more than enter his protest against the proposed infraction of public faith; but as he warmed in the argument, he acquired a factitious strength, and there is a kind of feverish force and wildness in the expressions he flings forth as his convictions deepen in the very act of uttering them:

'Will any man affirm the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation, but that engagement is nothing to this House? Such a man is not to be reasoned with. Such a doctrine is a coat of mail that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the King of Great Britain and the President are mutually bound by the treaty, but the two Nations are free?

'This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonoured and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow, for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honour, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse—if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.'

Under the treaty in question certain posts, supposed to be essential to the protection of the American frontier against the Indians, were to be surrendered by Great Britain. This afforded a fine topic of declamation:—

'By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable, and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

'There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture.

torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.’

In order to make the resemblance to Burke more complete, the speaker steals a second feather from his wing:—

‘For when the fiery vapours of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentrated in this one, that we might escape the desolation of the storm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging; and afforded, at the same time, the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colours will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war.’

This is not exactly the famous Hyder-Ali image, but it is an obvious and rather clumsy imitation of it. A compliment was paid him at the conclusion of this speech, similar to that paid by Pitt to Sheridan at the conclusion of his famous Begum speech.\* A member of the opposite party objected to taking a vote at that time, as they had been carried away by the impulse of oratory.

Ill health compelled him to retire into private life, but he viewed the progress of ultra-democratic opinions with ever-deepening interest and alarm, and continued to write a great deal on public matters down to his death in 1808. He was a man of warm devotional feelings, and is reported to have said, ‘I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.’

We should have said more of Mr. Ames on this occasion, had we not given an article in a former Number to his political essays. They were collected and published the year after his death, in America; and a selection from them was printed here, in 1835, under this title:—‘The Influence of Democracy on Liberty, Property, and the Happiness of Society, considered, by an American.’ The appearance of that most remarkable volume was opportune; and it supplied us with some specimens of profound reasoning and terse energetic eloquence, which, we should hope, our readers are not likely to have forgotten †

*John Quincy Adams*, the son of the orator of the revolutionary congress, was bred to the bar, and his name occurs once or twice in the Reports of the decisions of the supreme court; but he quitted this career for diplomacy, and filled the situation of minister at various foreign courts successively. The rest of his time was actively devoted to general politics, and in 1825 he was elected President. His studies have been as multifarious as his avocations: he affects to know (and really does know almost)

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\* Let those who judge of speeches by the reported passages account for the praises lavished by cotemporaries, without one dissenting voice, on this speech of Sheridan’s.

† See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. liii, p. 518.

everything : his speeches are profusely interspersed with literary allusions, and no description of subject is rejected as alien to his pursuits. Whenever a Philosophic Society or learned Institution required an inaugural address, he was ready with one : when an eulogy was to be pronounced on Lafayette, he was selected by congress to pronounce it ; and his anniversary orations are numberless.

The only specimens to be found in Mr. Willison's five-volume collection are his inaugural address as President in 1825—a manly, statesmanlike, and spirited appeal—and an oration delivered at Plymouth, New England, Dec. 22, 1802, at the anniversary commemoration of the landing of the first settlers, commonly called the Pilgrims, at that place. One grand objection on these occasions is to vindicate the purity of North American descent :

‘The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the sucklings of a wolf. You are not descended from a nauseous compound of fanaticism and sensuality, whose only argument was the sword, and whose only paradise was a brothel. No Gothic scourge of God ; no Vandal pest of nations ; no fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy ; no bastard Norman tyrant appears among the list of worthies who first landed on the rock which your veneration has preserved as a lasting monument of their achievement. The great actors of the day we now solemnise were illustrious by their intrepid valour, no less than by their Christian graces ; but the clarion of conquest has not blazoned forth their names to all the winds of Heaven. Their glory has not been wafted over oceans of blood to the remotest regions of the Earth. They have not erected to themselves colossal statues upon pedestals of human bones, to provoke and insult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution. But theirs was “the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom.” Theirs was the gentle temper of Christian kindness ; the rigorous observance of reciprocal justice ; the unconquerable soul of conscious integrity. Worldly fame has been parsimonious of her favour to the memory of those generous champions. Their numbers were small ; their stations in life obscure ; the object of their enterprise unostentatious ; the theatre of their exploits remote : how could they possibly be favourites of worldly fame ?—That common crier, whose existence is only known by the assemblage of multitudes : that pander of wealth and greatness, so eager to haunt the palaces of fortune, and so fastidious to the houseless dignity of virtue : that parasite of pride, ever scornful to meekness, and ever obsequious to insolent power : that heedless trumpeter, whose ears are deaf to modest merit, and whose eyes are blind to bloodless, distant excellence.’

When, amongst other grounds of complaint against the English army for burning Washington, it was urged that the national records had been destroyed, the ‘*Courier*’ newspaper replied, that this part of the mischief might be easily repaired by presenting congress with a complete copy of ‘*The Newgate Calendar* ;’  
and

and when a Virginian fine gentleman was once boasting of his family jewels, he was thrown into a frenzy by an English traveller, who inquired whether he meant the irons in which his ancestor made his escape. These are jokes addressed to popular ignorance; but at the same time it might be as well to avoid invidious contrasts, since even English refugees for conscience's sake can hardly be better born than Englishmen, and the population of North America has certainly received considerable additions from a class described by Barrington, the famous pickpocket, in a prologue spoken in New South Wales:

' True patriots we ; for, be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good.'\*

Mr. Adams continues—

' Preserve, in all their purity, refine, if possible, from all their alloy, those virtues which we this day commemorate as the ornament of our forefathers. Adhere to them with inflexible resolution, as to the horns of the altar; instil them with unwearied perseverance into the minds of your children; bind your souls and theirs to the national union as the chords of life are centred in the heart, and you shall soar with rapid and steady wing to the summit of human glory. Nearly a century ago one of those rare minds to whom it is given to discern future greatness in its seminal principles, upon contemplating the situation of this continent, pronounced in a vein of poetic inspiration,

' Westward the Star of empire takes its way.'

Let us all unite in ardent supplications to the Founder of nations and the Builder of worlds, that what then was prophecy may continue unfolding into history—that the dearest hopes of the human race may not be extinguished in disappointment, and that the last may prove the noblest empire of time.'

The line of verse is taken from a stanza by Bishop Berkeley:

" Westward the course of empire takes its way.

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest *offspring* is the last."

How lamentably the thought is impaired in the citation by the change of a word! Still this is the purest piece of rhetorical composition we have hitherto discovered in the progress of this inquiry.

We should do Mr. Adams injustice were we not to add that he possesses higher merits than occasional force or felicity of style. His political views are almost uniformly broad and enlightened; and his speech on the affair of Texas has been pronounced by good judges to be altogether the most statesman-

\* Mr. Barrington was finally transported for a most successful attendance at a dawning-room of Queen Charlotte's in the character of an Irish bishop; the lawn shewers were found crammed full with stars and diamonds. He rose subsequently to be stage-manager and *high sheriff* at Botany Bay.

like ever delivered in North America. His voice, now broken by age, was once clear and musical, and his look and manner are remarkably impressive. Commemorative discourses are usually delivered in a church or meeting-house, and the venerable ex-president, addressing a large audience from the pulpit with all the animation of his youth, might form as good a subject for a picture as John Knox.

*Josiah Quincy* is the son of a Boston patriot bearing the same names, who died in 1775, but was considered to have sufficient claims on the gratitude of his countrymen to justify a Life by his son; though, be it observed, this is a tribute which has become very common, and is not always, as in the present instance, justified by circumstances and the real merits of the man. *Josiah, fils*, though we believe bred to the bar, has paid more attention to literature than law. He is reckoned an excellent classic, and has filled the post of president of Harvard university for several years. He is a productive composer of anniversary harangues; but his two best speeches were made as a member of congress. In 1808 he spoke in support of a resolution to resist the edicts of the belligerent powers, which had the effect of restricting the commerce of the United States:

‘Gentlemen exclaim, Great Britain “smites us on one cheek;” and what does administration? It turns the other also. Gentlemen say, Great Britain is a robber; she “takes our cloak;” and what say administration? “Let her take our coat also.” France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely. Sir, this conduct may be the way to dignity and honour in another world, but it will never secure safety and independence in this. . . . But I shall be told, “this may lead to war.” I ask, “are we now at peace?” Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace. The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse. Abandonment of essential rights is worse.’

We cannot venture to say that the following passage is in strict accordance with modern English taste; but we are quite sure that, had an Irish orator uttered it, his cotemporaries would have applauded and his biographers recorded it:—

‘But it has been asked in debate, “will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?” An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain as a sea-nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her whilst she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty; a handcuffed liberty; a liberty in fetters; a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beat-  
ing



ing her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster. Its parentage is all inland.'

Yet let us do justice to Ireland. Grattan's personification was immeasurably superior: 'Short-lived, indeed, was Irish independence. I sat by her cradle,—I followed her hearse.'

The subject of Mr. Quincy's other great speech was the admission of Louisiana into the Union. His exordium (too long to quote) is admirable, though suddenly broken off by an appeal to the Chair. One of Lord Chatham's favourite modes of arresting attention was to say something startling for the express purpose of provoking a call to order; and we incline to think that Mr. Quincy had laid a trap for an interruption with the same view; for it is stated to us, on good authority, that he invariably learns his speeches by heart, though he, notwithstanding, contrives to deliver them with the required energy. This is one of the most difficult attainments in oratory; for, to do it well, it is necessary to reproduce the same state of thought and feeling under which the oration was composed. Unluckily the writer is more apt to feel like the litigant who complained to Lysias that the speech provided for him read well enough the first and second time, but sounded rather flat the third and fourth. 'The audience,' replied Lysias, 'are only to hear it once.' To put themselves as nearly as possible on a level with the audience in this respect, the practice of the best speakers is to meditate the subject thoroughly, fill their minds with arguments and illustrations, select and arrange the best topics, and trust to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone.

*William Wirt*, the biographer of Patrick Henry, has done more than enough, according to American notions, to earn a biographer for himself. He was born in Maryland in 1772, and, after a successful forensic career, was made Attorney-General to the United States, under the presidency of Monroe. He is known in literature by a series of essays, called 'The British Spy,' written with a clearness, spirit, and facility, which, independently of extraneous evidence, would lead to the conclusion that he was calculated to excel in oratory. The fact, however, is satisfactorily established by his reported speeches, one of which has attained a high degree of celebrity—his speech against Aaron Burr, prosecuted in 1807 for treason in preparing the means of a military expedition against Mexico, a territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at peace.

The following satirical sketch of his opponent's style (Mr. Wickham) may serve to exemplify his command of language:

'I will treat that gentleman with candour. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentionally. I will not follow the example which he has set me on a very recent occasion. I will not complain of flowers and graces

graces where none exist. I will not, like him, in reply to an argument as naked as a sleeping Venus, but certainly not half so beautiful, complain of the painful necessity I am under, in the weakness and decrepitude of logical vigour, of lifting first this flounce, and then that furbelow, before I can reach the wished-for point of attack. I keep no flounces or furbelows ready manufactured and hung up for use in the millinery of my fancy, and if I did, I think I should not be so indiscreetly impatient to get rid of my wares as to put them off on improper occasions. I cannot promise to interest you by any classical and elegant allusions to the pure pages of *Tristram Shandy*. I cannot give you a squib or a rocket in every period. For my own part, I have always thought these flashes of wit (if they deserve that name), I have always thought these meteors of the brain, which spring up, with such exuberant abundance, in the speeches of that gentleman, which play on each side of the path of reason, or, sporting across it, with fantastic motion, decoy the mind from the true point in debate, no better evidence of the soundness of the argument with which they are connected, nor, give me leave to add, the vigour of the brain from which they spring, than those vapours, which start from our marshes and blaze with a momentary combustion, and which, floating on the undulations of the atmosphere, beguile the traveller into bogs and brambles, are evidences of the firmness and solidity of the earth from which they proceed.'

The defendant's counsel had endeavoured to shift the principal guilt of the expedition from Colonel Burr to a Mr. Blannerhassett. Mr. Wirt's description of the latter has grown into a common subject of declamation in the schools:

'Who is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blannerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No  
monitory



monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and battle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubby blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.'

The

The same kind of contrast is beautifully sketched by Curran in a speech delivered in 1794, alluding to the banishment of Muir :

‘ To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth ; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering ; winning her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires ; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse ; from the deep and scrutinising researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil ; condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life ?’

The chief fault to be found with Mr. Wirt’s description is that the occasional fancifulness of the images and the ornate grace of the language detract from our conviction of the speaker’s earnestness. This objection is not applicable to a holiday discourse, and his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, who died on the same day, July 4, 1826—and that day the anniversary of American independence—is the best which this remarkable coincidence has called forth.

*Mr. Justice Story* has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries by his *Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws* ; whilst his works on *Bailments* and *Equity* are already exercising a formidable degree of rivalry with the best British books on these subjects. When we find a jurist of this calibre acquiring contemporaneous celebrity for language and style, it would be unjust both to his country and the man not to pay him the compliment of a quotation as we pass. We turn for this purpose to his *Miscellaneous Writings*, where his best discourses are collected,—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favourite studies of which this passage forms part :

‘ I pass over all consideration of the written treasures of antiquity, which have survived the wreck of empires and dynasties, of monumental trophies and triumphal arches, of palaces of princes and temples of the gods. I pass over all consideration of those admired compositions, in which wisdom speaks, as with a voice from heaven ; of those sublime efforts of political genius which still freshen, as they pass from age to age, in undying vigour ; of those finished histories which still enlighten and instruct governments in their duty and their destiny ; of those matchless orations which roused nations to arms, and chained senates to the

the chariot-wheels of all-conquering eloquence. These all may now be read in our vernacular tongue. Ay, as one remembers the face of a dead friend by gathering up the broken fragments of his image—as one listens to the tale of a dream twice told—as one catches the roar of the ocean in the ripple of a rivulet—as one sees the blaze of noon in the first glimmer of twilight. . . .

‘There is not a single nation, from the North to the South of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

“Siloa’s brook, that flow’d

Fast by the oracle of God”—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

‘It is no exaggeration to declare that he who proposes to abolish classical studies proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of much of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellencies which few may hope to equal and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality as if they were in fact our own.’

His discourses abound in passages of at least equal merit,—such as the description of the effects of modern chemistry (p. 119), which might be placed alongside of Lord Jeffrey’s description of the effects of steam in his Notice of Watt; or the sketch of the view from the Mount Auburn Cemetery (p. 97), which rivals the same writer’s exquisite contrast of highland and lowland scenery in his Essay on Taste in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Mr. Justice Story’s charges to juries are also much admired; and his judgments are admirable specimens of judicial statement and reasoning. The most important are reported by Mr. Charles Sumner, barrister, who recently paid a visit of some duration

duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker who never gets beyond the outskirts or the show-houses.

A second legal luminary of the first water was the late Chief Justice Marshall, the Lord Stowell of the United States: the late William Pinkney, attorney-general to the United States, was a third: \* but want of space compels us to quit them for the politicians who are still fretting their busy hour upon the stage.

*John Caldwell Calhoun* (Miss Martineau's 'cast-iron man who looks as if he had never been born') was born March, 1782 in South Carolina. His family are Irish, and had a hard battle to fight with the Cherokees for their settlement. At an early age he applied himself to the reading of history with such diligence as seriously to impair his health, but this led to his being subsequently sent to Yale College, under Dr. Dwight, who said of him, after the animated discussion of a class question in which the student had the presumption to differ from the Principal 'That young man has talents enough to be President of the United States.' Cyril Jackson is reported to have said something of the sort of Mr. Canning, then an under-graduate; but as he foretold about the same time that the late Lords Morley and Darnley would play conspicuous parts, and the late Lord Liverpool do nothing, we cannot take upon ourselves to put the Dean as a prophet on a par with Dr. Dwight, whose prediction has been already verified in spirit, and may be verified to the letter before long.

Whilst studying for the bar Mr. Calhoun was diligent in his attendance on debating clubs, and has always, it is said, made a point of extemporising his speeches. He took his seat in Congress in 1811, and continued a member till 1817, when he was appointed secretary-at-war. At the expiration of Mr. Monroe's second term of Presidency, Mr. Calhoun was started as a candidate, but his name was withdrawn to avoid dividing his party, and he was elected Vice-President under General Jackson by a large majority. In 1833 he resigned this office, and, as a member of the senate, resumed his oratorical career.

His style is more close and sententious than is common in American speakers, his manner energetic, his delivery rapid

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\* See his Life, by Mr. Wheaton, the accomplished author of the 'History of the Northmen.' There is an interesting biographical sketch of Chief Justice Marshall in Story's *Miscellaneous Writings*.

his figure tall, his countenance full of animation and intelligence. It is the opinion of good judges that he would succeed better in the English House of Commons than any other Transatlantic orator; but they add that he has somewhat of a metaphysical tendency—which certainly never suits that atmosphere.

We are sorry to see that he supported a motion for increasing the army in 1811 (a warlike demonstration against England), but the ground on which he rested his argument will astonish Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Hume:—

‘Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and “calculating avarice” entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too shortsighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honour. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government, that its arm is his arm, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy; and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country before it enters on a war. This is wisdom, the other folly.’

Mr. Calhoun is the chief supporter of the nullification doctrine; in other words, of the attempt made by South Carolina to nullify the authority of Congress, as regards any individual State which may choose to protest against it. The part he has taken in this controversy has made him so popular amongst the people of his province, that at the late election they placed all their votes at his disposal.

His chief opponent in this debate was *John Randolph*, of Virginia, a strange eccentric genius, with a tall gaunt figure, and a screeching voice like a eunuch—who played an important part as a debater in Congress from 1801 to 1802. Amongst other oddities he took an unaccountable interest in English topography, and could have competed with Pennant himself in a minute acquaintance with our country-seats and villages, though we are not aware that he ever paid a visit of any duration to this country.

country. In 1833 he was appointed minister to St. Petersburg, but he only resided there six weeks, and died in 1834, leaving several wills, which are still in litigation on the alleged ground of insanity. By one of them he emancipates his slaves, upwards of three hundred in number; and this alone would go far towards persuading a Virginian jury that he was mad. His speeches were awfully long, often occupying three days, but exceedingly effective, particularly when he was in the sarcastic vein. We can only find room for his mode of putting down the attempt to denounce British attachments as a crime:

‘Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilised or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. “Turks, Jews, and Infidels,” Melimelli or the Little Turtle: barbarians and savages of every clime and colour are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence;—against our fellow protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valour? . . . . I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.’

In the North American Review for October, 1832, will be found some notes of a conversation between the writer (Mr. A. Everett) and Sir James Mackintosh, who is reported to have said of Randolph, ‘I have read some of his speeches, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is too, but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste.’

*Henry Clay*, the son of a Virginian clergyman, was born in 1777. His early career coincides with that of Sir Samuel Romilly in three particulars: his education was neglected, he was placed in the office of a chancery clerk, and (like Curran  
also)



also) he broke down when he first attempted to address an audience: 'In his first attempt,' we are told; 'he was much embarrassed, and saluted the president of the society (a debating club) with the technical phrase, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, but gaining confidence as he proceeded, he burst the trammels of his youthful diffidence, and clothing his thoughts in appropriate language, gave utterance to an animated and eloquent address. He soon obtained an extensive and lucrative practice, and the reputation which the superiority of his genius acquired was maintained by his legal knowledge and practical accuracy.\*

After acquiring distinction as an advocate, he made his first appearance as a political speaker in the state legislature, and was soon afterwards elected a member of the national senate. Since that period he has taken an active part in discussing or effectuating most of the great measures completed or contemplated by the government of the United States. He has been employed on diplomatic missions, has filled a cabinet office, been twice a candidate for the presidency, and at the present moment the leadership of the 'Whig' party in Congress lies between him and Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay, as secretary-at-war under J. Q. Adams, zealously urged the recognition of the South American States; he hailed 'the glorious spectacle of eighteen millions of people struggling to burst their chains and to be free;' and his biographer, in 'The National Portrait Gallery,' now arrogates for him the honour of having called a new world into existence. 'That honour belongs not to George Canning, as a reference to dates will show: if there be glory due to any one mortal man more than to others, for rousing the sympathies of free men for a people struggling to be free, that glory is due to Henry Clay, *although he has never had the vanity to say so himself*: his exertions won the consent of the American people to sustain the President in the decisive stand which he took when the great European powers contemplated an intervention on behalf of Spain, and it was that which decided Great Britain in the course which she pursued. The Spanish American States have acknowledged their gratitude to Mr. Clay by public acts. His speeches have been read at the head of their armies, and his name will find as durable a place in the history of the South American republics as in the records of his native land.' 'This is a recurrence of the old error. The Americans are fully persuaded that the great European powers are constantly watching the policy of the United States with a view to the direction of their own, though, in point of fact, they think much less of it than they ought to do, and hardly ever

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\* *The National Portrait Gallery.*

reckon it as more than a makeweight in their system of balances. How can a nation, powerless for aggressive warfare, expect to influence sovereigns who can bring half a million of men into the field?

The tariff, however, is Mr. Clay's peculiar hobby; and he might, with much more plausibility, be called the founder of the restrictive laws called 'the American system,' than the originator of a grand stroke of European statesmanship.

Mr. Clay must be heard and seen to be appreciated. His person is tall and commanding; his action graceful and dignified and his voice possesses such compass and variety, that we have heard it compared to a band of music. Miss Martineau speaks of 'his small grey eye and placid half-smile redeeming his face from its usual unaccountable commonness.' But this lady's descriptions are rarely confirmed by eye-witnesses. Clearness of statement is one of his chief merits; and this, added to some general resemblance in bearing, is probably the reason why Lord Lyndhurst, when he rises in the House of Lords, so frequently reminds Americans of Mr. Clay. The following is the best specimen of his style within our reach:—

'During all this time the parasites of opposition do not fail, by cunning sarcasm or sly innuendo, to throw out the idea of French influence, which is known to be false, which ought to be met in one manner only, and that is by the lie direct. The administration of this country devoted to foreign influence! The administration of this country subservient to France! Great God! what a charge! how is it so influenced? By what ligament, on what basis, on what possible foundation does it rest. Is it similarity of language? No! we speak different tongues—we speak the English language. On the resemblance of our laws? No! the sources of our jurisprudence spring from another and a different country. On commercial intercourse? No! we have comparatively none with France. Is it from the correspondence in the genius of the two governments? No! here alone is the liberty of man secure from the inexorable despotism which everywhere else tramples it under foot. Where, then, is the ground of such an influence? But, Sir, I am insulting you by arguing on such a subject. Yet, preposterous and ridiculous as the insinuation is, it is propagated with so much industry that there are persons found foolish and credulous enough to believe it. You will, no doubt, think it incredible (but I have nevertheless been told it as a fact), that an honourable member of this House, now in my eye, recently lost his election by the circulation of a silly story in his district, that he was the first cousin of the emperor Napoleon. The proof of the charge rested on a statement of facts, which was undoubtedly true. The gentleman in question, it was alleged, had married a connexion of the lady of the President of the United States, who was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, who, some years ago, was in the habit of wearing red French breeches



breeches. Now, taking these premises as established, you, Mr. Chairman, are too good a logician not to see that the conclusion necessarily follows!"

*Edward Everett* is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachussets, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as a Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one (the age at which Roger Ascham achieved a similar distinction) he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University, and soon afterwards he made a tour of Europe, including Greece. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best. On his return from his travels he lectured on Greek literature with the enthusiasm and success of another Abelard—we hope, without the Heloise.

In the United States the clerical (so called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to a pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member of Congress, and on his retiring was made Governor of Massachusetts; but, failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement. We are not sorry to add that he owes no inconsiderable portion of his fame to the '*North American Review*,' to which (like his accomplished brother) he has been for many years a frequent and distinguished contributor. Indeed his celebrated article on Greece might be quoted as one of the best specimens of his eloquence.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear sweet voice and a prodigious memory; to which Mr. Sydney Smith's description of Mackintosh's might apply: 'His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected.' He delivers his lectures and orations with the manuscript before him, but seldom or never has occasion to refer to it, and the effect is consequently fully equal to that of improvisation. It is admitted, however, that he failed in Congress; and his addresses, literary and commemorative, are rather eloquent pieces of writing than orations in the popular acceptance of the term. They are graceful, polished, imaginative, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Ciceronian richness and redundancy; but the condensing power is wanting, and there is no such thing as effective oratory without that.

Mr. Everett is hardly a match for Mr. Macaulay either as a speaker

speaker or a writer, though his style is not equally open to the objection of sameness; but they resemble each other in one striking particular. Their written compositions read like orations,—their orations sound like written compositions: with slight change in the commencement and conclusion, the speech becomes a critical essay, or the critical essay a speech; and both with all their undoubted excellence, remind us of those ingenious patent contrivances which are constructed with a peculiar view to this sort of metamorphosis—the walking-stick, for example, which does duty as a fishing-rod when the head and ferule are screwed off.\*

One of the first productions which brought Mr. Everett into notice was a discourse delivered at an academical society in the presence of Lafayette in 1824. The personal appeal to the illustrious visitor is a failure, but the discourse contains some great truths finely stated. For example:—

‘ Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element of intellectual action. No strongly-marked and high-toned literature, poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din and crowd of great interests, great enterprises, and perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate; and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student in the recesses of his cell, as of the soldier in the ranks, which breathes in the exclamation—

‘ To all the sons of sense proclaim,  
One glorious hour of *crowded life*  
Is worth an age without a name.’

The ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo, of Louis the Fourteenth, of Elizabeth, of Anne, pass in review before us as we dwell upon this splendid stanza of Sir Walter Scott’s. All the ages in one sense might be termed revolutionary periods, for the minds of men had been violently upstirred, and society was still rocking from the consequences of the shock. But what has this to do with the present condition of the people of the United States, who are practical as the population of Birmingham are practical—and the sole magnets of intellect that distinguished community has sent forth are Mr. Joseph Parkes, Mr. Attwood, and Mr. Muntz, who are only just fit to illustrate an age of brass?

Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, which it expands the mind and charms the imagination to dwell upon, but he has produced nothing more impressive

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\* A collection of Mr. Macaulay’s writings has been recently published in America apparently without his leave.

sure than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers:—

'I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, —without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?'

Every orator before us has tried his hand at this topic, and put forth all his strength to heighten the contrast between the past and present condition of the colonies. But how ineffably inferior are all of them to Burke! The passage is familiar to the reader of taste; but as we shall have occasion to allude to it again, we think it best to save the trouble of reference:—

'Mr. Speaker, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. . . . If, amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honour and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little

little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him,—“Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilising conquests and civilising settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!” If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day.’

If the invitations to these annual spouting-matches were headed with this passage, or it were inscribed on a plain tablet on the traditional landing-place at Plymouth, we cannot help thinking that a great deal of useless trouble might be saved. How well it justifies the remark of Fox: ‘I cannot bear this thing in anybody but Burke, and he cannot help it.’

*Daniel Webster* was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. Like the Dean of St. Patrick’s, and many others besides, he showed no signs of talent in early youth, and it was contrary to the wishes of his family that he undertook the study of the law. He was called to the bar in 1805, and began the practice of his profession in a small village, but removed in 1808 to Portsmouth, the capital of the county, where he soon acquired celebrity. He became a member of Congress in 1812, and distinguished himself by his exertions to place the currency of the United States on a sound footing. In 1816, his pecuniary means having been much straitened by the consequences of a fire, he removed to Boston, and gave up all his time to his profession. The experiment was attended with complete success, and in a very short period his practice equalled that of any member of the American bar.

Many of his law-arguments are good specimens of this kind of composition; but his speech on the prosecution of Knapp (tried for murder), from which Miss Martineau quotes largely, and with high commendation, appears to us more remarkable for affectation than force: *e. g.*

‘The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death’

death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.—He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

'Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendour of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later.'

Miss Martineau informs us that, on the eve of the trial, Mr. Webster asked whether there was anything remarkable about any of the jury. The answer was, that the foreman was a man of remarkably tender conscience, and Miss Martineau entertains no doubt that the concluding passage was intended for his especial benefit:—

'A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the utmost parts of the seas, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.'

We suspect that in general such considerations are as well suppressed in an address to a jury. If there be a delicate conscience it needs no stimulus to act—and a dull one will be more sensible to arguments of a more mundane sort. The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts were open and from whom no secrets were hid; 'but lest,' he added, 'there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg

I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers ~~on~~ on the look-out.'

During the period of his retirement Mr. Webster found time to write for the North American Review an answer to an article of ours on the American law of debtor and creditor. (Q. R., May, 1819. We have no wish to revive the controversy, and shall therefore content ourselves with bearing willing testimony to the tone and taste of Mr. Webster's observations. Some of them may surprise such of our readers as are not aware that the most enlightened of the American statesmen are fully alive to the importance of the grand principle on which alone good government can be based in any country :

' If the property cannot retain the political power, the political power will draw after it the property. If orator Hunt and his fellow-labourers should, by any means, obtain more political influence in the counties, towns, and boroughs of England, than the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Stafford, Lord Fitzwilliam, and the other noblemen and gentlemen of great landed estates, these estates would inevitably change hands. At least so it seems to us; and therefore, when Sir Francis Burdett, the Marquis of Tavistock, and other individuals of rank and fortune, propose to introduce into the government annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we can hardly forbear inquiring whether they are ready to agree that property should be as equally divided as political power; and if not, how they expect to sever things which to us appear to be intimately connected.'

Sir Francis Burdett has come to a different conclusion since the Reform Bill experiment, and so, we believe, have most of the other individuals of rank and fortune alluded to; but, unluckily, he is the only one amongst them who has had the manliness to act upon his convictions.

At the end of seven years Mr. Webster had gained enough to justify his return to public life; and in January, 1823, he delivered one of the speeches which have done most towards the diffusion of his fame,—a speech in favour of the Greeks. The following passage is much and justly admired:—

' It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us*? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

' Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion*



opinion of the civilised world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,

Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

'Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilised world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations, it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilised age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.'

Strange inconsistency! this passage is applauded, learnt by heart, and recited by the whole rising generation, in a land which doggedly retains millions of human beings in the most degrading state of slavery, in direct defiance of the opinion of the world!

The people of the United States are proud of having fulfilled one poetic promise; when will they fulfil another, made for them by a poet who never let slip an opportunity of showing kindness to an American?

'Assembling here, all nations shall be blest,  
The sad be comforted, the weary rest;  
Untouch'd shall drop the fetters from the slave,  
And He shall rule the world he died to save.'\*

Or when will an American orator be permitted to rise to the height of the magnificent piece of declamation which gave Mr. Webster the framework of his best passage? †

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\* Rogers, *The Voyage of Columbus*.

† Curran's *Speech for Archibald Hamilton Rowan*.—'No matter in what language his doom may be pronounced,' &c. &c.

In 1826 Mr. Webster was elected a member of the Senate, and in 1833 the same honour was conferred upon him. This was the field in which he has gathered most of his laurels; his resistance to the nullifying doctrines of the South Carolina delegates having been the principal means of preserving the entirety of the Union, which was seriously endangered by the threatened secession of that state. Mr. Webster's profound knowledge of the constitution gave him a decided advantage in the resulting contest with Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Hayne, who were both his antagonists of a calibre to call forth all his energies. His chief speech in answer to Mr. Hayne, occupied three days in the delivery, and abounds in fine passages, besides giving ample evidence of power as a debater in the English sense. For example:—

‘ I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour, I partake the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honoured the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than I should if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increase of gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with a little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state, or neighbourhood; when I refuse to support any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; when I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

‘ Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times the states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, between Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling,



exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

‘Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint—shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle (Boston) in which its infancy was rocked: it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.’

The extract relating to Greece contains a quotation from Milton, and the last a paraphrase of Dryden. These, with Shakspeare, form the bulk of Mr. Webster’s poetical reading; and we are by no means sure that it is useful for an orator to be familiar with any poets but those which are in the mouths and memories of the people; for what avail allusions which it requires notes or an appendix to explain?

It is obvious, however, that he has made a careful study of the best English orators, particularly Burke. The following instances of resemblance, in the hands of a sharp critic, might be converted into plausible proofs of plagiarism.

Mr. Webster speaks of ‘affections which, running backwards, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity;’ and Burke says, ‘they seldom look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.’ The appeal to Lafayette, in the speech on laying the corner-stone of the Bunker’s Hill monument,—‘Fortunate, fortunate man! with what increase of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! you are connected with two hemispheres and with two generations,’—is only a fresh application of the allusion to Lord Bathurst. In the same speech (p. 72) we find,—‘Like the mariner, whom the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course, and lighted his pathless way,

way, descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward, till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.' This was evidently suggested by an image which the late Charles Butler terms the finest in modern oratory: 'Even then, Sir, before this splendid orb was entirely set, and whilst the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, in an opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.'

But many others have been laid under contribution besides Burke. A passage in the eulogium of Adams and Jefferson beginning—'Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish although they water it and protect it no longer'—probably owed something to the noble peroration of Grattan: 'The spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted,' &c. The passage beginning—'Is any man so weak as to hope for a reconciliation,' &c.—is almost a translation from the *Philippics* of Demosthenes. The invocation against slavery—'I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice and all who minister at her altar,'—is borrowed from Lord Chatham's 'I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution.' The sudden and effective turn in the peroration of his speech for Prescott—'For myself, I am willing here to relinquish the character of an advocate, and to express opinions by which I am willing to be bound as a citizen of the community'—is imitated from Erskine, in his defence of Captain Bailey: 'My lords, I address you no longer as an advocate, but as a man, as a member of that state whose very existence depends upon her naval power.'

This peroration is one of those which American schoolboys recite on holiday occasions; and the circumstance is always worthy of note as an indication of popular taste.

Mr. Webster's taste is not uniformly refined, and he is by no means nice in his choice of language: but then his style is not of the feeble order which depends upon the collocation of an epithet; it is of granite strength and texture; and, if the asperities were polished off, would still present the solidity of the rock. His voice is one of extraordinary power; his personal appearance, as many of our readers can bear testimony, is singularly impressive—nay grand; his dark deep-set eyes blaze with lustre when he is animated, and his broad black overhanging eyebrows, in particular, give an almost unnatural air of energy and determination to his face. We may be pardoned for adding that his unaffected

affected simplicity and perfect modesty as well as dignity of bearing in society, were universally appreciated during his late visit to Great Britain.

Miss Martineau speaks of his 'indolent, pleasure-loving disposition;' and it is a common saying in the United States, that 'Webster must be pushed.' Just so Dumont describes Mirabeau's manner as '*un peu trainante*' till he got under weigh—*jusqu'à ce qu'il se fût animé et que les soufflets de la forge fussent en fonction*. Lord Chatham used frequently to speak in a careless manner, and in an undertone, for a quarter of an hour or more at a time, and then break out into one of his brilliant passages. Lord Brougham would often take as long to get clear of the long-entangled sentences—parenthesis within parenthesis—with which it was his pleasure to begin: but then it is our firm conviction that he often finds himself upon his legs without having made up his mind as to what he is going to say.

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume,—who says that criticism is nearly useless unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have naturally been more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noting their two prominent defects, which otherwise could hardly be collected from this article. These are their lengthiness (to borrow one of their own words) and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes,—who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly,—they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrame, with a blaze.

It is an ordinary occurrence in Congress for a member to speak two or three days, and his fellow-members make it a point to listen, or at least to suffer with decency. Captain Hall recommended the introduction of coughing, but was told that the state of manners did not admit of such a cure. Some Kentucky representative might adopt the late Mr. Richard Martin's example, and propose a bullet as 'the best pill for the honourable gentleman's complaint;' or a dozen bowie-knives might start from their sheaths to revenge a catarrh that threatened him with insult. Besides, as we formerly observed, the evil is inherent in the very nature

nature of a strictly representative system, and is beginning to be felt in the English House of Commons to a formidable ex-

‘ All laws,’ says M. de Tocqueville, ‘ which tend to make the representative more dependent on the elector, not only affect the conduct of the legislature, but also their language. They exercise a simultaneous influence on affairs themselves, and on the manner in which affairs are discussed. There is hardly a member of Congress who can keep in his mind to go home without having despatched at least one speech to his constituents, nor who will endure any interruption until he has introduced into his harangue whatever useful suggestions may be made by the four-and-twenty states of which the Union is composed, especially the district which he represents.’\*

When an orator has got his audience bound hand and foot, it is not in human nature to be merciful, and it is consequently a matter of astonishment to find the best speakers almost as unmerciful as the worst. After dining for the first time in company with one of their greatest men when visiting London, the remark was suggested to an acute observer by his mode of delivering his harangues, that time must be of comparatively little value in America. To test the justice of the remark, apply the criterion which Mr. Rogers has applied to so many distinguished speakers with such success.

This most elegant and correct of writers, with a taste refined by the constant study of the classics of our tongue, has a habit of passing his leisure hours by trying into how small a compass wisdom, and eloquence may be packed. The notes to the latest edition of his poems are not merely treasure-houses of anecdote and illustration, but admirable studies in composition for those who will be at the pains of ascertaining the precise language in which the same thoughts or incidents have been expressed by others. A good instance is afforded by his version of a now familiar incident, as compared with that of Mr. Wordsworth or (what can induce this young and really able writer to challenge such comparisons?) Mr. Milnes:—

“ ‘ You admire that picture,” said an old Dominican to me at the time as I stood contemplating a Last Supper in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as the life,—“ I have sat at my meals before this picture seven-and-forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place amongst us—so many have come and gone in the time—that, if you look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at the table, as silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and they, are the shadows.” ’—*Rogers’s Poems*, p. 312.

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\* *Democracy in America, Part the Second*, vol. iii. p. 189. *English Trans-*

Mr. Wordsworth gives twenty-three lines of blank verse to this story, and Mr. Milnes seven stanzas of four lines each:—

‘ Stranger ! I have received my daily mea  
In this good company now three score years,  
And thou, whoe’er thou art, canst hardly feel  
How time these lifeless images endears,’ &c. &c.

Mr. Rogers has also compressed the famous passage from Burke (quoted *ante* p. 41) into less than half of its original dimensions. This, however, is a doubtful experiment. Burke was a rich and full but not a wordy speaker ; and almost every epithet has an individual aim, and serves to point, amplify, or modify the thought. Moreover, essences are rather hard of digestion ; and, considering how modern popular assemblies are composed, it would seldom be safe to calculate on that intuitive quickness of perception which takes in a fine image at a hint, or bolts a long train of reasoning in a syllogism. Does the bare *ὡς περ νεφός* of Demosthenes fill the mind like the ‘one black cloud,’ which ‘hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains,’—or was Lord Erskine wrong in rating amongst Fox’s highest merits his mode of passing and repassing the same topics ‘in the most unforeseen and fascinating review’ ? But after making all fair allowances for audience and occasion, it is not going too far to say that the best American orators might be advantageously reduced a third—many, two-thirds—and some, if nothing were left but what the sense or sentiment required, would shrink down into a resemblance to the little Dutch governor mentioned by Knickerbocker, who pined away so rapidly, that, when he died, there was nothing of him left to bury.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings: they have no notion of repose or simplicity: they never stand at ease: they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action*, says the Greek: *Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor*, cries the American. ‘Get money,’ says the old-world adage, ‘honestly if you can—at all events get money,’—*quocunque modo rem*. ‘Be eloquent,’ says the American, ‘naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent.’ The German professor (we suspect, Dr. von Raumer) was found jumping over the chairs and tables to make himself lively, and the Transatlantic orator may be seen slapping his forehead, beating his breast, puffing, blowing, and perspiring, to make himself sublime. There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of flowers, and not over-nice in their selection, but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial

ones as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing round her (like the philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin) with sunflowers and hollyhocks in their hands.

Here, also, M. de Tocqueville has his theory ready; as for what anomaly has he not? In this instance, however, he has clearly been led astray by his love of generalising :

‘ In democratic communities each citizen is habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very puny object, namely, himself. If he ever raises his looks higher, he then perceives nothing but the uniform of society at large, or the still more imposing aspect of mankind. His ideas are all either extremely minute and clear, or extremely general and vague: what lies between is an open void. When he has been drawn out of his own sphere, therefore, he always expects the surprising object will be offered to his attention; and it is on these terms alone that he consents to tear himself for an instant from the painful complicated cares which form the charm and excitement of his life.’\*

With all due deference to M. de Tocqueville, we should say that the attention of such a citizen would be more likely to be attracted by simple domestic pictures and practical good sense than by sublime flights or large general views; that he would prefer Crabbe to Wordsworth, and Tierney to Burke. As to his perceiving nothing but society or mankind in the abstract, cannot raise his eyes without seeing ships, shops, and crops—the outward and visible signs of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; public works and public men; the wonders of art and nature; General Jackson and the falls of Niagara. In fact, the mixture of jealousy and self-complacency with which the citizens of the United States are wont to contemplate such things, affords a much more plausible solution of the mystery. The English are a proud nation; the Americans a vain one. The English care little what foreigners think or say of them; the Americans care a great deal. The English bide their time, or repose upon their laurels; the Americans fret, fume, and play the frog in the fable, in the vain hope of arriving, *per saltum*, at the same height of intellectual and political superiority. In our opinion, their commemorative discourses are alone sufficient to vitiate both their feelings and their style. On the anniversary of the landing at Plymouth, the declaration of independence, the battle of Bunker’s Hill, and many other interesting events of the same kind, all the orators of the country, bad, good and indifferent, are regularly set to work to abuse England, and glorify their own great, good, wise, free and unpretending democra-

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\* See the chapter entitled—*Of the inflated style of American orators and writers*

The ordinary images and topics being long ago exhausted, exaggeration is the order of the day; and the more inflated the language the better, when national vanity is to be pampered and commonplaces are to be attractively dished up. At the same time there is surely no necessity for going into any refined or recondite train of speculation to show why, speaking generally, our Transatlantic friends (if they will allow us to call them so) want taste, which is the sum and substance of the charge.

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ART. II.—*Report from the Select Committee on Medical Education, with the Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Part I. Royal College of Physicians. London. Part II. Royal College of Surgeons, London. Part III. Society of Apothecaries, London.* Printed by order of the House of Commons, 1834.

IN the year 1834 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into 'the laws, regulations, and usages regarding the education and practice of the various parts of the medical profession in the United Kingdom.' A gentleman, who had rendered a great service to the public by introducing what is usually called the Anatomy Act into parliament, having been named chairman, the Committee proceeded to their inquiry, which seems to have been of a very extended nature, as the printed evidence, which relates only to the state of the medical profession in England, occupies not fewer than eight hundred folio pages. The evidence as to Scotland and Ireland has never been printed at all; and it is generally understood that it was destroyed by the fire which consumed the Houses of Parliament a year or two afterwards.

The Committee were satisfied with having performed their duties so far, and, notwithstanding the title which is prefixed to the printed papers, never made a *report*. We are not surprised at this. To analyse and arrange the discordant materials of which this evidence consists would be an almost endless undertaking; and, even if it were accomplished, it would be found to throw but a scanty gleam of light on the only questions in which the public and the great mass of the profession are really interested. The disputes which so long subsisted between the fellows and licentiates of the College of Physicians, and which, in one way or another, occupy between three and four hundred out of the whole eight hundred pages, have never excited much interest, except among the disputants themselves; nor are there many, even within the pale of the profession, and certainly there are none out of it, who take it much to heart whether the councillors of the College of Surgeons



Surgeons are elected in one way or in another. As to the mode of conducting medical education, so as to ensure a supply of well-informed and honourable practitioners, who, while they fulfil their duties to society in the best possible manner, maintain for themselves a respectable station in it—but little useful information can be obtained from the most careful perusal of the whole of what the Committee have published. This, however, is the problem which the House of Commons must have intended (if they intended anything) really to have had solved; and believing, as we do, that the subject is one of the highest importance, not only to the public at large, but to every individual among us, we do not hesitate to draw the attention of our readers to it.

But here a preliminary question presents itself. Are we to admit it as a general principle, that it is wise and expedient for the state to interfere in any way with the regulation of the medical profession? There is no such interference with the majority of other professions. No course of study is prescribed as a necessary qualification for civil engineers, architects, surveyors, sculptors, or painters; nor are there any colleges whose business it is to examine those who have completed their studies, as to their knowledge and attainments, and give them licences to practise:—Yet there is no want of talent, information, and skill among those who are engaged in these pursuits. Even in the Inns of Court, the being called to the bar proves little as to the qualification of the candidate, except that there is nothing disreputable in his general character. It may be further observed—and it will not be denied by those who are acquainted with these matters—that no degree of discipline, nor any kind of examination, can ensure the public against having a certain number of persons who are very indifferently qualified included in the list of well-qualified practitioners. Young men may be compelled to have opportunities of study, but they cannot be compelled to learn; and it is notorious that of those who have wasted their time for two years and nine months there are many who contrive, by means of labour and a good memory, to learn their lesson so well by rote that the remaining three months, that the most careful and experienced examiner will find it no easy matter to detect their insufficiency. It is, indeed, impossible, under the very best system of examination, to prevent a certain quantity of base metal receiving the stamp which ought to be impressed only on the good; and if to this we add the following consideration, that such an examination as all are required to pass neither can, nor ought, to prove more than that the individual examined has the *minimum* of knowledge which a practitioner should possess, we cannot well be astonished that there should be reasonable persons who doubt the advantage

advantage of examinations altogether; and who regard the various medical corporations as being nearly in the same situation with the city companies, which, however useful they may have been in nursing the infancy of British commerce, contribute little or nothing to its advancement at the present period.

Admitting, as we do, the force of these arguments, still they are not convincing to us. Would our naval officers be such as they now are, if midshipmen were admitted as lieutenants without examination? or would our artillery and engineer officers have the high character which they now possess, if, as cadets, they had not been made to go through a certain course of study, and prove their fitness afterwards? As to the attainments of those engaged in most other professions, the public have the means of forming a tolerably correct estimate. Every one can see what goes on in the construction of a church or a railroad, and those who do not understand the subject themselves may be assisted by the opinion of those who do; but in what regards the medical profession the case is wholly different. There is no subject of which the public, on the whole, know so little as they do of the medical sciences. Although in the end they seldom fail to distinguish knowledge from ignorance, and real talent from mere pretension, they are always liable to be deceived in the first instance. It is true that the physicians and surgeons of a large hospital, having a school attached to it, practise their art openly enough, and are sufficiently amenable to criticism; but it is also true that, in private practice, the practitioner is not before the same tribunal. What he prescribes is often known only to himself. Those who employ him have no direct means of judging of his qualifications; and it is not until after the lapse of a considerable time that even those who belong to the same profession are enabled to form an exact opinion as to what he is really worth. Then, although, when a certain course of study has been prescribed, it may not be always diligently pursued—it will be so in a great number of instances; and it is of no small importance to the student himself that his friends should be compelled to afford him the proper opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the profession which it is designed that he should practise. Lastly, although no examination can be regarded as furnishing an exact measure of the fitness of a candidate to enter on the duties of a practitioner, yet it is a measure of it to a certain extent; and there is no doubt that the prospect of the examination which is to close his career as a student is, in a great many instances, the principal stimulus by which a young man is urged to be diligent.

And here another question arises. Should those who have passed their examination, and received their licence, have a monopoly

nopoly of practice? Should there be penal laws to prevent the being interfered with by the competition of the ignorant, the uneducated, and unlicensed? or is it sufficient that the public are supplied with a list of those who are supposed to be qualified practitioners, it being then left to individuals to procure medical assistance where they please? To us it seems not in the least doubtful that the latter is the proper course to be pursued. It is right that no individual should be allowed to be inoculated for the small-pox, because he may communicate the disease to others; but in what concerns himself alone, we see no justice in the interference of the state. It may be foolish to be rubbed with St. John Long's balsam, or to trust to the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe, but mankind do many things more foolish than these and nothing can prevent them. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that, if there be no penal laws to prevent the existence of unlicensed practitioners, there will not be sufficient inducement to those who enter the medical profession to go through a long course of study, and then to subject themselves to an examination. The empire of opinion here, as in most other instances, will do more than legislative enactments: and this is no speculative doctrine, but the result of actual experience.

The College of Physicians possess, under their charter, confirmed by acts of parliament, a monopoly of medical practice in the metropolis, and within the distance of seven miles from it; and they in many instances instituted legal proceedings against the unlicensed physicians by whom those privileges have been invaded; but, finding that no good arose from these persecutions, either to themselves or others, and that they were in fact altogether ineffectual, they have for many years abandoned them. The London Society of Apothecaries possess a similar monopoly, under the act of parliament of 1815, but on a still larger scale, as it extends to the whole of England. They also have frequently resorted to courts of justice in defence of their privileges, but with so little success that it is notorious that many apothecaries are practising without their licence, either in open defiance of the law, or (which is no difficult matter) contriving to evade it. On the other hand, the London College of Surgeons have no monopoly, no privileges, no power to prosecute. Any one may establish himself as a surgeon, even next door to the college, and no one can molest him. But the College is a royal foundation, and the diploma which it grants has affixed to it the signatures of many of the leading surgeons of London: and so necessary has it become to any one who makes the least pretension to practise surgery, that there are few, either in England or in the colonies (with the exception of those who have a similar diploma

diploma from the colleges of Dublin or Edinburgh), who venture to call themselves surgeons without it.

We are aware that the foregoing observations will not be very acceptable to many of the medical profession. It is natural that the managing bodies of the several corporations should be anxious to maintain and extend their powers and privileges; and it is also natural that licensed practitioners, who have expended considerable sums of money, and no small portion of their lives, in their education, should be jealous of the competition of others. Accordingly we find, among the resolutions and petitions of the lately formed medical associations, no subject connected with schemes of medical reform put so prominently forward as the suppression of quackery. Let them, however, be assured that this is what no legislation can accomplish. It is no more possible to put down quackery in medicine than it is to put down quackery in politics or religion. The medical profession, while human nature continues to be such as it is now, and always has been, can never meet the demands which are made upon it. That men are born to die; that the power of giving relief is limited; that many diseases must prove fatal in defiance of all remedies; that other diseases, though not of a fatal tendency, may be incurable—no one will doubt the truth of these as general propositions: but the individual who labours under the inflictions of disease will always indulge himself in the hope that he is at any rate safe on the present occasion, and that the time is not yet come when he can derive no benefit from art. ‘It is very extraordinary,’ said a gentleman who had known little of the infirmities of age until he approached his eighty-eighth birthday, ‘that no one can discover a cure for my complaints.’ Where the resources of skill and science fail, the instinct of self-preservation will lead many sufferers to look for other aid; and the honest and well-educated practitioner will always have to contend not only with the St. John Longs of the day, but with those among his own brethren who do not partake of his anxiety to avoid making promises which cannot be fulfilled. There are in fact no more offensive impostors than those who march under the banners of the true faith, and we suppose that even the most sanguine of the petitioners against quackery will not expect that such as these can be extinguished by an act of parliament. Let us not, however, be misunderstood, as recommending that no distinction should be made between those who are properly educated and licensed, and others. Each individual in society has, with respect to his own complaints, a right to consult whom he pleases; but it is quite different where he is to provide medical attendance for his fellow-creatures. The governors  
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of a parish union, or a bench of county magistrates, should be bound to make their selection from those who are properly authorised to practise. They have no right to confide the care of the parochial poor, or the inmates of gaols and lunatic asylums, to any other persons. The same rule applies to merchant-ships, to schools, to the army and navy, and every other department of the public service.

In England, the medical profession may be considered as forming three principal classes—distinguished as physicians, surgeons and general practitioners. The last, with few exceptions, supply medicines to their patients, and are therefore described also as surgeon-apothecaries. Midwifery, in a few instances, is followed as a separate occupation; but is more frequently in the hands of those who pursue at the same time some other branch of the profession. Whatever may be said to the contrary by some of those whose evidence has been published by the Committee of the Commons, the distinctions which have been just enumerated are pretty well maintained in the metropolis and in the larger towns and cities. There is a considerable field of practice, which forms a sort of neutral ground between physicians and surgeons;—but the physician rarely deals much with the cases which belong to surgery; and of those who have any degree of reputation in the latter department there are few who much encroach on the province of the physician. Of course the surgeon prescribes the internal remedies necessary for the cure of the diseases which it is his business to attend; and the more extended application of medical treatment to surgical cases constitutes one of the greatest modern improvements in the healing art, and one of the proudest distinctions of English surgery, as compared with that in most parts of the continent. In smaller societies the quantity of surgical practice is too limited for surgery to be followed as a separate vocation; and under these circumstances we find it sometimes in the hands of the physician, but more frequently in those of the apothecary.

On looking into the plans proposed by modern reformers, we find that one of them has for its object to put an end to these distinctions, which are represented as being altogether artificial, to require that all who enter the profession should be admitted at one door, so as to form one society—the individuals of which are supposed to be equally qualified by their education to undertake one or another branch of practice. We do not, however, believe that the advocates of this one-faculty-system form more than a very small proportion of the great mass of medical practitioners; and for ourselves, we must say that we can discover no wisdom in it. In fact, the division of the profession which has taken place in  
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this country is anything but artificial. Originally, the only persons legally qualified to undertake the treatment of diseases were the fellows and licentiates of the College of Physicians. The surgeons of that day were not what are called surgeons now, but a class of subordinate persons, who performed certain manual operations under the direction of the physicians; whatever else was required in the management of surgical cases being in the hands of the latter. As society advanced, the extension of knowledge introduced the necessity of a division of labour. It was found that surgical cases were better managed by being left altogether in the hands of a particular order of practitioners, and thus surgery became established as a separate profession. But even this was not sufficient; and the apothecaries, who were originally merely compounders and venders of medicine, gradually became established in the exercise of higher functions, so as to constitute at last the present useful and influential class of general practitioners. All this was accomplished, in the first instance, not only without legislative enactment, but in defiance of the College of Physicians; and the Act of 1815, which first recognised the apothecaries as legitimate practitioners, was not the cause, but the consequence, of the change which had taken place in their condition.

But even if the existing order of things had been artificial, it seems to us to be so exactly what is wanted, that we should be unwilling to disturb it. *First*—the practitioners employed on ordinary occasions, and to whom the great majority of society look in the first instance for assistance, are those who do not limit themselves to any particular branch of practice; *secondly*, another class of practitioners, who, having first obtained a knowledge of the profession generally, have afterwards directed their attention chiefly to medical practice, are called into consultation in rare, difficult, and dangerous cases, in all classes of society—at the same time that their opinion is sought in cases of less urgency among those who have the advantages of ease and affluence; and, *lastly*, a third order of practitioners are, in like manner, consulted in difficult cases, and by the more affluent classes of society, for those diseases which are in the department of surgery. From these two last-mentioned classes are selected the physicians and surgeons of the public hospitals, and the professors of the various sciences, which constitute the foundation of the healing art, in the medical schools; and to them therefore is offered an especial inducement not only to devote ample time to the obtaining a complete professional education, but to qualify themselves for the important situations which they may be required to fill, by a good general education previously.

Certainly



Certainly it appears to us to be of no small importance that nothing should be done which would lead directly or indirectly to the extinction of the grades of physicians and surgeons, and the merging them in the other grades of the profession, not only on account of the services which they render as officers of the public institutions, and as teachers of the rising generation, but also because experience has shown that it is to them that we are principally indebted for whatever improvements are made in pathological science and in medical and surgical practice. Still, when we consider how great are the prizes offered to those who are engaged in these lines of the profession, the competition to which they are subjected, to which we may add the circumstance of a large proportion of them being occupied in hospitals and schools before an open, and not always a very lenient, tribunal; and that after all it is but a very small number of such persons that is really wanted; we are compelled to acknowledge that there is no great danger of there being an insufficient supply of well-qualified physicians and surgeons; and that it is not so much practitioners of these descriptions, as it is those who belong to the class of general practitioners, that require the especial attention and protection of the legislature. Thus we arrive at what may be considered as by far the most important part of our subject, namely, the wisdom and propriety of the plans which are at the present time adopted for the regulation of this part of the medical profession.

The act of parliament of 1815 requires that all those who mean to practise as apothecaries in England and Wales should be examined by, and receive a licence from, certain persons appointed to be examiners by the London Society of Apothecaries: and the force of public opinion brings nearly the whole of these to be examined also by the examiners of the College of Surgeons. Thus the great majority of the general practitioners, in this part of the British empire, have pursued their studies under the direction of the governing bodies of two separate institutions; the one prescribing a system of education with respect to pharmacy and medicine, and the other with respect to anatomy and surgery. These two systems, of course, agree in many points, while they differ in others.

We conclude that there are no individuals belonging to either of these governing bodies who will hesitate to admit the following propositions as the basis on which all their regulations should be founded: *first*, that they are bound to consider the trust reposed in them as held for the good of the community at large, and not for the benefit of the particular corporation to which they belong. *secondly*, that it is their duty to require of the candidates for their diploma



diploma or licence the highest qualifications which they may be expected to possess, at the same time taking care that they do not raise the standard so high as to prevent a sufficient number of persons entering the profession to meet the wants of the public and ensure a wholesome competition: *thirdly*, that as to the extent of the qualifications which ought to be required, no general rule can be laid down; but that they must vary from time to time according to the state of society generally, or as the means of obtaining a good education are easy or difficult. Roderick Random became a surgeon's mate in the navy with no other stock of knowledge than that which he had obtained from the surgeon-apothecary to whom he had been apprenticed; and we conclude that many private practitioners must have been in the same situation at the time when Smollet wrote; as schools of anatomy and medicine were then only just established in Edinburgh and London, and these, in London especially, were of a very imperfect kind. At present, however, the case is widely different. There are schools, not only in each metropolis, but in many of the great provincial towns, and the greater wealth diffused throughout society places the means of acquiring an education within the reach of a greater number of persons than possessed them formerly.

The College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries have respectively taken advantage of these circumstances, and have gradually increased the amount of studies required of those who come before them.\* No one can now receive a licence of any kind to practise who has not been engaged for at least three years in the pursuit of his profession in a regularly organised medical school, not more than three months being allowed for a vacation in each of these years. Many young men indeed remain in the schools for a still longer period; but we doubt whether it would be safe to make a more prolonged education a matter of necessity: and in fact, a diligent student may obtain a great deal of information, and may qualify himself for becoming an excellent practitioner on all ordinary occasions, during the term which is now prescribed.

But although no alteration in the system of education may be wanted in this respect, it appears to us that much alteration is wanted otherwise. By the Act of 1815 it is made necessary that every candidate for a licence to practise as an apothecary should have been apprenticed to an apothecary, who also had been li-

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\* Let honour be given where honour is due. The first improvements were made by the Society of Apothecaries, and it was not until they had set the example that the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons awoke from their long slumber, and discovered that the time was come for requiring a more extended medical education in every department of the profession.

censed, during a period of at least five years; and the regulations of the Society of Apothecaries have from the beginning admitted the candidates for examination at the age of twenty-one years. The College of Surgeons formerly did not allow candidates to appear before them until they had completed their twenty-second year, but of late (for what reason it is difficult to understand) they have taken off one year, and they now admit them at the same age as the apothecaries.

Now we hold that the minds of very few young men can be sufficiently matured at the age of twenty-one years to fit them for such serious and responsible duties as those of a medical practitioner: and we further see another great evil as the result of this regulation, that it induces parents, in their anxiety to get their children off their hands as soon as possible, to send them to begin their professional studies while they are yet boys, and often without the advantage of even a moderate degree of education previously. We have conversed with many persons who have been engaged in the education of young men, not only for the medical profession, but for others also, and have always been informed that those whose minds have been prepared by a good preliminary education have on the whole been found to be much more diligent, and to have gained knowledge much more easily, than others. Our own experience, which has been sufficiently extensive, would lead us to the same conclusion; and we suppose that no one will venture to deny that there are moral as well as intellectual advantages belonging to a well-trained mind which are nowhere more likely to be conspicuous than in the various departments of the medical profession.

As matters now stand we find the subject of general or preliminary education altogether unnoticed in the regulations both of the College of Surgeons and of the Society of Apothecaries, except indeed that the latter require that the candidates should construe some scraps of Latin. If education be a thing of so much importance, ought such an omission to exist? and ought not proofs of a good general education to form a part of the documents which the candidates are expected to produce as entitling them to examination?

With all our prepossessions on the subject we doubt the policy of any regulation of this kind; and we would willingly avoid the fault of recommending that over-legislation which so frequently defeats itself. What is to be considered as a test of a good preliminary education? and in what does it consist? On these points there may be great differences of opinion, for while the mental faculties may be improved by the cultivation of various branches of knowledge, each individual is apt to regard that as most important

portant which has most contributed to the improvement of his own.\* To require degrees at colleges and universities for the whole of those who enter the medical profession would be manifestly absurd; and, after all, the common degree of B.A. at Oxford and Cambridge is not incompatible with very little study and a very low degree of knowledge. Are the candidates to be especially examined as to their general as well as professional attainments? There being not fewer probably than five or six hundred candidates in the year, who would undertake the task? and, if such examinations were instituted, would they not soon degenerate into a mere empty form? Are the licensing bodies to be satisfied with certificates from schoolmasters and tutors? Those must have very little knowledge of the world, or of the nature of testimonials generally, who think that these would be of the smallest value. Let us look at the question as we will, we perceive insurmountable difficulties in the way of any other system than that of offering a negative encouragement to young men to obtain a good general education, by the removal of every inducement to begin their professional studies before they are eighteen or nineteen years of age. But further, we believe that this would be found to be generally sufficient. A father will not incur the expense of entering his son at a medical school sooner than is really necessary; and, for his own sake, if not for his son's, he will be disposed to keep him employed in some kind of study, rather than that he should dissipate his time in idleness. Besides, satisfied as we are of the vast advantages which the many are likely to derive from a good preliminary education, we are aware that intellects of a higher order may overleap the barrier which the want of it places in their way, and we should be sorry to witness the adoption of any measures the effect of which would be to prevent these master-spirits from entering the medical profession. The Inns of Court have acted wisely in this respect. The tendency of their regulations is to encourage those who propose to be called to the bar to be liberally educated. They do not insist on it, and, if they had done so, the legal profession would have been deprived of some of its brightest ornaments.

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\* If the wrangler believes that no pursuit is so useful to the mind as that of Mathematics, the classical scholar is not less disposed to attribute the same virtue to Greek and Latin, and the Metaphysician to Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. The impartial observer, however, cannot doubt that there are many kinds of exercise which equally tend to produce the desired result. It appears to us that those who are intended for the medical profession will generally derive most advantage from a variety of studies; and (without meaning to recommend superficial acquirements) we should say that it is better for them to go a moderate way in each, than a very long way in one to the exclusion of the rest.

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But it may be urged that, if young men are not able to obtain a licence to practise until they are twenty-three years of age, so many to whom it is important to obtain a livelihood in early life will be deterred from entering the profession that there will be an inadequate supply of licensed practitioners and that the result will be to call into existence a number of other practitioners, who are unlicensed and unqualified. It is true that such was the effect of the too stringent regulations of the College of Physicians in former times, and such would be the effect of too stringent regulations at any period. But there must be much greater changes than those which we venture to suggest to make us liable to any such danger at the present moment. The supply of medical practitioners is in fact not only very much beyond the demand, but very much beyond what is necessary to ensure a just and useful degree of competition. For the truth of this assertion we venture to appeal to the experience of all those who will be at the trouble of making their observations on the subject; and to this cause may mainly be attributed the present restless and uneasy state of the profession. In this, as in all other pursuits, a certain degree of competition is required for the security of the public; but in the medical profession it is easy to conceive that the competition may be not only beyond what is really wanted, but so great as to be actually mischievous. We have heard it suggested that a tax in money should be levied on those who are brought up as medical practitioners, in the same manner as on attorneys and solicitors; but such a tax would be of little service to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and surely one in the shape of a better education would be much preferable.

The addition of one or two years to the age at which a candidate may be admitted for examination would however be of little avail, unless another change were made at the same time. We have pointed out that by the Act of 1815 it is made necessary that an apothecary should have served an apprenticeship. We understand, from the evidence given before the Medical Committee (*page 21 of the Report on the Apothecaries*), that Mr. Rose, who introduced the bill into the House of Commons, objected to this clause; that it was in consequence struck out; but that it was afterwards inserted in the House of Lords (we believe on the suggestion of one of the bench of Bishops). Dr. Burrows, who gives this piece of secret history, says that 'the Association of general Practitioners were anxious for the apprenticeship clause, on account of the great difficulty of getting apprentices; but what could have passed in the mind of the Right Reverend Prelate which led him to this notable piece of legislation, about a year after Parliament had passed an Act abolishing the necessit

necessity of apprenticeships in other cases, it is difficult to comprehend: nor is it less remarkable that twenty-five years should have been allowed to elapse without any attempt having been made to repeal a clause so unjust and mischievous.

We use these expressions not unadvisedly. The tendency of the apprenticeship system is always to throw a great impediment in the way of obtaining a good general education; and in a great number of instances to prevent it altogether. The law requires five years' apprenticeship, and the corporate bodies require three years of study in a medical school, making eight years in all. If a young man is to obtain his licence (as he may now obtain it) at the age of twenty-one, and serves the full term of his apprenticeship in a village or town in which there are no lectures and no hospital, he must be taken from school and apprenticed at thirteen years of age. If the law be evaded, as it sometimes is, by the master giving up two years of the term of apprenticeship, still there are six years left, and the boy is taken from school at fifteen. If the master reside in a large town in which the apprentice has the opportunity of pursuing his studies in the hospital and lecture-room from the beginning of his apprenticeship, still, even under these more favourable circumstances, under which it can fall to the lot of very few to be placed, he is launched in his profession at the age of sixteen, just as he is entering on that important period in which, in the course of two years, a well-disposed young man will make greater progress with respect to his general education than in all the former years of his life put together.

But these are not the only objections. Is this a just monopoly? Is there no way of learning pharmacy, but by means of an apprenticeship? A member of the Committee asks with great reason, 'If young men, in addition to the customary four years of study in the University of Edinburgh, were to pass ten or twelve months exclusively in learning pharmacy, why should they not be permitted to act as general practitioners?' (*Report on the Apothecaries*, p. 22.) And again, 'Were a young man to graduate as a bachelor of medicine at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterwards to apply himself to the study of medicine, and from the want of an adequate fortune be at length prevented practising as a physician, why should he be prevented acting as a general practitioner?' Yet both these descriptions of persons are prevented practising in that capacity under the existing law.

We have not the smallest doubt that a residence for a limited period in the house of an apothecary is likely to be very useful to the student who proposes to enter on the same line of practice; but we cannot conceive that an apprenticeship for five years, or

even for three years, is necessary, nor indeed any apprenticeship at all. At all events there are good reasons why the legislature should not interfere with a matter of this kind. It may very safely be left to the discretion of the parents and guardians, and of the young men themselves; especially if the Society of Apothecaries require, as they have a right, and indeed as they are bound to do, that the candidates for their licence, before they had begun to learn anatomy, or at any rate in addition to their other studies, should have devoted a certain time to the study of pharmacy.

It is far from our intention to occupy the time of our readers by a lengthened discussion as to the details of medical education: but our inquiries would indeed be incomplete if we left the subject altogether unnoticed. The College of Physicians, for their part of the profession, merely require that the candidates should have been engaged in their professional studies for five entire years; that they should have passed three of these years in attendance on the medical practice of an hospital; that they should bring proofs of their having pursued the various sciences on which the art of medicine is founded: and they descend to no further particulars. The Company of Apothecaries, on the other hand, not only specify exactly the courses of lectures, but the precise number of lectures in each course, and the periods during which the student is to attend them, so that he has little choice as to the mode of occupying his time either in the summer or winter. The College of Surgeons in their curriculum pursue an intermediate course, leaving a good deal, but not so much as is left by the College of Physicians, to the discretion of the student. It appears to us, if any of these bodies be in an error (and indeed they cannot be all in the right), that the error of the College of Physicians is much safer than that of the Society of Apothecaries, or even of the College of Surgeons. It has been observed, we believe by Sir Walter Scott, that ‘no one can properly be said to be well educated who has not been, to a certain extent, self-educated:’ and all our experience would lead us to regard this maxim as especially applicable to the education of medical students. It is the duty of the governing bodies to prescribe for them a general plan of study; but as to the details, we are much mistaken if they will not manage them better for themselves than they can be managed for them. One result of the present system, as it relates to the students who mean to be general practitioners, is, that they are too much encumbered with lectures. Let it be borne in mind that it is of little use to sit on the benches and listen to a lecture without taking notes in writing, and that such notes are of little value, unless at one period or another a fair copy is made of them so as to be in a fit state for reference hereafter.

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If the students were rigidly to attend every lecture prescribed by the College of Surgeons and Society of Apothecaries (which in fact they scarcely ever do), they would amount to not fewer than 1500, exclusive of clinical lectures on cases in the hospital, of which the number is uncertain. If we add to the number of hours which the lectures themselves occupy, those which ought to be occupied in making fair copies of the notes which are taken of them, we may form some notion of the labour which a strict attendance on lectures alone imposes on the students. We have no doubt that there are few of these courses of lectures which might not be usefully abridged. The College of Surgeons expect certificates to be produced of attendance on 140 anatomical lectures and 100 demonstrations during each of three winter seasons. We conceive that this regulation might advantageously be commuted for another merely requiring proofs of having studied anatomy during two winters. Fifty lectures would teach all that lectures ought to be expected to teach of the *Materia Medica*, whereas 100 are required at present. In like manner the lectures on botany might very safely be reduced from fifty to twenty; those on the practice of physic from 100 to seventy or eighty; and those on medical jurisprudence from fifty to a dozen.

The foregoing observations would indeed be misplaced if lectures were the only road, or the principal road, to knowledge, which is open to the student. They are but the means to an end. The good anatomist is made what he is not by attending lectures, but by his own labours in the dissecting-room. A knowledge of diseases, and of the mode of treatment, is obtained not from lectures, but from a diligent attendance in the wards of the hospital; from taking notes of cases, and thinking of them afterwards. In attending lectures the mind is merely passive. It receives knowledge, but when received it does little or nothing with it. But what is chiefly wanted to make a good practitioner, either in medicine or surgery, is that he should have acquired the habit of observing, thinking, and acting for himself; and this is to be accomplished, not on the benches of the lecture-room, but in the wards of the hospital; where the student finds, not dull descriptions of disease, but disease itself in all its variety of forms changing from day to day; where every bed tells an impressive history to those who are disposed to read it; and where the intellect is animated and sharpened by collision with the intellects of others. We scarcely know any physicians or surgeons to London hospitals with whom it is not a matter of deep regret that the great majority of the young men should be so much occupied in other ways, that they have but little time left which they can devote to their hospital studies. The number of those who take written notes of the cases



is very limited, and there are many who do not visit the wards on an average more than three or four days in the week. We would willingly see the number of lectures curtailed to whatever point may be necessary, so as to enable the students to find time for pursuing in an efficient manner this higher and more essential part of their education.

We offer no apology for having entered thus at length into the working of the present system, as it relates to the general practitioners. What we have to offer respecting the other classes of the profession may be comprised in a smaller compass.

We have already had occasion to notice how large a portion of the Evidence before us relates to the disputes between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians. These disputes have indeed been most unfortunate, and it is easy to show that they have tended in no small degree to impair the usefulness of this ancient institution.

In order that we may make ourselves intelligible to those among our readers who are unlearned in these matters, it is necessary to explain that the Fellows of the College, who constitute the corporation, have at different times enacted bye-laws preventing any but the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge being admitted into their body. To other physicians they merely gave licences to practise. A few, indeed, who were not English graduates, were from time to time received as fellows, but so very few that they formed the smallest possible exception to the general rule. This exclusive system was galling to the excluded, which was natural enough. But the licentiates also believed very generally that it interfered with their professional advancement, and in this we have no doubt that they were mistaken. The public knew little, and cared still less, about the difference between them; and if the greater number of those who obtained a very large practice in the metropolis belonged to the order of fellows, this was to be attributed to their having been brought up with the English gentry at the Universities, and to their having received their professional education in London, and not to their being fellows of the college. However, the result was to make a divided house, and to produce a mischievous jealousy between the two orders of physicians. It is reasonable to suppose that the original intention of the fellows was to maintain the general respectability and usefulness of their profession by encouraging persons of good education to enter into it. But in process of time the fellows, in their anxiety about the means, seem to have forgotten the end. Young men, with the smallest possible amount of medical science, were at once admitted as fellows, while some of the most accomplished and experienced physicians remained

remained in the ranks of the licentiates. Nor was this all. No regulation was thought to be necessary as to medical education; the degree of Doctor of Medicine, (which in itself means little or nothing, as there are universities at which it may be purchased for a few pounds,) with two years' residence in any university in which degrees are granted, being all that was required. The consequence was, that many were admitted as licentiates, and even as fellows of the College of Physicians, whose medical education was inferior to that which has been for some years required of the apothecary. The list of physicians went on increasing much beyond the demand which had existed for them even in former times, and this at a period when the improved education of the apothecaries, and the elevation of this part of the profession, rendered the demand very much less than it was before. The effect of this may not have been personally felt by those physicians whose talents and attainments, supported by the good opinion of their professional brethren, have raised them to high places; but we are convinced that it has been felt enough by others, and that the body at large have suffered. Of course there can be no absolute rule as to the relative qualifications of physicians and general practitioners. There must always be a certain number of the latter class who stand higher in public estimation than the average of the former; and there must be always some physicians who will be below the average of general practitioners. The difference of talent and activity in different individuals must lead to this. But the question is, not as to individuals, but as to the body at large; and it is plain that, to establish physicians as a higher grade of the profession, without it being made necessary that they should begin the world with a higher kind of professional education, is absurd; and this is what the fellows of the college seem for a long time to have overlooked.

The foregoing observations will enable our readers to understand better the existing order of things. They would have been otherwise irrelevant. Several years ago a more liberal spirit began to prevail in the College, which gradually gaining strength and influence among the fellows, at last induced them to put an end to the old exclusive system; and at the same time to require that candidates for a license should have had as complete a medical education as it is possible to obtain; the only exception to this rule being in favour of general practitioners who, having been many years in practice, and being forty years of age, are allowed to show that they have made such acquirements in that situation as to place them on a level with those who have possessed more extensive opportunities of improvement in early life.

We own that we do not see how this new system of the College  
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of Physicians can be, in essential matters, much altered for the better. But we say this on the understanding that it is discreetly and judiciously administered. Although no evidence of a good preliminary education is required by the College, except that of a portion of the examination being conducted in the Latin language, still this most important object is promoted indirectly, and perhaps more efficiently than it could be by positive enactments. Candidates are not admitted for examination before they are twenty-six years of age; and we apprehend that the effect of this must be, that this part of the profession will be chiefly occupied by those who have had a liberal education; and that a large proportion of the candidates will (as was the case in former times) have pursued their general studies in one of the English universities, and their professional studies in the medical schools of London.

The London College of Surgeons makes no distinction between those of their body who enter life as surgeon-apothecaries or general practitioners and those who are engaged merely in the practice of surgery, except that the latter class are alone eligible to seats in the governing body or council. There is but one plan of education, and one kind of examination, for all. Yet no one aspires to the situation of surgeon to a London hospital, or to be a teacher of anatomy in one of the metropolitan schools, without having added two or three years of professional study to those which are required by the College; and there are few among them who are not qualified to undergo a much more general and searching examination than that to which they are subjected. To this extent, then, what may be termed the voluntary system, seems to have answered the purpose well enough; and if we look further, as far as London is concerned, there seems to be nothing to contradict that opinion. When a vacancy occurs in the office of surgeon to a London hospital, there is never any want of well-qualified candidates; and if we refer to the history of the profession, from the days of Cheselden downwards, we find no description of practitioners who have done more for the improvement of their art, and of the sciences on which it is founded, than the hospital-surgeons and anatomical teachers of London. Nevertheless it appears to us very questionable whether the council of the College of Surgeons ought to rest satisfied with leaving matters as they now are. Formerly there were few hospitals, and no medical schools, beyond the confines of the metropolis. There is an hospital now in most of the considerable provincial towns; and in many of the larger towns there are medical schools also. The medical officers of the hospitals, and the lecturers and other teachers in the schools, are the instructors and example of the  
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next generation of practitioners; and it is of the utmost importance that these offices should be filled in the best possible manner. To limit the choice of the governors of hospitals, by whose activity and benevolence these institutions are supported, is out of the question; but ought not the College of Surgeons, established as it is by a royal charter for the advancement of surgery, to offer to the public a list of those individuals who, by a very extended education, and by the examination which they have gone through afterwards, have proved themselves to be qualified, as far as education can qualify them, to fill those higher situations in which they incur so heavy a responsibility, not only to the existing race of their fellow-creatures, but also to posterity?

Something like this has, indeed, been already attempted by the College. They instituted an examination of those who were desirous of being recognised as teachers of anatomy and surgery. No one was to be admitted as a candidate who had not completed his twenty-fourth year, or who had not already passed the ordinary examination. As this regulation did not affect the established teachers, no one had a right to complain of its injustice; and it certainly appeared to many who might be considered to be competent judges, that it was calculated to be productive of much good ultimately. The council, however, thought it expedient to retrace their steps; and the regulation was rescinded in the course of a year or two after its enactment. It was said that the plan did not answer; that it was difficult to put it into execution, &c. &c. We own that we do not perceive what difficulties could have been met with which might not have been overcome, if a suitable apparatus had been provided for the purpose.

It appears from the evidence before the Committee—we refer especially to that of Sir Charles Clarke (*pp. 274-288 of the Report on the Physicians*)—that there is at present no examination of those who contemplate being engaged in the practice of midwifery as to their qualifications in that department of the profession. There are indeed few, if any, of this class of practitioners who restrict themselves wholly to this kind of practice, or who have not received a licence of some kind, either from the College of Physicians, or from the College of Surgeons, or from the Society of Apothecaries; so that their qualifications are tested to a certain extent. At the same time, as there is no profession which is more important than midwifery, or which deals in greater responsibilities, there seem to be no good reasons why those who practise it should not undergo a special examination as well as those who practise medicine and surgery. There may be, however, some differences of opinion as to the best mode of accomplishing this object. The eminent practitioner to whom we have just re-  
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ferred states in his evidence that the duty *may* be undertaken by the College of Physicians, but that it *ought* to be undertaken by the College of Surgeons. To us it appears that, of the cases which it is usual for the practitioners in midwifery to attend, few only can be considered as being in the province of surgery; and, if we are not misinformed, a high legal authority has given it as his opinion that the College of Surgeons, under their present charter, have not the power to institute an examination of this kind. There seems to be no method of getting over the difficulty without some additional power being conferred on the existing institutions, or a separate board being established for the purpose; and we can scarcely venture to say, without more reflection than we have hitherto had leisure to bestow on the subject, which of these methods may be preferable.

In a former part of this article we have offered some remarks as to the difficulty of instituting such examinations as will prove a sufficiently accurate test of the qualifications of medical students. But the subject is one of the greatest practical importance; and we feel it to be our duty to recur to it.

An efficient examination, which distinguishes the well-qualified from the ill-qualified practitioner, and sends the latter back to improve himself by further study, cannot fail to do essential service to the community; while an inefficient examination, which gives to the idle and the ignorant the same licence which it gives to the industrious and well-informed, is worse than no examination at all, and actually mischievous. This is a truism which no one will dispute. But by what means may a proper system of examination be secured?

To whatever extent the system of learning by rote (or being *crammed*) may be carried by the *οἱ πολλοί* of the universities, we may venture to say that it falls far short of what happens among the *οἱ πολλοί* of the medical students. It is notorious that the majority of those who mean to offer themselves for examination at the College of Surgeons or at Apothecaries' Hall are, for the two or three preceding months, regularly and daily drilled for the occasion; that there are individuals in London who make considerable incomes by dispensing this spurious species of instruction; and that it is no small proportion of the medical students who, having neglected all the early part of their education, are at last qualified in no better way than this for the examination which is to crown their labours.

Now we are not so Utopian as to believe that these things can be altogether prevented, where the object of the examination must necessarily be to ascertain not whether the candidate has the highest, but whether he has the lowest degree of knowledge

ledge and talent with which he may be tolerated as a practitioner. But the evil is enormous, and ought to be corrected as much as possible.

The first step towards this would be one which we have already suggested, namely, the diminution of the number of lectures which the students are expected to attend, so as to place more time at their disposal for self-education in the dissecting-room and in the wards of the hospital. The rest must be done by the examiners; whose duty it will be to bear in mind that the intention of medical education is to make, not philosophers, but skilful and useful practitioners; and that those who have higher aspirations may very safely be left to accomplish their object in their own way. In the examinations they should especially make it their business to ascertain what is the amount of practical knowledge, drawn from their own observations, which the candidates possess; and with this view they should interrogate them, not so much about what they have been taught in lectures as about what they have themselves witnessed, and which cannot be learned by rote. But for the accomplishment of these objects it is necessary that the boards of examiners should be rendered as efficient as possible; and it appears to us that they cannot be efficient unless they include a certain number of individuals who, either as medical officers of hospitals, or as teachers of some branch of the science of medicine, have been accustomed to deal with students. We suppose that it rarely or never happens that any are appointed to the office of examiners at Oxford and Cambridge who have not at one period or another officiated as tutors. The cases are parallel, and the rule which is good in the one cannot fail to be so in the other.

At the College of Surgeons, as we are informed, on the authority of Mr. Guthrie (*page 13 of the Report on the Surgeons*), it is usual to elect the examiners from the members of the Council in the order of seniority. Whether this be or be not a mere matter of custom, the principle is clearly wrong. The Council in this, as in all other matters, have no business to consider anything but the good of the profession and the public; and in the construction of the court of examiners they should follow no other rule than that of choosing the individuals who are the best fitted for the office. At the same time, whatever may have been the case formerly, there seems to be no reason to complain of the court of examiners of the College of Surgeons at present, there being no member of it who has not been either a surgeon to a London hospital or a lecturer on Anatomy or Surgery in one of the principal medical schools. But let us see how it is with respect to other institutions. At the College of Physicians the examinations



examinations are conducted by the President and Censors. The former is generally re-elected annually for a series of years. The latter in former times were chosen from the fellows in rotation, holding the office only for a single year. We can conceive no worse method of appointing a court of examiners than this, while it led to many being placed in that situation who were not qualified for it by their previous habits, it afforded no one the opportunity of becoming familiar with the duties of his office before he had been elected to it. By the new regulations of the College, however, the election of the Censors is differently conducted. The rotation system is abandoned, the Council proposing annually those whom they believe to be the most proper persons, subject to the approbation of a general assembly of the fellows. It remains to be seen whether the College avail themselves of this alteration so as to make their board of examiners such as it ought to be.

The examiners at Apothecaries' Hall are selected solely from the members of the Apothecaries' Society. This is in accordance with the act of 1815, which leaves the Society no alternative (*Report on the Apothecaries*, page 17). But the Society is a commercial body, into which admittance is procured only by patronage or purchase, and it is difficult to conceive why the legislature should have restricted their choice of examiners in this manner. If a licentiate be remarkably well qualified to officiate as an examiner, why should he be ineligible because he is not actually a member of the corporation? But it appears to us that the legislature should have been opened wider still; and we have no doubt that if the Court of Assistants, by whom the examiners are appointed, had had it in their power to do so, they would have procured the assistance of some physicians to hospitals and lecturers in schools of medicine as assessors to the Court of Examiners, and that by so doing they would have greatly added to the usefulness and respectability of the examination.

We believe that in the foregoing observations we have pointed out the principal defects of the present system, as far as it relates to the education and licensing of medical practitioners. The next point to be considered is, by what means these defects may be remedied.

It may be said that there is nothing which may not be accomplished by the corporations themselves, provided that the Crown and the Legislature afford them some assistance in making the necessary alterations in their charters and acts of parliament. We cannot, however, look with much confidence to this source of amendment. The corporations are all independent of each other. There is no bond of union between them. We have to legislate for a profession the different branches of which



~~the College of Surgeons~~  
y (and we give them credit for the public spirit which  
played on that occasion) undertook the charge of the  
d museum which Parliament had purchased of the ex-  
of Mr. John Hunter. They have made extensive addi-  
it. They have erected buildings for its reception, and  
bed a professorship and studentship of comparative ana-  
connexion with it. They have collected one of the best  
libraries in the world, and thrown it open to the pro-

All this has necessarily involved them in a large annual  
ture, and the funds which they have to meet it are almost  
derived from the fees paid by those who receive their  
l. The remuneration of the court of examiners is supplied  
e same source. If in addition to all this we take into the  
that it is in the nature of corporations, as it is in that of  
als, to like the acquirement of wealth, we cannot fail to  
; that the College have a direct interest in having as  
pplicants for their diploma as possible. But this is not  
wanted by the public. As we have already remarked,  
give no advantage from an influx of persons into the  
on beyond what is wanted to ensure a proper degree of  
tion; but it is to them of the highest importance that  
ho are admitted should have their minds as well stored  
well disciplined as possible. The position of the Society  
hecaries is very similar to that of the College of Surgeons,  
but both their income and their expenses are on a smaller

we are far from agreeing with those who would have all  
corporations swept away, and replaced by a new one. We

it does not look to its own interests more than to those of the community. The degree of bachelor of medicine is said to be intended for the class of general practitioners.\* Those who wish to obtain this distinction are allowed to matriculate and begin their profession while they are yet boys, at the age of sixteen years, and present themselves for their last examination so as to be esteemed practitioners as soon as they have passed their twenty-first birthday. Fourteen different kinds of lectures are included in the curriculum, being five more than those which are required by the College of Surgeons and Society of Apothecaries: while attendance on hospital practice, which we believe to be of more importance than all the lectures put together, is actually neglected. The whole system, as it appears to us, is unnecessarily complicated. Yet we must acknowledge that it affords evidence of good intentions on the part of those who framed it. They seem to have been really anxious to place the medical profession on a high ground as possible: but they have not had that experience in hospitals and schools, nor that intercourse with students, which they should have had, to enable them to understand the true principles of medical education.

We conclude that it was the failure of the metropolitan university which led Mr. Warburton, at the close of the last session of parliament, to lay on the table of the House of Commons a Bill 'for the Registration of Medical Practitioners.' Under the provisions of this Bill every medical practitioner is required to cause his name to be registered annually in an office established for the purpose; and for the privilege of being compelled to do this trouble he is to pay an annual tax. Then the whole body of licensed practitioners are to proceed at stated periods to the election of three medical parliaments, one for each of the three kingdoms. These parliaments are to assemble in each month of October: one in London, another in Edinburgh, and the third in Dublin; and it is to be their office to regulate all the affairs of the medical profession. Between them they are to elect another superior parliament for the whole empire, which is to hold its meetings in London, and by which they themselves are to be governed. It must be unnecessary to point out the classes of persons of whom we expect these parliaments to consist: we must not look at them for those who love the tranquil pursuit of science—pass their days and nights in accumulating knowledge for its own use; nor for those who by their labours have already earned a good opinion of the public, and are fully occupied in the execution of their professional duties; but rather for the vain and the

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\* See the Report on Medical Reform in the 'Transactions of the Provincial Medical Association,' vol. viii. p. 41.

for those who hanker after a noisy notoriety, and have abundance of leisure because they have no professional employment. It is a matter of course that such elections, like all other elections in this country, must eventually merge in politics; in the competition of Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Radicals. The best thing that can be said of this scheme is, that it is utterly impracticable; and with this impression on our minds, it appears to us needless to follow it through its various ramifications.

If the medical profession as a body possessed estates and charities, or as individuals had some special powers and privileges which required protection, it would be reasonable to consider how far a system of popular and representative government might be made applicable to it. But no such occasion exists, and we own that we are not sufficiently far-sighted to discover what good reason there can be for introducing into it such an element of agitation and discord.

We have already shown that what is wanted is simply this: that the medical profession should be rendered as useful as possible to society, and that it should be enabled to maintain for itself an honourable and respectable station in it; and we are much mistaken if we have not also shown that the machinery of the medical corporations, such as they now are, is not sufficient to produce the desired result. That these corporations should have no responsibility, except to themselves, is an anomaly which ought not to be allowed any longer to exist; and we cannot conceive to whom they can so properly be made responsible as to those from whom their authority has emanated, the Crown and the Legislature. Nor would there be any difficulty in carrying such a plan into effect, nor would any complicated apparatus be necessary for the purpose.

Let us suppose that an act of parliament were passed making some such alterations as we have already suggested in the charters of the colleges, and in the apothecaries' act of 1815, and any others which on further consideration of the subject might be found to be desirable; and that the government were authorised to appoint certain persons who should form a Board of Control, or, if they please to give them a gentler appellation, a Board of Visitors, whose office it should be to superintend the concerns of the different medical institutions; and we believe that under such an arrangement all that is required might be accomplished.

The regulations as to the education of medical students, and the licensing of practitioners, should either originate with the Board of Visitors, or should not be valid until they had received their sanction. In like manner they should superintend the appointment of the examiners. Reports should be made to them  
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at stated periods of the individuals to whom licences have been granted; of the moneys received in payment of them; at the same time explaining in what manner these funds have been expended.

At present, when a vacancy has occurred in the Council of the College of Surgeons, the remaining members select the individual who is to succeed to the vacant seat; and this has always, and not without reason, been made a subject of complaint against the constitution of the College. Yet, as matters now stand, we do not see what other arrangement can be made. To throw the election open to the ten or twelve thousand members of whom the College consists would be absurd; and there is no other constituency. If, as we have proposed, another degree were established for those who would be candidates for the situation of surgeons to hospitals or teachers of anatomy, there would, in the course of time, be a body of persons to whom the election might, without inconvenience, be intrusted; and in the mean while the objections to the present system might be in a great measure obviated by making the appointments of the Council subject to the approbation of the Board of Visitors; or the visitors might select one from a list of persons submitted to them as properly qualified by the council.

What are called the Elects in the College of Physicians are, with respect to the mode of their appointment, in the same situation as the Council of the College of Surgeons; and the same rule might be applied to them, or otherwise the election of them might be conducted in the same manner as that of the Censors.

But a question will arise as to the exact mode of appointing the Visitors themselves. We would suggest that they should be nominated by the Queen in Council rather than by the Secretary of State, believing that the effect of this would be to remove the appointment, in some degree, from the influence of party politics and we would further suggest that the Board should consist of two classes of persons, of some who do, and of others who do not belong to the medical profession.

Being assured that some of the highest interests of society are involved in the state of the medical profession, and knowing that the reflecting members of the profession are not well satisfied with the existing order of things, we confidently hope that those who concern themselves in the management of public affairs will perceive the necessity of giving the subject their early and serious attention; and in that case it will be by no means difficult for any one, who takes the pains to do so, to fill up the faint outline of the scheme which we have offered to their consideration. We cannot doubt that, if the task of mending the medical institution be honestly undertaken and pursued, a real and lasting service will

will be rendered to the public. We are sanguine enough to believe that what is required may be easily accomplished; that the question, if fairly discussed, with a desire to do only what is right and useful, will be found to lie in a narrow compass, and to be surrounded by no difficulties which may not be readily surmounted.

We have only one further observation to offer. In order that we might render our views as simple as possible, we have confined ourselves to the state of the medical profession and of the corporate bodies in England, to which alone the report of the Committee of the House of Commons relates. There is, however, no such essential difference in the state of the profession in different parts of the British empire as would prevent any plan which is useful in England from being also applicable, with certain modifications, to Scotland and Ireland.



ART. III.—*Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff.* London. 8vo. 1840.

THE announcement of this volume naturally excited great curiosity. It was reasonable to expect that those subjects which most come home to the habits and studies of English gentlemen would be admirably handled in the private communications between two such distinguished men, whose respective spheres in life, in themselves sufficiently separate, were nevertheless connected by one link, a common love and pursuit of elegant literature. The sound of the two voices, the tenor and the bass, might indeed be totally distinct, yet both, when attuned to the same key, would give increased value to each other, and produce by the very contrast a richer and more varied melody. Thus the man of the world would enlighten the recluse of *Alma Mater*; his ideas, bright with the last polish of the capital, would rub off the respectable erugo which steals over the learning of the cloister; and the reflections of the statesman engrossed in the affairs of nations would enlarge the somewhat narrowing tendencies of local attachments and interests.

The venerated editor commenced his honourable career in directing the final education of young men, at the most critical moment of their entering into life. After long exercise of this responsible charge, he was raised by acclamation to the high office of Provost of Oriel; and was thus enabled to take the lead in that university of which at the moment of need he had stood forward the champion and successful defender. The mitre, the reward of a long course

course of usefulness, secured to him, ere yet in the vale of years a dignified leisure, and held out to modest merit, another cheering example of greatness, achieved by self-exertion and steady performance of duty.

The tale of the Bishop's early pupil was that of an easter fable, where the good fairy showers over the cradle of the new born infant blessings without stint, which are converted into curses, through the annexation of one fatal condition by some malevolent genius. He was born to rank, title, and unbounded affluence; his person and manner were agreeable; his intellect, of the highest order, was coupled with an industry and a thirst for knowledge, which might have shamed the poorest student whose bread must be earned by the sweat of his brow. He united to the blood of the racer, the sure perseverance of the tortoise. His taste was refined to fastidiousness; his memory was wax to receive, and marble to retain; his powers of illustration have seldom been rivalled; the results of his deep reading were parcelled out in such nice order that everything was forthcoming without effort or ostentation, at the exact moment when it was most wanted. Fulfilling Lord Bacon's grand recipe—his reading made him full; his habits of society, ready; his writing, exact. His wit was prompt, sparkling, and epigrammatic; it was playful and indulgent, not, however, from weakness: it was the giant's strength, which could afford to be generous. To all these qualities of the head, were superadded a gentle and affectionate disposition, a freedom from pride or vanity, a simplicity of habits and tastes; in a word, all the sterling features of that noblest of creations, a real English gentleman. What more could a fond mother ask for an only child? yet these, and more than these, were lavished on *poor* Lord Dudley; for poor he was in happiness, though rich in all the elements which apparently would the most conduce to its perfection. The gifts of fortune and intellect were counterbalanced by an organic malformation of the brain, which, riveted by the system of his education increased with his years, and having embittered his whole existence, buried these brightest prospects in the darkness and solitude of insanity. His intellect might be compared to a delicate piece of mechanism, in which, by some accident, one small pivot is insecure; not, indeed, sufficient at first materially to derange the operation, yet ever and anon indicated, under increased action, by slight jarrings. To this physical cause must be attributed those oddities and imperfections which caught and amused the random glance of unreflecting silliness, but fixed and delighted the evil eye of conscious yet jealous inferiority.

Lord Dudley felt acutely these small weaknesses, which  
miscondu

misconduct of his own had occasioned, and which no effort of his own could alleviate; yet these peculiarities, which were a subject of sorrow and pity to the generous, were selected by the heartless, with a refinement of cruelty, to poison the sting of their maliciousness: they pressed on the bruised reed, and seethed the kid in its mother's milk. To them may be left the disgrace of their base triumph; therefore let his real friends scatter flowers with more profusion over his premature grave, and draw closer the veil which shrouds his mortal and at worst inoffensive infirmities.

We learn from the preface that some unforeseen and unpleasant circumstances had occurred in regard to this publication: but neither into them, nor into the law of the case, is it our intention to enter at any length. It is impossible for those who have had the good fortune to know either Lord Dudley or the Bishop of Llandaff, to imagine for one moment, either that the former would write, or that the latter would publish, anything unbecoming of the gentleman or the Christian. The character and profession of the editor would have been sufficient guarantees, had he not expressly stated it in the preface, that tenderness and discretion would be his guides in a task of considerable difficulty and doubt. He well knew that mankind are influenced less by what is said than by *who* it was that said or circulated it. The vulgar scurrility of those who live by slandering is passed with contempt. Not so the opinions of the great and good. The smallest touch of the spear of Ithuriel inflicts a mortal wound. The sayings of Lord Dudley, published by the Bishop of Llandaff, pass from mouth to mouth, stamped with the impress of legitimate authority.

We fully admit the nice difficulty of determining what is the exact portion or period for publication, in regard to a series of private letters which were never meant by the writer to be published at all. If, from a tenderness of feeling towards all mentioned therein, publication be delayed till they are gone where praise or blame fall on the ear alike, the loss of all freshness and interest is risked. In these times the railroad march of events drives incident on incident with such velocity and intensity that one occurrence is almost effaced ere it be succeeded by another. We are so drugged with stimulants that nothing makes a lasting impression. Every page of these letters teaches the sad moral of the rapid transit of this world's glories; the fleeting interest of our petty frets and turmoils, our vanity of vanities. A quarter of a century has scarcely elapsed ere a new generation read with indifference names at which the world grew pale, and pass over convulsions which shook empires to the dust. The downfall of Buonaparte, the double capture of Paris, the salvation of Spain, the Queen's trial,—



trial,—all and each of which in turn harrowed up mankind in breathless expectation, now pall,—gone by as an old almanac. On the other hand, if confidential letters be published in the nick of time, with all their richness, their raciness, their behind-the-scenes peep, those living personages who have taken part in the spirit-stirring scenes must constantly be pained at the public exposition of keen and cutting remarks.

We have alluded to the doubts entertained by others on the subject of this publication, simply to protect ourselves from the appearance of singularity in our regret. We must be permitted to observe once for all, and without offence, that this volume has generally been received with disappointment, as well by those who knew Lord Dudley as by those who did not.

To those, indeed, who enjoyed his intimacy, he comes unscathed from the ordeal; to adopt the language of the Bishop's excellent preface, *they* can trace throughout even these letters the unfailing

'marks of the same intellectual and manly character—strong sense, acute yet candid observation on men and manners and political affairs, original and deep reflection combined with a lively imagination and a knowledge of books and of the world, rarely found united in the same individual.' \* \* \* For *them* they all 'afford the same evidence of a sincere, virtuous, and honourable mind, intent upon being useful and upon performing his duty well in public and private life, exhibiting in the season of youth, as well as in more advanced age, that most engaging of all compounds, a playful fancy joined with a vigorous understanding and a serious heart.'—p. xii.

All this is true; but strangers want the key to the cipher in which the Bishop finds nothing to puzzle him.

There are various circumstances in the case, and features in the work, which we can easily suppose to have perplexed and vexed the executors. We ourselves stumbled over the very threshold ere we reached the title-page; the *τηλαυγές πρόσωπον*, the lithograph meant, we presume, to be a portrait, was calculated to give customers no better prospect of good entertainment within, than the sign-post daub of a road-side country inn: as a print, it is beneath criticism; as a likeness, it is a libel—the exaggeration of an angle of the forehead pared of its intelligence in order to swell the caricature of nose and nostril! Lord Dudley entertained a singular objection to having his portrait taken at all. It was only after repeated solicitations that he was induced to sit to Mr. Slater, by whom most of his fellow-members of Grillon's had been done for Sir Thomas Acland, and when the finished drawing was shown him he crunched it up, put it into his pocket, went away, and, as it was supposed, destroyed it. The whole affair, with the manner in which

which it was finally recovered after his death, forms one of the most curious anecdotes of the 'Grillon' gallery; yet it was admirably executed, and has since his death been admirably facsimiled. Hanging now before us, it recalls his not-forgotten features, his serious, gentle, King Charles-like expression, the peculiar, sloping lid of his mild thoughtful eye, the prospect of his soul, and prescient of calamity; and we wonder why it was not republished *here*. Stewart Newton's avowed scratch of a caricature would have been much more welcome than this grave, imbecile absurdity.

In the second place, the letters now presented to the public range over nine years only, of 'more than thirty years of constant correspondence.' They are selected, we venture to think, from that portion of his career which was least calculated to exhibit him to full advantage, either in a political or literary point of view. These nine years were a period of transition, when a lull had come over his greatest exertions, and before the death of his father had opened a new field for him in private life, and high official situation under Mr. Canning. A large portion of them, too, are written from the continent, and treat of *foreign* concerns—which seldom arouse in English bosoms that degree of intense interest which home questions never fail to create.

Moreover, the executors, in resisting the publication, felt that they were acting in accordance with all Lord Dudley's opinions expressed in his writings\* when alive, and by his last testamentary directions. The law of the case appears simply to be, that the receiver of letters has only a qualified property in them; he cannot publish them without the consent of the sender, who, in case of decease, can only be legally represented by his executors. Lord Dudley had directed that all his writings, letters, and papers of every kind, found in his own repositories, should be burnt unread, and immediately after his death. The solemn injunction was, as we collect from the preface, most rigidly obeyed; and the executors might well be pardoned for hesitating to sanction any procedure at variance with that which they had felt it their own painful duty to adopt.

The Bishop informs us, in his preface, that another volume of letters had been prepared for publication, when, 'should it be permitted to appear, there would be an opportunity of giving a general view of the incidents and the course of Lord Dudley's life.' From the uneasy tone, which we grieve to see, of the conclusion, we fear that this opportunity will be lost. 'Recent communications and fresh restraints have occurred, which he will not seek by solicitation to remove.' The 'question is not to be

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\* See his remarks on this subject in the Quarterly Review, No. ix., p. 313.

determined by his own judgment; and he confesses, whatever construction may be put on the avowal, that he cannot submit either to solicit permission as a favour, or to recognise the duty of the executors in such a case to forbid the publication.' It is not for us to decide, in a question of taste, between persons so worthy and eminent, who could have had but one and the same feeling towards the memory of Lord Dudley; but in the absence of the editor's far abler pen, we shall attempt, not indeed to write a full biography, but to set down a few of such incidents in his noble friend's education and life as may suggest the just view of some of those peculiarities and infirmities which must excite the wonder and curiosity of readers that did not know the man.

The Earl was the only child of William, third Viscount Dudley and Ward—one of those ordinary mortals on whom capricious fortune takes a pleasure in lavishing worldly advantages. The obscure existence of the old Lord was passed in the society of those who, like himself, preferred portwine and fiddling to the pursuits either of politics or literature. His companions, generally selected from grades beneath his own, were chiefly remarkable for that convenient obsequiousness which noblemen and gentlemen of large landed estates delight to honour. The Viscountess, a beauty in her youth, took refuge in later life in cards and strong waters. Comparative anatomists, we understand, account for so distinguished a man's being the produce of such an untoward combination, on the grammar principle of two negatives making an affirmative. Be this as it may, the father and mother seem to have anticipated the discreditable contrast which their son's eminence would subsequently cast on their own comparative nothingness; their conduct from the cradle was marked by want of parental affection. They sent him from his home to strangers, not indeed to a public school, that preparatory world in miniature, but to a private tutor, and under circumstances which enhanced the objections of that objectionable system, one that Lord Dudley never failed to deplore and condemn.\* A house was taken for him at Paddington, and a separate establishment maintained with liberality: such a sacrifice was nothing to their affluence—it was their time and affection that was grudged. The solitary boy, without brothers, sisters, or playfellows of his own age, became a man in habits while yet a child. Associating with his elders and with those in authority over him, he grew up in a constitutional distrust of his own powers, in an habitual reliance for guidance and support on other men's minds, though not possessed of one tithe of his own good qualities or talents. He never completely

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\* 'The defects of those that have had the misfortune to receive a private education or, what is sometimes the same thing, no education at all.' (Letter 36.)

shook off the idolatrous prejudice, or *prestige*, of his young inexperience; the habit remained when the moral conviction was gone. It was in this uncongenial atmosphere that he contracted a tinge of formality which, natural and decorous in pedagogues, is held among men of the world to savour of priggism. The indifference manifested by the heads of the family was imitated by the minor branches—no ‘avunculus Hector’ interposed. His maternal uncle, he writes, ‘never took the smallest interest in him, or showed him the smallest kindness.’ (Letter 1.) To the unfortunate heir the bitterness of this neglect was aggravated by his own warm disposition and capability to estimate and return affection—yet nothing ever escaped him in word or action, by which his parents could be depreciated; his whole conduct was a pattern of filial obedience and respect. He is ever praising his father’s liberality in money matters, and expressing satisfaction at his approval of his own conduct under circumstances of doubt. (See Letters 82, 92, 93). To his mother when a widow he became more than a son. He came forward to supply his father’s loss; his unceasing and delicate attentions, the small but not the least proofs of affection, manifested that he felt with Gray, that we can have but one mother.

The disadvantages of this plan of education were increased by his eccentric father’s want of fixed purpose and constant change of preceptors. He had not time to find a friend even among them. Deprived of the out-of-door pastimes congenial to youth, he was driven to his books alone for solace and companionship. The lurking hereditary malady was strengthened by his over studious and sedentary habits. The irritable susceptibility of the brain was stimulated at the expense of bodily power and health, without which pleasure itself ceases to be pleasure. Dear indeed is knowledge purchased at the expense of happiness. His foolish tutors took a pride in his precocious progress, which they ought to have kept back. They watered the forced plant with the blood of life; they encouraged the violation of nature’s laws, which are not to be broken in vain; they infringed the condition of conjoint moral and physical existence; they imprisoned him in a vicious circle, where the overworked brain injured the stomach, which reacted to the injury of the brain. They watched the slightest deviation from the rules of logic, and neglected those of dietetics, to which the former are a farce. They thought of no exercises but in Latin—they gave him a *Gradus* instead of a cricket-bat, until his mind became too keen for its mortal coil; and the foundation was laid for ill health, derangement of stomach, moral pusillanimity, irresolution, lowness of spirits, and all the Protean miseries of nervous disorders, by which his after life was haunted and

and which are sadly depicted in almost every letter now before us.

One, indeed, of the boy's many instructors observed the silent operation of these morbid causes, and having learnt Latin to some purpose, pursued the golden rule of education—*Mens sana in corpore sano*. This was a wise man after the manner of Anaxagoras, that respectable ancient, who requested on his death-bed that all the school-boys of Lampsacus might have a month's holidays. He accordingly locked the study-door, threw logic to the dogs, turned his pupil out to grass, and set him to work at the unscholastic pursuit of foxes. He opined that it was bodily exertion and mental inaction which generates the rude health—the 'dura ilia' of country squires and hay-makers; who never fatigue their sensoriums, nor fritter away their nervous energy, nor rob their gastric juices, from a mistaken regard to their pia maters. The new instructor therefore took the Aristotelian method in this decided case of perversion—he bent the twig in the contrary direction, in the hope of ultimately bringing it to the perpendicular. But unfortunately the news of this prodigious idling ere long reached the ear of the father, who, never interfering except injudiciously, dismissed the tutor who might have saved his pupil; and people of the old stamp continued in function until the *toga quasi-virilis* (of undergraduateship) was assumed.

The very first lines of Lord Dudley's in the Bishop's volume reveal the sad consequences of this system, already fixed and chronic at the early age of nineteen. Affixed to the portrait is this *postscript*,—'The verses go on *miserably*; YET I neither drink, hunt, shoot, or fish.' On a smaller peg than this Tissot or Combe would hang a quarto treatise; and truly might Lord Dudley point the moral of their tale, the sure effects of the neglect of the organic laws of physiology. The postscript involves the cream of the correspondence, and is indeed the epitome of his life—

'The exploits of dexterity, strength, speed,  
To him no vanity, no joy, could bring.'

We find him invariably lamenting, 'as mistakes of his early life' (p. 342), his 'unacquaintance even with the rudiments of agriculture' (p. 202), his 'ignorance of botany or geology;'<sup>\*</sup> that he 'cannot skate:' in a word, the absence of those out-of-door pursuits which, by bringing us into immediate contact with nature, have a healthy and expanding tendency—and conduce to that exercise which, having an object distinct from a mere constitutional tack, ('studio fallente laborem,') is of all others the most refreshing and invigorating. No pillow is so soft as that earned

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<sup>\*</sup> In these autobiographical letters we find no thanking God that he knew nothing of the *ologies*—the silly congratulation of self-contented commonplace.

by bodily fatigue. Lord Dudley 'writes because he is unable to sleep'—(Lett. 4). Well would it have been had the killing 'yet' of the 'postscript' been corrected into *because*! Mr. Sydney Smith's lyrical advice, 'Fish not, hunt not, shoot not,' may probably be a safe code of guidance for some curates; possibly it may be equally safe for the production of nonsense verses. We prefer the good old classical method of Ennius, Horace, and Anacreon, who practised what they preached, and neither lived nor wrote verses miserably. The Muses, although dwelling near Castalian streams, and we dare say bathing therein, have never conceded to teetotalism immortality of song: nor would it be difficult to demonstrate that those poets who have been the most mixed in the stirring realities of life, up, about, and abroad, have been the best portrayers of man and nature.

Lord Dudley, to his credit, never forgot nor undervalued the one attempt to amend his mistaken education. No sooner was the Viscount dead than he made search for that discarded tutor, and rewarded him with a magnificent donation; thus delicately marking his satisfaction at the first moment when the so doing could not by any chance give umbrage to his father. Spence, by-the-bye, has preserved an anecdote of Pope, which our reader will pardon us for recalling here to his memory. The poet, when about the same age as Lord Dudley, was reduced by his perpetual application to such deplorable ill health, that, giving way to it, he prepared to die. He fell into that state of exhaustion which Smollett too once experienced for half a year, a *coma rigil*—an affection of the brain, when the principle of life is so reduced that all external objects appear to be passing in a dream—a sort of torpid, indistinct existence. One of his oldest friends, Father Southcot, went immediately to the clear-seeing and plain speaking Dr. Ratcliffe, who ordered the patient to apply less, and to ride every day; by following which advice Pope recovered his health. He never forgot this providential interposition, and twenty years afterwards, hearing of a vacant abbey in a delightful part of France, he sent a letter the next morning to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had some degree of friendship, and begged him to write to Cardinal Fleury, to get the appointment for Southcot. Southcot was made abbot—perhaps the only time that a prime-minister of England wrote to a prime-minister of France to promote a poor Romish priest: nothing short of the ardent and affectionate feelings of Pope could have suggested the project; nor could anything but the regard due to his genius have influenced Sir Robert to move in such a business.\*

From Paddington Mr. Ward was sent to Oxford, and entered

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\* Quarterly Review, No. xxiii. p. 427.



at Oriel; and here, under the auspices of Dr. Copleston, his classical education may truly be said to have commenced. After profiting for a due time by the lessons of such a teacher, he was transplanted from the fair banks of the Isis to the Athens of the North, with the view of combining with the knowledge of antiquity an insight into sciences which in our day are looked upon as not less useful and interesting, especially that of political economy; thus engrafting on the laurel of the Muses the branch of gold by which more men are transported to a certain place than Charon would choose to reveal to Virgil or Miss Martineau. Lord Dudley was pleased with and much improved by Edinburgh; but he always retained a lively interest in the welfare and honour of Oriel; perhaps a somewhat of his collegiate enthusiasm and prejudices might have been suppressed in these letters. The pupil was writing to the provost. The public at large, who are not *of that ilk*, take little interest in local details—new buildings projected in Magpie-lane—extravagant eulogies of some forgotten fellows and tutors, equally exaggerated dispraise of other similar dignitaries—*et hoc genus*. The indifferent eye skims over the page, and is only arrested by allusions to names of some higher pretension, sarcasms which strike by their point and adhere from their barb.

Lord Dudley never forgot the instruction and society which he enjoyed under the roof of Dugald Stewart. He was singularly fortunate in his co-pupils, all distinguished men in their high order—Lords Lansdowne, Palmerston, Kinnaid, and the late Lord Ashburton. He maintained a good fellowship with them all in after life, while with the two former it was his lot to sit at the same council-board, as minister of state.—But neither to Professor Stewart, nor to the younger associates of his own sex, did he owe the chief pleasures or the chief advantages of his residence in the North. Mrs. Stewart, equal to her husband in intellect, was his superior in blood. She was the sister of the Countess Purgstall and of Lord Corchouse, the friend of Walter Scott, who has embalmed the name of *Cranstoun* in his immortal ‘Lay.’ Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and singularly winning. On her ill-favoured professor she doted with a love-match devotion;\* to his studies and midnight lucubrations she sacrificed her health and rest; she was his amanu-

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\* Her marriage was after this wise. When Miss Cranstoun, she had written a poem, which was accidentally shown by her cousin Lord Lothian to Mr. Stewart, then his private tutor and unknown to fame. The philosopher was so enraptured with the perusal, and so warm in his commendations, that authoress and critic fell in love by Scotch second-sight before their first, and in due time were made one.



ensis and corrector. But she was free from the slightest tinge of pedantry; the world, for anything she displayed, knew nothing of her deep acquisitions, so gracefully did her long-draped robes conceal even the suspicion that aught lurked beneath of azure blue. No one felt this more than Lord Dudley, who thus expresses himself in one of these letters (p. 41):—‘She has as much knowledge, understanding, and wit, as would set up three foreign ladies as first-rate talkers, in their respective drawing-rooms, but she is almost as desirous to conceal as they are to display their talents.’ No wonder, therefore, that her saloons were the resort of all that was the best of Edinburgh, the house to which strangers most eagerly sought introduction. In her Lord Dudley found indeed a friend. She was to him in the place of a mother. His respect for her was unbounded, and continued to the close; often have we seen him, when she was stricken in years, seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his. Into her faithful ear he poured his hopes and fears, and unbosomed his inner soul; with her he maintained a constant correspondence to the last. That series of his letters was, we doubt not, the most valuable as well as the most extensive; but it is said to be no more. She burnt the whole, we are told, when dying herself. She would not trust the holocaust to accident, neither would she deprive herself of a sad pleasure in reading over the expressions of a whole existence devoted to her, until she felt distinctly that the last days of her own drew near.

It is impossible not to see in the correspondence now before us that the writer was mistrustful of himself; ‘thin-skinned,’ to use his own word (p. 291); apologising in the very first letter for ‘incorrect expressions,’ complaining in one of the last (p. 366) of his ‘slowness and unreadiness of composition’—the *composition* of familiar letters!—There is somewhat of a cramped, almost of a particular tone, a recurrence to local subjects, to themes agreeable to his friend. The letters are not written ‘*currente calamo*’; the pen dips not into his flowing thoughts: nervously sensitive, he trembled before the high educational position, critical acuteness, and logical perception of Dr. Copleston. He felt that he was writing to his literary superior, the very eminence of whom weighed down the pupil—*artes infra se positas*—he was never quite at his ease. This is not merely a conjecture of our own; we have seen many notes and letters written by him to male friends of less lofty station and character. These were, comparatively speaking, *rien—pas même académicien*—but their nothingness set this shy, sensitive correspondent at his ease. Notwithstanding, we feel that his letters to Mrs. Dugald Stewart must have been far superior still. The false pride which  
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conceals weaknesses is disarmed by the certainty of a woman's sympathy. The instinctive dread of incurring the ridicule of affectation or sentimentality often drives men into contrary extremes, and hides, under the garb of rudeness, irony, or persiflage, those gentler emotions, that real earnestness, that seriousness which are unbosomed to a woman, who hails with approving smiles their existence and expression. Again, a woman's love for detail, her patience in listening, encourages the fullest unburdening of the pent-up soul. She is riveted with breathless curiosity in the exposure of the secret springs, the, to her, mysterious processes, by which the stronger sex is influenced. All these exhibitions are anticipated and discounted by men ere detailed, and if continued, are listened to with coldness and *ennui*. But women submit readily to be bored by clever men, and, since the days of Omphale, are well pleased to see the lords of the creation prostrate or spinning (even *long yarns*) at their feet; and men fly in moments of sorrow to their soothing ministry; they rely on the tenderness of touch, the delicacy with which the balm will be poured into the festering wound. They trust to woman's tact, to her felicity in saying the little word at the right time. The man is off his guard, and betrays the secret of his strength or weakness: no glance of the eye, no curl of the lip, no remark shot unawares from the secret quiver of his heart escapes a woman, which in the generalising, careless commerce of man with man would be overlooked; hence, we suspect, the superior insight into character\* which such a woman as Mrs. Dugald Stewart must necessarily have obtained—and hence the secret of her paramount influence over those who approached her, and particularly over a man constituted as her young friend was.

On leaving Scotland, Mr. Ward entered into parliament. All his early opinions tended to the right way in politics. His maxim was, 'Fear God and honour the king.' His ample fortune secured him from the '*urgens necessitas et evidens utilitas*,' which has passed from the Institutes of Coke into the portfolios of mercenary ministers. He was independent in every sense; bound, in his own words, by 'no ties of hope or personal interest.' Under the pressure of motives which, however misinterpreted by contemporary spleen, posterity will never question, he twice in the course of his life appeared, to a certain extent, as the ally of

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\* Lord Dudley, in his review on Miss Edgeworth's *PATRONAGE*, neatly and justly alludes to 'her intuitive judgment of character; one of those delicate and rapid operations of the mind, which is seldom analysed even by those who perform it with the most ease and rapidity, the result of practised acuteness, by which we are enabled to catch as they arise all the fine evanescent indications of habit or passion, and to deduce from them instant and certain conclusions.'—*Quart. Rev.* x. p. 310.

the Whigs; but he ended, as he began, and as we believe he always was at heart, and as to all points of real consequence in domestic politics—but one—a Conservative.

He remained for some years a silent listener to the giants of those days, whose power made him distrust himself, and tremble at the unequal contest. He delighted in private to respeak the speeches of Pitt, which he imitated with singular accuracy of manner as well as language. He was first urged to speak for himself by a friend of his, whom we are also proud to call ours, by whom the success of Lord Lansdowne (then Lord Henry Petty) was held up as an encouragement; his sad reply revealed the secret of his past and subsequent reluctance: 'Do you not reflect that Lord Henry has had the very best, and that I have had the very worst of educations?' The advice, however, fortunately prevailed; after nearly five years' apprenticeship, he began to take part in debate, speaking seldom, but never except to the purpose and with great effect, while his manner, remarkably free from all browbeating, overbearing tone, conciliated by the respect and deference with which he addressed them, an audience the most difficult and most fastidious that has ever been got together.

Mr. Ward soon formed an ardent friendship for the brilliant and generous Canning; in literature, and to a considerable extent in politics, he seems to have made him his master and model. Mr. Canning, born, as it were, witty and eloquent, while yet a schoolboy had combined poetry with criticism—had astonished Eton and Oxford with verses, serious and comic, English and Latin—and had also commenced reviewing, that 'most prosaic of tasks,' according to Mr. Thomas Moore,\* himself a poet and first-rate reviewer of poetasters. Canning, patronised in his 'claw' by Sheridan and the Whigs, was, however, first placed in Parliament by Pitt, who saw the power of his talents without being blind to the defects of his character. He kept him in subordinate situations. 'Alas!' said he, 'if that man would but go straight to his purpose, he might become truly great.' 'Men,' observed Lord Dudley, in 1822, quoting Voltaire, 'succeed less by their talents than their character: Castlereagh and Canning are remarkable instances of this maxim.' (Letter 64.) Canning, generous as he was in the main, displeased all parties by a certain intriguing turn; hence the 'bitter ill-disguised hostility of the Whigs, the gloomy silence, the ill-concealed mortification of some of the second-rate Tory people in office.' (Letter 29.) The followers of Pitt suspected and feared,

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\* Art. on Lord Thurlow's Poems, *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxiii. p. 411.

while those of Fox proudly scorned him. The more moderate and more hungry of each faction rallied under this banner of the *juste milieu*. Brookes's followed Brougham when Lord Grey stood aloof. This half-and-half coalition could not stand in troubled times, when antagonist principles were arrayed in fierce collision. 'He that is not with me is against me.' Of course the most reckless, violent, and aggressive party prevailed. Canning was forced to become a *liberal*, to use the word in its present degraded signification. He hoped to be able to let loose the Æolus of revolution in the new world, and to chain the demon in the old; to ride the tempest, and regulate the hurricane. He fondly dreamed of conciliating those who are not to be conciliated, forgetting friends, and forgiving enemies. He began the dangerous game of emanicipations and concessions, which were received as weaknesses, which they always are; the enemy was let into the citadel; the system of surrender began; and down to the bottom of the pit must it roll, like the stone of Sisyphus, ever increasing in velocity and destructiveness. But Mr. Canning was sound at heart; passion may have for the moment led him to tamper with dangerous men and doctrines and measures; but had he lived, he would soon have seen through them and his own error; and we sincerely believe that the loss of him at the time when he was taken from us was the greatest personal loss, save one, that could have befallen England and the world.

Lord Dudley, like his master, was a reformer abroad, a conservative at home. He was frightened at his own noise, when the hollow echo rebounded across the narrow channel. He feared the 'going too far,' the dangerous experiment of '*rumfordising* an old monarchy.' He saw truly that our once revered constitution, in church and state, although possibly defective in theory, worked well. He appealed to that result as the surest test, to a century of increased wealth, happiness, and population at home; of power, respect, and victory, abroad; from La Hogue to Trafalgar, from Blenheim to Waterloo. At home he was not to be misled by fine speeches: he knew the ease with which philanthropical democrats combine the theory of liberty with practical despotism and contempt of the laws of humanity. He sickened at the cant which prates about mercy and justice while knee-deep in blood and confiscation. He saw the vicious circle into which French (no) principles would plunge the world,—revolution, anarchy, terror, and its euthanasia, despotism.

He was inconsistent in his condemnation of systems of government in other countries, to which, with a generous but mistaken love of freedom, he was anxious to see our better but peculiar institutions extended: he was inconsistent even in his condemna-  
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tion of what he calls Austrian\* and Italian despotism. 'You know what sort of a government they have here [in Austria]: a lazy, stupid, and stupifying despotism' (Letter 35)—'by the fruits shall ye know them.'—Turn to the next letter! '*Crime seems scarce among them!*' and I must do Germany the justice to say that it appears to me of ALL the countries I have been in, that in which there is the most tranquil and *inoffensive enjoyment of life.*' (Letter 36.) The fact is, he evidently entertained a personal dislike towards Metternich, who had on some occasion been inattentive to him (doubtless from not knowing who a Mr. Ward was). This gave a taint, a jaundiced character, to all his notions concerning 'Austrian barbarians.' His language must be discounted when carried to these lengths. 'Poor Napoleon! if it were not for our particular sake, I should begin to wish him back again. At any rate he was a great man; but it is quite intolerable to see the greatest part of Europe bullied by a drawing-room coxcomb like Metternich.' (Letter 29). And on what occasion is this extravagant anti-Trollopism called forth? The interference with the lazzaroni revolution; that caricature of a constitution; that tadpole-puddle in a storm!

We may observe that he was influenced in the same manner by his private feelings, in his strong condemnation of certain colleges, individuals, and systems of education, at Oxford. He was singularly sore on the defects of his own education, and included in one sweeping diatribe every part and parcel with which he had been mixed up himself. So many and such great beneficial changes have since taken place at Oxford—reforms, not forced by ignorant pressure from without, but calmly considered, deliberated, and carried out by grave and competent persons within—that we could have wished those charges omitted which are now unfounded, those comparisons which are odious, those reflections which must give pain. But to return.—

Lord Dudley, in his parliamentary speaking, confined himself principally to four topics,—the Roman Catholic question, the Greek cause, slave emancipation, and parliamentary reform. These four experiments, these four *concessions*, have now been made, and, even in the admission of their most honest or dishonest advocates, have all alike proved signal, lamentable, undeniable failures. None of the benefits anticipated by mistaken good intentions have been realised; while every evil wished for by knaves and foreseen by the wise, has been painfully verified. The wild rashness of fanaticism has made the emancipation of the slaves equivalent to the loss of half our West Indian islands, and yet

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\* He spoke strongly against the Austrian loan, June 22, 1821.—*Hans.* vol. xlv. p. 1282.

put back the chance of Negro civilization. The reform bill, as Sir R. Peel predicted, already exists only by the protection of its former opponents, against the parricidal attacks of its guilty and unnatural authors.

In *this* mischief, at least, Lord Dudley had no hand. Every proposition of that sort found him 'anxious to place his opposition on record.' He resisted the 'little wedge' of revolution in every insidious disguise, by which 'the breach was to be made in the constitution for the banditti to rush in.' He had learnt what Whiggism he ever had about him under 'Fox, than whom there has seldom existed a more hearty anti-reformer' (Letter 58)—'Fox, whose reform,' says Lord Brougham, 'would have gone into a mighty narrow compass.' He had studied under those Whigs who coldly supported Mr. Pitt's reform, which was carried out (until Pitt would not have known it), and *carried* at last by recreants, by Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg, who had spent all their life in opposing it;—'*Reformers*, as they have been *lucky* enough to get themselves called, thereby begging the whole matter in dispute' (Letter 48);—'Qui, ut imperium evertant, libertatem proferunt; si perverterint, libertatem ipsam adgredientur.'

The eloquence and arguments of Lord Dudley, were, as he felt, 'too fine;' they were Greek to the *οἱ πολλοί*. They addressed the sense, while unscrupulous demagogues took the nonsense of the people—by appealing to their bellies; 'the whole bill' must make bread cheap. The consumers carried it: their whole strain flattered human self-sufficiency; they called into action and concentrated all the restless vanity, all the desperate arrogance, all the rankling discontent, of the scum or dregs of the social system. Their banner collected an innumerable rabble of conceited regenerators. They called from their holes those unclean spirits which vainly will they attempt to lay:—those men, 'to whom,' says Burke, 'a state of order would become a sentence of obscurity,' were nourished into a dangerous magnitude by the heat of intestine disturbances. Lord Dudley contended that the real secret of discontent was excessive taxation, which these nostrums would never cure; but, alas! this disease has a morbid tendency to fly from the regular practitioner to the miracle-professing quack.

Our limits will only permit us to refer to Hansard for Lord Dudley's speeches—they bear marks of his own correction—for instance that (Hans. xxiii. 13) on Mr. Brand's motion, May 8, 1812 (xxxvi. 758); and that on Sir F. Burdett's motion for Parliamentary Reform, May 27, 1817. This speech, in his own words, contains 'all I have to say upon the matter, or nearly so.' (Lett. 48.) In this very speech he was admirably seconded by  
*the*



*the Honourable William Lamb*, whose chief argument was that the people's opinion ought to go for nothing, and his happiest quotation—

‘How nations sink by daring schemes oppress,  
When vengeance listens to a fool's request!’—

but indeed Mr. Lamb's whole speech is first rate—our readers should get it by heart (xxxvi. 790). Lord Dudley never spoke with greater animation than in the Lords, October 5, 1831; one of his opening sentences has been too sadly true—‘This is perhaps the last time I shall ever address this house.’ (lxxiii. 1834.) We would cite among his other happiest efforts his speeches on Talavera, on Walcheren (xv. 44), on Barrosa (xix. 671), and on the Papist Question (xxiv. 915). On this he had, we need hardly say, adopted what we consider as the wrong side; but that side was never maintained with more brilliant ability. He did not understand the *politicks* of Popery—how few of our statesmen then did! But his local knowledge of Spain gave him a true insight into the unchangeable character of Spanish warfare, their incapability of self-defence, and the disgraceful peculiarity of their revolution, which has never produced one statesman or one general. His speech is the heading of a chapter which is developed by *the Duke's* despatches, by the victories of Espartero, and the finance of Mendizabal.

Lord Byron, whose letters throw contemporary light on these, has sketched our orator: ‘I like Ward—studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent, piquant.’ His speeches were most carefully prepared: he openly avowed and defended the practice by the example of Mr. Canning, and of far greater men even than him in every branch of intellectual excellence.\* His opponents admitted their ability, and the excellent delivery. They twitted him with compliments to his ‘memory,’ and to his ‘elaborate essays.’ He was made the butt of the skirmishers of Brookes's, who raked him with their light artillery. ‘Ward,’ says Byron, ‘is in sad enmity with the Whigs about the review of Fox,—all the epigrammatists and satirists are at him. I hope he may beat them, for I hate odds.’ Byron was most anxious not to be thought to have a hand in these squibs, being all for ‘open war, and no bush-fighting;’ yet he too had his joke: for being asked what it would take to re-*whig* Dudley, the poet replied, ‘he must first be

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\* One of Lord Dudley's greatest favourites was Ariosto. His reflections at Ferrara are very characteristic. ‘The inspection of this MS. will greatly confirm the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence united to the *appearance* of ease is almost always the result of great labour. The corrections are innumerable; several passages, where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful felicity, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over, and scarce a line of the first draught has been allowed to remain’ (Lett. 20).

rewarded.’



rewarded.' Nor was the object of all this wit in others anno overmuch ; for he would sometimes quote the well-known distich

' Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

He admitted the point, and returned, as usual, a Roland for Oliver. His review on Mr. Rogers's 'Columbus'\* is, 'tho we say it who should not say it,' a master-piece of damning faint praise.

Yearning for literary occupation, Lord Dudley distrusted ability and knowledge to undertake any considerable work (Letter 88);—and, fortunately for us, he took Mr. Cannan's advice—and refuge in the Quarterly. An article was precisely the class of composition in which, from his habits and turn of mind, he was most calculated to excel. His constitutional indecision, his indolent procrastination, his too often 'combined' bodily and mental languor, his want of a spirit-stirring sustaining motive, deterred him from sitting down to the continuous exertion of what he called 'des ouvrages de longue haleine,'† 'hammered out invitâ Minervâ.' His taste, formed from 'a constant study and contemplation of great models' (Letter 40), *exemplaria Græca*, had refined itself into over fastidiousness. The slightest jar grated on his ear. His critical acumen, never severe as against himself, detected every imperfection. He was always reviewing his own writings. He had acquired such a fund of knowledge that he knew too well how much more was to be known. In his ignorance of the world's ignorance he gave readers credit for possessing the same information as himself. He was weighed down by his own reputation, by the fear of coming up to what was expected from him : hence he was not satisfied with himself. This diffidence is indeed an element of excellence, but when carried too far prevents the realization of noblest intentions. He hesitated on the banks of the trouble pool, while bolder men, unembarrassed with learning which reveals difficulties, with meditative powers which suggest difficulties rushed in. Now the terrors of an article appertain more to the reviewed than to the reviewer. His name is not blazoned on the title-page for daws to peck at. The individual is merged in the corporate 'We;' idiosyncratic timidity takes courage like women when their face is covered at a masquerade. The censor is a great unknown ; nevertheless, if the paper is successful, the censor has a sufficient notoriety, among the 'fit audience, though few,' who will praise, as Byron said of Lord Dudley's, 'is indeed worth having.' If, again, the article be a failure, which has happened in the

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\* Quarterly Review, vol. ix. p. 207.

† *Ib.* vol. x. p. 322.

regulated Reviews, if some passages be too highly spiced, or others too acid, the anonymous culprit creeps into his shell; nay, the unnatural parent may, if he pleases, not only disown the bantling, but be the loudest in abusing it. Such things occur in this world.

There must be variety of material and variety of cookery, with a little confectionary too, in a well-arranged Review. That which best suited Lord Dudley was the piquant side-dish. In his opinion an article, like an epigram, should be all point, terseness, and brilliancy; no 'dry chapter,' 'no sticking-places,'—no verbose periods like those of Roscoe's *Lorenzo*, 'which put one in mind of a Liverpool coach overladen with outside passengers and luggage.' Such articles are like the works of Sappho, Gray, and Rogers, short and few; no profusion of second-rate cornelians; a vast capital invested in one Pitt diamond, a mighty genius condensed into a small vase of gold. And it must be allowed that Lord Dudley not seldom came up to his own ideal. We would notice particularly his papers on Horne Tooke,\* Mr. Fox,† Rogers's 'Columbus,'‡ Roscoe's silly letters about Reform, and Miss Edgeworth's 'Patronage.'§ This last appears to us to be the least successful; yet it should have been one of his best, inasmuch as he had the advantage of the corrections and suggestions of Dr. Copleston—which in the case of Horne Tooke seem to have been of special service to him. Lord Dudley was one of the frequenters of the table d'hôte of Mr. Horne Tooke, and a listener to his ἔπεα πτερόεντα. His finished miniatures of the philologist and Mr. Fox will bear comparison with the flattering portraits recently drawn of both by Lord Brougham; even with that magnificent shadowing out of Mr. O'Connell, under the character of Wilkes.||

The separate articles, written by friend and foe to reform, illustrate and explain each other; they exhibit both sides of the medal. Lord Dudley's last article and last speech were against reform—'the wickedness of demagogues working on the misery of the people. He could not conceive *any* reform that would not bring us within the draught of the whirlpool of democracy.' (Letter 43.) Among the last glimmerings of his waning intellect was an idea that Lord Brougham had cut up his speech in reply; but never mind, I can hear it from him.'

Signal and more enduring than bronze is the monument which his great antagonist has reared over his tomb. It is suicidal in

\* *Quarterly Review*, vol. vii. p. 313. See particularly Horne Tooke, vol. vii. pp. 14, 15, 16, 27; Fox, vol. ix. p. 322.

† *Ibid.* vol. ix. p. 313.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. ix. p. 207.

§ *Ibid.* vol. x. p. 301.

|| *Edinburgh Review*, No. cxli. p. 105.

ourselves to do more than refer to his matchless character of Lord Dudley in the Edinburgh Review. It lies not like an epitaph, for never was truth told in more grateful feeling or more effective language.

We cannot resist presenting to our readers one specimen of Lord Dudley's critical style, an extract from the article on Fox and Wakefield, which entailed such partisan odium upon the noble scribe.

' It could not escape a person of Mr. Fox's sagacity that Mr. Wakefield was a pure unadulterated Jacobin, a deadly fanatical enemy to the whole established order of this country, civil and ecclesiastical. Yet we find him talking of the opinions *we* profess, as if he had been a politician of exactly the same school—but these were unhappy years of Mr. Fox's life, when long disappointment had ended in despair, and when, unmindful of all that was due to himself and to his country, he was content to purchase a short-lived hollow popularity among miscreants whom he must have abhorred, and fanatics whom he must have despised, by sacrificing for ever the confidence of the sound, the judicious, and the governing part of the community; hence that strange *anti-patriotic* feeling by which, in the discussion of all questions betwixt England and any other power, he seemed to be actuated. He had come at last to feel a prejudice against the nation which had preferred his rival, and he had learned to look with indifference at least to the subversion of that order of things in which he found no place proportioned to his talents. Yet if ever there was a man far removed by nature from that sect, with which he now formed a preposterous union, it was Mr. Fox. He was unfitted for playing the part of a Jacobin, by the absolute want of all the necessary qualifications. He had neither the coarseness, the ferocity nor the ignorant insolent contempt of all that is ancient and established. He was in everything a gentleman of the highest class;—his education—the connexions he had formed in life—his habits and feelings—all purely liberal and aristocratic. He was the creature of polished society such as it existed under the ancient monarchies of Europe. He belonged originally to the *good old school of Walpolian Whigs*—prudent *practical persons, a little too fond of jobbing*—quite contented with the constitution as they found it, and disposed to hold high the honour of the country in their intercourse with foreign nations. He had not a single point of contact with the *philosophising assassins* who, about twenty years ago, first appeared as candidates for the government of the world. He was neither bold nor hasty in his application of general principles, and no man was ever less inclined, of his own nature, to sweep away present liberty, present comfort, and present security, in order to lay a foundation for ideal perfection at a distant period.

' His eloquence too was of that chaste argumentative sort which can only be addressed with success to an educated and intelligent audience from the loftiness and simplicity of his mind, the delicacy of his taste, a certain natural shyness which at first might be mistaken for coldness and reserve, he was utterly incapable of condescending to those paltry artifices

artifices, and performing those mountebank tricks which are necessary to captivate the multitude. In the art of cajoling a mob he was infinitely surpassed by persons whom, in point of talents, it would be quite ludicrous to compare with him. He was an awkward unpractised demagogue and a lukewarm *unwilling* reformer. From justice and humanity he was anxious for the happiness of the lower orders, that is of the bulk of mankind, *but no minister would ever have been less disposed to admit them to a large share* in swaying public measures; when his friends absurdly called him the *man of the people*, they seemed to have forgot that the great act of his life was a struggle against the people. He made his stand against them upon the forms of our government—upon that constitutional fiction by which the House of Commons is supposed *always* to speak the sense of the nation. An appeal to the country was that which he affected to execrate as a crime, and the *man of the people* spent ten years in an ineffectual endeavour to persuade them that one half of the aristocracy, with himself at their head, ought to rule, in spite of them and of the other half.

‘Such was Mr. Fox, who by the power of circumstances which it required something more of firmness and high political virtue than he possessed to resist, was led, in the most important crisis of his political life, to play a part directly opposite to the natural bent of his own inclinations and character. Formed to hold with a high hand the reins of government in a tempered monarchy, he became an apologist of an insane and flagitious revolution, an advocate for the public enemies of the state in all its contests with foreign powers, *the rallying point of disaffection, the terror of good, the hope and support of bad citizens.*’  
—*Quarterly Review*, vol. ix. p. 321.

From reviews the transition is easy to the dinner-table. Lord Dudley's hospitality was unbounded; temperate himself, in his own words, as ‘a general of Franciscans,’ his delight was in the assembling round his board ‘des gens d'esprit, ou, ce que vaut encore mieux, des vrais amis.’ This social feeling, always strongly developed, became, in later life, the pivot of his existence. ‘I shall try,’ writes he in the last letter of this volume, ‘what literature and *society* will do for me during the remainder of my days.’ It was so from the beginning. He enlarges on the importance of a ‘good set’ at college; he thinks one of the advantages of being in Parliament is that ‘it keeps one in *good* company;’ but this, we need not say, was written before the Reform Bill came into operation. The early desolation of his youth taught him the value of good friends; every page evinces how capable he was of ‘returning affection:’ he did unto others as he wished them to do to him; the true ethics of those synonyms, a gentleman and a Christian. He carried this social feeling to such an extent, that those who did not dine with him asserted that his days were spent in writing dinner invitations: at all events,

this weakness of hospitality was scarcely akin to that 'gentleman-like old vice' avarice, of which he has been accused. The Bishop of Llandaff alludes slightly to this prevalent but most mistaken notion:—

'His main infirmity, which increased with years, and with the accession of large property, consisted in a sensitive apprehension of being duped or over-reached in ordinary transactions: and this vigilant and over-nice jealousy was often construed into a closeness and parsimony unbecoming his great fortune. His expenditure was indeed carefully, but not sparingly regulated; and the duty of almsgiving, and of contributing to charitable and religious objects, was never forgotten. As an example, I may refer to one donation of 200*l.*, bestowed unhesitatingly, at my recommendation, to a single family in distress.'—*Preface*, p. xiv.

Lord Dudley succeeded to his immense wealth in mature life, after his habits had been formed on the limited though liberal allowance of his father. His delicate health debarred him from the expensive pursuits of Melton, yachting, &c.; his moral principles protected him from greater and more ruinous extravagances; his good sense taught him the wickedness of waste; his high-bred feelings revolted at the vulgarity of a servants' hall ale reputation for liberality. His personal wants were few, his wishes simple. He used to say that he thought 'the happiest life would be 1500*l.* a-year, and the first floor over a bookseller's shop.' The only great purchase he ever made, except of land, was that of an extensive Venetian library. 'No demon whispered, *Dudley*, have a taste.' He cared not for pictures, statues, nor the tribe of knickknacks, that *preciosa supellex* of affluence. He was moderate even in brick and mortar, the raw materials of ruination: he rebuilt his town and country houses rather substantially than architecturally. His remark on showing Mr. Gandy's Grecian elevation for the former was, 'Very fine, just the thing for a pagan god, but a private gentleman can't do quite so well without a scullery.' Custom became a second nature with him; he carried his little bed and old writing-table into his new house, and when an objection was raised to their comparative plainness, he said of the one, 'There may sleep eighty as well as three thousand a-year; and, of the other, 'I composed all my best things on that, and I will not write myself down an ass on a gold table to please Baldock.' This habit peeps out in his lamentation at the death of an old member of parliament:—

'I had grown accustomed to him in the House of Commons, just as one grows accustomed to an old, clumsy, ill-contrived piece of furniture in an apartment, which one is loth to part with, though it only holds the place of something neater and more convenient.'—*Letter 37*.

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Many a time has he deplored his '*unfortunate fortune*,'—'what a figure so and so would cut with it... I think I might perhaps spend fifteen, or even twenty thousand a-year, with comfort; all beyond that is a plague and a bore.' He would have cast away his gold, like the ancient in the desert, that his motions might have been more unfettered. It was not gold, filthy lucre, that he loved for its base self; it was the worries concomitant with the management and expenditure—the tares in the corn—that he hated.

We need not tell our readers that—

'The climax of all earthly ills,  
The inflammation of our weekly bills,'

is an evil sufficient in itself for days and years: with Lord Dudley it was the shape and form taken by greater evils—the pandemonium of an establishment—cooks, male and female, grooms of stable and chamber, butlers, upper and under, chaplains, agents, attorneys, and their correspondence: these exquisite luxuries formed no accession of delight to a quiet studious bachelor, contented with the companionship of a few old books and old friends, and never so happy as when he could escape from public care into private tranquillity. 'A great estate' (said Bacon, who had no abstract horror of ambrosial cash, although he did call it *virtutis impedimentum*) 'is a lure to birds of prey.' To be cheated, *alias* to be robbed, to be duped, to be made a fool of, and laughed at, is barely agreeable to the most silly spendthrift; while to those whose heads are longer than their purses it becomes an insult. Lord Dudley, like Lord Byron, might pass his jest, and theorise about the 'noble feeling of cupidity,' yet were they no flinty-hearted, mean-spirited misers. 'I have lived long enough,' said Byron, 'to have an exceeding respect for the smallest coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, *although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.*' This self-denying parsimony, the fountain of generous actions, may indeed be devoid of the tinsel of world-honoured profusion, the unbounded extravagance of pure selfish indulgence and ostentation; but 'riches,' said Solomon, 'are in the distribution, all the rest is conceit.' We conceive that such liberality as that quoted by the Bishop of Llandaff, or such as we have mentioned in regard to the Vulpicide tutor, is close akin to that charity by which a multitude of sins will be covered. Such acts done in secret, and sedulously concealed from the world, formed part and parcel of Lord Dudley's life.

We are desirous of putting on record some other instances which have reached even our limited knowledge. The inhabitant



bitants of Sedgely were collecting subscriptions for the building of a church and two chapels; they applied to Lord Dudley; he inquired what the church would cost; about 8000*l.*: 'Then, gentlemen, perhaps I had better take that entirely on myself, and allow you to apply your subscriptions towards the chapels only.' His gifts were always doubled by their promptness, and sweetened by a delicacy, which gave to the acceptor the air of conferring a favour on the donor. Among the companions in whom his father took delight was Mr. Fitzgerald, whose laudatory tavern verses have been preserved in the amber of the 'Rejected Addresses.' The bard, like many of his tuneful tribe, was more favoured by (what he took for) Apollo than by Plutus.\* Lord Dudley, on his father's dying without a will, wrote immediately to the unlegacied minstrel, stating that it was his imperative duty to carry out *his father's intentions*, which an accidental intestacy had prevented; and that, 'with a view of marking his grateful sense of Mr. Fitzgerald's kind friendship, he lost no time in discharging this sacred obligation.' A draft for 5000*l.* accompanied this letter to as mouldy a cheese-paring of affectation as ever it was our chance to contemplate. Of course real genius and merit were sure of princely treatment at such hands. When the imminent distress of Sir Thomas Lawrence was mentioned to Lord Dudley, he extricated him by the immediate advance of some thousands; and in order to make it appear a loan (not a gift, which it really was) he accepted two small pictures as a security.

There was always, as regarded his financial department, a degree of fun which disarmed it of any real *parsimony*. When his house in Park Lane was finished, some large detachments of his stabling were unoccupied; a rich city man begged a friend to ask Lord Dudley if he would let them. 'By all means,' said he, when he knew who the applicant was; 'but as I don't live by letting stables, we must have an *exorbitant* rent from the banker.' He hated what he called the 'worst oligarchy, that of wealth.' He was opposed to all candle-end saving, false economy in national expenditure, and encouraged such purchases as that of the Elgin Marbles, although he professed himself unable to appreciate them. He never was vain of his affluence: he was utterly free from upstart purse-pride; but he knew the value of wealth—'Where there are no overgrown proprietors,' he says, 'official people take the first rank in society, and then there is an end of liberty. In the great civilised states of modern Europe, freedom must be content to lean upon aristocracy as its only firm support' (xxii.).

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\* 'Poor Fitzgerald, who took himself, as he said of himself in the *Morning Post*, for Vates, in both senses or nonsenses of the word.'—BYRON.



‘The aristocracy of rank soon ceases to be respected (*vilius algā*) when it is separated from the aristocracy of wealth’ (viii.).

His father had not been dead twelve hours before he made a strict settlement of his property on the title which he had inherited. In the same spirit he purchased an estate in Roxburghshire, in order, as he said, to ‘place a something at least under the security of a Scotch entail.’ His anxiety was for the future rather than for himself. He anticipated the revolutionary storm. His own personal increase or diminution of income neither gladdened nor depressed him. A friend remembers his once remarking that his mining income had fallen off one year 30,000*l.*; ‘but,’ he added, ‘I am a moderate man, and don’t feel it. Lambton, they tell me, has not bread.’

His adhesion to Canning at the lamentable *split* of April, 1827, was followed by his elevation to the earldom of Dudley. He was thus enabled to drop the Ward, which had been a constant theme of his merriment, mingled however with dislike. ‘That may be all very well for Lord E——,’ he would say; ‘he is a grandee of the first class, but my ancestor was Humble Ward the goldsmith.’

His notions on names are best explained by himself; he had done a friend the honour to be godfather to a child—and there was a difference of opinion whether it should be christened John or William, or John-William, or Dudley:—

‘About the name, do as they like best; I am *John* and *William*, the common property of all the world. *Dudley*, which more peculiarly belongs to me, is equally at their service. I cannot, however, help telling *you* of a prejudice I have, without by any means wishing it adopted. About names I am a Romanist, and think that Christian men ought to be called Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul, Philip, &c., after the blessed saints in the Calendar, and not after the family names of profane persons. However, if they fancy an unsanctified appellation, *Dudley* is not the worst, being, as I flatter myself, rather a pretty name, and having besides (what I consider to be an advantage) been familiar to English ears, as a *Christian* name, for nearly three centuries; during the power of the *then* house of Northumberland it was adopted by several families.’

It was of this female descent that he was proud, nor could any one offend him more than by directing to the Earl of Dudley and Ward. Without one particle of vulgar vanity, he was fully sensible of his position. He stole a courtesy from heaven, and, by rendering to all their due, secured for himself that respect which he tendered readily, but in a manner which showed that he was accustomed to and expected a similar return. He was entirely free from that patronising condescension, more humiliating than coldness. He abhorred pride without dignity, vain pomp, parade, ostentation,

ostentation, and pretension of all kind, and those consequential airs which result from ignorance of good society. He never spared 'overweening, exclusive, vulgar insolence,' whether in the high or low.\* He laughs at the stars of a German watering-place:—

'We had but few English, amongst others the ——. Between ourselves, they made themselves prodigiously hated by the others for what is commonly called, "sporting fine." To be sure, the other two English families there were nothing distinguished, and my excellent friend Sir ——— is as ludicrous a personage as vanity and self-importance can make a man. But then they were all perfectly harmless, perfectly respectable in all the essential points of character, and as good-natured and obliging as possible; and if Lady ——— were a Montmorency, a Guzman, a D'Aremberg, or a Howard, which she is a long way from being, she might have come into contact with them without damaging a single quarter in her escutcheon. However, she thought it right to cut them dead, and seemed surprised that I did not do the same thing; they, of course, detest her, and *the Court laughed.*'

Yes, indeed! how *Courts* must laugh! With what pleasing scorn must the porcelain principalities of earth look down upon this bustle and fidget of jealousy between slightly differing shades of crockery!

Again, he delighted in literary and scientific society—but he thoroughly understood and most carefully shunned and baffled the most contemptible of all beings, your literary and scientific tuft-hunters and trencher-pets, album-sonneteers, and steam-engine gossips, and Radical toadies.

However simple and unpretending was his own manner and exterior, yet a deep though not babbling current of aristocratical notions ran silently underneath. In fact, his extreme modesty, as to himself as an individual, made him peculiarly alive, in his own case, to the advantages of birth and station—which he therefore was pained to see put into any uncalled-for danger of deterioration. He grieved like Shakspeare's Henry IV. when he beheld 'poor, base, mean attempts' accompanying greatness of blood. He regretted that George IV., when visiting Hanover and Ireland, should be so forgetful of what was due to his position, making himself stale and cheap to vulgar company:—

'It will not, on the whole, redound much to his honour or advantage. His manners, no doubt, are, when he pleases, very graceful and captivating. No man knows better how to add to an obligation by the way of conferring it. But on the whole he wants dignity, not only in the

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\* Cervantes, the Shakspeare of Spain, puts this sentiment into the mouth of Don Quixote, who, albeit deprived of the sovereignty of reason on one subject, was in others the model of a high-bred man of the world, and, in fact, the mouthpiece of the opinions of Cervantes, himself a soldier and a gentleman:—'Do not imagine that I consider as vulgar those only of the poor and humble classes; but all who are ignorant, even be they lords or princes, they must be classed under this denomination—vulgar.'

seclusion and familiarity of his more private life, but on public occasions. The secret of popularity in very high stations seems to consist in a somewhat reserved and lofty, but courteous and *uniform* behaviour. Drinking toasts, shaking people by the hand, and calling them Jack and Tom, gets more applause at the moment, but fails entirely in the long run. He seems to have behaved not like a sovereign coming in pomp and state to visit a part of his dominions, but like a popular candidate come down upon an electioneering trip. If the day before he left Ireland he had stood for Dublin, he would, I dare say, have turned out Shaw or Grattan. Henry IV. is a dangerous example for sovereigns that are not, like him, splendid chevaliers, and consummate captains. Louis XIV., who was never seen but in a full-bottomed wig, even by his valet-de-chambre, is a much safer model.'—*Letter 63.*

This is most true with regard to the ceremonious Germans. It is the misfortune of the kind-hearted Irish that they bend, creatures of impulse, to the passing breeze, now carried away by most enthusiastic loyalty, at another time the unsuspecting dupes of the most worthless agitators. George IV., though somewhat lavish of his presence, justly estimated the warmth of their character. And in spite of all the poison of reform and republicanism, there is yet a majesty doth fence in the King. Let but the sovereign appear in a distant province, the unextinguishable loyalty of Old England blazes forth. George IV., although at the height of his unpopularity after the Queen's trial, fascinated the whole of Ireland; even O'Connell yielded to the generous contagion, and *talked* of subscribing for a national palace.

Lord Dudley's horror at the prospect of a peace with 'the robber' Buonaparte is summed up by the elevation of a '*new family*' on the ruin 'of the oldest, greatest, and best royal family in Europe.' (Letter 4, 5.) When the restored Louis XVIII. appoints a prime minister, he remarks, 'Talleyrand, to be sure, is a great rogue; but he is a rogue of long experience, and of singular ability in the conduct of public affairs, and he is bound to the present order of things by the only sure tie, his own interest.' But above all—'the nobility may derive some comfort from recollecting that he is not an upstart. If the revolution had never happened, a prime minister of France could not have been chosen with more propriety than from the house of *Perigord*.' (Letter 7.) The prejudice which Lord Dudley avows was not, we believe, uncommon in England before all evils were reformed; we find him praising Huskisson, and thinking that he had deserved a seat in the Cabinet, but not wondering 'that the *lowness* of his origin may have stood in his way.' (Letter 67.) Yet the Whigs were even worse, according to Mr. Thomas Moore, who, writing in those dark Tory times 'of prudish delicacy of finance in regard to recompensing literary exertion,' discovered that 'Mr. Canning preferred

preferred joining the Tories, from seeing the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to the full growth of its ambition under the *shadowy influence of the Whig aristocracy*, and the superseding influence of birth and connexions, which had contributed to keep such men as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet.'

However that might be, to pass from the *roturier* to the patrician, Lord Dudley in his own case apprehended, among other reasons against acceptance of the *under-secretaryship* from Canning, in 1822, that it 'might be held a degradation.' (Letter 83.) Yet this feeling of what was due to himself was tempered by a sincere wish 'not to seem to do anything uncivil to Canning, or disparaging to the office, or to create a notion that he considered himself as fit for higher employment.'—'I am sensible that it is only by the absence of all pretension that I can escape the severest and most merited criticism.' (Letter 93.) We think that he took a mistaken view in his refusal. Canning, when he made the offer, remembered that he had himself begun his official life as an *under-secretary* to Pitt. However, Lord Dudley's refusal of subordinate office protected him from a repetition of such proposals; the highest was subsequently offered to him, and accepted.

When he took the seals of the Foreign Office, the Greek Question seems to have immediately excited all his feelings. 'Greece to him was holy ground;' his mind was deeply imbued with her classical literature,—and he took the most 'lively interest' in the affairs of the degenerate moderns. 'For my part, I am almost as enthusiastic as a German student.' (Letter 62.) He was dazzled by their glorious past, which he could not separate from the fallen present. He clung to every prospect of their regeneration. 'We may confidently hope,' he says, 'that all subsequent changes in the *language* will be for the better; and even though it should never rise again to the level of Demosthenes and Sophocles, it may without any great difficulty be brought to surpass in grace, in force, in harmony, and in flexibility, any other instrument by which thought is now communicated among men.' (Letter 6.) He dreamed of Solon and patriotic poverty while listening to Joseph Hume's bubbles and Greek loans. He hoped to reconstruct the literature of the past. Alas! the form may be re-modelled, but the soul, the breath of life, is wanting. A chorus of Æschylus, which once electrified myriads, would now have less charms for Bavarian ears than the rattle of the Piræus omnibus.

We were struck, knowing his knowledge and delight in this *language*, to find so few traces in these letters of his favourite study. A vein, however, of classical allusions gilds his periods.  
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touch is light and graceful, never pedantic; the scholar, not the scholar, no cheap display of schoolboy erudition. I have before ventured to hint that respect and awe may have coloured his letters to such a person as the Bishop of Llandaff—easy and playful than they might otherwise have been—and I suspect the same feeling may have deprived the series of any purely literary interest. We venture to give one specimen as a delicate perception of the exquisite nicety of the Greek, and the skill in the 'ὀνομάτων σύνθεσις.' The conversation turned at dinner on the simple costumes of the Madonnas Raphael compared with the glitter and brocade of Paul Veronese.

A friend of his had chanced to illustrate the distinction by an application made by Algarotti of the anecdote of Apelles: *ornamenti nei vestimenti delle figure vogliono esser messi in sobrietà, e fa bisogno ricordarsi di colui, che altre volte diceva dello artefice, Tristo a te! non sapesti far Ellena bella, la tua ricca.\** Next morning, Lord Dudley, not having a copy of the *'Saggio sopra la pittura,'* begged the loan of it, which he obtained, having enriched the page with the following note:—

*'Park Lane, Thursday even.*

Dear —,—Thanks for the passage, which is well worth recalling. Algarotti is very neat and concise; but there is no matching the force and beauty of that confounded Greek language, the loss of which is such a severe, irreparable blow to the art of writing.

I find the *πεποιήκας* for what was *done* ill, mechanically; the *καλὴν*, for what ought to have been done well; and the "*καλὴν*" and the *υσιάν*," brought in contact. This escapes in Italian; but it is the difference between silver and gold. Yours very sincerely,

D.'

This system of reading smacks of the old school; little, but useful,—*'non multa, sed multum.'*

By-the-bye, I observe a point in which your taste and mine differ from each other materially. It is about new publications. I read them sparingly. You abstain from them with difficulty, and as a matter of course, of self-denial. Their novelty has very little attraction for me; in literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over, than to read a new one for the first time. If I hear of a new work, for instance, I ask myself first whether it is superior to Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Ariosto, Virgil, or Racine; and in the next place, whether I have all these authors completely at my fingers' ends. And if both questions have been answered in the negative, I infer that it

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The Greek is:—*Ἀπίλλης ὁ ζῳγράφος διασέμειός τινα τῶν μαθητῶν Ἑλένην ὀνόματι γυναῖκα γράψαντα, ὧ μυράκιον, εἶπεν, μὴ δυνάμενος γράψαι καλὴν, πλουσίαν πεποιήκας.*

is better (and to me it is certainly pleasanter) to give such time as I have to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer, Ariosto, and Co., and so of other things. Is it not better to try at least to elevate and adorn one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge, that such a book an't worth reading? Some new books, to be sure, it is necessary to read—part for the information they contain—and others in order to acquaint oneself with the state of literature in the age in which one lives; but I would rather read too few than too many.'—*Letter 24.*

Our readers will have collected that Lord Dudley went frequently to the continent, which in those days was not the resort of shopkeepers and half-pay economists! He was an excellent fellow-traveller. This is the most severe trial of temper. It is a test which even Paul and Barnabas could not stand. It is an ordeal of good-nature and self-sacrifice. Lord Dudley invariably speaks in favour of his companions: he is most sensible of their bearing and forbearing with his ill-health. 'Few men,' says Charles Lamb, 'like sick persons. I candidly confess that I hate them.' He records 'the good-nature, gaiety, and gentlemanlike disposition, the most essential qualities in a fellow-traveller, of General Matthew;' (Letter 7.)—the 'quickness, accomplishments, and industry, which I like in others, of Mr. Irvine;' (Letter 35.)—the 'good sense of Mr. Pigou, whose society and kindness have been a great comfort to me, while the state of my spirits must have made me a vile companion;' (Letter 66.)—'the excellent temper and disposition of Francis Hare; his learning extensive and various; his cheerful, social turn of mind.' (Letter 88.) He could give as well as take;—when about to travel with Lord Ebrington, he waives his own plans: 'For my part, I *had much rather* go to Paris; but it don't do to begin a journey by telling one's companion that you are determined to do all that you choose, and nothing that he chooses.' (Letter 11.) Lord Dudley himself was a most agreeable and instructive travelling companion. He entered into everything with a fresh curiosity; his illustrations were apt and classical. He was worthy to have gone to Brundisium with Horace, Virgil, and Mecænas, by each of whom might he have been addressed at parting from those fair scenes—

'quæ vidimus ambo,  
Te mihi jucundas efficiente vias.'

Perhaps the best letter in this volume is that descriptive of Pompeii—'an ancient town potted for posterity,' as he happily calls it. One of his great objects in travel was the acquisition of knowledge. 'There is no such rapid and delightful way of acquiring new and valuable ideas: they flow in upon you whether you will or not. You should confine yourself as much as possible to the capital cities.'



cities.' (Letter 48.) In this last rule we catch the clue of this student of the 'Odyssey':—

πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

This was the natural result of his education; it had been classical, continental, more like that of an ancient or modern Roman, than of our hardy, independent, public schoolboy, who grows only on the English soil. His habits were quiet, in-door, gregarious, not daring, adventurous, or solitary. On him was lost the lonely magnificence of nature, who, careless of mortal admiration, lavishes with proud indifference her fairest charms where most unseen, her grandest forms where most inaccessible. He shrunk from the sublimity of solitude. His heart was cheered, and his countenance made glad, by gazing on plains overrunning with milk and honey, laughing with oil and wine. He preferred those 'sweet meadows which gave pleasure and profit' to old Izaak Walton, to the barren magnificence of Alps and water-torrents. He carried this feeling into his studies: he revelled in the happy genius of Walter Scott; his 'cheerful, social disposition, his undiminished relish for the pursuits and amusements of ordinary life.' He 'preferred these to the splendid misanthropy of Rousseau or Byron:'—with him it was the valley *versus* the crag.

'Everything that I have ever beheld, hardly excepting Granada, Naples, Amalfi, and Cintra—yields to Salzburg. It has been much praised, but hardly so much as it deserves. I could not mention any natural beauty either of the softer or of the severer kind which it does not possess in an eminent degree. In short, it is one of those enchanting spots which it is difficult to see without a transient wish to make it one's abode; and without a more enduring regret that it should not be the seat of a more polished and extended society—of more persons qualified by leisure and education to enjoy it. We spent four days there, and thought them short, which is saying a great deal for me, who, I fairly own, should like to spend a part of every day that I am well in a club or a drawing-room—and to whom the busy hum of men is hardly ever importunate. However, you do not quite do me justice in what regards the picturesque—I am as much delighted with a fine country as any body. All I plead guilty to is, not liking wild scenery, rocks, and glaciers, so much as you do. Without undertaking to decide the question whether or not *all* the pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of nature arises from association, we may fairly presume that a very considerable part of it is derived from that source. Ideas that are suggested to my mind by very high rocks, snow-covered peaks, &c., are eminently disagreeable. I turn with horror from these emblems and causes of extreme cold, of desolation, and of the suspension of the benign and productive powers of nature. I do not like to see the face of the earth turned into a frozen desert, and the human race degraded below the beast. Perhaps I ought to think of something very  
fine



fine and very delightful when I see an Alp, but what I do think of is barrenness, and *cretinism*.'—*Letter 38.*

This was very much the feeling towards nature of the ancient world. They loved and admired '*lætas segetes*,' and spoke with no symptoms of satisfaction of the *horrida Sylvani dumeta*. Virgil was commissioned to do the *Æneid*; his own heart led him to his lowing herds, his busy bees, orchards, and vineyards :

Ille ego qui quondam—at nunc *horrentia* Martis.

There was no romantic, no morbid school in those days; the '*classicist*' Spaniards, Italians, and French, still speak of '*Les belles horreurs*;' they can but faintly comprehend the joy in the wild and terrible which forms the chosen banquet of Anglo-Saxon romancists, the lovers of Shakspeare and Byron. This mode of treating the æsthetics of nature is indeed modified by national peculiarities. The English take the lead; their bodies are enured from youth to manly sports; they are animated to out-of-door adventures by their personal activity, by their practical intellectual virility, which abhors sentimentality, affectation, or effeminacy. The Germans, more visionary, more transcendental, give vent to their wildness in their air, the element which belongs to them, as the land does to France and the sea to England. All foreigners, and most literary men, have a tendency to prefer the gastronomy and saloons of crowded capitals to short commons and long chamois tracks. London or Paris are fitter scenes for display or acquisition. 'If I recollect aright, poor Madame de Staël says, that Germany looks gloomy after France, a natural opinion enough for an exiled lady of fashion, torn much against her will from the drawing-rooms of Paris.' (*Letter 34.*) 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'there is no prospect like Fleet-street:' we ourselves plead guilty to a partiality for the shady side of Pall-mall. The French woman, banished to the sweet-aired mountains and clear torrents of Switzerland, sighed for the noisome sewer streets of muddy Lutetia—'Ah!' exclaimed she to Lord Byron, '*pour moi il n'y a pas de ruisseau qui vaille celui de la rue du Bac.*'

One of the secrets of our individual worth (and individuals compose nations) is that we have nothing in common with *any* foreigners. They all to a certain degree are homogeneous, homœopathic; there is a point of unison between Russian and Gaul, Spaniard and Italian. We are heterogeneous and allopathic, and long may we so continue.

'I think,' says Lord D., 'you hardly do me justice when you intimate that I ever expressed a preference of foreign to English society and manners. Some foreign habits are I think more reasonable and convenient than our own—and to them I have given their due praise. Our unpunctuality,

quality, for instance, which fritters away so large a part of the English day in wearisome waiting and uncertainty—and our national insanity (I cannot call it by any other term) as to late hours, are luckily peculiar to ourselves. Great evils they are, and, added to the east wind, sometimes we have one reasonable ground of discontent; but as to the materials of which society is composed, I do not think I ever dreamt of preferring the most favoured part of the Continent to this country. I am so fixed in my opinion, not only of English virtue and merit, but of English agreeableness, that I never mean again to give myself the smallest trouble to see any foreigners whatever. If they come in my way I shall not avoid them, but I shall never seek them; and even in foreign countries I shall always look to my countrymen for comfort and entertainment. If I go to Nice, all I pray for is two or three English families with whom one may pass the evening, and two or three English gentlemen with whom one may join in a morning ride. If there are any foreigners at all in the society, I should wish them to be Polish or German ladies; they are for the most part pleasing and accomplished. As to French impertinence and Italian ignorance, they are not to be endured in either sex.'—*Letter 53.*

'I beg to say, at the same time, that there is no truer Englishman than myself. I infinitely prefer our manners, society, constitution, character, and even cookery, to those of the rest of Europe. Everything excellent except the climate.'—*Letter 25.*

These dismal complaints about climate are constantly recurring. His deranged nervous system rendered him susceptible to atmospheric change and influence as is the quicksilver in the barometer. At that time, moreover, there was a fashion in the complaint. 'Your climate kills me,' said Childe Harold. No doubt the palpable lamp blanket which sometimes is substituted in Albion for the star-bespangled curtain of the east, is not more exhilarating, poetical, or picturesque, than the cover which appertains to the murky cauldron of a London November; yet, on the whole, we agree not with the nonsense of Montesquieu, but with the sense of our merry Charles, who never said a foolish thing, that there are more days in our calumniated climate in which a man can be out and about than in any other quarter under the firmament. The proof of climate is in the fruit. England will show complexion and muscle, fair faces, and strong heads against the world.

'Here is, at last, some delicious weather. If this could last, it would be quite paradise—English comforts—English society—English interests—and an Italian sun. But we shall probably have a thunder-storm in a day or two, and then begin again upon a course of eleven months and three weeks fearfully bad weather.'—*Letter 51.*

The truth is, that his and our notions of spring and summer are fallacies of the fifth form. We are catechised in Theocritus, not by the Rev. Doctor (late Arctic captain) Scoresby. Whilst thick-skinned,

skinned, warm-blooded youngsters, we read of Pæstum double roses and Tempe's perennial suns : as we grow older and colder, instead of calculating longitudes, we fall foul of the blessed sun, and fancy that his immortal radiance is going out, like the rushlight of our brief day.

Lord Dudley, like many hypochondriacs, felt better abroad and attributed too much to *climate* those good effects which often are produced by mere change of scene : for some walls get infected with grief. The motion, novelty of travel, the occupation, the escape from study, from business, lawyers, and post-offices formed the joy of his soul, quite as much as fine weather ; for when the excitement wore off, he languished under the sun of Naples. He found, like all who run beyond the seas, that climes, not minds, are changed—that those who travel by land cannot prevent black care from perching behind the easiest best-built britzcha. No man, though many are left behind by others, can leave himself behind.

Lord Dudley, with all his love and nice perception of ancient literature, lacked the æsthetic organ, as regards art, whether ancient or modern. He could not fully feel beauty of form in sculpture, nor of colour in painting :

‘ One half of Rome is to me invisible. With respect to the fine arts I am in a state of total irrecoverable blindness. I have caused myself to be carried round to all the fine pictures and statues, and placed in the full blaze of their beauty, but scarce a ray has pierced the film that covers my eyes. Statues give me no pleasure, pictures very little ; and when I am pleased it is uniformly in the wrong place, which is enough to discourage one from being pleased at all. In fact, I believe that if people in general were as honest as I am, it would be found that the works of the great masters are in reality much less admired than they are now supposed to be. Not that I am at all sceptical about their merit but I believe that merit to be of a sort which it requires study, habit and perhaps even some practical knowledge of the principles of the fine arts, to perceive and relish. You remember that Sir Joshua tells us that he was at first incapable of tasting all the excellence of Raphael and Michael Angelo. And if he, already no mean artist, was still uninitiated in some of the higher mysteries of his art, and obliged at first to take upon trust much of that which was afterwards made clear to him by further study and labour, what shall we say about the sincerity of those who, knowing so much less, pretend to feel so much more ? For my part, I think very much as I should think of anybody who, being just able to pick out the meaning of a Latin sentence, should affect to admire the language and versification of the Georgics. So much by way of apology.—“ Pro me ipso et pro omni Mummiorum domo.” ’—*Lett* 13.

Lord Dudley constantly compared himself to this unæsthetic consul, with more humour perhaps than justice. Because he did

not enter into art with the same intensity as into literature, he had conceived that he would not feel it all. If, however, he could not relish all the beauties—and the more the eye is taught the greater the enjoyment—he at least could perceive bad taste, and carefully condemn the exhibition. He criticises ‘sham abbeys, such as Fonthill; sham ruins, which, like rouge, convict themselves of forgery, which lose all their salt in the absence of reality and the *religio loci*.’ He shuddered at the Pavilion at Brighton. ‘An Italian nobleman lives upon a plate of macaroni and a glass of sugar and water, that he may rear a marble palace that will last as long as the world, in a grave, dignified, if not perfectly pure architecture; and this *gimcrack* is the only monument of the greatest sovereign in Europe.’ (Lett. 47.)

One word concerning his habit of talking to himself, which contributed not a little to extend his reputation for eccentricity: like many men of studious reflecting turn, he banqueted on his own ideas, and thought aloud. Words clearly were not given him to conceal what was ‘going on within doors.’\* He told too often the *whole* truth, which, in polite society, has a tendency to be libellous. He was, in truth, more susceptible of bore than of fog: and fastidious refinement is too often the cause of more misery than enjoyment in this world, where perfection is the exception. ‘Nothing,’ observes Petrarch, ‘is so tiresome as conversing with people who have not the same information as oneself.’ ‘Lord Dudley,’ says Byron, ‘was good when he liked.’ He was never absent, never flagged, when pitted against opponents worthy of his steel, the fit audience of his wit and illustration. The anecdotes of his soliloquies are innumerable, —‘*ab uno disce omnes*.’ He had a particular dislike to be asked to give any one a lift in his carriage, in which he thought over the occurrences of the day, more, perhaps, than half the members of the Royal College of Physicians. An ingenious tormentor of Brookes’s begged him to give a cast to a homeward-bound, unconscious victim. It could not be refused. The unhappy pair set out in their chariot, and arrived silently near Mount-street, when Lord Dudley muttered audibly, ‘What a bore! It would be civil to say something. Perhaps I had

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\* Talleyrand has the credit of being the first who defined speech as ‘a faculty given to man for concealing his thoughts;’ but this sly recreant only twisted into an apophthegm what Young had thrown out [nearly a hundred years before] in very plain, when speaking of courts—

‘Where Nature’s end of language is declined,  
And men talk only to conceal their mind.’

We owe this note to the author of a very elegant, learned, and instructive little volume lately published under the title of ‘*An Apology for Cathedral Service*.’ (London, Bohn, 1839.) See p. 121.

better ask him to dinner. I'll think about it.' His companion, a person of infinite fancy, and to whom Lord Dudley afterwards took a great liking, re-muttered, after a due pause, 'What a bore! Suppose he should ask me to dinner! what should I do? I'll think about it.'

Lord Dudley was not the only pupil of Dugald Stewart who contracted this ventriloquism. The late Lord Ashburton, who, under an odd exterior and eccentric manner, contained a fund of humour and a chaos of ill-digested information, was still more absent. At a large dinner in Modern Athens, being placed high in honour, next to some first-rate lioness, during one of those conversational lulls which will creep over the grandest dinners, thus broke the awful silence—'What, in the name of goodness, shall I say to this horrid blue? I'll talk to her about the Edinburgh!'

We much doubt if Lord Dudley ever fell into any slip of this sort with a woman. His conduct to the fair sex was ever marked with uniform respect. It was the homage due to the sex, to woman for herself, not to beauty or talent, which attract or amuse the selfishness of man. How delicate is the sentiment expressed in his 23rd Letter:—

'I can't imagine how people got into their heads that I was going to marry Lady M. B——. Not but what she is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and would do me a *great deal of honour* by becoming my wife; only the fact *ain't*\* so. I<sup>h</sup>heard of it, however, from twenty people when I was last in England; and perhaps the story gained ground from my being at very little pains to contradict it. When a marriage is in question, any anxiety to have it contradicted looks like an incivility to the lady.'

A Frenchman (they have no word for our *gentleman*) would have boasted and blazoned: 'Il importait à mon amour propre qu'elle mourût de chagrin de ma perte!'

How elevated were Lord Dudley's views of the duties of husband to wife are detailed in his reflections on the painful trial of Queen Caroline. (Letter 43.) He was never married. The first decided symptom of his total aberration was his fancying he was married, or, which is a more common symptom, that he was about to be married. Though he never could make up his mind on that the most difficult of all subjects, he was always in a sort of love; and when he did set his Platonic affections on other men's wives, he never did so by halves. It was difficult

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\* Nothing surprised us so much in this book as the use of this and some other vile would-be colloquialisms in writing by such a purist as Lord Dudley. Absurd in any man's letters, they are peculiarly strange and offensive when mixed up with a rather stiff and formal style like his.

to determine whether he admired them or their husbands the most.

We shall never forget the expression of his face, when, meeting him one day in unusual spirits, and inquiring the cause, he replied, 'Only think what a chance has been thrown away on me. It would have made my fortune as a young man. I have been asked to dinner to-day by Lady Jersey and Lady Cowper.' The man who felt so deeply this honour (and great we admit it to have been) had recently been minister of state; was witty, eloquent, and well-favoured; an earl, with a clear eighty thousand a-year; a man, who, with one smile, would have gladdened all the hearts of all the mothers of all the unmarried daughters of all the four quarters of the globe. The union of beauty and rank was more than his tender aristocratical heart could stand. He was a cavalier of the old *modern* school, and felt himself honoured by the smallest token of fair ladye's regard. He acknowledged the inferiority of the ancient Grecian system, to which, in his own words, 'that steady, settled influence of woman upon society was utterly unknown; which has given grace, variety, and interest to private life.'

Although no man was ever more susceptible of female charms and influence, his conversation, like his correspondence, was a model of purity. No word, no idea, no allusion ever escaped him which could cause a blush to mantle on the most sensitive cheek. He was singularly modest; his nice tact taught him that want of decency was want of sense; that vice loses half its shame by being stripped of all its grossness. He kept sedulously out of sight all that is thrust forward into disgusting daylight in the manners and literature of 'la jeune France.'

True, indeed, was the remark of the Bishop of Llandaff that 'Lord Dudley exhibited at all periods of his life that most engaging of all compounds, a playful fancy joined with a vigorous understanding and a *serious heart*.' This seriousness, like a minor key, gave a pathos to his humour, a dignity to his cheerfulness. It was based on the surest foundations. 'It would be almost an injustice to his memory not to state that a deep and awful sense of religion formed one ingredient of his character, together with a hatred of profaneness in those who profess outwardly a belief in Christianity.' The volume now before us fully bears out these assertions of the editor, who in his own sacred vocation was best qualified to perceive, appreciate, and encourage the development of such sentiments. We would particularly point out to our readers Lord Dudley's estimate of the *religion* of the Italians:—the injurious effect of Romanism, in dulling the feeling of conscience—the much greater chances of 'their superstition' being



being succeeded by infidelity than by 'true religion.' (Letter 18.) He satisfied his own mind by a careful examination as to the 'genuineness of the gospels, knowing that if their authenticity were impaired the whole fabric would fall to the ground.' (Letter 30.) We have no space for his able reflections on the 'splendid theological speeches' of Chalmers. (Letter 32.)

He opposed everything which could make 'virtue ridiculous, or give dignity to vice.' (Q. R., vol. x. p. 302.) He shrunk in thought, word, and deed, from anything bordering on irreverence, on the mixing up sacred things in common parlance. Even in his moments of sufferance, when his reason was out of tune like sweet bells jangled, his awe of approaching holy ground never left him—nor his trust in the only source of consolation:—

'This has been one of my very worst days. If I might, *without profaneness*, borrow the most expressive language, I should say that the iron had entered into my soul deeper than before. A violent paroxysm, however, has been succeeded by comparative tranquillity, and *I trust, under Providence*, to time and patience for relief.'—Letter 76.

We must now conclude this slight sketch of a character which had in it very much to be admired—of a history which had much to be pitied. On the more painful shades of his bodily sufferings we have been silent. Some passages, we learn from the preface, have already been suppressed by the discretion of the editor. Perhaps all allusion to a large portion of what his Lordship retains might have been confined to what appears in the table of contents:—'Letters 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, describe his sufferings under hypochondriacal disease.'

We could also have desired some suppression, or some condensation, at least, of several letters which immediately follow that black series. They relate to the vacillation which he exhibited when offered the under-secretaryship. In ultimately declining it he acted in diametrical opposition to the advice of one who of all men was the best fitted to be his counsellor on such an occasion—a familiar friend of the same age and rank, a common friend of Canning's, a common opposer of Reform. It is so seldom our good fortune to agree with Lord Melbourne, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of quoting his inimitable letter:—

'Panshanger, Sept. 29, 1822.

'I received your letter this morning alone, destroyed it as soon as I had read it, and have considered its contents as I rode over here from Brompton, and, upon the whole, putting myself in your place, I have little doubt that you should accept the offer: it is one of the pleasantest places under government—necessarily gives an insight into all that is going on, and would be rendered to you particularly agreeable by your cordial agreement and intimacy with your principal; add to this, that

it



to go through with it if you undertake it, and not to be dispirited by difficulties or annoyances which you may find in the office; and you may depend upon it no office is free from. I write in a great hurry, and with a bad pen, but if you can read it you will understand it well as if I had written three times as much.

Yours very sincerely,

John J. W. Ward.

WM. LAMB.

This letter is a cabinet picture of a rare class; it paints the

Here we trace the germ of those eminent qualities which since rendered Lord Melbourne the charm of Windsor; the stay, buttress, and key-stone of Downing-street. The future peer, having well considered the matter *alone*, makes up his mind at once. His reasons and cautions are stamped with sincerity. The last sentence is a gem—the off-hand, ready position, the bad (we fancy we see it) pen, the good-natured, German-like kindness, and thorough knowledge of his man; suggestive tone, which puts the applicant on the right scent, saying nothing that is essential, yet leaving to a sensitive mind credit of working it out.

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IV.—1. *Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland.* 1839.

*Reports of the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons.* 1822, 1824, 1825.

*Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords on Tithes in Ireland.* 1832.

*L'Irlande; Sociale, Politique, et Religieuse.* Par Gustave Le Bon. Paris 1890.

9. *Historical Sketch of the late Catholic Association of Ireland*  
By Thomas Wyse, Esq., jun. London, 1829.
10. *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. London, 1836.
11. *Journal of a Tour in Ireland in 1835.* London, 1836.
12. *Selection from the Evidence before the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission.* Dublin, 1835.
13. *History of the Policy of the Church of Rome.* By the Rev W. Phelan. 8vo. Dublin.

**I**RELAND!—and at this word how many readers will be disposed to close the book! There are men, whose trade is sedition, and whose daily bread depends on exasperating and infuriating the unhappy Irish peasant, by representing the feelings of England towards Ireland to be those of hatred and contempt. Those who know England, know that the charge is as false, as most other statements which come from the same mouth. But if these men were to say that England was by degrees becoming indifferent and apathetic to the state of Ireland,—that we are profoundly ignorant of its real condition,—and that even good and sober-minded men are beginning to contemplate the prospect of being relieved from the burthen of Irish affairs as an alternative not utterly to be rejected, they would probably speak the truth. Perhaps at no great distance of time, if the course of events now in progress is permitted to work itself out, few features in these days will excite in the readers of history more perplexity and more melancholy, than this growing weariness and despair at the very mention of Ireland. At present there is little difficulty in accounting for it. Describe to a man a state of things in a separate country which he has never seen,—let these things bear the same names and outward forms with those which he sees around him, while the real internal operations are essentially different,—let the evils, which he is called on to remedy, be the result, not of one bad system of government or of one age, but of systems and of ages working into and complicating with each other;—let him listen to a number of empirics, each with his quack panacea, trying experiments day after day, and all of them failing;—when he would inquire for himself, place, one on each side of him, two parties of zealous, fluent, irritable talkers, both naturally inclined to recriminate on each other, both, at the least, incautious as to the accuracy of their statements, both accusing each other of habitual falsifications, and both evidently at times in the wrong;—let him then see so much of the truth as to be incapable of denying a collection of paradoxes, such as, perhaps, were never brought together in the history of any other nation;—the moment that he would move a step to remedy the evils before him, let him find himself

himself pulled down, and fastened by one party or the other, and at the same time feel a hand upon his throat, threatening his very life, unless he consents to abandon all interference;—and thus placed, a man, we think, would be strongly tempted to give up his interest in the affairs of these combatants, and, at whatever risk to himself, would sit down, if not contented, at least desperate and vanquished. Such we believe to be, very generally, the state of the English mind with respect to Ireland.

And we all know that there is amongst us a principle (what Mr. Carlyle calls the '*laissez-faire* system'),—a sort of fatalism and self-abandonment, the result of our loss of truth, and, with truth, of all moral energy and courage, with which principle this indifference and despair naturally fall in. Men no longer think of governing, or resisting, or contending: they fold their arms, give themselves up to be carried down the stream, congratulate themselves on the luxury of their own repose, and when voices call out to warn them that they are hurrying down to a cataract, they compose themselves to sleep.

Perhaps the future historian of this empire, who shall read its fate by the light of a higher wisdom than mere human calculation, will see in many of its recent deeds symptoms of something more than mere indolence and ignorance. There is no reason why on nations, as well as on individuals, there may not be sent, at times, that worst and last curse of our fallen nature—a judicial blindness. When men are unwilling to retain religious truth in their thoughts,—when they set it aside from their daily and most important duties,—when they 'despise governments,' and 'speak evil of dignities,'—when they place human power before divine, and make their life one course of covetousness and self-indulgence,—we have not only reason and experience, but a higher authority than either, to expect that such an age will be allowed to fall into 'strong delusions.' Such a delusion is, we believe at this moment hanging over England; and, looking to her conduct and character for some years past, a careful observer will scarcely think it accidental.

We propose, then, at present to make a few observations on the state of Ireland;—not to attempt a full view (for this would be impracticable), but to *suggest some points of inquiry* to those who are disposed candidly and seriously to examine into the circumstances of that unhappy country.

There are two facts on which all parties seem tolerably agreed, and they form the first paradox in the condition of Ireland. There rarely, if ever, was a country so blessed by nature; rarely, if ever, one so cursed by man. It seems to contain within itself everything which a politician could desire to form a happy and  
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mighty nation,—a vast population, fertility of soil, variety of produce, a mild climate, mineral treasures, abundant fisheries, extraordinary facilities for commerce, and a position which, if properly occupied, would form the link between the New World and the Old. If the happiness and greatness of nations were to be measured by such things as these, Ireland ought to be the happiest upon earth. Instead of this, she is peopled with paupers, crawled over by beggars, annually struck down with famine and fever; her land strewn with ruins from the cabin to the castle; her population haggard, tattered, and broken by want; her fields overgrown with weeds; her fisheries neglected, her harbours deserted; her towns streets of hovels; her hovels sheds which an English farmer would scarcely think a shelter for his pig.

There is another point in which observant travellers in Ireland will find the same agreement. Rarely, if ever, was there a national character containing more elements of good than that of Ireland. It is not true, as men proclaim, who propagate rebellion by slander, that the persons in Ireland most opposed to such a rebellion delight to magnify the crimes of their country. They speak of genuine Irishmen—as Irishmen should speak, and as Englishmen love to hear—as naturally a noble race. They are hasty, impetuous, and want perseverance and prudence; but they are also warm-hearted, affectionate, docile, full of intelligence and courage, and of devotion to the object which engrosses them. They are made for loyalty and religion, though their loyalty, under evil influence, becomes abject subjection to a demagogue, and their religion is soured into superstition. They are, in many points, of a morality singularly pure; grateful, attached to their family and their country, to national institutions—to a false system of religion, *because* they believe it to be old, and to a priesthood, without a claim on their affection, *because* they are told it is commissioned from God. Their chief faults are the excesses of virtues; their quick sensibility to justice makes them often litigious and revengeful; their liberality degenerates into extravagance, extravagance produces embarrassment, and embarrassment must end in meanness. So also they are charitable, to the injury both of themselves and of the poor; sociable, often to the neglect of domestic duties; faithful to their engagements, till they become conspirators; compassionate even to malefactors, till they join in screening them from law; imaginative, but without sufficient check of reason; reverent, so as to become abject: and ambitious, till it generates ostentation. But he must be a poor observer of human nature who does not see in such a character the germs of a high excellence. With a warm heart  
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and an intelligent head, on one side, and, on the other, to temper these elements, a national spirit, thoughtful and regulated like the English, and a church full of the spirit of sobriety and order, —how is it, we ask again, that Ireland has never yet been a great nation—that it is far more a blot upon Europe, with almost every page in its annals, and every spot on its shores, branded with the memory of crime?

There is one answer to this, against which we must protest. There is, in the elements just mentioned, no insurmountable impediment to the creation of a noble character. An Irish gentleman, well born, well educated, and with his natural tendencies modified by English association, is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of civilised human nature. An Irish peasant, taken from the degradation and starvation of his cabin, and trained under proper discipline, becomes the best of soldiers. There is in him the same capacity of moral as of physical development, which a traveller in Ireland must observe, when he compares the famished, desponding, haggard look of the occupier of the soil with the fine body of men employed in the police, or in any other situation which secures them adequate support, and at the same time places them under rule. We have no respect for that materialist fatalism which would place any constitution of human nature under an irrevocable curse. Even with the ordinary influence of a sound education, no man has a right to despair of his fellow-creatures; but least of all when he holds in his hands the powers with which God has invested him through Christianity and His Church. Let us look hopefully and cheerfully even on unhappy Ireland. So far from despair, perhaps the deepest observer of human nature, and of the state of the world at this day, may withdraw his eye in fear from almost every other portion of the globe, and fix it on Ireland as the spot where, covered over with rubbish and ashes, and almost smothered by an oppressive influence, there is still a light burning, such as scarcely exists in any other civilised nation, and without which no nation can be great or good. In Ireland, as yet at least, the spirit of faith is not extinct: and where that still exists, who shall permit himself to despair?

What, then, is the cause of the evils of Ireland? Let us hear the Poor Inquiry Commissioners when they commenced their labours with the same question:—

‘On every side we were assailed by the theories of those who were born or had long resided in the country, and consequently might be supposed to have possessed good opportunity for ascertaining the soundness of their opinions. One party attributed all the poverty and wretchedness of the country to an asserted extreme use of ardent spirits, and proposed a scheme for repressing illicit distillation, for preventing smuggling,

smuggling, and substituting beer and coffee. Another party found the cause in the combination amongst workmen, and proposed rigorous laws against trade-unions. Others, again, were equally confident that the reclamation of the bogs and waste lands was the only practicable remedy. A fourth party declared the nature of the existing connexion between landlord and tenant to be the root of all the evil; pawn-broking, redundant population, absence of capital, peculiar religious tenets, and religious differences, political excitement, want of education, the mal-administration of justice, the state of prison discipline, want of manufactures and of inland navigation, with a variety of other circumstances—[We might add, subletting, the embarrassment of landlords, absenteeism, the use of the potatoe, early marriages, the dependence of the priests' income upon the people, the constant change of governors, Irish imprudence, tithes, rent, or, according to the very profound suggestion of Monsieur Gustave de Beaumont, the very existence of landlords]—‘were each supported by their various advocates with earnestness and ability, as being, either alone, or jointly with some other, the primary cause of all the evils of society; and loan-funds, emigration, the repression of political excitement, the introduction of manufactures, and the extension of inland navigation, were accordingly proposed, each as the principal means by which the improvement of Ireland could be promoted.’\*

Instead of smiling contemptuously at this rather superficial and empirical view of things, it ought to be received gratefully, as a collection of valuable hints—each correct as a partial suggestion, none satisfactory as a whole.

If we were disposed to complain of the Poor Law Commissioners, it would be for the same defect which prevails in almost every other inquiry into the condition of Ireland. They confess that they commenced their labours without any fixed general principles of political wisdom. They proposed to examine into the circumstances brought before them; but there is no trace of any philosophical plan by which to try both the evils and the remedies. When a patient comes to a physician with a pain in the head, or an inflammation in the eye, it is very easy to apply a local remedy, and remove the disorder for the time. But the wise physician is one who knows not only the temporary cure, but how the whole system should be dealt with, so as to restore it to its soundness. He will scarcely condescend to remove an external evil, which, after all, may only be a symptom. Before we venture on a cure for any social mischief, we ought to look deep into the principles of society itself. Where are the statesmen who have approached Ireland with such principles? And without them, how can we hope for any permanent or radical relief?

Now there is one evil on the very surface of Irish affairs,

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\* Selection of Evidence. By Authority. 1835. p. 6.

which meets us at every step, and on which all parties are agreed—though few seem to understand how deeply its roots are spread under the whole system of things. *It is religious dissension.* You would introduce capital—but the capital is in the hands of the Protestants, and Protestants dare not risk it in the hands of Romish labourers. You deplore the separation between landlord and tenant—you cannot unite their interests, because one is a Protestant, the other a Romanist. You wish to improve the condition of the poor—they refuse to be guided by you, because they are taught to regard you as the adversary of their religion. You try to educate—but the scheme fails, because a Protestant and a Romish education cannot be carried on together. You would bind Ireland and England together (how can they flourish apart?), and ‘*Sassenach* and *Heretic*’ are made convertible terms; and immediately between the two countries there opens an impassable gulph. Prison discipline, poor laws, loan funds, charitable institutions, lunatic asylums, hospitals, social intercourse,—in all alike the same lamentable schism meets and embarrasses the efforts to do good. You would check political excitement—but political excitement is in Ireland religious excitement, and religion, or rather superstition, is the very atmosphere of the Irish population. Emigration is hindered, for you cannot encourage it wisely, and as a Christian, without ensuring the blessings of religion to those who are removed from their own country. Colonization on waste lands is unsafe, because it only multiplies a population estranged from the Church and the State. The laws cannot be executed, because information is discouraged, where the witnesses are of one religion, and the sufferer or the accuser of another. The whole circle of life is filled with jealousy, and bitterness, and fear, rumours of rebellion, and secret conspiracies, which no art can fathom, because religious associations exist, drawn up in array against each other, each laid under a ‘spiritual obligation.’

Thus far the statement is secure against contradiction from any party. Will it bear us out in suggesting that, among all the causes of evil huddled together by the Poor Law Commissioners, there is one more widely spread than all the rest—one which is not superficial—one which bears upon its front signs of being the parent stem—the real source and head of all the rest—without touching which no other cure can take effect—the problem, with the solution of which all other problems will easily be solved—a mischief which once cured, the other mischiefs will almost die away of themselves?

How this state of things was produced is a separate question: its existence is all that we are concerned with at present.

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But let us examine the fact a little more deeply. Would to God the time would come, when men would learn that the government of States, far more than the arts of old, is indeed *a mystery*; and that without deep and searching thoughts, piercing down to the very foundations of society, he who attempts to save will only destroy them. First, What would be said of a man, who on meeting a naked, starving, infuriated maniac, should proceed to relieve him by putting shoes on his feet, a coat on his back, food into his mouth, and maxims of love into his head, overlooking his one great calamity, disordered reason—forgetting that the mind, and not the body is the man, and that where the mind wants truth, in whatever degree, whether in madness, or error, or ignorance, there to dress up the body, is only, as Bishop Taylor expresses it, ‘to wash the face of the dead.’ We ask if religious truth be not the first and most essential of all truths—and whether a nation, of which one large portion at least, without at present deciding which, must be destitute of this truth, is not like the maniac, labouring under a radical disease, which must be cured, before any other remedies can be applied to its ills?

Under this head fall the evils of poverty, ignorance, superstition, ill management, intemperance, excitability, falsehood, and the like, with which Ireland is now afflicted.

Secondly, What would be said of a man, who, seeing an officer of justice struggling with a man for whom he had a warrant, should fall into melancholy lamentations over the anger and animosity excited by the struggle, should endeavour to soothe the feelings of both parties, by texts from Scripture, and exhortations to mutual charity, and amicable association, forgetting that it was the appointed duty of the officer to take the culprit into custody, and the vital interest of the culprit to make his escape; and that while human nature continues, no struggle can be carried on without at times risking violence and heat; but that where the struggle is a matter of duty, violence and heat are far less evils than quiescence and friendship?

Let this be applied to the second class of the evils of Ireland,—those which arise from the conflict between the old Catholic Reformed Church, and the schismatic intruders of Popery, and consider whether it be possible, or even allowable, to remove them, till in one way or other the conflict is not suspended but decided, and one party or other is victorious.

Then take the third class of evils—the evils of foreign interference—evils at the present moment only faintly shadowed out in the hints of a connexion with America, and exultation at the prospect of a French war, with which the Irish demagogues and Romish priests have been threatening the government; but which  
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in the past history of Ireland, from the first interference of the Pope, have formed the great embarrassment of England. Ask if the Romanists of Ireland—we mean their priests—have been in the slightest degree propitiated to the English connexion by all the concessions which have been made to them? Is the Sassenach at this moment held up to one iota the less abhorrence as an invader and a tyrant, than he was before the grand surrender of 1829? Have the franchise, the tithes, the bishoprics, the Church-rates, the corporations, yielded one after another, cemented the affection of Popery to the empire which yielded them? Or is it impossible that they, or any concession of privilege or power, should do this, so long as there is a secret oath of allegiance binding, by an obligation both *virtually and formally feudal*, the Romish bishops, and through them their priests, and through them the people, to the footstool of the Pope, or rather to the College of Jesuits, who rule for the Pope at Rome? Let the peace and harmony of a family be disturbed by an adulterous connexion on the part of one of the parents—how is it to be restored but by destroying the connexion? The peace and harmony of the empire are not disturbed, but destroyed, by the foreign allegiance of the Irish priests; and until this chain be broken, all appeals to their gratitude and fidelity are empty air.\* There

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\* That perhaps good and sincere Roman Catholics, not acquainted with the real nature of this foreign allegiance, may be inclined to examine into it, the oath taken by Irish Prelates on their consecration is subjoined. Mr. Morrissey, himself a Roman Catholic priest, has given it in one of his publications; having been present at a consecration where it was taken. (Development, p. 21.) It is in Ireland, he adds, taken *privately* before the public ceremony. Why not in public? 'I. N., elect of such a church, from henceforth will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter the Apostle, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to our Lord Pope N., and to his successors. I shall never to their prejudice or detriment reveal to any man the counsel they shall entrust me with, either by themselves, their nuncios, or letters. The Roman Papacy, and the *Regalities* of St. Peter, I will help them to keep and maintain against all men. I shall take care to conserve, defend, increase, and promote the rights, honours, privileges, and authorities of the Holy Roman Church for our Lord the Pope and his successors. I will observe with all my power, and *shall make others do the same*, the rules of the Holy Fathers, the Apostolic (Papal) decrees, ordinations, dispositions, reservations, provisions, and mandates. *I will persecute and fight against all Heretics, Schismatics, and Rebels* to our Lord the Pope and his successors.' (This last clause, it seems, has subsequently been omitted, apparently for the same reason which induced Dr. Troy to deny the Rheinish notes.) 'I shall visit personally the shrine of the Apostles every third year, and render an account of all my pastoral office to the Pope and his successors, and of all the affairs of my church, and discipline of my clergy and people; and will receive the Apostolical or Papal mandates, and shall put them most diligently into execution; and if justly prevented, I shall make the necessary communication through some proper clergyman,' &c. &c.

What these *Regalities* are may be seen by turning to vol. i. p. 56, of 'Romanism as it rules in Ireland,' or to 'Barrow on the Pope's Supremacy.' They include a power 'of rendering void promises, vows, oaths, obligations to law,'—a 'right to dethrone heretical princes, absolve their subjects from their allegiance, and empower Roman Catholics to exterminate them and seize their lands'—to 'possess the spiritual and temporal sword, and to be superior to all sovereigns upon earth'—and to have 'a plenitude

There is not one of the calamities of Ireland which may not be classed under one or another of these three heads. And each of the three is resolvable into a question of religion.

Thus far, perhaps, nothing here advanced will be disputed by either party; and it is something, in the midst of the conflict of opinions prevailing on the subject of Ireland, to have laid a foundation in which all are agreed. Ask a Dr. Doyle, if any amelioration in the condition of the poor in Ireland can take place until his Church has recovered its supremacy, and he answers as he answered before the Committee, 'I think, before God, it is utterly impossible.'\* Ask a good and sincere member of our own Church, what is the great curse of Ireland, he will answer—Popery. Ask the government, who by their position seem to stand neutral between both parties, what they would most covet, and what they propose to effect by the impartial distribution of their patronage, common education and associations, and scriptural texts recommending charity and love:—they will say the cessation of religious dissension. And with them will agree all those, a very numerous body, who, caring neither for Popery nor Protestantism, think Indifferentism the paradise of man, and cry only for peace, peace, whether blasphemy, or idolatry, or fanaticism, or unbelief are to be the price we pay for it. And turn then to the humble and faithful Christian, who thinks little of political parties, or national wealth, or social comfort, compared with the first commands laid on him by his Maker to proclaim God's truth in the world:—and his first demand for Ireland will be the diffusion of that Truth.

Here then we arrive at three distinct measures to be adopted, one or the other, as the first step to the cure of the ills of Ireland—either convert Popery to the Church—or give up the Church to Popery—or let both continue as they are at present, and prohibit any rivalry, any conversion, any attempt at mutual instruction, any jealousy, any bitterness of feeling, or condemnation of error. Chain up the combatants, and place them both in one cell, till they have unlearned their lesson of hostility.

Of the three plans before us, the last is evidently the one contemplated by what are called the liberal politicians of the day.

Perhaps a better synopsis of its maxims cannot be given than

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tude of power by which he can infringe any law, and act according to his sovereign will.' Now as every oath, according to Dr. Dens, implies necessarily the reservation '*salvo jure superioris*,' is it worth while to take the trouble to transcribe the oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign, which is taken side by side with this oath to the Pope? If the Romish Bishops in Ireland do admit *the regalities*, their oath to the Crown is so much waste paper. If they do not, their oath to the Pope is perjury—they must take their choice.

\* Lords' Report, April 1825, p. 512.

in a series of resolutions passed at a meeting at Ballinasloe in 1825, and which, in an extract from the letters of a M. Duvergier, to which Mr. Wyse attaches great weight, are described as the general principles of Romanists in Ireland, 'from Dublin to Galway, and from Derry to Bantry Bay.'

'1. The State should have no established religion. It should preserve its neutrality between them all.

'2. Salvation is possible in all religions, provided you believe honestly and sincerely the religion you profess to be the best.

'3. To attempt seizing on public education, with a view of converting it into a monopoly for any particular class or sect, is to disturb in a direct manner the order of society.

'4. The spirit of proselytism is deserving of censure. Each creed or sect ought to remain quiet within its respective limits.

'5. To keep the clergy virtuous, it is requisite to keep them poor; make them rich, and you corrupt them.\*

Now we do not intend to ask what would be the effect upon society of putting these maxims into execution. M. Duvergier, who is evidently not illiberal, ventures to call them 'abominable,' 'most injurious and atheistical,' and 'more pernicious than any philosophism.' For us there is a previous question—their possibility! Who are the parties, we ask, from whom this spirit of proselytism is to be thus extirpated?

In the first place, there is the Church of Rome. We should scarcely be allowed by the age to appeal to history to show that the very essence of Romanism is this spirit of proselytism—that it commenced with a desire to rule men's souls to good, instead of simply setting good before men's souls—that its first step was to claim a dominion over other co-equal churches—that its power arose from an organised system of missionary operations—that its first abuses were suggested by the fear of losing subjects—that its first great battles were battles for the acquirement of temporal power—that the sin which caused its temporary fall in the sixteenth century was the lust of empire and of rule—that proselytism was the motive which re-organised it under the form of those spiritual janissaries, the mendicant orders, and especially *the Jesuits*—that these also were driven from Europe on account of their intrigues for domination—and that the hopes now raised of the revival of Popery are founded on the resuscitated energies of these same conspiracies of Jesuits. Before a spirit which has pervaded all its movements from the beginning of its course can be expelled from it now, some mighty change must be wrought either in the body of Romanism, or in the power which pretends to exorcise it. But history is an old almanac. Romanism,

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\* Appendix to Wyse's History of the Catholic Association, vol. ii. p. 51.

we are told again and again, is changed by the civilization of the age. It is no longer covetous, or ambitious, anxious for spiritual rule, or troubled at the loss of it. This is the constant consolation of the liberals of the day—a consolation which fails only in one point, *that Romanism itself steadily denies the fact.* It asserts, as energetically as ever, that the ‘dogma’ on which Christianity is founded\* is the supremacy of the Pope—that he is the vicar of Christ upon earth, ‘*qui vicariâ potestate apostolici chori princeps existeret*’—that the whole flock is to be fed by him, ‘*totius gregis pascendi*,’—that the power of binding and loosing *over the whole world* belongs to him, and his successors for ever, ‘*toto orbe ligandi ac solvendi summam curam auctoritatemque in successores omni ævo prorogandam* ;’—that this dogma has been retained and confirmed again and again in opposition to these new teachers or reformers, ‘*sanctissime retinet sæpiusque adversus Novatorum errores comprobavit*,’—and that it is the one great bond of the unity of the Church, by which *that Church is to be propagated throughout the whole world*, ‘*unitatis vinculum quo ecclesia per universum mundum propaganda . . . in unam corporis compagem coalesceret*.’ This, remember, is no ancient obsolete absurdity. It is in the Condemnation by Pope Pius VI. of a German book, professing to answer the question ‘What is the Pope?’ and was published at Vienna in 1782, and recommended as part of an appendix to ‘The Standard Theological Book of the Romish Priests of Ireland,’ with the sanction and approbation of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in 1832. With this fundamental doctrine of the necessity of unity of faith, and unity under one head, the bishop of Rome—how the bishop of Rome will be prevailed on to recede from his claim to universal dominion, it is hard to say. The heathen cannot be abandoned by him, for the first command of our Saviour to his Church is, to go out and teach all nations. And the Protestants he cannot yield up, for though they are, in one sense, out of the Church, as having been excommunicated, it is solemnly adjudged by the ‘Standard Theological Work,’ recommended by the bishops of Ireland in 1832, that they are within the Church still, so far at least as being subject to its punishments and judgments. ‘*Ecclesia judicat et punit hæreticos*’—among whom, it is needless to say, the Church of England and Ireland is necessarily included; ‘*quamvis enim hæretici sunt extra ecclesiam, manent tamen, ratione baptismi ecclesiæ subjecti; unde merito illos sumit tanquam transfugas ex ecclesiæ castris, adeoque redeundi obligationem habent.*’ †

Now we have no intention of discussing at present the sound

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\* See Dens’s Theolog. vol. viii. p. 226.

† Dens’s Theolog., vol. ii. p. 114.

ness or propriety of such doctrines; but we must venture to suggest them to the persons who talk with so much facility of extinguishing religious dissension by suppressing the tendency to proselytise, first of all, in the Church of Rome. That these ideas and feelings of proselytism are not wholly buried and hid from light in the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions, but are very practically acted on, might be inferred from the number of new Romish chapels erecting at this time in England, *where there are no congregations to fill them*; from the revival of the order of the *Jesuits*; from the zeal with which Romanism is planting her missionaries in our colonies, and extending her conversions among our own countrymen abroad, *especially at Tours and Rome*; from the fact, as Dr. Doyle confessed before the House of Lords, that the Romish Church in Ireland is considered partly as a mission, and is therefore chiefly under the *control of the Propaganda*; from the number of converts which, till *our Church* began to exert herself, used to be brought over annually by the operation of mixed marriages; by the anxiety shown by the Romish priests to claim dying Protestants as their own; by their forcing on them the rite of extreme unction; by the call of their bishops to be zealous in extirpating heresy; and by the very reasons which Romanists assign for adopting the very opposite profession, and assuming the cant of liberality, that it will make *their system popular*, and pave the way for magnifying their Church.

With these facts before him, a man of ordinary habit of thought would probably little hope to superinduce upon Romanism in Ireland any of that narcotic influence which is so much desired; and a man of piety would go farther, and admit that a body believing, as the Romanists profess to do, that all without the pale of their Church are incapable of salvation, and yet neglecting the means of saving them, by bringing them back to her bosom, must be unworthy of the name not only of Christians but of men.

But if there is such reason to despair of quieting Romanism, there is still more to despair of the quiescence of the Church. For a time, indeed, the Church was quiet: from the Reformation to the Revolution it could do little, on account of the convulsions of the times: from the Revolution to 1824 it did as little, through the worldly, secular, political spirit which had been infused into it by the mismanagement and false principles of governments, principally Whig; but in 1824,\* the energy of the Church revived—as it was revived in England by Wesley and Whitfield—irregularly, violently at times—injudiciously, perhaps—certainly without adequate learning, but with a spirit of pure, sin-

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\* See Dr. Doyle's Evidence, and Report of Committee on Tithes, p. 336.



cere, self-devoted, and holy zeal, which those, who know the Irish clergy of these recent times the best, will estimate the highest. Much that they did deserved censure, much required excuse; but as no unfair specimen of their spirit, we shall extract the answer given by one of their body, when a certain noble lord, in the course of an examination, rather sneeringly suggested a doubt as to the duty of proselytising Romanists. We by no means concur in all this gentleman's views; but we think his answer to this question very worthy of being placed upon record.

Q. 'Did you warn them against the doctrines that were preached by their own priests?'

'A. *Rev. E. Nangle*. Most decidedly I did. Your lordship will recollect that I am a minister of the Church of England; and when I received ordination from the hands of the bishop, I solemnly vowed, in the presence of God, to "give diligence to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word." I, as a minister of the Church of England, can have no doubt as to the doctrines of the Church of Rome being "erroneous and strange doctrines," and "contrary to God's word;" and when I see the mass, the leading doctrine of Popery described in the thirty-nine articles which I have subscribed, as "blasphemous fable, and dangerous deceit," and in the rubric as "idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," I would ask whether I could, as a minister of the Established Church, having received ordination from the hands of a bishop, and having subscribed to these articles and vowed to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, be silent on the subject of Popery? I appeal to your lordship's conscience whether I could be silent, and maintain that consistency of principle and conduct which an honest man must ever desire to maintain?''\*

Perhaps no better answer could be given to the suggestion that the Church should lay down her arms. Alter the vow of ordination destroy our articles; shut up the Bible; and let the Church think of nothing but how to eat, drink, and be merry, and it will be very possible. But the Church of Ireland has been starved and persecuted into the spirit of a martyr; and, thank God, we see no chance of her losing that spirit again.

Even, indeed, were this possible from any dereliction of spiritual feeling, there is a very pressing consideration, to which late experience will give no little weight. It is M. de Beaumont, who amidst many false and many calumnious statements, makes the very just observation:—'What has the Church to do in Ireland if it does not proselytise?' If its ministrations are to be confined to its own existing members, why absorb revenues which may be devoted to the religious education of a whole people, in maintaining the clergy of a part? The law, indeed, has given it to them but who, in the nineteenth century, thinks himself bound by law

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\* *Achill Mission*, reprinted from the authorised Report, 1839, p. 43.



But if, on the other hand, every clergyman in every parish is to look on all the inhabitants as his parishioners ; to consider all the Romanists as persons, who have been deluded to wander from their own Church, and must be brought back to it ; if the Church resolves, as it seems to be resolving, on the duty of setting, by every judicious means, the truth which God has placed in her hands before *all* the people, that *all* may hear, whether they will follow it or not, and those who refuse may be left without excuse ; then, indeed, a minister ought to be planted, not only in every parish, but in every village.

If, again, peace is to be maintained with Rome, what need of an extensive organisation, vigilant superintendence, multiplied heads ? Why so many bishops ? But if a battle is to be fought, instead of diminishing the commanders, there must be a cry, a loud, repeated, earnest, universal cry from England as well as Ireland, and repeated until it be answered, for more. It is simply this question of proselytism on which turned all the deliberations, and suggestions, which ended, sadly ended, in suppressing the bishoprics of the church, mutilating her incorporations, plundering her tithes, seizing her property, and proposing to withdraw the clergy from all congregations short of fifty, as if less than fifty souls were not worth 150*l.* a-year. More than this—abandon the duty of proselytism, and you give up the ecclesiastical basis, which is the safest and most indisputable ground to take against the intrusion of the emissaries of the Pope. They are carrying away from the Church children that rightly belong to her. If she abandon them wholly, and no longer consider them reclaimable, what is to prevent Rome from rightfully gathering them under her wings, or rather, to use a better illustration, under her talons ?

When, therefore, the Church of Ireland is prepared to surrender her claims to be the rightful occupier of her ground, and to give up of the little remnants of her revenues all but what is absolutely necessary to supply the spiritual wants of a population ✓ to be picked off by assassination, drained by emigration, stolen by the intrigues of Romanism, and suffered to melt away by the apathy of uninterested ministers,—then it will adopt the principle of non-proselytism. The Church of Rome, through Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Murray, and Mr. Blake,\* is most kindly suggesting the adoption of some such liberal and Christian views : whether it will be wise to follow such advisers must be left to the Church to determine.

There is only one conclusion at which, however painful and perplexing, a sane man can arrive. It is that the project

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\* See their Evidence before the Lords' Committee.

of Indifferentism is an absurdity and impossibility. You have tried it in your national education. It has utterly failed. It is only assumed as a mask by Romanism. It is absolutely fatal to Christianity and to the Church, and therefore impossible to be adopted by it. It is as contrary to the nature of men as to the commands of Christianity; and exists only as a silly dream in minds which have no religion themselves, and therefore cannot comprehend the working of religion in others.

This brings us to the second plan proposed for the pacification of this unhappy country. *Give up the Church—establish Romanism as the religion of the majority of the people, and all will be peace.*

To what extent this suggestion has extended itself among influential members of the legislature, it would be presumptuous to conjecture. But to a mind indifferent to religious truth, viewing religion solely as a political instrument for maintaining the peace of society, weary of the difficulties of doubt, offended at the unrefined zeal of controversy, and, in fact, ‘caring for none of these things,’ it seems an obvious and admirable plan. Its adoption also is easy, and its accomplishment certain, as soon as the government promulgate it. The way has been smoothed already. A certain number of bishoprics have been reduced to save the people from a just payment—why not suppress the rest? The cathedral incorporations, commonly the last strongholds of a Church, have been destroyed already. The parochial clergy have been so impoverished, that they cannot, as before, supply curates, or maintain libraries, or assist the poor, or support the numerous religious institutions for schools, the maintenance of orphans, the propagation of the Gospel, the diffusion of the Scriptures and of useful publications, the support of their own widows,—burdens, nearly the whole of which fall exclusively upon them; and thus their means of influence must be rapidly diminishing. The landlords are in possession of one portion of the tithes, and can withhold the rest; and unless some wonderful change comes over the spirit of embarrassed men, in Ireland, it may not be long before the government might look with confidence for their energetic assistance in shaking off the burden altogether. The concentration of ecclesiastical finance in the hands of a Commission\* will necessarily weaken the energies of the rest of the body. The Romish schismatics have been allowed, without rebuke, to place

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\* By the bye, would some member of the House of Commons ask one or two simple questions,—How much the Commission is in debt? Why are the expenses of the *agencies* not included in their returns to Parliament? How many agencies are there? What is the expense of them? And how many of the agents are relatives to members of the Board?

themselves in the position of an establishment, and assume its titles—bishops, deans, rectors, prebendaries, chancellors.\* It would be no new thing to their ears to be told that the Protestant government of England was willing to make arrangements that Ireland should *be governed through its priests*; and the people, whom they have at their disposal, are perfectly aware from experience, that what they dislike, they have only to threaten—and what they threaten, they will be allowed to destroy. History of past generations would scarcely be required to instruct them in a speedy and effectual mode of relieving themselves from an heretical Church. The whole way, therefore, is clear before us. The Clergy would die out in a few years. The Romish priests, would be quietly installed in their place. Controversy would cease, animosity expire, and the government be relieved from its perplexities.

We shall hope to be able to speak gravely of this; it is, indeed, difficult at times to do so when contemplating these modern theories of legislation. But that such a theory should ever be entertained in the heart of England so seriously as to require consideration, is a fact sufficiently melancholy to extinguish every sense of the ludicrous.

To proceed then—let us lay aside the one great paramount law of duty, before which, to a Christian mind, all others will vanish. Nations, as well as individuals, have their task laid on them by God. Rulers, as well as subjects, are bound to maintain his glory, and to do his will. And rulers, as well as subjects, democracies no less than monarchies, will one day be called to account for every foot of ground, which they have willingly and neglectfully, either from indolence, or self-will, or avarice, or any other vice, yielded up to enemies of truth, and for every soul among their subjects which they have abandoned to error. But this we will set aside.—Let us ask rather, first, when Ireland is abandoned to Romanism, are we likely to have peace, religious peace, in England? Will a besieged town be one step nearer to its relief by permitting the besiegers to establish themselves within the walls? Do men know the meaning of the word *Catholic*? It means *Universal*. ‘What mean you,’ says the Popular Romish Catechism, published ‘*permissione superiorum*’

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\* If an inquirer will take the trouble to look in the so-called Catholic Directory, we think he will be rather surprised at the array of bishops, deans, and chapters, &c. ‘Rector of the parish’ has been affixed by the Popish priests to their own names over the doors of national schools. It was stated the other day, that the health of Dr. Crotty (we think) had been drunk at a public dinner as Primate of Ireland, where the Archbishop of Armagh was omitted, and in the presence of several noblemen; and the last new move, and one of no little significance, has been the emergence of a Roman Catholic ‘Bishop of London’ in the Times newspaper!

(p. 21), by ‘ universality of place? *Answer.* I mean that the Church *shall be spread over all nations.*’ Do the parties who propose to establish Romanism in Ireland propose to make the erasure of this article of faith an article in their concordatum? Or will they raise up a wall between Ireland and England, and prevent all religious proselytism? Or are they prepared to destroy the Romish chapels, seminaries, and missions, which even now are rising up in England? Or do they contemplate that England, as well as Ireland—in fact, the whole British empire—is to be quietly given up to the Pope, whenever he chooses to demand it, *in order to maintain peace?*

But England, they say, is safe. It is too enlightened to embrace a system of superstition and bigotry—the spread of reason on every side will be protection enough. Strange that we should congratulate ourselves on a safeguard against those very evils, which we are willing to see without resistance brought down and fixed upon a country, which, if not a part of ourselves, must do us deadly mischief; and if a part of ourselves, cannot suffer without spreading its sufferings to us! Still stranger that we should think the fancied illumination of the nineteenth century the slightest protection against Popery!

If any proof were wanted, how easily the nineteenth century would fall a prey before it, it is our ignorance of the nature of the adversary. Men think that Popery has but one face, one weapon, one attack. Instead of this, it has as many, as there are passions, appetites, and principles in human nature. Its name is Legion. It can adapt itself to every form of society, to every diseased craving of the human mind—courting democracy one day, and despotism the next—now arming kings with a rod of iron, and now blowing the trumpet of rebellion—now deifying its rulers, and surrounding them with all the pomps and vanities of life, and now sending the hermit and the monk to macerate themselves in deserts. With one hand it extinguishes reason; with the other it frets and indulges the wildest excesses of a profane curiosity. It surrounds the humble, docile, imaginative mind with an atmosphere of mysteries; it brings the same mysteries down to the grasp of the most vulgar understanding by sensualising and explaining everything. It demands unlimited external obedience, but frames elastic formularies to admit of unlimited internal licence. It opens a refuge in the confessional for all those secret, preying thoughts which kill without a vent; and it saves the public shame by sealing them up again as in the bosom of God. It destroys the social principles of man by eradicating domestic ties, and opens the widest field for them in the social organisation of the Church. And if it can sit  
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on its throne as the one judge and dispenser of one revealed faith, and the guardian of religion throughout the world—it can also rationalise, and scoff, and act the sceptic, and liberal, and utilitarian—even blaspheme, when necessary to gain its end, and that end universal dominion.\* We say to the nineteenth century—*beware of Popery*. It has its arms against you, as well as against the ages of so-called darkness. You have minds sickened at the low, vulgar, materialism of the day—and Popery has a spiritual mask, and can clothe itself as a saint or a martyr. You are distracted by doubt and dissensions—and Popery offers you a rock on which to rest above the battles of opinion. Society is rent and torn from top to bottom—and Popery will undertake to make it whole. The whole body of thought is lying sick or dead by the departure of the soul of religion—Popery will promise to restore its life. Governments are broken up by rebellion—Popery will support them with its interdicts. Blasphemy and impiety are let loose by letting loose individual judgments—and Popery has a chain with which to bind them again. We hear of universal fraternisation, of liberty, equality, and peace throughout the world—Popery calls itself Christian, and Christians are a people of brothers, without distinction of place, or climate, or birth. We say again to the nineteenth century—*beware of Popery*. It was smitten down at the Reformation; in the next century it revived again. In the French Revolution it seemed at its death-gasp; it is now full of vigour. Never was a system constructed, so undy-

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\* In the year 1646, by order from Rome, above one hundred of the Romish clergy were sent into England, consisting of English, Scotch, and Irish, who had been educated in foreign convents for this very purpose. In these convents they had been 'set to learn the tenets, one of Presbytery, the other of Independency, others of Anabaptism,' to counterfeit, in fact, any sect opposed to that common enemy, which Rome most dreads, the Episcopal Church of England. They were entered in their convents as Franciscans, Dominicans, or Jesuits, and under various names, that when detected in one place they might escape to another. On their arrival in England they had licences from the Pope to assume and promulgate the doctrines 'of Presbytery, Independency, Anabaptism, or Atheism.' They taught people, as Faithful Communion, one of the most active among them, confessed, to 'hate the Liturgy,' 'to pray spiritually and extempore,' 'to despise ceremonies,' 'to profess tender consciences,' and 'to call a set form of words the Mass translated. They went over to Scotland, 'and preached up the Scotch covenants and Knox's rules and ordinations of the Kirk.' 'The main things,' says Archbishop Bramhall, then bishop of Derry, 'that they hit in our teeth are,—our bishops to be called lords; the service of the Church; the cross in baptism; confirmation; bowing at the name of Jesus; the communion-table placed altarways; our manner of consecration.' This admirable scheme was executed by order of the Pope, 'with the advice of his cardinals,' and the plot was in several instances detected. Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North? It was the case in 1798. Is there no symptom of the kind at present?—No recent movement there against the Church?

The documents proving these facts (which are sufficiently known to clerical historians) may be found in Strype's 'Life of Parker,' and Archbishop Bramhall's letters in Parr's 'Life of Usber.' They have been reprinted in a volume of very valuable sermons, by the Rev. Francis Talford, rector of Trowbridge.

ing, so various, so universal, so capable of living in every form, under every change of circumstances, of perpetuating itself through every obstacle, of ruling over every heart—and so attesting its own internal falsity by the very extent of its reception in a corrupted world; and never, we firmly believe, was there a time more favourable to its growth, or more likely to witness its triumph, than a disorganised, latitudinarian, infidel, dissenting, luxurious, and self-willed age, calling itself enlightened. The very spirit of such an age, *especially in matters of religion*, is Papistical already. It despises ecclesiastical antiquity—so does Popery; her fathers are modern not ancient. It sets at naught received forms—so did Popery, by arbitrarily modifying them herself. It tampers with the mysteries of sacraments—so did Popery, by reducing them to matters of sense. It sets aside the privileges of baptism by instituting a second conversion—so does Popery, by its monastic vows. It frames new associations for itself, instead of adhering to the organisation of the Church—so does Popery, which *rules* not by its clergy, but by its monks. It denies the authority of bishops—so did Popery, by absorbing them in the Pope. It magnifies the Scriptures, till every one is left to read them without a guide, and without a guide the Scriptures are hard to understand—Popery does much the same, and venerates them so highly, that no one is allowed to look into them. The religious spirit of the day is clamorous against honouring our ancestors, and then chooses saints of its own, worships their memory, calls them Fathers, rules all things by their decision, encumbers the press with their biographies, makes pilgrimages to their graves, treasures up their relics, assumes their names, associates under their rules, changing only the titles from St. Bridget, St. Agatha, St. Theresa, or St. Dominic to the more modern appellation of Reverend or Miss. If Popery has its confessional, so has the religious spirit of the day; though it confesses to the public instead of to a priest, and confesses all kinds of criminality, omitting only to specify the offences, and submit to penance or humiliation. It has its raptures, its ecstasies, and miracles, and extraordinary providences, trials, and temptations; appeals to feeling instead of the understanding, irregular movements, missionary zeal, without instruction—the same as Popery. It gives absolution of sins as hastily and as dangerously, but through the conscience of the sinner instead of the voice of the priest. It undermines the authority of positive law, as much by its contempt for ordinances, as Popery does by the morality of Jesuitism; and it ends, when carried to its full extent, as naturally in Socinianism or Deism, as Popery in the sixteenth century became secretly infidel and blaspheming.

These things are not seen, or understood by the good, and earnest,



earnest, and religious men who have been driven—in England by the coldness of a former age, and in Ireland by the immediate repulsion of Popery—into what are called Low Church views; but it is indeed needful that they should be awakened to the perilous position which they have assumed. When Rome wishes to stretch her doctrines of tyranny over a people, she excites them first to doctrines of rebellion against their king. She even encourages infidelity as a step to show the need of an infallible guide. She can rouse a spirit of disobedience to ecclesiastical discipline, that when a chaos is produced, her hand may be required to reduce it into order. She knows, and has confessed it before, and confesses at this day, that an united, disciplined, obedient Church, like that of England, fixed on the firm basis of primitive antiquity, and witnessing by historical testimony to a definite creed, is the only power which can withstand her aggression; and she rejoices at every word, which sows dissension in such a body, as her advocates do in enumerating the sects of Protestants, and as the Jesuits did, when they first introduced into England the practice of prayer-meetings.

No assurance, therefore, against the revival of Popery in England can be derived from the existence of a spirit apparently most opposed to it. There is but one firm bulwark against it, in the English Church, and in the principles of that Church fully and forcibly brought out: and whether she would have the power, under the present state of things, to do more than save a small portion from the encroachment of Popery, when once Ireland was abandoned to its rule, may well be doubted. Whether, also, England would like to be herself once more under the dominion of the Pope and the Jesuits, may be left to the advocates of civil and religious liberty, and to the readers of Fox's Book of Martyrs, and of the new edition, authorised by the titular bishops in Ireland, of Dens's Theology.

But there is a sight which would produce an answer to this question sooner than any reading. We have been permitting ourselves to suppose the possibility that England should withdraw the Church, or rather permit it to be extirpated from Ireland, and should yield up the whole country to Popery. We use the word *Popery*,—not any of the smooth-sounding, apologetic titles by which the parties of whom we are speaking are so desirous to be addressed. We ask our readers—do they know *what Popery is in Ireland*? Do they know the character and conduct of the men, to whose tender mercies it is proposed to deliver up, first Ireland, then the English interests in Ireland, and then England herself?

Those who shall attempt to lay this bare will undertake a task,  
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of which they ought fully to understand the difficulty and the danger. But the time is come when it must be undertaken, if the integrity of the empire—not to say the stability of the Church, and Christian truth in this country—is yet to be preserved. As for ourselves, we are about, not to expose—this must be done by others—but *to call on the English people to demand the exposure of a state of things*, which, in the nineteenth century it is impossible to credit, except from experience, and which those who do experience it, seem at length to have abandoned all hope of forcing on the attention or the belief of others. Reformation societies, meetings at Exeter Hall, deputations from Ireland, public disputations, petitions to Parliament, trials in courts of justice, statements in Parliament, examinations before committees, publications by Romish priests themselves, and by converts from Popery, the reports of religious associations, portraitures in popular tales, the declarations of Irish residents, and the testimony of occasional travellers, who have had opportunities of investigating the truth, seem all to have failed in awakening Englishmen in general to any sense of its nature. With the parties who, for the most part, have brought forward these statements, we might have many grounds of difference. Public meetings are not favourable to a sober examination of truth: religious societies are not exactly the most impartial witnesses to the state of Popery. The Irish clergy who have come over to England, influenced, as we are sure they are, by the highest sense of duty, and full of intelligence and zeal, yet speak in a language and tone not grateful to the sober taste of our colder constitutions. There is, it is supposed, an habitual inaccuracy of detail in Irish stories, which throws doubt on all that is asserted; and there is, what is far more honourable to Englishmen, a profound unwillingness to believe ill of a body of men placed in the position of the Irish priests. They are ministers of religion, sworn to promote the glory of God and the peace of man; bound to enlighten the ignorant, to rebuke the offender, to support the laws, to soothe the angry, to abstain from violence themselves, and to condemn it in others; to bless when they are cursed, to give alms of all that they possess, to be constantly teaching and admonishing, to set an example of a holy, sober, and retired life, apart from the evil troubles of the world; not to be extortioners, or drunkards, or strikers, or revilers of dignities; to be, in fact, what Lord Plunket describes the Protestant clergy of Ireland to be, ‘a most exemplary and deserving body of men,—mild, temperate, charitable, just,—on whom no praise can be bestowed which their conduct does not fully justify;’\* or, as Sir T. Fowell

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\* Romanism as it rules in Ireland, vol. i. p. 750.

Buxton speaks of the same body, 'as men exposed to the fire of persecution, out of which has arisen as pure and apostolical a ministry as the world ever beheld. He believed that a more pure or devoted ministry the world had not had than the Protestant ministry of Ireland.\*

What, from the testimony of these most impartial witnesses, we may believe, thank God, of our own Protestant Church in Ireland, we would willingly and gladly believe of any body of men calling themselves Christian ministers, however they may differ from our doctrines. An opposite view is painful and repugnant to all our habits of thought. But there is another reason for rejecting it. Englishmen have before their eyes a body of Roman Catholics, from which they draw their opinion of the Irish priests. Unhappily—we do not say unreasonably, but unhappily—when Popery is denounced, it is usually denounced in the mass, and sufficient allowance is not made for one remarkable feature in its character. It was intended to exercise an universal dominion, founded on a basis of religion: religion, therefore, and Christianity, and Catholic Christianity, form a very large part of its composition. It holds many of the truths which the primitive Church held, asserts them boldly, and maintains them firmly; where dissent has shattered them in fragments, and caused them to be lost. But, in order to secure the exercise of its universal dominion, not content, like the primitive Church, with witnessing to these truths, and placing them before men's eyes, leaving it to a higher power to engraft them in the heart—Popery adopted a system, which, preserving outwardly one set of forms and doctrines, admitted a double internal interpretation of them according to the character of the receiver. By this means it was enabled to hold within its grasp two distinct classes of minds, one of a very high and noble order, the other far different. And this is the real secret of the papal power. There is not a doctrine nor a practice of Popery, which, when traced up to its source, and exhibited in its formal statement, is not thus divisible into an exoteric and an esoteric interpretation, one for the vulgar, and one for the instructed; and the interpretation is left free to the individual. The worship of saints and angels, the unity and infallibility of the Church, the claim of belief in her decisions, the doctrines of the sacraments, the duty of penance, the right of excommunication, the practice of absolution, the respect due to antiquity,—in all of these (and many others might be mentioned), if an ignorant and worthless Romanist, and one who is educated and good, are asked for their view of the truth, they will give the most opposite explanations—one bordering—to use the mildest phrase—on heathenism

\* Annual Register, 1835, p. 200.

and idolatry, the other so closely resembling the Catholic faith, that it requires the most delicate discernment to draw the line; and yet the authority to which they each refer is the same; and this authority is so managed, either by multiplying and concealing the original decrees, or by constructing ambiguous expressions or by complicating a number of conflicting authorities, or by framing outward actions, which leave the internal sentiment free or by admitting a latitude of thought, so long as general obedience is preserved, that no party can convict the other of error, or of a breach of allegiance to the church, or the church of asserting what he would himself pronounce absurd. Many good men, when they censure Popery, know very little of its nature; they think it is a coarse, debased, palpable congeries of absurdities, which any hand may hold up to scorn: on the contrary, it is the most subtle, wonderful, profound machine that ever was created for subduing man to man under pretence of subjecting him to God.

This is the principal cause of the incredulity of Englishmen respecting Ireland. They know and see among Roman Catholics around them men of piety, honour, intelligence, purity, self-denial, religious zeal,—worthy of being classed with the Fenelons, and Pascals, and Borromeos, and the many sainted characters who lived under the papal system, but as Catholics more than Papists. They look at the noble works, which such men achieved in days of old,—works of learning, of charity, of art, of social wisdom, of private holiness, under the shade of which we are now living, and for which we owe to their memories the deepest gratitude. They see the misery and distraction, which Dissent has introduced into the world, and the cold, heartless, self-willed, self-indulgent spirit, which has sheltered itself under the mask of Protestantism, as if to be a Christian it were sufficient not to be a Romanist; and though the act be mixed with error, they think it a noble error, which prefers unity to discord, obedience to rebellion, piety to infidelity, self-denial to voluptuousness.

Moreover, the English are a calm and thoughtful people. As they dislike violent expressions of feelings, and statements which appear exaggerated, so they are very slow to generalise from a few insulated facts. They do not like to proscribe whole classes of men, to condemn a whole system for the faults of some of its supporters. They distrust everything which comes from a party, or what seems to be a party: they apply to political conclusions the same maxims of evidence, which their Constitution has enforced as just and reasonable in judicial cases, and hold every man innocent until he is *proved* to be guilty; and they will not hold him guilty except on the oath of an eye-witness. Wherever, therefore, a system is to be laid bare, which works in secret, over a  
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large extent of country, in the midst of avowed opponents, and under peculiar difficulties in obtaining information, the English people must be very prone to incredulity. This is peculiarly the case with Popery in Ireland.

There is still another reason. One great cause of the mistakes, which are sometimes made at present in Ireland, even by the best intentioned Government, and also by writers and hearers, is an ignorance of the change, which has taken place there within the last twenty or thirty years, in the character of *landlords*, of *priests*, and of *the clergy*. In Ireland, as well as in England, the clergy felt, for years after the Revolution of 1688, the fatal influence of Whig principles, and of government purely political. It is not wise nor good to cavil at the errors of those from whom we sprung—and whatever coldness, or neglect, or indolence, or incapacity (an incapacity, remember, arising in no small degree from the want of means) prevailed in the Church, they are now in the course of redemption—and let the virtues of the present generation prove that all could not have been wrong in the past. The same may be said of the landlords: they are no longer (we speak of them generally as a body) the embarrassed spendthrifts, thoughtless absentees, jobbers, political partisans, partial magistrates, and plunderers of the Church, which they are charged with being in a past age of Castle Rackrents.\* They are,

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\* Having before us the description given by M. Gustave de Beaumont, of the careless, hard-hearted, extortionate Irish landlords, and speeches to the same effect at the Corn Exchange in Dublin, and opinions derived from these sources in England, we had the curiosity to examine, if there were any solitary traces of an opposite description of character among this obnoxious class of persons. With this view we turned over the pages of Mr. Inglis' 'Tour,' not a very partial observer of Irish landlords, and Mr. Fraser's 'Guide through Ireland;' and where we found either of these *expressly alluding to gentlemen as showing an interest in their tenants, and studying their comfort and improvement*, we took down the names, with the addition of five or six from our own knowledge. We give a specimen:—

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Stanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord Roden, Lord Kenmare, Lord Duncannon, Lord Mandeville, Lord Dunsany, Lord Lorton, the Marquis of Waterford, Sir Robert Gore Booth, Col. Bruen, Lord Devon, Lord Dunraven, Mr. John Wynne, of Sligo, Mr. Cooper, M.P. for Sligo, Lord Courtown, Mr. Fortescue, M.P. for Louth, Mr. Shirley, Lord Powerscourt, Major O'Hara, Mr. Golley, Lord Headley, Sir James Bruce, Mr. Waller, of Castletown, Lord Bandon, Mr. D'Arcy, the Marquis of Downshire, Lord Arden, Lord Glengall, Lord Ormond, Mr. Tighe, Mr. Power, of Thomastown, Mr. Lane Fox, Lord Hawarden, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Lord Bantry, Mr. Smith Barry, the Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Shannon, Mr. Villiers Stuart, Lord Gosford, Colonel Close, Lord Caledon, Lord Charlemont, Col. Pakenham, Col. Conolly, Lord Southwell, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Lucan, the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Clancarty, Lord Dufferin, Lady Annesley, Lord Ventry, Mr. Monsell, of Limerick, Sir Francis M'Naghten, Lord Mount Cashel, Lord Garvagh, the London Companies in the North of Ireland, the landlords generally in Tipperary (see Report on Crime), Sir Patrick and Mr. Bellew, Sir William Somerville, Lord Cremorne, Mr. Foxall, the Marquis of Abercorn, Mr. Farrell, Lord Darnley, the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. A'Court Holmes, Lord Longford, Mr. Edgeworth, Lord Farnham, Mr. Naper, Mr. Creighton, the Marquis of Headfort, Lord Mountsandford, Lord Crofton, Lord Clements,

are, we really believe, in a very fair proportion, whether absentees or not, sincerely interested in the welfare of Ireland, willing to make sacrifices, and to adopt sound measures, and convinced at last that their duty and their interest are both entwined with the Church. Of course there are exceptions; but we do sincerely believe that this is no partial picture of a much maligned body of men, who are placed in a position of pain, difficulty, and peril with no one to support them, looked on by England with censure and by their own government with distrust, and requiring as much as the Clergy, the sympathy of their English brethren.

While a change has thus been taking place in the landlords and clergy, a change of a totally different character has been working in the *priests*. The fact is so notorious that we really do not think it necessary to bring any attestation to it. Whatever is the character of the present body, their predecessors, for whom they have been very artfully and carefully substituted, were a very different class. The old priests had generally been educated abroad, with the advantages of foreign society, of communication with the Gallican clergy (the most favourable specimen of a Romanist priesthood), and of fair classical and literary attainments. As gentlemen themselves, they were admitted to gentlemen's society when they returned to Ireland. They were located permanently in their parishes, and thus possessed a proper independence. Their incomes seem to have been not only much smaller than at present, but to have been derived from a less distressed population—for the war prices were higher and the land, perhaps as a whole, less subdivided. There was far less political excitement—and, above all, they were left free from that dark, mysterious, agitating influence, which is now goading on the priests themselves, and employing them as goads upon the

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Clements, Mr. St. George, Lord Gort, Lord Charleville, the late Lord Norbury, Mr. Fetherstonehaugh, Colonel Wyndham, Lord Donoughmore, Sir Edward Denny, the Knight of Kerry, Baron Peinesfather, Judge Moore, Mr. Herbert, of Muckruss, Mr. Barrington, Lord Bloomfield, Mr. Wandesford, Lord Lismore, the late Lord Kingston Viscount di Vesci, Sir Edward Walsh, Lord Middleton, Sir Arthur Brooke, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earl of Besborough, Mr. Curry, Lord Fortescue, Lord Beresford, Mr. Kavanagh, Mr. Bagnell Newton, Mr. Borrowes, Lord Mayo, Lord Aldborough, the late Lady Rosse, Mr. Maxwell, Lord Lifford, Lord Fitzwilliam. We have not space for more, though many might be added.

Will the inquirers examine into not merely what these and many other Irish landlords are doing, but what *they cannot do*, either from the existence of old leases, or from want of capital, or from the inveterate habits of the peasantry, or the interference of priests and agitators? If a common tourist went through England, would he be likely to find many more landlords, in proportion, who, in defiance of obloquy, *and at the risk of life in many cases*, and without adequate return of gratitude in all, would so devote themselves to their tenantry as thus to excite observation in the mere traveller? Is it not to exertions like these that the improvements now acknowledged in Ireland are to be attributed? How would these improvements advance if the country were only tranquillised!

people,

People, but which is felt rather than discerned, and does indeed require all the power and ingenuity of Government to trace it to its source. They lived on friendly and courteous terms with the clergy as well as with the gentry,\*—for if neither party were very zealous in their spiritual functions, both were gentlemen, and both Christians. If the advantage was on either side it was, perhaps, on the side of the priest. His education had probably been more clerical—his small means offered fewer temptations to indulgence—his celibacy kept him freer from secular engagements—and the discipline of his Church, maintained with more vigour, was an additional security for the respectability of his conduct. And we should be inclined to think that the priests of the last century were not merely, though this may sound invidious, a higher order of men than the Protestant clergy of that period, but that they were positively, as men of pure dispositions usually are even under the influence of Romanism, *good men—more Catholics than Papists*—charitable, benevolent, loyal, quiet, gentlemanly, and pious. Such, at least, is the testimony borne to them very generally by the Protestant gentry and clergy, with whom they were in the habit of associating. (*It is well known that immediately after the passing of that healing measure, the Relief Bill, the Romish Clergy were ordered to withdraw from the society of Protestants.*) What they are now, as we said before, we do not propose to describe, but to insist on the duty of ascertaining by other more suitable means. But if a great and mischievous change has been effected in this body, and that recently, and the opinions and feelings are transferred to the new priests, which were formed respecting the old, the error must be great and ruinous.†

Lastly, the English people, firm in the security of England against

\* Dr. Doyle states this in his evidence on the Tithe Committee, and it will be confirmed by every inquiry in Ireland. One pleasing trait is to be found in the delicacy with which, as numerous witnesses there stated, the clergy never allowed the priests to pay them tithes, till the Maynooth priests appeared in the new character of farmers.

† This mistake respecting priests, clergy, and landlords, is precisely that into which, by some strange hallucination arising from a presumed theory, or from ignorance and want of observation, or from misinformation by others, M. Gustave de Beaumont has fallen, and fallen so completely, that his account of Ireland, clever as it is in some parts, when read on the spot is absolutely ludicrous. What is to be thought of a tourist who, having been in Ireland within these few years, and having, if nothing else, the evidence of Parliamentary Committees before him, publishes to Europe in a grave philosophical dissertation, that the 'Protestants of Ireland are enemies to education; that they abandon the poor man to ignorance; that the worst clad pauper in England is better off than the most flourishing farmer in Ireland; that the system of middlemen is now encouraged by the landlords; that the rich and the clergy have no feeling for the poor; that it is the custom now to let land to the highest bidder; that the Protestant magistrate is full of hatred for the Irish population, and dwells on the proofs of their guilt when they appear before him; that he favours the Protestant culprit; that the Protestant



against any machinations from Popery, rejoicing in their own liberty of conscience, looking back on all religious persecution as a frightful dream, which will never again be revived; condemning, as impartial spectators, everything which bordered on it—not merely the Inquisition of Rome, but the penal laws of Protestants and the religious associations of Orangeism—have, by a natural revulsion, transferred all their sympathies from their own brethren to the parties whom they suppose their brethren had been in the habit of oppressing. Compassion for the Roman Catholics of Ireland we believe to be a very prevalent feeling in this country; and above all, dislike to the name of Orangemen. We must plead guilty to a similar feeling. But it ought not to be forgotten that the penal laws, fearful as they once were, were enforced from political necessity as upon subjects who refused allegiance to their sovereign, not for theological differences—that had they been accompanied by as energetic efforts to extend and invigorate the true spirit of the Church as to repress Popery, Ireland in all probability would now be Protestant and happy—that *they were the work mostly of a Whig government*—that when the State in Ireland was incompetent to protect its Protestant subjects they were obliged to combine in their own defence, and to combine under a religious bond, because it was a religious bond which held their adversaries together—that Orange societies have now dissolved themselves in obedience to the laws, and that *in no part of Ireland will there be found a disposition to revive them; nor, we will add most confidently, a disposition to triumph or tyrannise over their fellow countrymen of a different religion*—though it is possible that self defence and the incapacity of the government may once more compel Protestants to rally round some other point of union. But Englishmen do not understand these things, and cannot understand them, except on the spot, and they naturally listen with suspicion to a Protestant as an Orangeman, and to an Orangeman as a persecutor. If they would understand the truth, this opinion must, we assure them, be abandoned.

Such then are some of the circumstances which must predispose English readers to receive with great suspicion and dislike, and

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Protestant challenges the Romish jurors; that when the Romanist culprit sees that the judge of assize is a Protestant, he can expect no impartiality from him; that when the solemn trial is held, on a *le sentiment intérieur que ce n'est point un jugement qui se délibère, mais une vengeance qui se propose*—and other statements of the kind?—It is very obvious where M. de Beaumont might have picked up such information as this—and we can understand that he might venture to circulate it in France without any further inquiry. But it is rather hazardous for a writer's credit to have such things translated into English, and placed where they must fall into the hands of persons really familiar with the present state of Ireland. We fear it is only a specimen of the mode in which French travellers write books in general.



to consider as unjust and calumnious, any broadly unfavourable statements respecting the Romish priests in Ireland.

But with all this risk in view, will they allow us to suggest to them that the character and conduct of those priests call for a most serious and careful investigation? We believe that the safety of the empire depends on our eyes being opened in time: and time there is as yet. Another year or two and it may be too late. Let it be remembered that we are not speaking of Popery in general—of merely doctrinal differences—though doctrinal differences which tamper with religious truth are not, as the folly of the day asserts, matters of indifference even to statesmen—nor of the Roman Catholic laity, either in England or Ireland, either rich or poor. Between them and the priests in Ireland there has always been a marked distinction: and there is the widest difference to be observed between those who follow and those who lead. Nor are we about to make charges—but simply to demand inquiry. Is there sufficient appearance on the face of things of mischief working in this body to justify, not their condemnation, but *investigation on the part of the Legislature?* If they are innocent, their characters will come out purer from inquiry; if they are guilty, England will be awakened to the danger of encouraging the fascinating idea of delivering Ireland into their hands.

The best sources of information on this painful subject are of course to be found in inquiries on the spot: and Englishmen, especially young men now entering into public life, could not better prepare themselves for their future duties, or confer a greater benefit on the empire, than by studying the state of Ireland in the country itself. Such a man will not, if he has any pretensions to prudence, attempt to see everything with his own eyes or hear with his own ears, as some tourists have preferred; not knowing that the acute and cautious Irish peasant delights in few things so much as in misleading an English traveller, who comes to him unsupported by parties whom he respects. But he will select resident persons of intelligence and honour, whose accounts he may compare and confirm by the ordinary criteria of testimony. He will not generalise from one district or province, or from the reports of one class of persons, but will go round and through Ireland, and live in it, that is in constant association with the nobility, clergy, and gentry, as far as possible, both Roman Catholic and Protestant. He must make allowance for occasional mis-statements, for strong feelings, for the remains of old resentments. He may then obtain access to a humbler class, who are intimately acquainted with the habits of the Irish peasantry—the converts from Popery among the farmers, peasants,

published by two Irish clergymen, Mr. Magee and Sullivan, containing the report of various meetings lately in England and Scotland on the subject of Ireland. We express our opinion on the judiciousness of such meetings, nor on the measures carried at them, nor on the general principles advocated by the very eloquent and energetic clergymen who took the part of the Catholics. They are aware that a large class of Englishmen look with distrust on such demonstrations. But we do earnestly recommend the perusal of *the facts* brought forward in those reports; \* particularly as relates to the conduct of Dr. Murray at Troy. It is of the utmost importance that we should understand the habits *both of thought and language* which prevail in the heads, the spiritual heads, of the Romish clergy. To this might be added a careful perusal of Dr. Doyle's evidence before the parliamentary committee previous to the passing of the Roman Catholic Bill, and a comparison of it with his subsequent evidence on the tithe committee. *This also must be compared with the evidence of Mr. Hale and Mr. Vigors*, before the same committee. It will exhibit a very striking specimen of that discrepancy between facts and words which will embarrass any inquirer in his first efforts at examining the truth. Then, supposing that the habits of the Irish people have continued, to some degree, unchanged; that their traditions, superstitious popular prejudices, and habits of feeling, may be traced to a very remote antiquity; we should recommend an examination into the history of the Irish Church, the old records of the accounts of its principal convulsions, particularly the account given by the Duke of Ormond's history,† and by O'Connor Columbanus, on the conduct of the priests in the Great Famine. If, then, he is at all perplexed to account for any course of conduct irreconcilable with our Protestant notions

selected by ‘ Dr. Murray, Dr. Doyle, Dr. Keating, and Dr. Kinsalla, as the conference-book for the clergy of the province of Leinster—and generally received among the clergy as containing their theological opinions.’ We need not mention the name of Peter Dens. Lastly, we should *wish him to go, and with his own eyes to see Maynooth.*

When this mass of evidence has been properly studied, he will begin to see a ray of light penetrating into the chaos of Irish affairs. He will probably think with us that there are sufficient grounds for desiring some more formal and authoritative inquiry into the state, character, and conduct of the Romish priests in Ireland, including the establishments of the Jesuits, whether avowed, as at Clongowes, or more secret, as in the other numerous institutions for Popish education. Probably he will be disposed to think that the same parties who granted the so-called emancipation are pledged by that act, and by their own solemn declaration, to assist the Protestants both of England and Ireland in obtaining the requisite information; and in calling for a committee of the House of Lords, where the whole matter may be sifted; where intelligent and honourable men from Ireland may be enabled to give the results of their own experience freely and fairly, *without being browbeaten by those who may entertain opposite views*; with every allowance made for partial feelings, the difficulty of obtaining evidence, and the obliteration of occasional details by the comparative indifference with which men have recorded facts too common to excite surprise, and which they despair of bringing home to the conviction of others. The inquiry is not judicial; it is political. A judge may be obliged to acquit, even against his knowledge; a statesman must act on evidence of a very different kind; and if he refuses to receive it he cannot act at all.

And our inquirer will not need to be informed that evidence—such evidence as is required in a court of justice,—it is not possible to procure. The reader will ask why? We ask *why* in the evidence before committees are *names so studiously suppressed*? Mr. Singleton, a government stipendiary magistrate, shall give one answer. He is asked what would happen to a man, if, after giving evidence respecting the conduct of a priest, he were to return to Ireland. ‘ *His life would not be safe for twenty-four hours after he returned.*’ What, if his evidence was in obedience to an order of the committee, and the Speaker’s warrant? ‘ *He would be assassinated if he gave his evidence against his priest.*’ The government of Ireland shall give another, in the return of crime in the county of Kilkenny, from  
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August 1831 to February 1832. Outrages, 300; convictions, 9.\* When the Government is asked the reason, they will say that witnesses cannot be procured; and if asked why, they will answer, because they *are afraid of their lives*. A third answer may be obtained from Captain Vignoles;† who, having reported words, which he and other officers had heard fall from a Popish demagogue at a dinner at Carlow, ‘recommending the shedding of blood,’ was met by a number of affidavits from a Romish bishop and others, declaring that no such words had been uttered. A clergyman of our own acquaintance, having, like Mr. Inglis, seen with his own eyes, and two others with him, a priest standing by the plate at the collection of *the rent*, and applying a horsewhip to those who did not contribute, was met by similar affidavits. The profound *ignorance* in which Roman Catholic priests live with respect to what to Protestant eyes is passing at their very doors, will supply another answer. Of this a specimen may be found in a late trial at Liverpool, where the Romish priest ‘*knew nothing*’ of any degrading penances in the Romish church, such as crawling on the bare knees,—a statement which, when reported in Ireland, must have singularly perplexed the thousands who were still lame from crawling round Lough Dearg, climbing Croagh Patrick, Brandon, and other mountains, and performing their ‘stations’ at holy wells for themselves, or their dead relatives, in their own person, or by proxy; sometimes with stones on their head, sometimes lying to be trampled and spit on by the congregation as they passed into their chapels, and sometimes ‘*standing in a white sheet, with a dead man’s bone in their mouth*.’ So also Dr. Kinsala *knew nothing* of any murders of Protestant clergymen within twenty miles of his own residence. Dr. Troy was perfectly ignorant of the publication of the Rheimish notes, till Mr. Coyne the bookseller reminded him that Dr. Troy had induced him to undertake it. Dr. Murray was in the same state of darkness respecting Peter Dens. Dr. Doyle also *could only suspect and believe* that Conglowes was a Jesuit establishment.‡ In fact, the words ‘know, knowledge, hear,’ &c., have, to the ears of Romish priests, some hidden meaning which sadly perplexes a Protestant. Dr. Dens, in his account of the confessional, gives some clue to it; but more is still wanting. Will they publish a glossary of their language? The same Dr. Doyle might offer another answer.§ Having received from a Romish priest, *in whom he placed implicit confidence*, an account, which that priest had procured to be attested by oath, of many cruel cases of oppression on the part of a Protestant clergyman, and to which

\* Report on Crime, No. 11,696.

† See Digest, vol. i. p. 246.

‡ Report on State of Crime in Ireland.

§ Tithe Report, 1838.

he attributed that resistance to tithes, which other persons in Ireland attributed to himself, he must have been rather surprised to find that on inquiry before the committee every one of these cases was *proved to be a palpable falsehood*, and that his own statement and references, in the opinion of a competent judge, produced, in a similar point of view, scarcely less admiration. *Evidence, in fact, is not to be procured.* Englishmen must remain blindfold, unless they will be content with something short of demonstration, and will act in the case of Ireland as they would in any case of common prudence. It is a case where those who accuse must stand on their own character for truth. Those who are best capable of witnessing dare not come forward, and those who are accused are indulged by their religion with the use of the figure amphibologia,\* or the employment of words in one sense which are received by the hearers in another; and in a view of the obligation of oaths, which makes the observance of any oath contrary to the interests of the church, a *grave perjury*.

And now may we be allowed to trace out, at present, some outlines which one branch, and one branch only, of the inquiry to be demanded, might be supposed to take?

It must commence with this fact as the foundation of it, that *Rome has always looked to Ireland as the great stronghold of her dominions.* 'The Mother Church of Rome falls, when in Ireland the Catholic faith is overcome,' is the old prophecy.† No people were ever more formed than the Irish for religion, for obedience, for respect to the ministers of God, for belief in mysteries; and therefore none more fit to be duped and ruled over by Popery. It would be desirable to know what communications are now kept up between Ireland, Rome, Palermo, St. Acheul, and other important stations of Popery, and especially of Jesuitism; what visits are paid to Rome by the Irish bishops, and members of Jesuit establishments; what sums of money transmitted either backwards or forwards.‡ We see a move now made for the establishment of an exclusive Roman Catholic Bank, for the avowed purpose of facilitating these transactions. It is certain that some sums enter into Ireland from abroad; and there is also a remarkable mystery attending the disappearance of

\* See Dr. Dens on Mendicium and Amphibologia.

† Ware's Life of Archbishop Browne.

‡ We were assured the other day, by an authority which we could not doubt, that a Romanist chapel, on a large scale, is now building even at Boulogne with money drawn from Ireland. When astonishment was expressed, it was answered that the sums sent over to Ireland by the Jesuits were no longer wholly required, in consequence of the supplies drawn thence from the people, and that part of the surplus had been sent to Boulogne. Can this throw any light on the origin of the Popish chapels now building in England?

money in the hands of the priests. Some few have been known to hoard; but latterly hardly any discoveries have been made of this kind, or of property left to their families. When the large amount of their incomes is ascertained, the immense revenues raised by the Temperance and other similar movements, and the economical mode in which they live as single men, it will, we think, be a matter of no little wonder where their accumulations disappear. We should also beg leave to ask, what changes have recently taken place in the *Romish priesthood in the colonies*—*Newfoundland for instance—Australia, Van Dieman's Land, the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, the West Indies*—and especially *India*? Will the Directors of the East India Company take the trouble to inquire whether recently a colony of priests from Maynooth has been transplanted thither—what steps are now pending in certain law-courts in consequence of their proceedings—how many priests in Ireland are repealers of the union with heretical England—whether the destruction of the English *Empire* is not a fundamental axiom, the ‘*Delenda est Carthago*’ of Maynooth—and whether a repeal agitation in India, fomented by Jesuits, would be an agreeable announcement? *Is Ireland* the centre from which Rome supplies *her* colonies? *Is* ‘Maynooth beginning to be felt’ even in America? Are Irish priests of weight even in the election of a President, and by the same engines of illegal votes, perjuries, and intimidation, which may be found perhaps in Ireland? Is there, in fact, a closer sympathy between Ireland and America than mere political opinions; and *sympathy which may not be without its results in the case of a war*? Is some secret hand now working over North America precisely the same change as it has already worked in Ireland, by substituting a class of busy vulgar demagogues for a quiet body of clergy? Were they French priests who ‘knew something about the rebellion in Canada,’ or priests from a quarter nearer home? Was Dr. Hussey, one of the earliest Irish episcopal agitators, brought from America and made first president of Maynooth for his quiet and loyal principles? And who is Dr. England, who has lately been transmitted to America in return? And what did he carry with him? We do assure the Colonial Secretary that these questions well deserve his attention.

It will be necessary also to understand the polity of the Romish Church in Ireland, and the wonderful organisation of its forces. These are divided into two bodies; one for keeping the ground and preventing desertion; the other aggressive, for making conquests. It is the possession of both these that gives to Popery such superior power over the modern forms of Protestantism, and

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\* See Times Newspaper, November 30, 1840.

even over the Anglican Church. The former body are the bishops and parochial clergy; the latter, the missionary institutions, which usually take the form of establishments for education under the Jesuits; and it is to the latter that our attention should be first directed.

To commence, then, have the Jesuits in Ireland been registered as the emancipation bill prescribed? What is the number of their houses, of their schools, and their pupils, both in Ireland and England? *Has any remarkable change taken place in the feelings of Roman Catholic youth educated by them?*\* What secret or open advances are they making? What communications are kept up by them with Rome and other foreign countries? Are the democratical movements which have occurred in France and England traceable to any deeper moving power now than mere popular frenzy, as they have been traced in former times? Symptoms, we suspect, were found among the Chartists of an influence not wholly domestic. What was it? Have the Jesuits effected a lodgment into Europe, and especially in Ireland, under the name of *Christian Brothers, the Sodalties of the Heart, Brethren of the Faith or Doctrine*? Are these spreading rapidly under the encouragement of the regular clergy, and other persons connected with the Jesuits? *Are children in national schools initiated in these sodalties?* Are the young ladies in the boarding-schools attached to convents brought up under the badges of *Jesuitism*? How are these seminaries increasing? Whence do they derive their funds? What kind of books are read in them? Will there be generally such difficulty in obtaining plain answers to simple questions, on this head, as was exhibited by one of the Christian Brothers in his examination before the Committee of Education?† Are any persons, either avowedly or secretly Jesuits intrusted with high offices in the Irish government? The same questions should extend to the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and other bodies of the kind; to the growth and operations of which the framers of the Relief Bill seemed very properly alive; but to which the English people at present seem singularly insensible. Do they know what these bodies are? We think these are questions of interest; and if some friendly hand would place before the public a short, easy history of Jesuitism, its principles, morals, practices, and the reason why Europe at large without consideration of Popery, was compelled to put it down the English nation would feel very much disposed to require the answers should be given; and we think we might pledge ourselves to them, even to those the most intrenched in conscious security, that the answers will prove rather alarming.

\* See Digest, vol. i., p. 246.

† Digest of Evidence, vol. i., p. 254.



But this is not all. Those who know the least of the state of Ireland are aware that it abounds with secret associations and conspiracies,—Whiteboys, Whitefeet, Peep-of-day-Boys, Defenders, with a multitude of others, down to the newest form of Ribbonism. The fashionable name for these conspiracies, which are partly directed to steal arms, partly to beat and murder on some pretence or another, is *agrarian outrages*. We are quite willing to give them this title, in other words, to consider them, in one view, as conspiracies against the rights of landlords. This system of terrorism has, in fact, so established itself in Ireland, that although rents *as yet* continue to be paid, the tenant and not the landlord is virtually the possessor of the soil.

The landlord dare not eject. Let us not be supposed (for we are aware how every word will be exposed to cavil) to recommend ejectments, or to feel anything but horror and indignation at the notion of remedying the evil of a surplus population accumulated on estates through the negligence of landlords, by turning the miserable paupers into the roads and ditches. Over-population is a great evil; but if such steps should be taken to cure it, Ireland can expect nothing but a more awful curse and a heavier vengeance. That they are taken is often asserted. How far the assertion is true the inquirer will best judge by examining the instances adduced—Lord Lorton's, for example, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists, who had murdered man after man of his people, was denounced as a hard-hearted monster. Colonel Bruen is another case. The inquirer should also ask what circumstances accompany the ejectment, when it becomes necessary. Are the people incorrigible? Are they provided with other abodes, with pecuniary assistance, or means of emigration? Is this a remarkable branch of those Irish delusions, which some secret power is endeavouring to fasten on the English people, that their sympathies and energies may not be awakened towards the Protestants of Ireland *until it is too late*? But we must proceed.

That, among a people proverbially attached to their superiors, submissive even to servility, patient under famine, and scarcely attempting to raise themselves above the condition of paupers, there should exist an organised system of intimidation, carried on against their landlords, is remarkable. We should wish to know the date when these agrarian outrages commenced. Are they coincident with any movement of Friars or Jesuits; or with any political changes? Of their secret history something may be gathered from the late disclosures respecting Ribbonism, the existence of which so many so long disputed, but which, at last, in England, we have discovered to be a fact. That in the nature  
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and situation of the Irish peasants, in their poverty, their habit of revenge, their gregarious spirit, the hatred which has been inspired into them against England, the old cherished tradition respecting confiscated property, their indifference to bloodshed, their willingness to follow any bold leader, and to enter into any secret combination, perhaps also in still-existing vestiges of the old Brehon laws,—that in all these there are ample materials for working a system of agrarian outrages there cannot be a doubt. But the moving head seems still wanting. Nothing is so combustible as gunpowder: but gunpowder without a spark will not explode.

Now in Ribbonism this secret conspiracy takes \* avowedly a very singular form. *It is confined to Papists; it includes among its avowed objects the extirpation of heretics.* Its oath very solemnly calls on the Virgin Mary and a number of saints. The members are bound to attend mass once a year and its whole spirit is deeply imbued with a wild and sanguinary but religious fanaticism. Moreover it extends into the heart of England. It permeates our manufacturing districts. It is connected with movements in Canada. It sends arms, even *cannon* over from Liverpool to Ireland. The Irish labourers who come over to the harvest carry back concealed arms. And its passwords are a protection through the whole of Ireland. All this has been proved by the late trials, and before the Lords' Committee. But there is another remarkable feature in it. When the ramifications of this extensive system are traced up to its source, they always terminate in some insignificant leaders, men of neither *intellect nor rank, and wholly incapable of organising such a system or carrying it on.* Like a river, they suddenly disappear in the sand. Undoubtedly, in 1798, the heads of the rebellion did contrive to keep themselves for a time concealed and to move their members through similar worthless instruments. But still there was a head beyond, and that head full of intelligence and energy; and without such a head it is not very easy to imagine how any such system as Ribbonism can be carried on. When information is to be conveyed through the country, one man tells it to three others, each of those three to three more, and thus it is telegraphed to the furthest point with astonishing rapidity. *Murders are known before they are perpetrated.* They are committed in the face of day, before the eyes of the people; and the people 'know their duty' too well to give information. When a man is to be beaten or assassinated, or a tithe disturbance to be raised, *strangers appear on the spot,†* the people look on

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\* See the Report of the Committee on the state of crime.

† See Report on Tithes.

while the work is done, the strangers disappear, and all is pushed up.

But there is another fact, still more remarkable. We are not afraid of contradiction from any quarter in describing the power of the priests over the people as *absolute*. The nature of it we may suggest on another occasion. But there seems to be nothing which it cannot effect, except when some other *mysterious power*—a power not of the people, but of something beyond the people—comes in to check it. A body of soldiers have their arms stolen: Government is roused; application is made to the priest; the priest denounces the culprits from the altar; and the arms are the next day restored. It is asked why this power is not enforced in the every-day seizures of arms from private houses. The answer is, 'the priest dares not.' So also in the Temperance-movement. The priests and even the bishops at first affected to oppose it. Mr. Matthew is a simple, well-intentioned man, who has been drawn into the position which he occupies almost against his will. His only fault is, that, on the principle of original Popery, he consents to encourage one evil, superstition, in his followers, in order to wean them from another evil, drunkenness. Undoubtedly he has done much good; but he is a friar, and friars are not popular with the secular priests. It was soon found, however, that the Temperance Association was capable of being turned into a powerful engine. It enabled agitators to parade the people in vast masses. It gave a bond of union, and a badge quite as efficacious as an oath, in the temperance medal, which, it is now understood, will be a security not only against the torment of another world, but in the 'coming massacre to distinguish Papists from Protestants.' It enables secret associations to be formed within the outer union. It secures one of the express objects of the Ribbon oath, sobriety, to prevent the betrayal of dangerous secrets. It raises an immense revenue; and it keeps up in the minds of the people the sense of a combination, and of duties, and expectations, distinct from those of citizens, and binding them closer to their priests. A change has now come over these priests, and they are obliged to encourage what at first they condemned. Secretly they repudiate the Temperance-movement, and openly they promote it. So again, when an open battle was expected to take place between the people and the soldiery, during the tithe affrays,\* the priests interfered, and peace was restored. It is a fact of common occurrence. When asked why they did not interfere to prevent the tithe-movement altogether, the answer was not, we do *not like*, but we do *not dare*. Now the tithe-movement, as the witnesses agree, did not emanate from the people;

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\* See Report on Tithes.

the people had paid their tithes cheerfully before ; they respected their Protestant ministers (all this is proved as distinctly as anything of the kind can be proved by the evidence before the House of Lords) ; they even continued to pay them secretly in a number of cases :—their resistance was for the most part compulsory. Therefore, by the confession of the priests, the power was something distinct from a mere democratical movement. Democracy in Ireland ! alas ! what are men thinking of ? They may as well talk of the democracy of Morocco ! But add another fact. This power watches over something else than the ejectments of the landlords : it watches over what is called the *purity of the priest's faith*. A sermon indicating anything like *heresy*, that is, inclination to Protestantism on his part, will make him as obnoxious to this secret tribunal as a civil offence in any of his flock. Priests have been beaten as well as Protestants. *This is therefore a spiritual power*. Then add the assertion of Mr. Morrissy, and the disclosures connected with Dens's 'Theology, which relate to the introduction of *the Inquisition* into Ireland, and its existence there at this moment. Our limits will not allow us to bring together the passages, nor do we intend to do more than suggest hints for inquiry. Recollect that the battle of Popery in Ireland is a battle against the landlords as well as against the Church ; that both must be extirpated before Popery can become master of the country. See how this system of terrorism naturally works in *preventing the landlords from surrounding themselves with a Protestant tenantry*. Inquire if a landlord is allowed *to shift even a willing tenant* without risking a denunciation from the priest ; if Romanists are allowed by their priests to emigrate ; if every effort is not made by the priests to fix the peasantry to the soil—whether that the physical force of Popery, or that their own dues may not be diminished, we do not say. Then see how the system acts in driving landlords from their estates ; observe how murder after murder is committed, like minute-guns, to keep up the alarm, without rousing public indignation too far. Recollect the principles of Jesuitism, and the policy of Rome ; and we think it might be thought worth while to *inquire*—is there any connexion between these *agrarian outrages* and a movement of another description within the bosom of the Romish Church ?

But the priests denounce Ribbonism. Undoubtedly ; *the old priests did ; and for so doing were ill-treated by the bishops. This has been proved*. But so did Dr. Doyle. Undoubtedly. When the Government in 1822 had put down the insurrection, Dr. Doyle did publish a pastoral letter, a very remarkable production, delivered by Dr. Murray as evidence, in which he warns his 'dear children,'—the Ribbonmen, bound together by an oath to commit murder

**M**urder at five minutes' warning—not to allow their just hatred to **O**rangemen to break out in premature rebellion, which could not be successful; in which he enforces obedience to the Crown, as if the Crown were Pagan; in which, having previously declared to the House of Lords that insurrection was one of the 'gravest of offences,' and merited excommunication, he gives them his 'peace and benediction.' We have not space to analyse it farther; but it is a very singular specimen of that old rhetorical figure, by which two meanings are couched under the same words, according as they are received by two classes of readers, and it well deserves to be studied.—But the priests, it is acknowledged by witnesses, do give their assistance in repressing disorder. Undoubtedly; when those disorders exceed the point marked out by that Jesuitical policy now openly prescribed from head-quarters, of evading, not braving, the law. But do the same witnesses prove, that, while there is an open repression, there is a secret instigation of sedition? The people, it has been testified again and again, *understand the denunciation*. They know the policy recommended by Dr. Hussey of establishing a party between the priests and the common people, which may defy the law and the landlords; and they know that, without *intention* in the priest, the most terrific threats and curses are perfectly invalid. At times the denunciation only extends to threats of withholding rites which are not sought. In all the disturbances in Ireland, will the New Maynooth priests produce *one case* where these rites have been refused on this ground? At other times the avowed object of the denunciator is not to eradicate the secret conspiracies, but to merge them in some new form of Pacificators or Precursors. Perhaps also it might be worth while to inquire whether such cases as the following are common :

'That the Church of Rome,' says one of many documents before us, on which we are authorised to place the strongest confidence, 'might appear to Government not to be connected with, or to favour Ribbonism, a few years ago it was published from every Popish altar, and sanctioned by their bishops, "that no person should be admitted to confession who was connected with any illegal society;" and as it was one of the Ribbon articles, that each member should receive the sacrament yearly, the Ribbonmen went to confession at the time intervening between the old and new quarter, immediately before receiving the renewals (of their tickets and pass-words); and if at all asked, "were they party-men?" they unhesitatingly answered "No," as considering themselves to be none. And that the priests were known to (or knew) this plan, I was informed by —, of—, who was then Ribbon delegate for the county of —, and —, of —, then parish priest of —.'

'Some years back,' says another document, 'a man came to lodge information before me, as a magistrate, for a Whiteboy attack on his house,

house, but refused, for a long time, to give the names of any of the parties, though I plainly saw that he knew them. At length he told me that *his priest had ordered him not to let me know that he knew any of them.* At another time the serjeant of police (a Roman Catholic) who was stationed near my house, told me *that the priest desired him not to inform me, as a magistrate, of anything he heard said in the chapel, or elsewhere, relative to the anti-tithe agitation which was then raging.*'

These are mere specimens. Perhaps Colonel Macgregor could also give some information as to a case in Sligo of communications between the priest and the constabulary, touching information of this kind. That Ribbonmen are applied to by the priests for assistance in contested elections, has been sufficiently proved before the Lords' Committee. And there are also numerous symptoms of a singular interest which is felt by the priest in behalf of such criminals when convicted of offences, and which is indicated by testimonials to the good character of the most notorious offenders, by denunciation of informers against them, and by more than pecuniary aid to defend them on their trials. We by no means mean to imply that the priests are the authors of Ribbonism; far from it. But there are other relations in life besides those of father and son; and where there is an evident similarity of objects, identity of principle, and mutual influence and interest will the reader be quite wrong in suspecting some family tie?

We will add another suggestion. Are there not in the Romish Confession the strongest obligations on the priest to enforce reparation for injuries, not merely on the actual perpetrator of an outrage, *but on all the standers-by who did not interfere to prevent it?* Is not this one of the recognised paramount duties of the Confessional? Are there not innumerable cases of outrage committed by Ribbonism, in which hundreds are privy to the act—no one interferes, no one offers reparation,—do the priests even attempt to enforce it? When the question is pushed home to them, is not the answer this,—*that it is a problem—a mystery*, that there are circumstances which might explain it, but what they are, no one is disposed to tell? It is indeed a mystery; and the sooner Englishmen think it worth examination the better.

Once more—that these Whitefoot and Ribbon outrages are employed as much against heresy as against landlords, and against all constituted authorities, may be seen in the oath:—*'I swear will, to the best of my power, cast down kings, queens, and princes, dukes, earls, lords, and all such, with landjobbers and heresy!'*\* It is a power, therefore, as before said, connected with religion: *but it is not responsible to the parochial clergy.* ‘

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\* Given in evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1832.



continues the oath, 'that I will never tell the man's name to me, nor the man's name that stood by making me a man or Whitefoot, to any other under the canopy of ; not even to a priest or bishop, or any one in the Church.' sound as they are under 'a spiritual obligation,' they must say the mass, and they must confess—To whom? It must be some other power within the Church, but of a different kind; which we know to exist in the *regular* establishments of Rome. The friars and regulars say mass in other places than parish churches? Is it not the practice to do so? Have they not far more influence over the people than the secular priests? Is there not great jealousy between the two bodies? Is not this the cause of the quarrel now breaking out between Dr. Mac Hale and Dr. Murray? We will suggest another question. Is this a system of terrorism brought to bear in aid of the priests, when they wish to show that the curses denounced by them are not empty but a temporal execution? *Is there generally, in parishes, the priests choose to employ it, a body of men who understand the hint given from the altar, and by whom it is executed?* Lord Norbury, for instance, denounced before he was murdered?

We have suggested these ideas merely as hints to those, who are endeavouring to fathom into the nature of that singular, mysterious power, which is now establishing the reign of terrorism in Ireland; allied with the parochial priesthood against so-called heresy; joined with it in the rebellion against tithes, landlords, England, and the Church; keeping that priesthood in check when hesitating to do with it; as an arm of physical violence, distinct from it; held together by what the Whitefoot oath asserts it to be, 'a spiritual obligation,' united with it; obeying it with servile implicitness, just so far as some other secret hand prescribes obedience,—spurning, and even attacking it, (for priests in this case are men as well as others), when it presumes to move with a will of its own. One way there seems to be of explaining this, and only

*Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?* In this we have not spoken of the general organisation in which Ireland is held,—ready, as it were, to move at any moment,—and by a hand which no one sees. Whether the burning turf is sent round, or an aggregate repeal meeting held, the doors of houses marked by night, or temperance-processions paraded, still the people are constantly kept alive, waiting for the sound of the tocsin. Lines, secret but unbroken, are laid throughout the whole country. When a murder is to be perpetrated, it is known by hundreds,—but no one betrays it. Have you heard Mr. — has been shot? said a gentleman to his labourers.—



labourers.—‘O sir, that must be a mistake : it was to have been Mr. ——.’ ‘Help me to find the man who has shot at me,’ said another gentleman to his own tenants. The answer was, ‘We know our duty ;’ and not a man stirred. And these are not extraordinary instances : they are cases of almost daily recurrence.\*

The effect of them is to bewilder and paralyse the government,—to bow down the people into a fearful submission to a secret tribunal of *Thuggists* (there is no better parallel for it), co-operating with the priesthood against one and the same party, and to terrify the landlords into flight, or quiescence, or absolute subjection, as Dr. Meyler states, to their tenantry and the priest ; or rather to their tenantry in the hands of the priest. The clergy they would terrify also, were not the Irish clergy supported by a higher power, and nerved against such fears. Dr. Kinsala, indeed, denied in a letter to the Bishop of Gloucester that the clergy were exposed to any such trials. ‘It was not true,’ he said, ‘that several had been murdered.’ And as for brutal assaults, he had never heard of them. Mr. Ferguson of Cork, Mr. Houston of Kildare, Mr. Dawson of Limerick, Mr. Whitty, whose murderers were tried at Clonmel, within twenty miles of Dr. Kinsala’s residence,—Mr. Going, murdered near the same place,—of these Dr. Kinsala had never heard. Nor had he heard of any brutal assaults on them. Mr. O’Sullivan† ventures to give the following table of cases within his own knowledge only, *thirty-nine* of which occurred to *clergymen of his own personal acquaintance*, between the years 1829 and 1836 ; and he declares that it is an imperfect enumeration, even of those which he knew, how much more of those which occurred throughout the country :—

‘ Assaults on persons, or attacks on houses	. 47
Of assaults on the person	. . . . .

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\* Some notion of the extent of this intimidation may be formed from the following account of crimes from July 1836 to April 1839. In adducing it, frightful as it is, let us make one important remark, lest our horror at such a sight in Ireland should destroy our sympathy with that country, or blind us to its real condition, or induce any flattering comparison of the good estate of England. It will be observed that they are not such crimes as occur in England. The crimes in England are, we think, far worse than those in Ireland, indicating more profligacy, and more settled selfishness and brutality. The crimes in Ireland are those of a Guerilla warfare—very frightful, but, when seen in this their true light, to be taken as the measure of degradation and wickedness rather in those who instigate, than in those who commit them :—

97 Firing into dwellings,	559 Robberies of arms,
1421 Injury to property,	1145 Common assaults,
182 Levelling fences,	1195 Incendiary fires,
191 Resistance to legal processes,	645 Homicides,
73 Rescues of prisoners,	1001 Killing or maiming cattle,
1191 Attacks of houses,	2259 Aggravated assaults.
1502 Threatening notices,	<i>Report on Crime</i> , vol. ii., p. 1085.
† Romanism, &c., vol. ii. p. 371.	

Attempts

Attempts to kill or maim by fire-arms	.	.	.	8
Wounded by musket-shots	.	.	.	3
Wounded by other means	.	.	.	9
Threatening notices	.	.	.	11
Cases of incendiarism	.	.	.	4
Property injured	.	.	.	8
Attempts to assassinate the sons of clergy	.	.	.	2'

An inquirer might also ask at the insurance offices under what conditions the Irish clergy are admitted to insure their lives.

Add to this Dr. Doyle's tithe war—clergymen with families—Gentlemen, men of education, of piety—whose only crime, according to Dr. Doyle's own confession, was, that some of the body had been zealous, over-zealous he thought, in discharging their duty\*—compelled to part with servants and all the comforts of life—to take their children from school, to drop their insurances, to sell the furniture of their houses, till a 'whole family, husband and wife, and six children, had nothing but a bed to sleep on'—to 'dig with their own hands'—to be dependent on public charity for support—to be 'living on a meal of potatoes a-day'—and all this patiently and resignedly, rather than promote disturbance, or run the risk of shedding the blood of their oppressors by enforcing their just rights. Think of this, and think of Dr. Doyle and his coadjutors in their chapels compelling the peasantry to withhold what they were bound and were willing to pay, and looking composedly on such a scene, and if any rebellious pity did arise, calming it with the thought that their victims 'would not be allowed to die with hunger in the midst of their own people'—and then ask, if you will, whether these *agrarian outrages* have not some deeper meaning than the struggle of a peasantry for land?

And, before we pass from this point, let us ask what were the feelings of the people towards this persecuted race of clergy. They were probably hatred, jealousy, resentment for injuries, contempt, indignation against oppression. We take from the evidence on tithes† the character given of them by a soldier and a gentleman, Colonel Sir John Harvey. We cannot do more than take one. Let our readers look for themselves, and see if the language is solitary—if it is not universal:—

'What,' he was asked, 'is the general feeling of the population within your district towards the Protestant clergy?—Previous to the agitation of this tithe question' (an agitation, remember, introduced by strangers, carried on against the will of the people, inflamed by Dr. Doyle and his priests, and unprovoked except by such cases of oppression as Dr. Doyle's

\* See Dr. Doyle's Evidence on the Tithe Committee.

† Report, March 13, 1832, p. 25.

priests invented, and procured to be confirmed by oath, when, as was proved before the Committee, they were utterly false)—‘previous this, I can have no difficulty in saying that they were held in *the utmost respect by the lower orders of the Catholic people*. . . . In any statement I make, I beg to observe generally, that I rest it upon *official documents in the possession of the Irish government*, and upon information acquired during a period of four years that I have been in the present situation; passing through the country in all directions, communicating with persons of all ranks; professing no political opinion myself; received with hospitality by the nobility, clergy, and gentry, and persons of all creeds and of all political opinions. From such sources of information I am enabled to state that the *general feeling of the lower orders of the population towards the Protestant clergy, previous to the agitation of this question, was one of unbounded respect; they looked up to them as among the best resident gentry in the country. In all times of difficulty and distress they were the first persons whom the Catholic poor thought of applying. They knew that they were addicted to charity; that they made no distinction of creed in the objects soliciting their relief; and nothing could be more unbounded than the feeling of respect and confidence that appeared to me to be placed in them generally.*’

The slightest knowledge of Ireland would render any confirmation of this superfluous. Whence, then, these horrible outrages? They were not sudden outbreaks of feeling: they were prepared, matured, executed as judicial sentences—the sentence of a secret tribunal, which had its ministers spread throughout the country, all ready, according to the Whitefoot oath, ‘to go ten miles on foot, and fifteen miles on horseback, on five minutes’ warning;’ all sworn ‘never to pity the moans or groans of the dying, from the cradle to the crutch, and to wade knee-deep in Orange blood.’ As judicial—we are almost repeating the account of them delivered from the bench by Baron Smith—they are executed by strangers: notices are given beforehand; the people look on as spectators at an execution, unmoved, or it may be, pitying, but without any more thought of averting the blow than the English by-standers would have of saving a ravisher or patrician from the gallows. The vengeance is measured. When one clergyman—a man of whom those who knew him can scarce speak except as of a saint—was cruelly stoned to death, they sent up to the house to inform his friends where he lay, ‘that *the poor old gentleman might not lie out the whole night in the cold.*’ Another clergyman was warned to leave his parish. When he would not admit the threatening letters, they wrote to his wife, entreating her not to go out with him, lest the shot intended for her husband should strike her; and once, when the assassins were planted, they abstained from firing, because his children were with him on the

car. Once more, we say, Mr. Morrissy, a Roman Catholic clergyman, declares that the Inquisition is established in Ireland. It is confirmed by the publication of 'Dens's Theology,' and its Appendix. Is it, we ask, true?

Be it remembered, also, that this dark agency spreads not merely through the peasantry: it penetrates into the bosom of families. A nobleman is called on in the evening; is informed that the same night he is to be murdered; that the iron gate is to be left open, and a candle, to direct the shot, placed in a certain window by the hand of his own servant. The informer is sent off immediately to give notice of a similar attempt to be made on the life of another. The gate is found open, the candle in the window, the servant waiting dressed in his room, and the next morning the informer is picked up a short distance from the house, murdered himself. So also Mr. O'Driscoll:—

'The confederacy of servants becomes almost universal in all commotions of the lower Irish, and many families have perished by the hands of their own domestics. . . . Those servants belong to the great confederacy of the people.' [We beg to ask who are the persons that boast of having this confederacy under their education and their control?] 'They are leagued against the family that feeds, and clothes, and cherishes them. They are sworn to deliver up to death their benefactors, or themselves to execute the sentence, if required. The family suspect this to be the case—they can hardly doubt it—and they sit like victims surrounded by their executioners.'—*Review of Evidence*, p. 31, 28.

We console ourselves with the epithet 'agrarian.' It is, indeed, undoubtedly true that these outrages are connected with the possession of land; that land is of the utmost importance to the Irish peasant; that his living depends on it; and that when he is threatened with starvation by ejectment of any kind, violence might well be expected. But is it not a fact that the perpetrators of these crimes—and we are referring to the words of Baron Smith—in scarcely a single instance have been persons in distress? Patience under suffering, however acute, is a characteristic of the Irish peasantry. How can the attribution of these outrages to disputes about land be reconciled with another fact so often, we hope and believe so calumniously, urged against the Irish landlords, that they are ejecting their tenants by hundreds? How, if the peasantry are so ready to revenge such ejectments with blood, and can do it without fear of conviction, are any of these landlords still alive?

But then remember that the Irish landlords are for the most part Protestants; that no beneficence of personal character is able to shield them from these attacks; that a Lord Lorton, devoting

devoting all his energies to the welfare of his people, is the man marked out for assassination ; that the only parties safe are those who succumb to the priests ; that even Roman Catholic landlords, the moment they act independently—with those feelings of loyalty, honour, and duty which a well-educated Romanist, the errors of whose system are corrected by the excellence of his own heart, will display and has so often displayed in former times—that moment *they* are exposed to attack. Lord Kenmare, a name respected by all parties, is no more secure than Lord Roden, when he becomes suspected of *heresy* ; that is, of a want of submission to this secret ecclesiastical tribunal. He is even more violently denounced on the very principle of Popery,—that the subjects of the Church are more amenable to her censures than those who are without her pale.

Once more. Ireland, it has often been said, has been confiscated three times over. We are no friends of confiscation, least of all of the confiscations in Ireland. But this is not to the purpose. Time, we might suppose, had elapsed sufficient to obliterate such recollections. Irishmen, let us repeat it, are notoriously patient under suffering—almost fatalists in succumbing to necessity. One of the chief obstacles to the welfare of their country is their unwillingness to exert themselves in order to improve their condition. They prefer, we repeat it again without fear of refutation, to live under Protestant rather than under Romanist landlords.\* They have a quick feeling of reverence for birth and blood—they attach themselves readily to their superiors—the moment they are released from the influence of their priests and their religious associations, (we are referring to the experience of districts where conversion has extended,) instead of hating the name of England, they become fondly attached to it. And yet, side by side with these facts, as one of the great paradoxes in Ireland, it is found that the memory of these confiscations is treasured up to this day in the minds of the peasantry—districts are still known by the names of the old Irish proprietors—the very individuals, now perhaps paupers, are pointed out to whom the property rightfully, as it is said, belonged. Deeds, documents, and maps with the ancient boundaries marked out, are carefully preserved (it is asserted, in the hands of the priests)†—pedigrees are transmitted—the days are counted till the hour when they are to be reinstated in their right. ‘When will he

\* A remarkable instance is now before us of a whole tenantry, when an estate was to be sold, going to the Protestant clergyman, and entreating him to buy it, that they might be under him, and not be transferred to a Roman Catholic landlord. But the general fact is notorious.

† See especially the evidence of Colonel Irwin, Com. Rep., May 19, 1825, p. 696.

call us out? ' \* is the secret thought with all. And at the very first outbreak of a war, Ireland may burst into a flame. Now we ask whence and by whom is this feeling cherished? It is not spontaneous to the peasantry—they do not move (Mr. Wyse himself asserts it) unless they are excited—and in the kindness of their present landlords—we repeat again, the kindness of their landlords, much abused and calumniated as these are—there is everything to keep them quiet. It is engendered by those who, in their education of children, make 'Sassenach and Satan' (we quote from documents) convertible terms—who tell them (again we are using documents) that the Protestants long 'to murder and destroy every Catholic'—who accustom them to 'distinguish Protestants, landlords and all, by the term Bradagh—a word more significant' (writes a person conversant with all their notions, and a convert from Popery) 'than any word in our language, and denoting every sort of cunning wickedness.' Inflammatory histories, ballads, prophecies of Columbkille, everything which can keep up the exasperation of the poor peasant against England, is circulated among them. Hopes are held out, as in the tithe rebellion, of 'some great change soon to be wrought for their good.' And thus it is that they are held in the leash—held by a power above them, which power in Roman Catholic Ireland cannot be democratical, and cannot be other than priestly—ready at a moment's warning to spring upon their landlords as invaders, and claim to themselves the occupation of the soil.

The resumption of these confiscations enters as an essential feature into the ecclesiastical movement in Ireland. The maintenance of the old titles is proved by the Bullarium of Benedict XIV., recognised as authority in the appendix to Dr. Dens, to be a fundamental article in cases where heretical sovereigns have entered on the 'possession of property of the Church, disallowed by the Apostolic See.' And Ireland, as we shall see presently, has been claimed from the first as the property of the Pope as much as the patrimony of St. Peter.

It is in vain that the fact was denied in 1825 before a committee of the House of Commons, and by the declaration of the Romanist bishops in 1826. Their own authorised dogmatic theology.† by which they are bound, completely repudiates the principles, which they profess as individuals. It makes the resumption of these confiscations a moral obligation, which the Pope may dispense with in the faithful, but will not in heretics. And either in assenting openly to the decrees, in which this doctrine is propounded, while they privately deny them, or in openly

\* Wyse's Catholic Association, vol. i. p. 413.

† Romanism in Ireland, vol. ii. pp. 235. 250,



denying them, while they privately hold them, the men who make these declarations must do—what Romanist members of the House of Commons did, who swore that they would not disturb the Church property, and immediately afterwards joined the Bill of Appropriation and the war against tithes.

Once more. Is there any other circumstance peculiar to Ireland which connects this agrarian movement against the Sassen and the landlord with the religious—or rather, call it not religious—but with the Popish encroachments? In the nineteenth century, men who do not know what Popery is; that it never changes a principle once laid down, never abandons a claim once made—that by its title of infallibility it has cut down every bridge by which it could retreat within the limits of peace, and justice and truth—will smile at the revival of the following notion. But in 1810, Dr. O'Connor, the most learned of modern Roman Catholics, did not think it idle to publish four octavo\* volumes full of warnings on this very subject, and against the aggressions of his own Church. It is a book now very scarce, having been carefully bought up by the parties interested in its suppression. But it is a work of the highest authority. He proved that *the claim of the Pope to the temporal dominion of Ireland, as well as the sacred ritual, had never been abandoned; and that it swayed the movements of Popery in Ireland at the very moment when he was writing.*

We are perfectly aware that Dr. Murray and the other bishops have taken oaths which to Protestant ears repudiate all such notions. But we have had enough of such oaths, and the more that is said of them the better. Even Dr. O'Connor, zealous as he is in defence of his religion, felt the same: he says:—

‘It is true that the Irish bishops have, by accepting our present oath of allegiance, renounced on paper the *indirect power* (of the Pope). But here is the spot where Columbanus has struck the hardest blow, showing that their practice is in diametrical opposition to their oath. Do they not hold that the discipline of the Council of Trent is binding on Roman Catholics as the doctrine of the Seven Sacraments, and does not that discipline expressly grant to the Pope and to bishops as the *Pope's delegates*, powers which directly clash with that oath, this very article of indirect power?—Will [he adds in a note] the *sworn delegates of Rome* condemn those bulls which maintain indirect power as fundamentally erroneous? I venture to assert that they will not dare to do it. Will they condemn the bulls “*In cœno*” or “*Unam sanctam*?” When Archbishop Butler, of Cashel, had hastily renounced the deposing power, and his example was followed hastily by others, that it was too late to retract, he received from the *sacred* congregation of Propaganda a letter of *rebuke*, because he had

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\* Columbanus ad Hibernos. London.



*Presumed to transact a business so momentous without previously advising with the Court of Rome.\**

So long indeed as Dr. Dens is 'the safe guide' of Irish priests, and Dr. Dens announces as established maxims, that† every oath implies necessarily, whether expressed or not, the condition 'salvo jure superioris'—and the superior, or the bishop, or the Pope has a dispensing power in his hands, to be employed for the benefit of the Church—and everything we see in practice confirms the theory—so long an oath in the mouth of a Roman Catholic, who is not above the dreadful teaching of his system, as Roman Catholics are in England, must be, in the eyes of common prudence, valueless as a straw.

But 'the six foreign universities, when consulted by Mr. Pitt, pronounced against the claim!' Quite the reverse. They showed their sense of its validity by studiously evading the question. Never were more pains taken, when a simple question was put, to avoid giving an answer, than in these well-known opinions. And the same must be said of the oaths which have been at various times suggested by Irish Papist bishops themselves, to reconcile the affirmation of allegiance to the crown of England with allegiance to the *king of Ireland*, their lord the Pope. Examine them with a microscope, as all such compositions must be examined, and their ingenuity will indeed surprise.‡

We have not space to enter into the question of this temporal claim. But it is a subject never to be forgotten in examining the real nature of Popery in Ireland. It dates from 1092, when the Irish chieftains are said to have given up the whole island to Urban II. Upon this was founded, in 1154, Adrian's grant of Ireland to Henry II.; and Henry's assumption of the title of *Lord*, and not of *King*. This title was never changed till the reign of Henry VIII. When Mary inadvertently retained it, the Pope sharply 'upbraided her,' and only conferred it on her as his own gift. In the rebellion under Elizabeth the plea was again and again urged. The whole conduct of Rinuccini and the Popish bishops in Charles the First's reign was founded on the same assumption. Not to mention the works of Dr. Routh, Peter Lombard, O'Mahony, Enos, Ponce, Porter, O'Canga, O'Broden, and the proclamations from the pulpit, advocating this doctrine—in 1659 Richard O'Ferrall dedicated a memorial to the Propaganda, distinguishing the true from the false Irish by this very criterion—that one acknowledged the Pope's right to Ireland, the other did not. In 1695 Dodwell published '*Considerations on the Irish Remonstrance*,' showing that

\* Columbanus, vol. iv. p. 84. See also Dens, vol. ii. p. 164.

† Vol. iv. p. 180.

‡ See Digest, vol. ii., p. 33.

‘the kings of England have more reason to fear the foreign influenced Irish than the kings of France to fear the foreign influenced French, considering the *Pope’s claim to the dominion of Ireland.*’ In 1762 the ‘*Hibernia Dominicana*’ of the titular Bishop Burke adopted a similar view. And as late as the death of the last Stuart, who, as Dr. Doyle informed the Parliamentary Committee, had always nominated the Irish bishops, this right of nomination lapsed to the Pope, ‘*motu proprio,*’ upon the very same ground, and he exercises it to this day. It is on this principle that the cardinal who presides over the affairs of Ireland is styled *the Cardinal Protector of the Kingdom of Ireland*, and that the establishment of bishops is kept up in Ireland, though not in England. The Pope himself is the feudal lord. The bishops assume the title of *lords*, as barons holding under him. The people of Ireland are called by him his ‘vassals;’ and the bishops call their inferior clergy ‘subjects.’ The clerical oaths are all framed on the principles of feudalism. And though at present the existence of another title is ‘*tolerated,*’ and oaths of obedience to another head are ‘*indulged,*’ nothing will extort from the priests of Ireland a full, fair, and unreserved abandonment of the Popish claim. Every word they utter must be sifted; and they must be forced, by all the arts of cross-examination, to a precise meaning and yet after all, by some play on the word ‘lawful,’ or ‘obedience,’ or ‘fidelity,’ or by some mental reservation, they will escape, and laugh at the government, which imagines they can be tied down by such cobweb threads as these. It is a most painful thought, but it is true. Men smile at the notion of a Pope—an old man sitting amidst the ruins of an effete city, without armies or revenues, or fleets, or personal influence even with his own subjects—and yet claiming the kingdom of Ireland. But they would not smile if they saw the real arms with which it is to be seized; the cool, thoughtful, designing, deep-planning, all-daring arm of Jesuitism. This is the Popery against which we have to fight; and who is the man to speak of such a foe with a laugh or a sneer?

Once more, before we conclude for the present, we suspect there is another series of operations in Ireland which well deserve attention; we mean the various openly organised bodies, by which the system of agitation has been kept up, both before and after the passing of the Relief Bill. Mr. Wyse, an impartial witness, expressly distinguishes them from ‘popular, tumultuous’ movements:—

‘The Catholic [*i. e.* Romanist] Association was of a very different order. It had a method in its madness, and an object in its tumult which a close observer and a constant attention only could discern; it

was not possible to combine in the same mass greater powers of popular excitement, more undisputed sway over the popular heart, and *more minute attention to the nice machinery*, by which the details of public business (the business of many millions of men) require to be conducted. *Neither was it a mere ebullition from the rank passions and the turbulent ambition of modern times*: it was of long, and slow, and patient growth; its strength was not known, until it had been brought into direct collision with the government; it was not even fully appreciated by the very hands which wielded it, until its temper had been brought out by hostile attack. It was then suddenly perceived that a body had been growing up *unnoticed, without the constitution, which might in its due season disturb from its foundations the constitution itself*, co-extensive with the immense majority of the population, and reflecting, in its utmost energy, the entire form and pressure of the popular mind.'—*Wyse, Hist.*, vol. i. Introduction, p. v.

Remarkable words—perfectly descriptive—perfectly true even in the seeming inconsistent statement that it reflected the popular mind—without having a popular origin. It first impressed the people, and then reflected the impression.\* And the whole history which Mr. Wyse has given from 1759, down to 1829 (and the story might well be carried on to 1840), presents a series of similar paradoxes. The people, we are told, were labouring under the heaviest grievances—and yet it was a work of the greatest difficulty to rouse them from their apathy. The grievances most felt were those which affected the nobility and priests, and yet the nobility and priests (the old class of priests remember) studiously kept aloof from the movements which were intended to emancipate them. The 'Friends of civil and religious liberty' combined to put down the circulation of the Scriptures, and a combined system of education as carried on by the Kildare Society. The Brunswick Clubs were furious bigots, and yet no Catholic experienced violence from them.' The Protestants were bent on maintaining a tyrannical ascendancy, and yet 'it was proved to a demonstration, that a large proportion of Protestant rank, wealth, and intelligence, was ranged on the side of justice and conciliation.' Again, the secret associations throughout Ireland had no connexion with this open organisation, and yet, when the open force appeared, the secret melted away; when it disappeared they were expected to revive; and violent and vicious as they were, 'a few words of friendly advice from the Association restored tranquillity to the local insurrections.' Mr. Wyse is spoken of by those who know him as an honourable, intelligent man. He must feel that these are contradictions perplexing to most readers: but the history which he has given is indeed

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\* See also a singular passage, p. 89.

curious. Let a man study it carefully,—observe the character by whom the movement was first planned,\* the history of the *veto*,† the remarkable change of organisation in 1793,‡ the difficulties respecting the disappearance of the funds, and especially a note § showing that this is no singular occurrence in such bodies in Ireland—the frequent schisms, when the rude honest violence of the democratical spirit, which another power beyond it was employing for its own purpose, began to overrun its bounds, as in the first establishment of Maynooth, when the democrats proposed a scheme of education without religion, and the bishops privately betrayed them, and obtained exclusive possession of Maynooth. Again the connexion of the Catholic Committee with the Rebellion of 1798,|| their frequent communications with foreign countries, the details of secret organisation, delegacies, parochial affiliated committees—the general tone of their opinions, as latitudinarian and democratical as any which Jesuitism has ever assumed,—and at the same time bigoted to religion, and controlled by some secret hand which prevented the democratical spirit from bursting out into the destruction of Popery. Then add the character and proceedings of their leader. History should not descend into personality; but let a thoughtful person study the conditions represented by the great philosophical satirist of Athens, Aristophanes,¶ as requisite in hiring a demagogue, and their perfect union in one individual now living—let him remember the admirable skill with which Jesuitism has ever selected its instruments, and bent them to its purpose—then consider the utter impossibility of such a character exercising any permanent influence in an enlightened state of society, unless supported by some secret power beyond him, as the demagogues of Athens were supported—and that this power in Ireland cannot be the priests, who are evidently only instruments in the hands of this power—and that it is not the people, for the people are in the hands of their priests—that neither is it the aristocracy nor the gentry, for they all repudiate the connexion—neither is it a Roman Catholic spirit in the mass of his followers, for the maxims of this man would destroy Popery, as much as they would the Church—think again that some extraordinary power must be exerted to raise the tax imposed for his payment—that this tax does not originate with the people, for the collection of it is compulsory, ‘*sometimes under the terrors of the horsewhip*’—nor with the priests, for a movement simultaneous like this must have its directory without.—Put together these facts, and many other minut

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\* See especially the characters of Mr. Scully, vol. i. p. 153, and Dr. Dromgoole, p. 162.

† Page 166.

‡ Page 105.

§ Page 79.

|| Page 113.

¶ *Vespæ, passim*, and especially the Knights.

points in the secret and public history of this person, and, we think, that one explanation, perhaps only one, can be found of them—whether it is correct or not, we do not presume to say, but it might be worth while to inquire if it exists in the archives of the Propaganda.

And here we must pause for the present. We have touched but one branch of a wide subject, every part of which throws light on another part, and all should be studied together. But if the inquiry is once commenced, the development will proceed easily. That some power of a mysterious and alarming nature is now, and has been for years, working in the heart of Ireland, no one can doubt: of its whole extent readers will form but a very inadequate conception from our previous hints, without studying another very important branch of the Papist system in that unhappy country, to which we shall ask their attention in our next Number. But if even a doubt may have been raised in their minds as to the real state of Ireland, and the security of the empire, as connected with it, something will have been gained.

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ART. V—1. *On the Employment of Children in Factories and other Works in the United Kingdom and in some foreign Countries.* By Leonard Horner, F.R.S., Inspector of Factories. 1840.

2. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Act for the Regulation of Mills and Factories.* 1840.

WE have some reason to be gratified by the appearance of Mr. Horner's pamphlet. While it shows many imperfections of detail, it affirms the success of mercy by statute; and declares, on a retrospect of the last seven years, the commencement of many of those great and good results which we were called fools and zealots for venturing to prophecy. Well do we recollect the clamour; the awful predictions of a ruined trade and a starving population; commerce flying to foreign shores; England depressed; France exalted in the scale of nations; with every terrible inference that ingenuity could draw from Tyre, Zidon, Carthage, and Holland. Were we frightened by such arguments? Not at all; we had one great and quickening principle, comfortable and true as revelation itself (for it is deduced from it), that nothing which is morally wrong can be politically right.\*

We have now undertaken a new but similar task; new in its objects,

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\* Quarterly Review, vol. lvii. p. 443.

but similar in its principles; and we invite from all, the confidence which experience has justified, in the re-assertion of truths, which are ever, and under all circumstances, the same.

But let us first hear Mr. Horner.

‘The law,’ says he, ‘which was passed in 1833, to regulate the labour of children and young persons in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, has been productive of much good. But it has not, by any means, accomplished all the purposes for which it was passed. The failures have mainly arisen from defects in the law itself; not in the principles it lays down, but in the machinery which was constructed for the purposes of carrying the principles into operation.’—p. 1.

‘Had all the remonstrances,’ continues the inspector, ‘which were made, been attended to, the children would have been left with but a scanty measure of protection; and we may, in some degree, judge of the value of those which were yielded to, by the experience of the working of those enactments which were persisted in. It was confidently predicted that, by limiting the employment of children of eleven years of age to eight hours a-day, the most serious losses would accrue; that when, in the following year, the act should apply to children of twelve—the difficulties and evil consequences would be vastly increased; and that, if it were attempted to enforce the restriction as far as thirteen, a very large proportion of the mills in the country must of necessity stop. Government were applied to to prevent the impending evil; the inspectors were appealed to by the government, and they stated that their assertions had been so often and so confidently made to them, that they could not venture to set up their opinions and their then limited experience in opposition to them. The President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Thomson, was prevailed upon to propose to parliament that the restriction to eight hours’ daily work should be limited to children under twelve years of age; but, happily, parliament was firm, and would not yield. And what was the result? *Not a single mill throughout the United Kingdom stopped a day for want of hands*’—p. 3.

‘It is very satisfactory,’ adds Mr. Horner, ‘to know that the act is now viewed by a great majority of the respectable mill-owners, the managers, and, as far as I have had an opportunity of learning, by the most considerate and best-disposed among the workpeople themselves, with a very different feeling from what it was at first. I have had abundant testimony that the law is not only not felt to be oppressive and detrimental to trade, but, on the contrary, has been productive of great good, by introducing a steadiness and a regularity which did not exist before. Many mill-owners have said to me—“We find no fault with the act, except that we are not all placed by it on the same footing in consequence of the evasions which our neighbours may and do practise with impunity; and if the law will not reach them, it ought to be made to do so.”’—p. 4.

Such are the valuable statements of the inspector in reference to the past operation of legislative interference in this matter.

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Let it be observed, moreover, that he quotes the opinions of several proprietors engaged in the trade: nor are we without testimony from other quarters, that many of *them* in the present day admit the truth of those doctrines they so hotly opposed. The Report of the Minutes of Evidence before the Committee of last session contains some important acknowledgments from master mill-owners. But we will not dwell longer on the condition and claims of the factory children, their evils, and their miseries; all is now sufficiently known:—

‘ Quis aut Eurysthea durum,  
Aut illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?’

The remedy and redress lie with the nation.

We now turn to a still more helpless class of juvenile workers in the trades and manufactures of the United Kingdom. The vast numbers of this class demand our consideration, exceeding, as they do, perhaps in a tenfold degree, the numbers of those who are engaged in the four great departments of industry, the cotton, the woollen, the worsted, and the flax, now regulated by the provisions of statute-law. Yet, numerous as they are, many causes conspire to shut them out from observation and sympathy. These manufactures are less ostensible in character, not concentrated in single spots, in large masses and enormous buildings, striking the eye, and rousing the imagination. Diffused through all the towns and cities of the empire, the workers pass unregarded in the body of the population; or if honoured occasionally by an inquiry, or a remark, they are speedily set aside, as constituting that proportion of crime and suffering, which must necessarily exist without remedy, even in the best regulated communities of civilised men. Nor have they any benefit from the clamorous, though just, indignation of their adult fellow-labourers; theirs is not generally a toil which, according to its regularity and duration (as in the factories), can diminish or prolong the toil of the older operatives: nothing is lost by their suffering, and nothing would be gained by their relief. They remain, therefore, ‘unwept, unhonoured, and unsung’—obtaining neither notoriety nor compassion; because it is no one’s interest to examine their wrongs, and institute that wholesome agitation, which, in the case of their brotherhood in the factories, acted first on the feelings of the country, and, at last, on the decisions of parliament.

But this furnishes to us an additional motive to undertake their defence; and, on behalf of England and the Christian faith, to assert those inalienable rights which belong to their nature, and are independent of their station. It is a monstrous thing to behold the condition, moral and physical, of the juvenile portion of  
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our operative classes, more especially that which is found in the crowded lanes and courts of the larger towns, the charnel-houses of our race. Covetousness presided at their construction, and she still governs their economy; that 'covetousness which is idolatry.' Damp and unhealthy substrata, left altogether without drainage; frail tenements, low and confined, without convenience or ventilation; close alleys, and no supply of water:—all the things overtopped by the *ne plus ultra* of rent, reward the contractor, and devour the inhabitants. Emerging from these lairs of filth and disorder, the young workers, 'rising early, and late taking rest,' go forth that they may toil through fifteen, sixteen, nay, seventeen relentless hours, in sinks and abysses, oftentimes more offensive and pernicious than the holes they have quitte. Enfeebled in health, and exasperated in spirit, having neither the repose which is restorative to the body, nor that precious medicine which alone can tranquillise the soul, they are forced to live and die as though it were the interest of the state to make the pigmies in strength, and heathens in religion. Much are we often tempted to imprecate on these cities the curse of Jericho, but far better is it for us, at most humble distance, to imitate the gracious and holy tears which fell over the pride, and covetousness, and ignorance of Jerusalem.

Of the various employments which demand and exhaust the physical energies of young children, we cannot give by any means a full specification; nor is it necessary for our purpose. We will state a few, as to which the evidence is ample and correct; imagination may supply the deficiency of the rest; and it will not deceive because it cannot exceed the truth. The list, as we find it, runs thus:—Earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin-making, needle-making, manufacture of arms, nail-making, card-setting, drawboard weaving, iron-works, forges, &c.; iron-foundries, glass-trades, collieries, calico-printing, tobacco-manufacture, button-factories, bleaching and paper-mills. We must add to this the mills for the manufacture of silk and lace, kept hitherto, by the legislature beyond the pale of protection.

Will not any one, who may read this enumeration of employments, be deeply and painfully struck by the reflection that it is not the supply of necessities, the provision of what is indispensable required to sustain our nature, or clothe our nakedness, that inflicts this amount of human suffering? It is the exaggeration of comforts, the indulgence of luxury; for even if we admit that some of these trades are essential to a high state of civilisation, we must deny the same admission to their operation and conduct. At the bottom of all lies the avarice of the public. The chea

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\* Joshua, vi. 26.

and patient, and disproportionate toil of the merest children, the maximum of labour with the minimum of wages, reduce the cost, and spare the pocket, to pour forth its savings on show, and feasts, and a multiplied wardrobe.

The question is not whether the children of the poor may not with perfect propriety, with advantage to their parents and themselves, be employed to a certain extent in the labour of looms and shops. No doubt they may—But can it be pronounced necessary to our social welfare, or national prosperity, that children of the tenderest years should toil, amid every discomfort and agony of posture, and foul atmosphere, for fifteen or sixteen successive hours, oftentimes for a long consecutive period, turning night into day, without the compensating enjoyment in fashionable life, of turning day into night? Can it be for our honour, or our safety, that their young hearts, instead of being trained in the ways of temperance and virtue, should be acquiring knowledge of those vices which they will afterwards practise as adults? We will not enter minutely into the details of those occupations which have been exposed in a late parliamentary discussion, and, as to some branches, in Mr. Horner's valuable essay: two or three only, which have not yet received the attention they deserve, shall be laid before our readers.

First comes the lace-trade. The following is the evidence given by the inspector and sub-inspector of the districts where this business chiefly prevails. Mr. Saunders is asked:—

‘Have you many lace-mills in your district?—I have about thirty mills. What are the usual hours of work in those mills?—The usual hours are, about Nottingham, *twenty hours a-day*, being from four o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock at night: about Chesterfield, the report I have had from the superintendent is, that they work twenty-four hours, all through the night, in several of the mills there.—Are there many children and young persons in those mills?—The proportion is less in lace-mills than in others, but it is necessary to have some of them; the process of winding and preparing the bobbins and carriages requires children: those that I saw so employed were *from ten to fifteen years of age*.—Are the children detained in the mills during a considerable period of the day and night?—I can speak from information derived from two or three mill-owners, and also more extensively from reports by one of the superintendents in my district; and I should say, that in most of the mills they do detain them at night: in some of them, the report states that they are detained all night, in order to be ready when wanted.—Are the children that are so detained liable to be detained throughout the day, and do they sometimes begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?—In the mills at Nottingham there are owners that make it a rule that they will not keep the children, after eight, or nine, or ten o'clock, according to the inclination

nation of the mill-occupier.—Where are those children during the time they are detained in the mill?—*When detained at night, and not employed, I am told they are lying about on the floor.*—Is it customary to close at eight on Saturday evening in lace-mills?—I think it is.—How then do they compensate for the loss of those four hours' work in those mills?—*By working all night on Friday:* those are the mills in which they pay so much for their power.—Must there be a considerable wear and tear upon the physical constitution of children who are kept in this state?—I think it is self-evident.—Is there any possibility of their obtaining education under those circumstances?—None whatever, except on Sundays. But, after one hundred and twenty hours' work in the week, is it possible that they can have much capacity for study on the Sunday?—It is not always that the same children are kept twenty hours, because some mills have two complete sets of hands for their machinery, and they work the same set of hands only ten hours.—But, even under those circumstances, it must frequently happen that the same children are employed during the night twice or thrice in the course of a week?—The practice generally is that they take the night-work for one week, and then the next week the morning-work.—So that during one whole week they are employed in the night-work?—Yes.—At the end of a week, during which they have been employed in the night, do you think that they have much capacity left for study on Sunday?—No: my opinion is most decidedly, that either turning out at four o'clock in the morning, or being kept out of bed all night, must be most injurious to children, both to their physical constitution and their mental powers.—The law, as it stands, does not prevent the children from being employed even twenty hours?—It does not apply to lace-mills.—Therefore the period of duration which the child is employed depends upon the varying humanity of the individual proprietor of the mill?—Yes.—You say that it sometimes happens that the children come to the mill at five in the morning, and do not leave it till ten at night?—It is reported to me that it does so happen about Chesterfield.—If a child is kept in winter till twelve o'clock at night, and has then to go home and return to the factory in the morning, a distance of two miles, does not he undergo fearful hardships?—Certainly.\*

Mr. Bury is asked—

'Do not you find that this night-work is extremely injurious both to health and morals?—Yes.—And that, though the children may not be worked during the whole time, so long a detention from their homes is extremely prejudicial?—Yes.—Are they not called up at all hours of the night?—They are when the lace-machines are at work; *they are generally at work twenty hours per day:* when they give over at eight o'clock on Saturday night they lose of course four hours that day, but that is made up by their being worked the whole of the night on the Friday night.—And the children, *from nine to fifteen years of age,*

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\* Questions 3085—3100—3113—3115—3121.

obliged to be in the mills during the whole night and the day too—and even when not detained the whole night, they are usually detained till ten or eleven at night?—*They very seldom get out till ten or eleven:* they are probably not more than eight hours a day actually employed, but they must be either in the mill or on the premises for all that length of time; and where the lace-mills are worked twenty-four hours a day, the children must be, during the whole of that twenty-four hours, either on the premises or where they can be called out of bed whenever they are wanted.—Consequently, *it often happens that they do not get to bed at all!*—Yes.—Is that for one day after another?—Regularly: the machines are worked by persons of fourteen years of age and upwards, and they are worked in relays: when they work twenty hours a day, they have two relays, that is ten hours and ten hours; when they are worked twenty-four hours, then they have three eight hours; every week they change about: as for the threaders, they do not work the machines, they have merely the threading of the bobbins and carriages connected with the lace machines; but they are obliged to be in attendance during the whole of the time that the machine is at work.—The whole twenty-four hours?—If it is worked twenty-four hours, the same set of children must be in or about the premises during the whole time.—What opportunity have those children of education?—None whatever.—Are not young people of both sexes congregated together at all hours of the night?—Certainly.—*Are the children often called to begin their work at twelve o'clock at night?*—Yes.—What effect have you observed this to produce upon the health of those younger children?—Decidedly injurious; their very countenances speak it.\*

All this for that indispensable demand of our shivering nature—a cheap lace trimming!

Next stands the silk-manufacture: we will not fill our pages with the abundant evidence which may be found in the Minutes of the Committee and the reports of the inspectors. Suffice it here to say, that ten hours of labour, in each day, are assigned to children of tender years, of eight, of seven, and even of six—*mostly girls*—and so small, as we learn from the inspectors, that they are not unfrequently placed on stools before they can reach their work.

Here are our premises! Who will gainsay the conclusion? Surely he that runs may read the vision written clearly and awfully in characters of fire. ‘Dear me,’ say the thoughtless and the sensual, the idle, and the ignorant; ‘dear me, it is really quite terrible how crime is increasing; and such numbers too of young criminals!’ They marvel at the results of their own indifference, and wonder that the soil which is untilled by the husbandman should produce nothing but tares. To what purpose do these accomplished persons try their hand at an argument, and quote the trading politics of old, of Tyre and Zidon, the decline of states,

\* Quest. 3321—23—31—35.

and the fickleness of commerce? We reply to them, by the pride, the cruelty, and ungodliness of empires, overgrown in wealth and power—of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Rome—

‘Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.’

But ‘is there no balm in Gilead?’ We entertain misgivings; we much fear that the evil is now too gigantic for our puny strength, and that we can at best retard, without averting, the day of retribution. An attempt, however, was made at the close of the last session to obtain a minute and searching inquiry into the causes and extent of the alleged mischiefs; and it is our duty, and a pleasure, to give praise to Her Majesty’s ministers for the readiness with which they received the proposition, and the manner in which they have hitherto treated it. We wish them God-speed in this and every other undertaking, where the performance of duty is more prominent than the love of place—and Whiggery, for a while, postponed to virtue.

Mr. Horner gives a review of the continental legislation on infantile labour; of the efforts that have been made or promised by the governments of Europe and America to wipe out this system of domestic slavery. The example of Great Britain has been followed, in some cases, actually; in others, so to speak, prospectively; few have denied the evil, none have endeavoured to palliate it; and we have, at least, this ground of consolation, that, after many years of controversy and toil, other nations and other rulers are beginning to say, ‘We will hear thee again of this matter.’ The records, nevertheless, of past and actual suffering in these countries are terrible; and, while we rejoice as Britons that we are not singular in the work of covetousness and oppression, we must weep, as men, over crimes so widely spread and so deeply rooted. We hail the attempts of our continental neighbours to ‘refuse the evil and choose the good;’ but our confidence is not yet won. These things, to be permanent, must rest on public opinion and national feeling. Abroad there is, we fear, hardly anything of the sort for such matters as this;—half-a-dozen good-hearted men make a vigorous effort, which flickers for a time, and then goes out; a benevolent king issues a decree, which his successor may cancel with the stroke of a quill; and Penelope’s web of mercy is rent into its original threads, before the dawn of a second generation.

But let us, for the present at least, follow the advice of our friend Sancho Panza, and not look a gift-horse in the mouth; let us rejoice in the good that has already been done, and *hope* that more may be effected. Prussia has imposed, by law, a limit of ten hours a day on the labour of all children under sixteen years of age; *esto perpetua*—this happy fact was announced

pronounced last year in the House of Commons, and just praise given to the monarch who accomplished it—great then was the wrath of Mr. O'Connell, before whose importunate recollection there arose the Archbishop of Cologne, and the factory-vote of 1836. In Switzerland the canton of Argovia has decreed that no children shall work in the factories under fourteen years of age—but no restriction is placed on the length of their labour; a foolish enactment at both extremities; it has conceded to us, however, the principle of protection. In Austria, where the period of labour is most cruelly long, the government, with characteristic caution, has undertaken an inquiry, not a redress; and 'like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.' North America exhibits but little movement, except from the State of Massachussets; and in Russia, the minister of finance declares the humane intentions of the Czar, but adds that the manufacturing system is not yet sufficiently extended to call for an ukase. France has in this, as in other things of late, presented the world with more cry than wool. She promised much; and the accomplishment has been as scanty as the undertaking was large. It must, nevertheless, be stated, to the honour of the Chamber of Peers, that they introduced and passed a bill, wise and benevolent in its provisions. The arguments and debates which attended its course were as satisfactory as the measure—and exhibited (we will not disguise our opinion) a deeper and wider sentiment of morality than we had believed to exist among public men in France. The bill then descended to the Chamber of Deputies, who dismissed it with the courtesy of Felix to St. Paul: 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.'

We are promised, however (and if they serve no other end, these promises are agreeable for a sanguine man to hang a hope upon), that the subject shall be reconsidered. The present minister, M. Guizot, has expressed his disposition to the work of mercy; perhaps, like other ministers, he will plead indispensable engagements and want of time, an ancient and unworthy excuse in matters of such vital interest; but we hope that his memory will be refreshed by the activity, though unofficial, of M. Delessert; by the Baron Charles Dupin, whose report on factory-labour, to the Chamber of Peers, is an invaluable document; and especially by M. Daniel Legrand, a most indefatigable and eloquent writer in behalf of these sufferers, but better known as yet as the friend and supporter of the admirable Oberlin.

It is pleasant to see that England, which set the example in this movement of charity and wisdom, bids fair to be, as hitherto, foremost in the race. The Commission which has just been ap-



pointed is composed of able and experienced men, and we believe, moreover, sincere in the cause. Of the nature of their report we can entertain no doubt, nor of the legislation that *should* follow it;—but of practical success we are less sanguine, because we know too well the numerous disciples that wickedness and weakness furnish to the iron school of utilitarian sophistry. It is the duty of every man to aid this investigation; but it is his interest too—stronger and more durable argument! for we tell him that if he would maintain the *status quo*, the fashionable diplomacy of the present day, he must do so by measures far different from the jog-trot policy of the last half century. Hamlets are grown into cities; ‘a little one is become a thousand; we were then few in number; and now are we as the stars of heaven for multitude. Is the government of this kingdom as tranquil as it was before. Will discontent be frowned down, or rebellion always be checked with equal facility? The two great demons in morals and politics, Socialism and Chartism, are stalking through the land; yet they are but symptoms of an universal disease, spread throughout vast masses of the people, who, so far from concurring in the *status quo*, suppose that anything must be better than their present condition. It is useless to reply to us, as our antagonists often do, that many of the prime movers in these conspiracies against God and good order are men who have never suffered any of the evils to which we ascribe so mighty an influence. We know it well; but we know also that our system begets the vast and inflammable mass which lies waiting, day by day, for the spark to explode it into mischief. We cover the land with spectacles of misery; wealth is felt only by its oppressions; few, very few, remain in those trading districts to spend liberally the riches they have acquired; the successful leave the field to be ploughed afresh by new aspirants after gain, who, in turn, count their periodical profits, and exact the maximum of toil for the minimum of wages. No wonder that thousands of hearts should be against a system which establishes the relations, without calling forth the mutual sympathies, of master and servant, landlord and tenant employer and employed. We do not need to express our firm belief that there are beneficent and blessed exceptions—but generally speaking—in those districts and those departments of industry, the rich and the poor are antagonist parties, each watching the opportunity to gain an advantage over the other. Sickness has no claim on the capitalist; a day’s absence, however necessary, is a day’s loss to the workman; nor are the numerous and frightful mutilations by neglected machinery (terminating as they do in the utter ruin of the sufferer) regarded as conferring, either in principle or practice, the smallest pretence to lasting



**l**asting compensation or even temporary relief. We could fill our pages with instances of terrific accidents that have befallen young children, and of the still more terrific heartlessness that has refused even a word, we say not an act of kindness towards the miserable victims; but we forbear, because on this head it would be difficult to say little; and we have not space left for much.

But here comes the worst of all—these vast multitudes, ignorant and excitable in themselves, and rendered still more so by oppression or neglect, are surrendered, almost without a struggle, to the experimental philosophy of infidels and democrats. When called upon to suggest our remedy of the evil, we reply by an exhibition of the cause of it; the very statement involves an argument, and contains its own answer within itself. Let your laws, we say to the Parliament, assume the proper functions of law, protect those for whom neither wealth, nor station, nor age, have raised a bulwark against tyranny; but, above all, open your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion; reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, all conservatism nonsense, without this alpha and omega of policy; it will give content instead of bitterness, engraft obedience on rebellion, raise purity from corruption, and ‘life from the dead’—but there is no time to be lost.

Oftentimes in contemplating the history of this empire; the greatness of its power; the peculiarity of its condition; its vast extent, one arm resting on the East, the other on the West; its fleets riding proudly on every sea; its name and majesty on every shore; the individual energy of its people; their noble institutions, and, above all, their reformed faith—we are tempted to think that God’s good providence has yet in store for us some high and arduous calling. The long-suffering of the Almighty invites us to repentance; evils that have engulfed whole nations, suspended over us for a while, and then averted, exhibit the mercy—and the probable termination of it:

——‘Death his dart

Shook, but delayed to strike’—

Let us catch at this proffered opportunity, which may never return; betake ourselves with eagerness to do the first works; and while we have yet strength, and dominion, and wealth, and power, ‘break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity.’ \*

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\* Daniel iv. 27.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Rod and the Gun; being two Treatises on Angling and Shooting.* By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., and by the Author of 'The Oakleigh Shooting Code.' 1 vol. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1840.
2. *The Moor and the Loch.* By John Colquhoun. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1840.
3. *Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing, &c.* By Richard Penn, F.R.S. 12mo. Murray, London, 1839.

ANGLING, like printing, appears to have been an art that came to perfection nearly at once. True it is that if Lady Julyana Berners, Bernes, or Barnes—for the correct mode of writing the Prioress's surname is lost in the mists of antiquity—were to lift her venerable head from the moss-grown aisle of Sopewell, to revisit the glimpses of this go-a-head world, she might be rather puzzled at the names of the portraits in the 'fly-leaf' of the first of the books now before us. She would not, we admit, exactly be aware of the merits of the killing *Sam Slick* and the seductive *Green Mantle*, albeit the characters whose names they bear are as familiar in our day as household words. Neither could she be expected to know much of *The Professor* or *Long Tom*, however well she might be acquainted—poor mortal!—with *The Grizzly King*. But we would venture our best rod that if she were placed by the side of a river or lake she would soon fill her creel with store of fish, provided always, as honest Izaak hath it, they were there, and provided also that they were inclined to bite, and that the hook was baited.\*

Tradition gives the following origin to the nunnery, which was under the rule—we are sure it was gentle—of the sporting Prioress, and which was situated at a small distance to the south-west of St. Alban's. Two women, whose names have been long forgotten, came to Eywood, and there, by the river-side, they put together a rude kind of hermitage. In this humble abode, formed of branches of trees and covered with bark and leaves, they dwelt, until the fame of their abstinent, chaste, charitable, and religious lives reached the ears of Jeffery, the sixteenth Abbot of St. Alban's. Touched with their self-denial, their piety, and their active virtues, the good Abbot, about the year 1140, built a cell for them, causing them to be clothed like nuns,

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\* Some years ago it was said that the fish in Virginia Water showed a wonderful predilection for the royal hook; a fact, the truth of which, when disputed, was stoutly maintained by a sly Deipnosophist present, who, after his audience had expressed sufficient surprise at his tenacity and credulity, quietly added that the hooks of all the rest of the courtly company were without bait.

and to live according to Benedictine rule. Nor did he stop here, for he granted them lands and rents. To be sure he did not pay any very great compliment to the 'uneasy virtue' of the inmates of this cell; for, on the ground of preserving their fame from the attacks of scandal, he ordered that they should be always locked up in their house, and that their number should not exceed thirteen, '*all select virgins.*' He also gave them permission to bury there; but only for themselves, not for strangers, his liberality not going the length of a grant which would probably enrich their shrine at the expense of his own. The number of the saintly sisters had dwindled to nine at the dissolution, and the yearly value of the house was then estimated by Dugdale at 40*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; though Speed makes it 68*l.* 8*s.*

Dame Juliana—(a sister, it is supposed, of Richard Lord Berners, of Essex)—appears to have become Prioress about 1460, and the first edition (folio) of her book, commonly known as the *Boke of St. Alban's*, printed at that place in 1486—(with Caxton's letter, probably)—contained the treatises on Hawking, Hunting, and Coat-Armour. The republication in 1496, including, in addition, the treatise on Fishing, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster.

Modern treatises have not disdained to take an occasional leaf out of our noble and learned lady's book. This, for instance:—

After recommending a 'roche' or a 'freshe heerynge' as a bait for a pike, the fair angler gives us 'another manere'—'Take the same bayte,' or 'a frosshe' (frog)—'*and put it in assa fetida,* and caste it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not sayl of hym; and yf ye lyst to have a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote; and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the pyke shall have the better.' Dainty amusement for the Prioress and her bevy of 'maids of heaven;' wherein may be traced—barring the *assafoetida*—the 'huxing' and 'bottle-racing' for pike of modern times; directions for which, with small variations from those vouchsafed by the pious original, may be seen in almost every book on angling from Barker and Walton downwards. Her style may be judged of by the following passages, in the first of which she thus improves the occasion:—

'Ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetysenes, to the encreasyng and sparynge of your money oonly; but principally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons with you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God, devowtly, in saying affectuously your custumable prayer; and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.'

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The stealthy delights of the walking-cane rod were well known to her: after directions for its construction the Prioress knowingly adds—

‘ And thus shall ye make you a rodde so prevy, that ye may walk therewith; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo.’

But we cannot speak very highly of this holy dame’s taste in culinary affairs: *she* was evidently no *cordons bleus*. She appears to have thought highly of the worst fish for the table, in our opinion, extant.

‘ The barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a perylous for mannys body. For, comynly, he givyth an introducion to the febres: and yf he be eaten rawe’—hear it not, Comus—‘ he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.’

That raw barbel *ought* to cause the death of any civilized, unfeathered, two-legged animal, all cooks will allow: that such an event should have been frequent can only be accounted for by that delightful state of unsophisticated nature which prevailed in the fifteenth century. What would the Hon. Robert Boyle, who speaks with abhorrence of eating raw oysters, have said to this? Certainly he who swallowed the first oyster *was* a bold man but he was well rewarded for his bravery in discussing the sapid mollusk not only unwashed and undressed, but also unshaven.\*

For some time Dame Juliana’s book seems to have been all sufficient for our ancestors; nor does there appear to have been any publication of note till 1651, when ‘ The Art of Angling wherein are discovered many rare secrets, very necessary to be known by all that delight in that recreation, written by Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art,’ made its appearance in the shop of Oliver Fletcher, ‘ neer the Seven Stars, at the west end of St. Paul’s.’ This seems to have taken with the patient fraternity; for in 1654 it made part of the ‘ Countryman’s Recreations,’ and in 1657 another edition, ‘ much enlarged, with the addition of ‘ Barker’s Delight,’ at the head of the title page, was printed for Richard Marriott, of St. Dunstan’s Church-yard, Fleet-street. And, indeed, odd as some of the contents are, a most instructive book it was. From the author Walton, as he himself acknowledges, learned most of the little he knew about fly-fishing. The end of his ‘ epistle dedicatory’ is highly characteristic:—

‘ If any noble or gentle angler of what degree soever he be, have in mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7th’s Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westm. M.

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\* It has lately been satisfactorily proved that oysters are diocious, in other words that they are distinctly male and female; so that there is meaning in Tilburina’s madness: ‘ an oyster *may* be crossed in love.’

name is *Barker*, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfy them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them, for it would be too heavy for every one that loveth that exercise to be at that charge as I was at first in my youth, the losse of my time with great expences. Therefore I took in consideration, and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and wayes that I have found by experience both for fitting of the rods and tackles both for ground-baits and flyes, with directions for the making thereof, with observations for times and seasons, for the ground-baits and flyes, both for day and night, with the dressing, wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them, and to shew how I can perform it, to furnish any Lord's table, onely with trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for 16 or 20 dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health (with help of God) to go dry in their boots and shooes in angling, *for age taketh the pleasure from me.*

We, too, could moralise over the *præteritos annos*; but let that pass. Meanwhile for the sake of 'the gentleman angler,' of whom Barker writes, 'that he goeth to the river for his pleasure,' and 'hath neither judgment, knowledge, nor experience,' we subjoin one or two of Thomas's hints; there can be no better:—

'The first thing he must do is to observe the sun and the wind. The sun proves cloudy; then must you set forth either your ground-bait tackles, or of the brightest of your flyes. If the sun prove bright and clear, then must you put on the darkest of your flyes; thus must you to work with your flyes, light for darkness and dark for lightness.'

'Be sure you do not overload yourself with lengths of your line. Before you begin to angle, make a triall, having the wind on your back, to see at what length you can cast your flye, that the flye light first into the water, and no longer; for if any of the line fall into the water before the flye, it is better uncast than thrown. Be sure you be casting always down the stream, with the wind behind you and the sun before you. It is a speciall point to have the sun and moon before you, for the very motion of the rod drives all pleasure from you, either by day or by night; in all your anglings, both with worms and flyes, there must be a great care of that.'

His observations on the use of the 'naturall flye,' which 'is sure angling, and will kill great store of trouts with much pleasure,' are equally good; and then comes a short narrative which might seem to savour a little of poaching in these delicate days, but which so completely bears the stamp of truth, that we cannot forbear to quote it.

'My Lord,' says the worthy Thomas, who glories in his art, and plumes himself thereon, as all fishermen have done from time immemorial,\* 'sent to me at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of trouts

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\* See *Athenæus*—*Deipn.* vi. xi.

against the next morning, by six of the clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the aire were like to prove. I returned answer that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at his time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark; I drew out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted for the uppermost part, and a line of two silks and two hairs twisted for the lower part, with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark: I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport, angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flye, on the top of the water. Then you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line strait, feeling the fish bite, give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one among twenty but doth gorge the bait; the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take the fish up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a light palmer-flye, made of a large hook; I had sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport untill it grew very light: then I took off the red palmer and set to a black palmer; I had sport, made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my Lord at his time appointed for the service. These three flyes, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night, observing the times as I have shewed you in this night-work—the white flye for darknesse, the red flye in *medio*, and the black flye for lightnesse. This is the true experience for angling in the night, which is the surest angling of all, *and killeth the greatest trouts.*'

*We can bear witness to that*, as Tony says in the play. Moreover, we well remember seeing, at a very early period of our career, the practical effect of these 'white,' or rather greyish white, 'owl' flies. A party had obtained permission to fish in a well-stored river, which was weedy in parts, but clear as the transparent floor of the apartment into which the Queen of Sheba was ushered by

'The wisest man the world e'er saw,'

when he successfully sought to gratify his royal eyes with a sight of her majesty's well-turned ancles.\* Unfortunately for us, the day had been very bright—nay, cloudless—and there was but one trout among the three rods, and that not killed by the only

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\* In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Sheba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming. This led the queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. 'It was said unto her Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass.' Chap. xxvii.—*Note to Lalla Rookh.*

Craftsman of the party, as good a fisherman as ever cast fly from a single-handed rod on this side of the Tweed, and who soon gave the matter up as desperate. The rest of us, determined to have our fishing, toiled throughout the burning day, during the greater part of which we might as well have thrown our hats in the water as a fly,—and so he told us. The sun was now sinking fast, and the shadows of the lofty clins far away from the bank already reached the river, when, tired out with our no sport, we put up our tackle and began to wend our way homeward. Our path wound up a rising ground on the other side, just above a part of the broad water where the weeds formed a sort of long floating island down the middle, leaving a deep, free, and limpid channel on each side. We looked back, and saw a man of some fifty years, with a greyish-white hat, coming briskly down the meadow, followed by a boy carrying two double-handed rods and a landing-net. The sun was setting when they reached that part of the river already described. The master took from his boy's shoulder one of the rods, waved it round his head, and cast an owl-fly clean over the weeds upon the clear run beyond. At the second throw he rose and hooked a big fish, which he immediately dragged over the weeds before the trout had time to think about it, got him into the clear channel on his own side, took him down stream, and his boy soon landed him. The fisherman lost no time, but while the boy was disengaging the hook and killing the fish, he took up the other rod, threw again across, his moth-fly alighting like thistle-down on the water, and again he dragged a large fish over the weeds, treating him in all respects like the other. All this was done in about three minutes. We were standing on the hill-side in the deepening shade of the evening, anxious to see more of his master-work, when we were roused by the distant halloo of our companions, who had walked on, for we had far to go.

But we cannot yet part with Barker, who was a cook of no mean quality, also a poet;—*e. g.*

“Restorative broth of trouts learn to make :

Some fry and some stew, and some also bake.

First broyl and then bake is a rule of good skill ;

And when thou dost fortune a great trout to kill,

Then rost him, and baste first with good claret wine ;

But the calvor'd boyl'd trout will make thee to dine  
With dainty contentment both the hot and the cold ;

And the marrionate trout I dare to be bold

For a quarter of a year will keep to thy mind,

If covered close and preserved from wind.

But mark well, good brother, what now I doc say,

Sauce made of anchoves is an excellent way,

With



With oysters and lemmon, clove, nutmeg, and mace,  
 When the brave spotted trout hath been boyled apace  
 With many sweet herbs: *for forty years I*  
*In Ambassadors' kitchens learn'd my cooker-y.*  
 The French and Italian no better can doe :  
 Observe well my rules and you'l say so too."

He adds in prose—"I have been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchens that have come into England this forty years and do wait on them still at the Lord Protector's charge, and am paid duly for it: *sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grosly.*" We are sorry that he does not detail more of his culinary secrets in verse—but the variety of his receipts, and the lyrical *in medias res* style in which he often commences them, as if he were actually in the kitchen:—"We must have a trout-pi to eat hot, and another cold."—"There is one good trout of good length, eighteen or twenty inches,—we will have *that* roasted,"—bring the whole savoury scene before you. His directions for boiling and calvoring trout contain the whole secret of the art of boiling fish. Having directed the operator to make the 'liquor boyle with a fierce fire made of wood,' he finishes by saying, 'First put in one trout. let one blow up the fire until the liquor boyle, then put in another: so do untill all are in an boyled.' Sir Humphry Davy got some credit for his direction *in re* Salmon.—'Carry him to the pot, and before you put in slice let the water and salt boil furiously, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another; and proceed with the whole fish.'\*—*Percant qui*, &c.

The *Complete Angler*, by Izaak Walton, first appeared in 1653. Barker has been kept a good deal in the background, and comparatively but little known: we have therefore thought it our duty to give him elbow-room, that those who wish it may form more extensive acquaintance with him. It is sufficient to name Walton. Who does not know his charming pastoral by heart? It has stood the test of nearly two centuries, and has gone through at least twenty-five editions, in all shapes, and with every degree of luxury.

The halo thrown over the *Contemplative Man's Recreation* by Walton, and the good men whom he enumerated as brothers of the angle, invested the art with new interest. Dignified clergymen were among its votaries; and why not? Though fly-fishing may, we admit, be open to the objection that it is a light and volatile amusement, we are at a loss to imagine what can be urged against the clerical sobriety of a ground-bait.

We accordingly find that, after Walton, treatises soon began to

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\* *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, p. 188.

multiply: but, not to weary the reader, we shall only mention those of Venables, John Williamson, Brookes, Bowlker, Best, and Kirby, in the last century; and, in this, Taylor, Captain Williamson, Salter, Carroll, Bainbridge's *Fly-Fishers' Guide* (an excellent book, which has passed through several editions), Davy's delightful *Salmonia*, of which three have already been published, and Stoddart. Colonel Hawker, in his 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' has only some twenty pages relating to trout-fishing, but they are well worthy of attention.

We now come to the 'Angling' part of *The Rod and the Gun*, which is a reprint of the article 'Angling,' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with additions. It is not merely a good compilation, cleverly illustrated by one well versed in the natural history of the tribes with which his vocation brings him in contact; it contains, also, a good deal of practical and valuable information, conveyed in a lively manner, though, perhaps, with rather too visible determination to be funny—and, above all, a trick of petty personal allusions which might have been well enough in a magazine paper. The history of the fishes with which the angler has to deal is brought down to the latest period, and, of course, includes those interesting experiments which have at last settled 'the great Par question.' Mr. Shaw, of Drumlanrig, has proved, —1st, that par are the young of salmon, being convertible into smolts; and, 2ndly, that the main body, if not the whole of these smolts, do not proceed to the sea until the second spring after that in which they are hatched. Those best qualified to judge go further, and contend that each of the *Salmonidæ* has its *Par-probation*. We proceed to give Mr. James Wilson's notion of the most refined branch of the sport.

'Fly-fishing has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labour to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So also in regard to fishing. The accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that

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an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle), either in the air or his favourite element, the flight or the motion of a particular species, because he also knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalises,—and this is the philosophy of fishing.

‘We are therefore of opinion that all, or a great proportion, of what has been so often, and sometimes so well, said about the great variety of flies necessary to an angler,—about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month throughout the season,—about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noonday, and a third to the evening,—and about every river having its own particular fly &c., is, if not altogether erroneous, at least greatly exaggerated and mis-conceived. That determinate relations exist between flies of a certain colour and particular conditions of a river is, we doubt not, true; but these are rather connected with angling as an artificial science, and have but little to do with any analogous relations in nature. The great object, by whatever means to be accomplished, is to render the bait deceptive; and this, from the very nature of things, is continually effected by fishing with flies which differ in colour and appearance from those which prevail upon the water; because, in truth, no other else can be purchased or procured. Even admitting, for a moment, the theory of representation, when a particular fly prevails upon a river, an artificial one, in imitation of it, will never resemble so closely as to appear the same to those below (*i. e.* the fish): on the contrary, a certain degree of resemblance, without anything like an exact similitude, will only render the finny tribe the more cautious through suspicion; while a different shape and colour, by exciting no minute or invidious comparisons, might probably be swallowed without examination. Indeed, it seems sufficiently plain, that where means of comparison are allowed, and where exact imitation is at the same time impossible, it is much better to have recourse to a general idea than to an awkward and bungling individual representation. How often has it been asserted, with all the gravity of sententious wisdom, that the true mode of proceeding in fly-fishing is to busk your hook by the river-side, after beating the shrubs to see what colour of insect prevails! A very expert angler, who perhaps carried the opposite theory rather too far, although he always filled his pannier, was in the habit of stirring the briars and willows to ascertain what manner of fly was there, and with that he tempted the fishes. The man was a humorist in his way, and in this particular case an erroneous humorist, as many wiser folks have been when driven into one extreme by the foolish prevalence of its opposite. But he certainly had the advantage of his antagonists in a wider field of action and invention,—the world being all before him where to choose, and no especial pocket-book his guide.” *The Rod, &c.*, pp. 10—13.

To much of this we readily assent: but we have seen wonders performed by a man who *did* sit down and imitate, after a fashion, a fly then on the water, and at which the fish were rising, whilst another, who cast quite as deftly, was plying his rod with one ready-made fly after another, unlike that on the water, without raising a single fish. Not that our late worthy friend Mr. George Bainbridge, of Gattonside *juxta* Melrose, was not quite right when he stated that flies, however fanciful or varied in shade or materials, will frequently raise fish when all the imitations of nature have proved unsuccessful. 'Indeed,' says he, very truly, 'so fastidious and whimsical are the salmon at times, that the more brilliant and extravagant the fly the more certain is the angler of his diversion.' A Scotch lady—no mean proficient in her art—said to a friend, who is as good an angler as he is a zoologist, 'that they had taught the salmon in their river to take gaudy flies.' By the way, the spotted and banded feathers from the breast of the Caracara eagle (*Polyborus Brasiliensis*) have proved irresistible in some salmon-rivers.

Mr. Wilson had previously laid it down that—

'There is, in truth, little or no connexion between angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is no doubt greatly at variance with the expressed principles of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. But we are not the less decidedly of opinion, that in nine instances out of ten a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.'—*Ibid*, pp. 7, 8.

Certainly the inventor of *Sam Slick*, *Long Tom*, and *The Professor* (Wilson, of course), however 'wayward' the 'hour' may have been when those killing monsters were conceived, has a right to be pertinacious, the more especially as he possesses 'above ten thousand kinds of insects:' but we cannot give up the theory of imitation, clumsy enough, we admit, when the original standard flies were efforts at least to make something like the insects whose names many of them bear. Indeed Mr. Wilson himself says elsewhere (p. 7) that 'fly-fishing must not be regarded *exclusively* as an art of imitation.' And again—

'It is admitted that during midsummer, when the weather is calm, the sky clear, and the river low, and when what is called fine fishing is necessary, such imitation as is possible, both of the appearance and motions of the natural fly, may frequently be tried with advantage; in which case the tackle may be allowed to drop gently down the stream; but

but it more usually happens, from the style of fishing practised during the vernal and autumnal states of a river, that the hook is not deceptive from its appearing like a winged fly which has fallen from its native element, but from its motion and aspect resembling that of some aquatic insect. When the end of the line first falls on the surface of the water the fish may be deceived by the idea of a natural fly; and it is on the account that the angler should throw his tackle lightly and with accuracy, and it is on that account also that we would advise the more frequent throwing of the line: but so soon as the practitioner begins to describe his semicircle across the river, the character of the lure is changed, and the trout then seizes the bait, not as a drowning insect but as a creature inhabiting its own element, which had ventured too far from the protection of the shallow shore or the sedgy bank. Thus, if this is the case a subsidiary argument may also be drawn from the fact that in most rivers the greater number and the finest fish are generally killed by the drag-fly, which, during the process of angling, swims an inch or two under water. It is sometimes even advisable so to angle as to convert into drags all the flies in use.'—*Ibid.*, p. 19.

Our experience has been uniformly in favour of the drowning or dragging process; and we appeal to the same friend to whom we have before referred for the truth of it. By the bye, when he produced his flies, which were all 'neat, trimly dressed,' like *Sam Slick* and the rest of them, to the old fisherman 'on the Carron-side,' the said fisherman shook his head, like Lord Bunsby himself. At length he pitched on one, and after nipping it and clipping it, and stripping it, and then pulling back the wings to make them stand staring up, instead of lying decently down, and drawing the whole fly through his fingers backwards, till, as disheveled and bedeviled, it looked as if it had been drawn through a furze-bush the wrong way, the fisherman said he thought 'that *might* do'—and so it did. Our friend, after that, busked all his flies as the fisherman taught him, with the wings put on the wrong way, so to speak, standing up or leaning towards the shank of the hook,—and he had the best of sport. The effect of this mode of dressing was, that the fly, when under water, *when it was always taken*, would open and shut, as it were, with a kind of systole and diastole, like the motion in the umbrella of a *Medusa*, or *sea-nettle*. In short the appearance of life was given to the bait, the great art in all imitative fishing. Thus much for salmon-fishing: that the system of sinking the fly holds good in lake-fishing for trout, so far as the taking of large fish are concerned, the following instance, related by another good friend of ours, shows. He was fishing in a lake in South Wales. Now all anglers know that the fish in certain rivers have their favourite flies—the *coachman*, for instance, was, perhaps is, the fashion in the

**T**he Colne; and in the Welsh lakes, where our friend fished, you might as well have thrown yourself in as anything but a *côch y Lôn du* (we write under Welsh correction) or, as it is uttered by the Saxon, *cock-a-bondy*. It is intended for an imitation of one of the *lady-birds* (*coccinella*), and to make the fly well you should have a red-cock's hackle, with a black quill, to get which look for a red cock with black legs. But, to our tale. Our friend and another angler embarked in the same boat. The other angler fished on the surface: he killed more fish than our friend, but those taken by the latter, who drowned his fly, were all fine fish, and equalled in weight the more numerous fry of his brother sportsman.

With regard to the comparison of this branch of angling with sculpture, above alluded to, Mr. Wilson gives no sign of being aware that we have here in the south an example of the highest art in both, in the person of Sir Francis Chantrey.\*

We must now take leave of Mr. Wilson, with a hint that, when next 'the unwetted gut still lies in rebellious and unyielding circles on the surface' (p. 27), he will find a little Indian rubber, properly applied, very useful in quelling the rebellion, without any danger of rubbing out the line.

*The Loch*—for our limits forbid *the Moor*—next claims our attention. We understand the author, Mr. John Colquhoun, is not, as we had at first surmised, the crude penman of '*Isis Revelata*,' but a nephew of his—if a pupil, we beg leave to congratulate them both. The whole composition is unpretending, clear, and practical, and does honour to the 'parent lake.' The book breathes of the mountain and the flood, and will carry the sportsman back to the days of his youth, when he could sleep well in a chimney-less bothy, with his pony on one side, a cow on the other, and the shepherd and shepherdess, with their progeny, nestled in wattled cubitories all round—his head on a turf and his feet to the peat.

'The true angler,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'is almost always a lover of nature; if not, he loses half the pleasure of his art. In following the river's course, he must of necessity pass through the finest and most varied scenery; and that too at a time when beauty crowns the year. But, enchanting as are the woodland-banks of the quiet stream, there is to me a higher and yet more powerful charm in the solitary wildness or savage grandeur of the Highland loch. The very stillness of those bare hills and craggy summits, broken only by the rushing of some rapid burn that intersects them, has a tendency to elevate while it

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\* It is said that when Madame Malibran first visited the great sculptor in his studio, she addressed him, from her frank, feeling, and good heart, with, 'How happy you must be in the midst of this your beautiful creation!' To which he, with equal sincerity, though a little to her surprise, replied, 'I'd rather be a-fishing.'



calms the mind ; and I envy not the man who could frequent such scenes and not feel them.

‘ But if the proficient in the gentle craft has an eye equally keen to the beauties so lavishly scattered around him, it happens no less often that the admirer of nature’s wildest charms fancies himself an angler. Our man of taste has, perhaps, fished a few rivers near him, in the spring, when trout are lean and hungry ; and, having chosen a propitious day, has sometimes returned with a tolerable creelful. He then starts on his pleasure-tour, and of course his fishing-rod forms an important accompaniment. At first he makes some determined attack upon the finny tribe ; but, being generally unsuccessful, his rod is laid aside, and, after having been delighted with the sublimities and beauties of half the Highlands, he returns home with but an indifferent account of his piscatorial achievements. To such an one I particularly address the few simple directions in loch-fishing, which time and patience have enabled me to collect.’—*The Moor and the Loch*, pp. 56, 57.

Here are good observations on the introduction of pike to keep down the shoals of small, ill-fed trout, with a striking instance of the voracity of the *ravenous luce* :—

‘ Many people think a loch injured by pike : on the contrary, unless very numerous, as in Loch Menteith, I have seldom seen one more worth fishing without them ; always excepting those where the Loch Aft trout or gillaroo are to be found. If a man prefers killing eight or nine dozen, with scarcely a half-pounder among them, to a dozen fine trout from one to three pounds weight, then he may count the pike his enemy ; but the latter feat will both better prove his skill and afford him much greater sport. He who wishes to excel in angling will leave the loch with its tiny multitude to the bungler, and select the other, where all his science will be called into play.

‘ The reason why yellow trout are always large where there are pike is obvious : the small fry are all devoured by the latter, and the others, having more food, increase in size. A few years ago Loch Katrine was choke-full of very small trout, which have gradually become larger since pike have been introduced ; and now two or three dozen fine red trout may be taken in a day.

‘ There are two other small lochs, near Loch Katrine, which breed very large pike, and are full of prime trout, Loch Arklet and Loch Dronkie ; but less fortunate than their neighbours in not having been immortalized by our Great Minstrel : the latter especially, from its impressive sounding name, we cannot wonder that a poet discards, but an angler will find its attractions. The shores of these lochs being almost cleared of weeds, and the ground firm, the best parts may be reached by wading, and fish taken from half a pound to three pounds weight. Upon one occasion, when playing a good-sized trout in Loch Dronkie, an enormous pike made several dashes, and at last succeeded in seizing it. I put every effort to frighten him away ; but so determined was he, that though I could see him quite plainly in shallow water, with my trout held across his tremendous jaws, he would not be beat off ; and at last

when



“**When**, kicking the water, I strained my line, he gave a plunge, broke my rod and escaped with his prey.”—*Ibid.*, p. 58.

**His experiences of fly-fishing are most valuable :—**

‘ Should the loch you are fishing contain sea-trout or salmon, ascertain, from any good fisher in the neighbourhood, what are the most killing flies, and tie them for yourself. Should you not be “up to this,” *beg, borrow, or buy them from him.* In fishing with a long line, from a boat, let the trail be either a sea-trout or salmon-fly; but if throwing from shore, never use the latter except by itself. A two-handed rod, large reel with plenty of line, and the lightest tackle, are necessary.

‘ If the wind is so high as to cause decided waves upon one of these small lochs, you will succeed much better with the minnow-tackle than the fly: indeed, the best plan then is to troll for pike with a par; they always take best in high wind, but are so capricious that you may have three runs in half-an-hour, and perhaps not one in several apparently favourable days. High wind is prejudicial to fly-fishing in lochs where the trout are large, because it scatters them into unlikely places; and being, of course, much fewer in number than when small, you are not so apt to stumble upon them: the waves also prevent their seeing the fly so readily.

‘ When there is a fine even breeze immediately repair to the loch. Begin to fish those parts where the wind blows fairest from the shore; if you know the loch well you have a great advantage. The trout have many feeding-places, and shift from one to another with the slightest change of the wind. Near some one of these they generally keep watching the breeze, which blows them flies and insects. They are usually in companies; so, when the angler hooks one, he should endeavour to get it away from the rest; he will then most likely rise another the next throw or two. He must keep a very sharp look-out for these places, and may generally detect them by the rising of the trout. They sometimes, but not so often, feed singly.’—*Ibid.*, p. 61.

Much has been said and written about the cruelty of worm-fishing; and though there are few anglers who do not practise it in secret—for it is a sure bait—few have courage enough openly to avow it. We should be the last to encourage torture, but it is our decided opinion that the corporal sufferance is much over-rated. The martyrdoms to which worms are exposed from the spade and the ploughshare are obvious, and the power of reproducing severed parts indicates a low organic form. We cannot look abroad without seeing cruelty, if so it must be called, openly practised by animals of prey—from a lion to a weasel, from an eagle to a redbreast, from a shark to a perch—as a law of nature. We remember to have seen the case—it literally was no more, except the legs and head—of a respectable cockchafer (*Melolontha vulgaris*) taking a leisurely evening-walk, with no sign of suffering, after he had been entirely ‘cleaned out’ by a truculent sparrow. Thus much in excuse for Mr. Colquhoun,

who honestly gives the following directions, with a cut, demonstrating the method of baiting:—

‘Troll as much as possible with the wind, although in fly-fishing it is best to row against it. Take care, when you hook a fish, that your boatman does not strain your line in the former case, nor slacken it in the latter; either of which he is apt to do, by lying upon his oars, watching your proceedings. You must, in fact direct his slightest movement.

‘If the loch is frequented by salmon, have one of your rods baited with a par; and, if passing any of his haunts near the shore, take your fly-rod, land, and throw from it, but do not go near the place with the boat. Should no fish rise after you have thrown some time, take off your fly, put on a large bait-hook and two floats, one about six yards from the other; the line is thus prevented from dangling near the hook, which must hang down about four yards from the last float, baited with two large dew-worms in the following manner:—Enter the hook at the tail of one, and bring it out about one-fourth of an inch below the head; pull up the worm upon the gut; then put in the hook about one-fourth of an inch below the head of the other, leaving the same length of worm at the point; this moves about and entices the salmon to pull down the first worm to the other, and your hook is baited. When the float disappears, be in no hurry to strike till the fish has tightened the line; you are thus pretty sure of its head being turned away, and consequently have a better chance of hooking. This should only be attempted where the shores are deep and rocky, on a cloudy day, with a stiff breeze from the south or west, and skiffs of rain. Do not give up hope too soon, for the salmon are generally swimming in small shoals backwards and forwards along the shore; a little time may thus elapse before they pass where you are fishing.’—*Ibid.*, pp. 64, 65.

The chapter on fishing in the salt-water lochs, which bears the stamp of acute observation and matured practice, commences in a style through which the author’s patriotism shines, and it becomes him well:—

‘The sea-loch has a character peculiarly its own—no wooded islands, no green or pebbly margin, like its inland sister, except perhaps for a short time at full-tide; and the dark mountain more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is a novel sight for the traveller, whom the refreshing evening breeze has tempted out of the neighbouring inn, at the landlord’s recommendation, to try his fishing luck with such a clumsy rod and tackle as he had never dreamt of before. The awkward-looking herring “skows,” well-matched with their black or red sails, scudding in all directions; the nasal twang of the Gaëlic, as they pass the bow or stern of his boat, shooting their nets; the hardy, weatherbeaten face of the Highlander, always civil in his reply, and courteous in pointing out the most likely ground to the “stranger”—reiterating his injunctions (when his stock of English extends no further) “to keep on the broo,” yet plainly showing that he expects the like courtesy in return, and that the least slip on your part would

Could immediately make him change his tone,—all this can hardly fail to impress on the mind of the imaginative that the spirit of the Highlands, though dormant, is not dead, and to carry back his fancy to the old times of clans, catarans, and claymores.’—*Ibid*, pp. 72, 73.

Nor can we omit the note:—

‘It is often amusing to see how easily the warm blood will boil, even in those whom years and hardship might have cooled. The following characteristic instances occur to me:—A spruce young gentleman and party of friends, in crossing a ferry, had only one boatman, nearly eighty years old, tugging away at both oars. The young spark, who rather flattered himself upon his performance, offered to relieve him of one. “Na, na,” says old Donald, whose manner was the extreme of respect, “ye’ll no be accustomed to this wark.” “Me!” says the youngster, “I’ll row any man in your country.” The Highlander instantly faced him with a look and tone of perfect equality—“I’ve seen the day when I wad hae been sair pushed!” The other case was that of an old “grannie” in defence of her rights and privileges:—An efficient and benevolent magistrate, who had been very active in his endeavours to stop the progress of the cholera, was inculcating the necessity of cleanliness. The grannie listened with a sort of half-consenting air, which seemed to say, “We must submit to all this for the good that’s to come”—until he mentioned the necessity of removing the dunghill from before the window. Her Highland blood could not endure so audacious an inroad upon her freedom: she determined to make a stand upon this odoriferous ground, proverbial for inspiring pluck even into the craven. With an attitude of defiance, and her fists firmly stuck in her sides, she bawled out, “Deed, Major, ye may tak our *lives*, but ye’ll no tak our *mid-yeen*!”’—*Ibid*, p. 73, note.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Colquhoun cannot help referring, with some show of feeling it, to the well-known ban attributed to Dr. Johnson. If the doctor *did* utter it, he is worthy of the figure which they have set up by way of a statue of him at Lichfield. A physical defect prevented the possibility of the great exicographer having any more notion of the pleasures which await the angler, and the glorious scenery among which his sport leads him, than a man sightless from his birth has of colours. What could he have known of the thrill that runs through the spectator when his eye embraces hill and valley, wood, rock, lake, and stream, in wild but harmonious confusion; as if the giants had in sport tossed rock and mountain about, and the fairies had afterwards come to make the broken land beautiful. To such impressions Johnson was high-gravel blind.

We leave Mr. Colquhoun with regret, for the present; for his *Moor* is, if anything, even better than his *Loch*; and now, though last not least, we call upon Richard Penn, F.R.S., to come into court.

Reverend

Reverend Izaak well observed that angling is something like poetry—‘men are to be born so;’ and true it may be that no mere directions will ever make a man a proficient. But, if he have a grain of the good seed in him, these ‘Maxims and Hints for an Angler’—no Mr. Penn—not ‘by a Bungler,’ though it pleases your worship to say so—will, if attended to, make his piscatory fortune. If the precepts are not all new—how little is!—they have the air of novelty, and charm by the pregnant brevity, sly sarcasm, and oily raciness, with which the truth is at once conveyed and impressed.

Mr. Penn’s experience has apparently been confined to the south; and, indeed, we doubt whether he is yet thoroughly familiar with Thames trout-fishing on a large scale. It requires great patience, skill, and tact; but these are often rewarded by the finest fish. When Mr. Wilson talks of his ‘glorious three-pounder’ (p. 197), what would he say to the great Thames trout of eight or nine pounds weight—they have been taken as high as fifteen pounds—which comes at the spinning gudgeon ‘as if it were a mastiffe dog at a beare.’ We cannot trust ourselves here; for it is exciting to see the rippled surface ploughed by one of these noble fish, his back-fin ever and anon appearing above the water as he drives the glittering small fish before him, often within a few yards of your boat, and they make desperate leaps into the air to avoid their fate, whilst he recklessly throws himself out after them, shining like silver. A well-timed and skilful cast on such an occasion will often terminate by the welcome introduction of the great pursuer into the boat’s well. Nor is it in fishing streams alone—which can only be well done in the Thames from a punt suffered to drop down from haunt to haunt, and anchored by a weight—that sport is to be expected. The bright sun draws the fish up to the weirs and the great trouts after them; and there, when the cloudless day makes any other fishing almost hopeless, if the fisherman can trust his head upon the dizzy footing of the weir-beam, high above the roaring, tumbling, flashing waters beneath, he may with little other skill hook very large fish; for, if his trace be well fitted, the rapidity of the current alone spins his bait beautifully. But we are reviewing books, and not writing treatises, nor ought we to detain the reader any longer from Mr. Penn’s arch ‘Hints and Maxims.’ We begin with—

‘I.—Are there any fish in the river to which you are going?’

‘II.—Having settled the above question in the affirmative, get some person who knows the water to show you whereabout the fish usually lie; and when he shows them to you, do not show yourself to them.

‘IV.—Do not imagine that, because a fish does not instantly dart off  
 .. . . . on

on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always on such occasions ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent.

‘ V.—By wading when the sun does not shine, you may walk in the river within eighteen or twenty yards below a fish, which would be immediately driven away by your walking on the bank on either side, though at a greater distance from him.

‘ VI.—When you are fishing with the natural May-fly, it is as well to wait for a passing cloud as to drive away the fish by putting your fly to him in the glare of the sunshine.

‘ VII.—If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him: you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come.

‘ VIII.—If your line be nearly *taut*, as it ought to be, with little or no gut in the water, a good fish will always hook himself, on your gently raising the top of the rod when he has taken the fly.

‘ IX.—If you are above a fish in the stream when you hook him, get below him as soon as you can; and remember that if you pull him, but for an instant, against the stream, he will, if a heavy fish, break his hold; or, if he should be firmly hooked, you will probably find that the united strength of the stream and fish is too much for your skill and tackle.

X.—I do not think that a fish has much power of stopping himself if, immediately on being hooked, he is moved slowly with the current, under the attractive influence of your rod and line. He will soon find that a forced march of this sort is very fatiguing, and he may then be brought, by a well-regulated exercise of gentle violence, to the bank, from whence he is to be instantly whipped out by an expert assistant, furnished with a landing-net, the ring of which ought not to be of a less diameter than eighteen inches, the handle of it being seven feet long.

‘ XI.—If, after hooking a trout, you allow him to remain stationary but for a moment, he will have time to put his helm hard a-port or a-starboard, and to offer some resistance. Strong tackle now becomes useful.

‘ XII.—Bear always in mind that no tackle is strong enough, unless well handled. A good fisherman will easily kill a trout of three pounds with a rod and a line which are not strong enough to lift a dead weight of one pound from the floor, and place it on the table.

‘ XIII.—Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack. Take this as a hint that your fly is gone to grass.

‘ XIV.—Never throw with a long line when a short one will answer your purpose. The most difficult fish to hook is one which is rising at three-fourths of the utmost distance to which you can throw. Even when

when you are at the extent of your distance, you have a better chance; because in this case, when you do reach him, your line will be straight, and when you do not, the intermediate failures will not alarm him.

‘XV.—It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz. :—

‘1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line.

‘2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw.

‘In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which it is not easy to describe.

‘XVI.—If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again, before it has answered yours.

‘XVII.—Although the question of fishing up or down the stream is usually settled by the direction of the wind, you may sometimes have the option; and it is therefore as well to say a word or two on both sides.

‘1. If, when you are fishing down-stream, you take a step or two with each successive throw, your fly is always travelling over new water, which cannot have been disturbed by the passing of your line.

‘2. When you are fishing up-stream, you may lose the advantage of raising so many fish; but, on the other hand, you will have a better chance of hooking those which rise at your fly, because the darting forward of a fish seizing it has a tendency to tighten your line and produce the desired effect.

‘3. If you are in the habit of sometimes catching a fish, there is another great advantage in fishing up-stream, viz., whilst you are playing and leading (necessarily down-stream) the fish which you have hooked, you do not alarm the others which are above you, waiting till their turn comes.

‘XVIII. The learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am humbly of opinion that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by your using two flies; but I think that, by using only one, you increase your chance of landing the fish.

‘XIX.—When you are using two flies, you can easily find the bob-fly on the top of the water, and thus be sure that the end-fly is not far off. When you are using only one fly, you cannot so easily see where the fly is; but I think that you can make a better guess as to where the fish is likely to be after you have hooked him.

‘XX.—Also, when you are using two flies, you may sometimes catch a fish with one of them, and a weed growing in the river with the other. When such a *liaison* is once formed, you will find it difficult, with all your attractions, to overcome the strong attachment of the fish to your worthless rival the weed.

‘XXI.—If the weed will not give way in the awkward juncture above alluded



alluded to, you must proceed to extremities. "Then comes the tug of war;" and your line is quite as likely to break between you and the fish, as between the fish and the weed.

'XXII.—When, during the season of the May-fly, your friends, the gentlemen from London, say that they "have scarcely seen a fish rise all day," do not too hastily conclude that the fish have not been feeding on the fly.'—*Maxims and Hints for an Angler*, pp. 3—12.

The May-fly season is, indeed, the jubilee of anglers; and then, and then only, we believe, are Houghton Shallows taboo'd for all but members of the delightful club to which our author belongs. Every fisherman looks for the time with impatience. An experienced dweller near one of our southern trout-streams was strictly charged to send the earliest intimation to his patron in London of the advent of this anxiously-looked-for insect. A letter came in these words:—

'Honoured Sir,—He is not come down yet, but we expect him down early next week.

'Your humble servant to command,  
'A. B.'

It would have puzzled the uninitiated to guess what personage was expected; but the angler at once recognised news of the May-fly, acted upon the information, and was not disappointed.

We cannot resist another hint or two:—

'XXX.—Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he is tired." Much valuable time and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can*. Everything depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail upon him to go a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

'XXXI.—Do not be afraid of filling your pockets too full when you go out; you are more likely to leave something behind you than to take too much. A man who seldom catches a fish at any other time usually gets hold of one (and loses him of course) while his attendant is gone back for something which had been forgotten.

'XXXII.—If your attendant is a handy fellow at landing a fish, let him do it in his own way: if he is not, try to find a better man, or go home. Although so much depends upon his skill, you will rarely derive much comfort from asking him for his opinion. If you have had bad sport, and say to him, "Which way shall we go now?" he will most probably say, "Where you please, sir." If you ask him what he thinks of the weather, he is very likely to say that last week (*when you were in London*) it was "famous weather for fishing;" or he will perhaps say that he expects that next week (*when you are to be at home again*) it will be very good. I never knew one of these men who was satisfied with the present hour.

'XXXIII.—Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because

your



your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in the precious moments, you will not have good sport if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this; and you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand,—particularly you do not wear gloves.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 17–19.

The concluding maxim must not be omitted:—

'XXXV.—Lastly—When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.'—*Ibid.*, p. 20.

The last sentence is touching: its tone reminds us of the *Evelina* of dear old Jonathan Oldbuck, and we sincerely hope that this sigh of the amiable author is not for himself: if it be so, it is easy to guess who has been the greatest loser.

But this is tender ground, and the *Miseries of Fishing* are yet unnoticed. Not a word will we extract, though the short dry cough of the young miller, and the anguish of the hero, are almost irresistible. The pretty little book is illustrated by capital cuts, some of them furnished by 'very famous hands.' 'Beginning early,' by Chantrey, is a jewel: the eager look at the selected fly, held between the spectacled eye and the light for close scrutiny, is beyond praise. Mr. Jones and Mr. Lea have also given elegant contributions. Every fisherman knows the indescribable thrill that pervades the nervous system from the unbroken communication between the angler and a heavy fish. This highly excited state of animal magnetism may be best inferred from the state of collapse that ensues if the fish breaks your line, or, as the fisherman says, 'breaks you'—leaving you with a feeling that your back-bone is gone with him. Such a deplorable condition is represented to the life in the cut at p. 46. We dare go no further—not even to dwell on the charms of small trout fried with crisped parsley, so delicately as not to soil the white damask on which they are presented. But here is an *envoy* from Dame Julyana—

'The angler atte the leest hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete air of the swete savoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, herons, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth their broodes whych me seemeth better than all the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there no merymerier than he is in his spyryte.'

- ART. VII.—1.** *A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Claims of the Church of Scotland in Regard to its Jurisdiction; and on the proposed Changes in its Polity.* By John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh. 1839.
2. *Remarks on the Present Position of the Church of Scotland.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 4th Edition. Glasgow.
3. *The Speech of the Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen in the House of Lords on Tuesday, May 5.* 1840. London.
4. *The Earl of Aberdeen's Correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Chalmers and the Secretaries of the Non-Intrusion Committee.* 1840. Edinburgh.
5. *What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now?* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. and LL.D. Glasgow. 1840.
6. *An humble Attempt to put an end to the present Divisions in the Church of Scotland, and to promote her Usefulness.* By the Rev. Lewis Rose, A.M., Minister of the Duke Street Gaëlic Church, Glasgow. Glasgow. 1840.

THE present situation of the Church of Scotland is one which it is impossible to contemplate without astonishment. It is impossible to disguise that the line of conduct on which the majority of its clergy are now acting involves principles inconsistent with the very existence of an establishment, and subversive indeed of all government. Let not our English readers suppose that the question at issue is merely one as to the check or control to be exercised by the people over the exercise of church patronage. That question, important as it was in the outset, has since merged in far more vital considerations. A Protestant Established Church—the child of the law in as far as it is an establishment,—reviving in the nineteenth century the claims of Popery, asserts her absolute independence of the law in all matters which she herself shall define to be spiritual; refuses obedience to the sentence of the law which declares her proceedings to be an invasion of civil rights; proceeds to punish by suspension from their clerical offices those of her members who as subjects felt themselves constrained amidst this ‘divided duty’ to yield obedience to the law of the land; and yet continues to retain the temporalities which she holds only in virtue of that very law which she sets at defiance! Meantime, although the present incumbents retain their endowments, every new presentation by a patron may give rise to a new resistance to law, and result in leaving the parish destitute of any established minister. For while on the one hand the Church refuses to admit the presentee to the charge, on the other the law declares the temporalities to be the property of the patron, whose presentee has

has been *illegally* rejected. The fund provided by the State is withdrawn; and thus at no distant period half the parishes in Scotland may be left dependent on a precarious and *voluntary* provision for the services of religion. This is the shape which the question, originally regarding the alleged *right of the people to reject a presentee without reasons assigned*, has now assumed. This is the state of matters with which the Legislature, if it to interfere, has to deal; and that some interference is imperatively called for, seems now to be the conviction of all.

In treating of this most painful subject there are two points at which we should wish not to be misunderstood; first, that we take the law as laid down, and mean to re-agitate in the shape of formal discussion no legal questions which have already been decided by the House of Lords:—In the next place, and once for all, we mean to convey no imputation against the motives or integrity of those *clergymen* by whom the counsels of the Church of Scotland have been mainly directed. That the great majority of these are men of sterling worth—pursuing an end which they believe to be for the interests of religion—we have not the least intention to dispute. We consider them as the unconscious dupes and instruments of a few artful intriguers, and hot-headed agitators.

When the first motion towards a change in the law of the Church of Scotland, with regard to the appointment of its ministers, took place in 1832, that law, as understood to be fixed by statute and practice, was in substance this:—That the right of presentation to the benefice belonged to the patron; the right of objecting to the presentation, but always upon reasons stated and substantiated, to any member of the congregation; the right of determining upon these reasons to the church courts. It was admitted, even by those least favourable to patronage, that the church which had grown up under this system, ‘so far from being in a decaying or falling state, was in a most flourishing condition.’ ‘The practical effect of that church on the general information of the people, on their private morals, and on their religious character,’ was stated by one of the most pious and learned of its ministers, Sir Henry Moncreiff, ‘to equal, if it did not surpass, what could be imputed in the same points to any other church in the world.’

It was undoubtedly not a very easy, or at first sight a very promising task, to persuade the people of Scotland that a system which had led to such results—results not disputed by any of the advocates of Presbyterianism—was *an evil* which called for reform. Accordingly, the first attempts made to inflame the popular mind

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\* Lord Moncreiff's Evidence on Patronage.

on the subject by those Presbyterian purists, to whom the law of patronage had always been a prescriptive and conventional grievance, were coldly received. The first announcement of an 'anti-patronage society' by 'members and ministers of the Church of Scotland'—(ministers who owed their appointment to patronage)—was received with a mingled feeling of pity and surprise; and the earnest importunity of their appeals to the public for aid to enable them to defray the expense of their purchased but unpaid-for patronages seemed sufficiently to denote that for some years at least the society maintained no very vigorous or popular existence.

But times more favourable both for lay and clerical agitation arrived. The *coincidence* of 'the desire to popularise the ecclesiastical constitution' of the Scottish Church, with 'the movement which took place a year or two before in the political constitution of the country,' would be in itself suspicious and remarkable, but the *connection* between the two, as cause and effect, does not appear to be disputed by Dr. Chalmers.\* The opposition to the existing law of patronage was one of the forms in which the revolutionary spirit displayed itself in Scotland. The first overt act of hostility to the law of patronage took place in the memorable year of 1832: after the revolutionary convulsions of 1830 had dislocated Europe, and the success of the reform agitation at home had carried into the general mind a feverish longing for innovation and a superstitious deference for the mere expression of the democratic will. To certain political intriguers, who were eager to make a tool of the Church, patronage presented an inviting, and it was now thought a practicable, object of attack. It was a salient point in the polity of the church, upon which it was thought that, in the present restless and unbalanced state of opinion, conscientious convictions, and party spirit—ancient prejudices and recent appetite for change—pressure from without, and wavering from some portion of the garrison within—might all be brought to bear with combined operation.

A direct and avowed attack on patronage, however, would have been too bold a step. Many who were prepared practically to nullify the right by subjecting it to limitations inconsistent with its exercise—many who conscientiously believed that this mutilation of the right of patronage was required for the well-being of the church—would have been startled by the proposal for its abolition. Even those who were prepared to go the whole length, and who steadfastly contemplated this as their ultimate object, could not delude themselves into the belief that the church could by her own powers abrogate at once the law of the land. It was

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\* What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now? p. 5.

necessary in the mean time, in order to secure the support of a majority in the Assembly, to rest satisfied with a proposal which while it professed to leave the right of patronage untouched should yet in truth and substance render it ineffectual. It is of importance to observe, in reference to the way in which the objects of the party have *gradually* developed themselves, that in the 'overtures' submitted to the assembly in 1832 on the subject of patronage, not only was the intention of advocating its abolition denied, but even the idea of giving a *veto* to the majority of the congregation upon the appointment by the patron was studiously disclaimed; Lord Moncreiff, in particular, expressing his surprise that such an inference should be drawn from the overtures under discussion, which merely proposed to render the formal call or consent—which as a matter of practice, though not of law, had always been given by a few of the parishioners to the nomination by the patron—more real and effectual.\* *In 1833 the very proposal of giving a veto to the majority of the congregation was submitted to the Assembly by Dr. Chalmers, and supported by the vote of Lord Moncreiff.*

It is of course no matter of surprise that, in the strangely composite body by whom the veto was advocated, the most opposite views should prevail as to the grounds on which it ought to be rested; some claiming for it the sanction of direct scriptural authority—others content to rest it on no higher basis than expediency; some contending that the proposed measure was but a return to the ancient law and constitution of the Church of Scotland—others admitting its novelty, but maintaining that it was competent for the church by her own inherent powers to establish any new limitation she pleased upon the right of patronage. But it does appear somewhat singular that not a few of those who advocated the measure in 1833, and maintained its competency and legality, did so with a secret consciousness—which the event has justified—that it was neither agreeable to the existing law, nor within the powers of the Assembly, and that the probable result would be a collision with the courts of law, and the consequent sacrifice of the temporalities of the church. Among these, we regret to say, was the most distinguished supporter of the measure, Dr. Chalmers. He has repeatedly admitted that these consequences were distinctly foreseen by himself; and that a 'great blunder' was committed by the Assembly when they ultimately passed the measure in 1834!

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\* Adverting to the remarks of Mr. Whigham, who had pointed out the clear drift of the overtures, his lordship observed, 'What is the next point in his speech? He said that those who wished to remit these overtures to a committee maintain that there is, or ought to be, a veto in the majority of the congregation. I have not heard that maintained.'

An outline of the important debate of 1833 will sufficiently place before the reader the general grounds on which a change in the law was advocated and resisted. It will have this farther advantage, that the reasons assigned by the opponents of the measure for their resistance to the proposed change, on the grounds of its injustice and inexpediency, apart from its illegality, will afford an answer by anticipation to the reasonings of those who would now endeavour to obtain from the legislature what the church at last confesses herself unable to accomplish.

The speech of Dr. Chalmers on this occasion was an epitome of the character of the man: fervent, enthusiastic, generally haunted by some one idea which rules over his mind like a spell, to the exclusion of all countervailing or collateral considerations; distrustful of human nature, and yet always confident of his own power of controlling it by means of some favourite moral or political panacea; a confidence that seems in no case to be shaken by the accident that this latest specific often stands out in startling contradiction to that which it has supplanted. As an oratorical effort the speech had its fascinations; the momentous topics which it agitated, the really sound and striking remarks which it occasionally embodied, could not fail to arouse attention, when clothed in that picturesque and peculiar eloquence which had often communicated an air of novelty to the veriest truisms, by the uncouth grandeur which it stamped upon their expression. But as a piece of logical reasoning, the speech was a phenomenon. It presented the strangest union of sobriety and rashness; of just views of human nature in some respects, with the most delusive and impracticable notions in others; and of concessions which the candour of his nature extorted from the speaker, with an apparent insensibility to the fact that upon every just principle of reasoning these concessions were fatal to his whole argument.

Nothing, for instance, could be more just than the picture he drew of popular election; the caballing, the scandal to which it gave rise; the interested motives of the bad, the 'gullibility' of the good; their hopeless incapacity to choose a pastor; and the necessity of a check by the Church itself, not only on careless patrons, but on 'a graceless population;' and then, having painted these evils with a power of graphic and sarcastic expression, which would have led any one ignorant of his views to suppose that he meant to give to the proposed measure the most uncompromising opposition, he suddenly set himself to maintain that the same people who were so utterly incompetent to choose, were so admirably fitted to sit in judgment on the object of the patron's choice, that their *simple negative*, unaccompanied by any reasons, ought to be conclusive against the presentee; and that all those  
grievous



grievous and admitted evils which attended a direct voice in the choice of a pastor would disappear at once in the case of an unreasoning rejection!

The main grounds relied on by the advocates of a popular *veto without reasons* assumed something of the following shape: That if the veto, in the precise form in which it was now proposed, was a novelty, the principle at least was of scriptural authority; coëval with the Presbyterian establishment; laid down in its Second Book of Discipline; and if not expressly enacted, at least recognised by statute: that even if it were an admitted novelty, the Church, being bound by statute to admit only a *qualified* presentee, might declare non-acceptability to a congregation a disqualification, as she had declared ignorance of Hebrew, Gaëlic, or any other supposed requisite for the cure, to be so: that the ordinary range of objection competent to the people—embracing, as they assumed it did, only doctrine, learning, and morals—was quite inadequate to meet the many cases of objections, serious in themselves, yet falling under none of these categories: nay, that the most important objections to the spiritual efficiency or usefulness of the presentee might exist without being capable of being stated in a distinct or tangible form by ignorant but pious persons to a church court; while even if so stated it appeared to be doubtful whether, under the existing law, any effect could be given to them: that the simple disinclination of the congregation, if not proceeding from factious or unworthy motives, was in itself conclusive proof that the individual objected to was unfit to instruct or edify that congregation: that by any other rule extreme injustice would be done to humble and pious congregations by having the formal ministrations of an uncongenial minister forced upon them: and that only by the recognition of a negative by the people without the necessity of reasons could there be secured to the Church of Scotland that salutary and vigorous efficiency, from which it was at the same time with singular inconsistency admitted that under the existing system she had not declined.

If the arguments of the opponents of the measure were less vehemently stated, they appear at least more consistent, more agreeable to law and to the experience of human nature.

What scriptural sanction, it was asked, could be claimed for the principle of a popular veto? The doctrines advanced on the other side, if true, necessarily led to popular election, which was studiously disclaimed, instead of a simple negative on the choice of the patron. The vague and pliable texts quoted in support of them might with equal propriety be cited in support of any ecclesiastical, nay, of any political change. The direct sanction of scriptural authority was accordingly disclaimed by the cooler



at a limited extent was sanctioned by the legislature.

If the initiative was always with the patron, just as little people ever possessed the right of putting a capricious and unreasoning negative upon his choice. From first to last the acknowledgment of the Presbyterian Church as the national Church of Scotland, in 1567, down to the Act of 1712, had been unalterably this:—presentation by the patron; assent, but on reasons stated, by the people; decision on those reasons by the Ecclesiastical Court. The place of *objectors*, but not of *stated and substantiated* to the presbytery, was the only place which the language of the Church, both in early and later times, uniformly assigned to the people.\* A popular veto was introduced as a popular election.

In argument on the point, that the Veto Act was inconsistent with existing statute law, it is unnecessary after the decision of the House of Lords to refer to. But if the presbytery, it was then urged, was already bound by the law of the land to admit to the benefice a *qualified* presentee, the proposition that they might by their authority require as a *qualification* acceptability to a majority of the congregation, was a quibble too miserable to be maintained. Every one of the acts of parliament, as from the plain reason bearing itself, qualification was evidently something existing in the presentee himself, not in the caprices of others—something, the presence or absence of which the patron could apprehend, and which the competent tribunal could adjudicate upon; and to say that an altogether extrinsic should suddenly be imposed as a condition, would be about as reasonable as it would be to say, for the first time, in 1833, that it should henceforth be a condition of qualification that the presentation by the patron should be countersigned by the moderator of the General Assembly.

Thus the proposed measure could not be defended according

the forfeiture of her legal rights as an endowed and established Church by her adherence to it.

But, in point of expediency, the measure was objectionable and it was illegal and excessive in respect of power. On what principle of reasoning or common sense could the people—confessedly unfit to be intrusted with the choice of their pastor—be safely trusted to sit in judgment upon, and to condemn *irresponsibly*, and *without the assignment of reasons*, the choice of another? Must not interest, ignorance, party spirit, prejudice, spiritual pride, intrigue, misrepresentation, all the disturbing elements, intrinsic or extrinsic, which polluted the popular *choice*, be expected in like manner to trouble the popular *reto*; nay, to operate with even less restraint in the latter case, since the moral responsibility which to some extent was felt to be involved in the act of choice, was in a great degree withdrawn when the only question was, whether a negative should be put upon the choice already made by another. And if the security for a just sentence by a popular court of appeal, judging irresponsibly and in secrecy, was thus slender; if, according to all the admitted probabilities of human nature, gross injustice *must* be the frequent result, how strange that those who urged so feelingly the hardship of intruding an unacceptable minister upon a reluctant congregation, should be so insensible to the opposing hardship of extruding a worthy man from the ministry in consequence of a rejection felt by the presbytery to be capricious and unjust, but which, under the proposed law, they were to be compelled, as blind and helpless instruments to carry into execution.

Nor would the injury so done—grievous even if inflicted in single instance—be confined to the mere case of the individual rejected. It would inevitably operate most unfavourably upon the whole structure and character of the Church itself, by lowering the standard of its literature and attainments; by substituting a factitious and conventional enthusiasm, and the arts of vulgar popular oratory, for sound learning and sober piety; by banishing from the Church those candidates for the ministry whose more sensitive feelings, or more unbending principles, led them to shrink from the idea of an irresponsible popular trial with its unworthy preliminaries; and by destroying the independence of those who remained, and whose ambition—being made of sterner stuff—enabled them to stoop to those compliances to which the weaknesses, as well as the better principles, of the judges might be enlisted in their favour.

Above all, where was the present necessity for this violent and confessedly-hazardous change? The moment chosen was one when it was admitted that the evils of improper appointments had never

never been so little felt; when patrons in general had been exercising their privilege with a conscientious sense of responsibility, when the Church was unusually efficient and conspicuous for piety and learning. If this was conceded, but if it was urged that the measure was necessary as a security against *relapse* into a worse state of things, it was answered that the existing laws of the Church, if conscientiously administered by the Church Courts themselves, were fully adequate to the purpose. The right of objection given to every member of the congregation was not limited, as the other party for their own purposes assumed, merely to morals, doctrine, and literature. Everything which regarded the suitableness of the presentee for the particular charge—his inability to edify that particular congregation from any cause, physical or moral—fell within the term *qualification*, might be stated as an objection by the congregation, and sustained as a ground of rejection by the Church Courts, without appeal. That there could be any difficulty in stating the ground of objection, whatever it was, in an intelligible form, to a presbytery, anxious, if they did their duty, to give full weight to the conscientious scruples of the people, was a chimera which never had or could have a practical existence; and if such was the ample range of objection open to the congregation and to the Church Courts, embracing everything which could affect the suitableness of the presentee for the particular ministry, what reasonable conjecture could be formed as to those latent and intangible objections, those undefined and indefinable repugnancies, for which such reverence appeared to be claimed, except that they were of that class which it was *dangerous* rather than *difficult* for the objector to explain?

It was needless to point out how completely the proposed law, by which the negative of the majority, unaccompanied with reasons, was to be conclusive against the presentee, was opposed to the whole system and essential character of presbytery. Not only did it convert the right of the patron to *present* into a mere right to *propose*, but it annihilated the constitutional jurisdiction of the Church Courts to judge of the qualification of ministers: it prostrated the legal and spiritual authority of presbyteries before 'the will of the people;' transferred to them the Church's 'right of collation;' and converted its presbyteries into mere mechanical engines for registering dissents, and ministerially executing the decree of the majority of congregations.\*

True, the presbyteries might still preserve much of the reality

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\* In reality the majority who decide are the majority of 'heads of families;' a somewhat ambiguous designation; but with reference to the argument, it is not worth while to insist on the difference; though so far as it goes it only renders the Veto Act less defensible in principle, and more obnoxious in its practical application.

of power without the appearance of it; for their constitutional right of judgment on the qualifications of the presentee they might now be enabled to substitute the secret and under-hand guidance of the choice of the people, and, under the shelter of their rejection, attain their own ends; but by what scenes of influence, intrigue, intimidation, discord, and dissatisfaction, must this be effected; at what a sacrifice of their own usefulness and estimation as ministers! ‘by substituting a busy, intermeddling, factious, and fanatical clergy in lieu of the amiable, pious, learned, and unobtrusive class of men by whom the pastoral duties had hitherto been performed.’\*

In every way, then, as opposed to law and practice—as uncalled for at the time—as unnecessary at any time—as fraught with gross injustice to patrons and presentees, with grievous injury to the character of the people—and as utterly irreconcilable with the whole scheme of Presbyterian Church government, the proposed measure ought to be resisted; and the General Assembly ought to declare—

‘That in all cases in which a person is presented to a vacant parish it is by the law of the Church, sanctioned by the law of the land, competent for the heads of families in full and regular communion with the Church to give in to the presbytery, within the bounds of which the vacant parish lies, *objections of whatever nature against the presentee or against the settlement taking place*; that the presbytery shall deliberately consider these objections; that if they find them unfounded or originating from causeless prejudices, they shall proceed to the settlement; *but if they find that they are well founded, that they reject the presentation, the presentee being unqualified to receive it*; it being competent to the parties to appeal from the sentence, if they shall see cause.’

The smallness of the majority by which the motion here quoted which was brought forward by Dr. Cook in opposition to the proposed Veto Law, was carried in 1833 (amounting only to twelve, while the proposal for a committee had been negatived in 1832 by a majority of forty-two), sufficiently showed that in the next struggle the supporters of the Veto Act would be successful. Accordingly the measure was introduced in the next Assembly of 1834 by Lord Moncreiff (the same learned judge to whom the proposal had appeared a startling novelty in 1832), and carried by a majority of forty-six.

In two points, however, the Veto Act, as passed in 183—

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\* ‘Reasons of Protest,’ by the Dean of Faculty, 1834. The same gentleman’s Letter to the Chancellor, named at the head of this article, though defective in point of arrangement and chargeable with repetition—faults which naturally result from the way in which appears to have been composed—in the few *horæ intercisivæ* of a laborious professional life—is a performance of sterling weight and vigour, and, taken in connexion with the learned and conclusive argument in the Auchterarder case, contains the essence of all which has been since spoken or written upon the question.

Was different from the measure rejected in 1833; and both are most important with reference to the real objects of those by whom the revolution in the polity of the Church was proposed.

The certainty that an absolute veto, unaccompanied with reasons, and subject to no review, would in many cases be abused; that it would be perverted into an instrument of malice, or used as a means of securing a more favourite candidate, or exercised not from conscientious grounds of objection, but under the influence of cabal, interest, or any other irreligious feeling, was so obvious that the warmest supporters of the Veto could not shut their eyes to it. For this evil the measure, as originally proposed, professed to provide a remedy,—an awkward one, no doubt, but still not without its efficiency. It provided that the dissent of the majority, without reasons, should be conclusive, ‘*save and except where it is clearly established by the patron, presentee, or any of the minority, that the said dissent is founded in corrupt and malicious combination, or not truly founded in any objection personal to the presentee, in regard to his ministerial gifts or qualifications, either in general or with reference to that particular parish.*’ No doubt the onus of establishing the corrupt motive of the objectors was here thrown on the patron, the presentee, or the minority; but still we agree with Lord Moncreiff, who insisted strongly on the efficiency of this guarantee, that the power of inquiry into motives thus given, and of which the presbytery were to be the judges, was ‘*extremely important to meet the cases which may easily be conceived of groundless and unfair opposition, originating in the desire of serving another candidate, or directed to very different ends from the satisfactory settlement of the parish.*’\* And such was also the view taken, both of the necessity and importance of this check, in the evidence given by many of the leading members of the party in the Church to which Lord Moncreiff belongs, before the patronage committee, in the spring of 1834; one reverend gentleman, Dr. Simpson (*Questions*, 924, 933, 1022, 7) suggesting that, ‘*in addition to the protection that Dr. Chalmers’s motion gave to the presentee and patron,*’ a solemn declaration should be made by the objectors that their dissent proceeded on the ‘*honest conviction that they could not be benefited by the ministration of the person presented by the patron.*’

Will it be believed that the power of *proving* corrupt motives on the part of the majority thus reserved to the patron and presentee—admitted to be so necessary in 1833 as a check on abuses—to which Lord Moncreiff ‘*attaches very great importance*’—which Dr. Chalmers embodies in the shape of an express exception

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\* Report of the Debate in 1833, on the Overtures anent Calls, p. 136.

from his measure—is dropped entirely in the Veto Act of 1834 and the ‘solemn declaration’ which Dr. Simpson had proposed not as a *substitute* for this check, but as an additional security, is left as the sole and worthless guarantee against corrupt, capricious, vindictive, or interested rejections—as if the men who had really been influenced by such motives, but who knew that all inquiry into their conduct was excluded, would hesitate to emit the declaration required?

‘Almighty Crowd! thou shorten’st all dispute;  
Power is thine essence—wit thine attribute!  
Athens no doubt did righteously decide  
When Phocion and when Socrates were tried;  
As righteously they did those dooms repent;  
Still they were wise whatever way they went.’

The second point of distinction between the proposed measure of 1833 and the Act of 1834 was most important as a test of the sincerity of those who advocated the change on the ground that the dissent of a majority was *in all cases*, and on grounds of *religious obligation*, to be received as a bar to the settlement of presentee. By the existing statute-law of Scotland, if the patron failed to present within six months, the right of presentation fell *jure devoluto*, as it is called, to the presbytery. How, then, was the inalienable ‘right of the Christian people’ to object without reasons, dealt with by the new law when the patronage came to be exercised *by the presbytery*? Why, in that case, *the privilege of the people ceased*: the indispensable preliminary to the constitution of the pastoral relation was dispensed with; the case of presentations by the presbytery was ‘not to fall under the operation of the regulations in this and the relative Act of Assembly, but to be proceeded in according to *the general laws of the Church in such cases*.’ in other words, nothing but objections *stated and substantiated* were in that case to be received! The veto, as Lord Gillies with equal truth and point observed, which was a web of adamant against the patron, was to be a web of gossam against the presbytery.

Let it be observed too, that, according to the views of the party who of course assumed that the veto was to be *submitted* to legal, the case of presentation *jure devoluto* was quite as likely to be the rule as the exception. In practice it was well known that one presentation generally exhausted the patron’s term of  $\approx$  months. The people, though they might reject *ad infinitum* could never themselves present. Could one veto, or at the  $\perp$  most two, be effected through their agency, and thus the  $\approx$  months *tided over*—the power of presentation in every case devolved upon the Presbyteries; and then the obnoxious limitation

of their powers, by the dissent of the majority being conclusive against their presentee, was at once to disappear.\*

In 1834, then, the measure was passed. Let us now look to its practical operation.

In 1835 the General Assembly found it necessary to address to the Presbyteries and to the Church a pastoral admonition—warning the people against attempts to wrest the Act to undue purposes, and reminding them that

*‘all caballing and canvassing for obtaining the appointment of a particular person to be minister, and all combination beforehand for that purpose, are inconsistent with the principle of the Act, and ought to disable every man who acts with a due regard to his Christian character, whatever may be his opinion on the law of patronage, from conscientiously declaring in the terms which may be required of him.’*

A sound, and doubtless well-merited admonition, evincing by its earnestness that it bore reference to more than one foregone conclusion; unfortunately, however, just as likely to be obeyed by those to whom it was addressed as if the Venerable Assembly had set a stone in motion from a hill-top, and had *recommended* to it to descend with caution and circumspection.

In point of fact, several rejections had taken place in the course of 1834 marked by features of gross caprice and injustice; among others, that of the presentee to AUCHTERARDER, possessing the highest testimonials from the Presbytery which had licensed him, and where he had officiated. To that case, however, we shall afterwards have occasion to recur. Meantime let us proceed, though somewhat at the sacrifice of chronological arrangement, with a few specimens of the working of the Veto Act.

One feature which has been extremely common in the case of the application of the Veto is, that the very same individuals who have *petitioned* for the appointment of a particular individual as minister—*have been the first to veto him when appointed.*

In the case of Lethendy, out of the majority of fifty-three who dissented to Mr. Clark, *forty* had signed the petition for his appointment. In Mortlach fifty of those who had petitioned for Mr. Cruickshank dissented against him. Twenty such cases might be named. Indeed the evil, and the consequent ridicule and exposure, became so palpable that by-and-bye the Assembly were obliged to pass the remarkable resolution that the Veto

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\* So inconsistent and indefensible was this part of the measure felt to be, that it was dropped *about four years afterwards*, though not till after the Court of Session had, by their judgment in the Auchterarder case, declared the whole act illegal. Had the judgment been the other way, there is no doubt that this convenient exception in favour of the clergy would have been retained.



should not be allowed to be exercised against a presentee *by those who had previously petitioned for him!*

In the case of Logie Easter, the patron, most anxious to present a person who should be acceptable to the parish, submitted to the choice of the people five clergymen, *ordained ministers*, tried and known already in other cures, and of the highest character. The answer of the people was, that they had every possible respect for the gentlemen named, but had no intention of accepting any of them, 'their minds being already and determinedly made up to make choice of no other' than an individual of their own selection—to whom they had already offered the parish. The patron, finding it hopeless to deal with such objectors, presented one of the persons on his list. He was vetoed as a matter of course; all the dissentients, who had previously avowed that they would have no other than the man of their own choice, *having taken without hesitation the solemn declaration* that they were actuated solely by conscientious motives in their rejection. The result was that, after the parish had remained vacant nearly *two years and a half*, the patron was obliged to give up every one of the gentlemen whom he had named, and the people condescended to concur in the choice of another.

The scene which occurred in the church when the dissentients were taken in this case is described *by the Presbytery* (most friendly to the veto) as one of the most disgraceful violence and indecency; one of their own brethren exciting the multitude, as they themselves being threatened with personal violence. And finally, as an illustration how far the principle that the end justifies the means may in such cases be carried, it was found that in the Roll of Communicants which, as made up and signed by the deceased clergyman, formed the legal register of those entitled to dissent, one name had been inserted after the completion of the roll, *and after his death, by a member of Presbytery!*

In the case of the parish of St. Martin's, where *Mr. Fox Maul* acting, in fact, as the representative of the *Government* (the presentation belonging to the Crown), had intimated his intention of appointing to the vacant cure any one whom four-fifths of the parishioners should agree in selecting, it was found impossible after two disorderly meetings—the latter so tumultuous that the chairman, Mr. Nairne, left the chair in disgust—to obtain the requisite amount of concurrence in favour of any one candidate. The expedient of a *leet* was then tried, and a second series of competition preachings took place. The Roll of Communicants for the previous year, not having been made up, no came to be adjusted—and

'The claims for enrolment were so numerous, and many of them of an equivocal nature'

equivocal a kind, and the objections brought forward by the contending parties were urged with such vigour, that the Kirk session might be compared to a registration court held on the eve of a contested election, were not the comparison too favourable for the Ecclesiastical Court.\*

Agents perambulated the parish canvassing the voters. Public-houses were kept open by individuals taking an active part for one candidate or another. The presence of police-officers and of the civil magistrate was found necessary when the votes came to be taken.

'While the vote was being taken several stratagems developed themselves. An old man had been sent to a distance with a letter, which letter contained instructions *to retain him until the election was over*. A messenger was immediately despatched by the opposite party to bring him—but, *not being found, his daughter was admitted in his stead* ;' her vote of course being received as that of the male head of a family! The result was a small majority in favour of one of the candidates, obtained, as it appeared to *Government*, by such questionable means, that they declined to appoint the candidate thus chosen, and bestowed the church upon the choice of the *minority*.

'Inflammatory placards and declamatory harangues at public meetings are among the most innocent measures resorted to, and when angry feelings have been awakened the continued application of these means serves to keep alive the flame. Besides these, bribery, intimidation, intoxication, and the like, are the natural means for stimulating the worst passions of members of society, and these accordingly have been abundantly resorted to. Even on the day of the moderation of the call persons have been brought forward on that solemn occasion under the influence of intoxicating liquors, *and having ourselves witnessed the fact in one case we can easily credit what we have heard regarding others*.'—*Church Review*, 1837.

If we pause here it is not that our instances are exhausted, —would they were—but that the subject is too painful and degrading to be longer dwelt upon. Would not any one in perusing these details suppose that he was suddenly involved in the scenes of riot, profligacy, and fraud which characterise a contested Westminster election? Canvassing and bribery, intimidation, intoxication, vitiation of the records, abduction of voters, personation of voters, desecration of churches by tumultuary meetings, and the pulpit lending its aid to stimulate the contest and to deepen the confusion! These are the pacific consequences of that measure which, according to the sanguine anticipations of its mover, was

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\* This passage, with some of the subsequent details of the cases referred to, is quoted from a *statement* in the *Church Review*, April and May, 1837; for the accuracy of which the Dean of Faculty vouches in a note to his Letter.

“to put an end to the trade of agitation,” by acting “not as a force in exercise, but as a force in reserve,” “like the beautiful operation of those balancing and antagonist forces in nature which act by pressure and not by collision, and, by means of an energy which is mighty but noiseless, maintain the quiescence and stability of our physical system!”—*Dr. Chalmers’s Speech, 1833.*

It is said, no doubt, the veto law latterly has *worked* better than there have been fewer cases of the exercise of the right. The simple explanation of the matter is that in the majority of cases, patrons, knowing the resolution of the people to use sparingly the power vested in them, and shrinking from the prospect of vindicating their rights by litigation, and of the spiritual destitution of the parish during the contest, have latterly preferred surrendering to the people a privilege which had become a mockery so far as any real value was attached to it, and remained a reality only in the bad feeling and evil consequences which its exercise was certain to engender. In fifty-one cases out of ninety-four vacancies occurring prior to the spring of 1837 the patron either handed over the choice to the people, or appointed the person whom they had previously selected. The exercise of the right *could* only take place then in the remaining forty-three cases; and in point of fact the number of cases of rejection was greater in 1837 than in 1836, having risen nearly one-half, or eight out of nineteen presentations.

All patrons, however, were not disposed to submit to the encroachments, and accordingly, so far back as 1834, shortly after the measure had passed, the presentee to the parish of Auchterarder, Mr. Young, having been vetoed, raised, in conjunction with the patron, an action against the Presbytery, concluding to have it found that their rejection of Mr. Young presentee, ‘without making trial of his qualifications in competent and legal form, and without any objections having been stated to his qualifications, or against his admission as minister of the church and parish of Auchterarder,’ in respect of a veto by the parishioners, was illegal—that they ‘were bound and astricted to make trial of his qualifications, and, if found qualified, to receive and admit the pursuer as minister of the church and parish of Auchterarder according to law.’

The result is well known. The Court of Session, after an elaborate hearing, in which everything which research or ingenuity could bring to bear upon the question was exhausted, decided by a majority, that the rejection in respect of the veto was illegal—that the Presbytery were still bound to take the presentee on trials, and, if found qualified, to receive him as minister of the parish to which he had been presented according to law.

The judgment of the Court of Session was appealed against by the Church, and affirmed by the House of Lords—the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham stating that the only difficulty they had in the case was to conceive wherein the difficulty felt by the minority of the Court of Session had lain. Thus then the *illegality* of the Act of Assembly, its violation of the statutory civil rights of patrons and presentees, was conclusively settled by the supreme judicature of the country upon an appeal taken by the Church itself.

The result then which *Dr. Chalmers* anticipated from the first—had occurred. It was now apparent that in every case in which the Church proceeded to act upon her own law ‘the legal provision for the *sustentation* of the ministry in that parish might be suspended,’ to use the peculiar phraseology of *Dr. Chalmers*’ very singular motion in 1838; or, in the plainer language of his pamphlet of 1840, ‘the temporalities would be severed from the cure, the minister stripped of his legal provision, and the good of a national establishment nullified in that parish.’ It has been farther admitted by him, that, had the majority in the Assembly foreseen this consequence, which ‘put the highest moral interests of the country into a state of the most fearful precariousness,’ the veto law would never have been passed. What reasonable inference then could have been drawn, except that, now that this dreaded consequence had been verified, *which if foreseen would have prevented the passing of the Act*, the Act would be forthwith rescinded by the same authority by which it had inadvertently been passed?

Such was certainly the general impression formed as to the probable proceedings of *Dr. Chalmers* and the majority when the Assembly met in 1839, after the affirmance by the House of Lords of the judgment in the case of *Auchterarder*. Entertaining certain views as to her own powers, the Church was (perhaps) entitled to assume the legality of her own act, till the supreme tribunal of the country should declare it to be illegal. But that being done, reasonable men could not conceive that, with the consequences so clearly before them as they appear to have been, the majority of the Assembly would still proceed to re-enact and re-transmit to Presbyteries, as the law of the Church, the very act which had just been solemnly pronounced to be illegal and beyond its powers. Yet such was in substance the motion of *Dr. Chalmers* in the Assembly of 1839, followed by the relative instructions to Presbyteries. They still resolved that the veto law should not be abandoned; they still made it imperative on Presbyteries, in the case of dissent by a majority, to refuse to take the presentee on trials, the very point which had *in terminis* been decided to be illegal in the *Auchterarder* case. The drift of *Dr. Chalmers*’

Chalmers' motion, though studiously wrapped up in a veil of obscure expression, was in truth, as plainly described by the D of Faculty, **OPEN RESISTANCE TO THE LAW OF THE LAND!**

An attempt has no doubt been made, and by Dr. Chalmers himself, to escape this consequence, and to maintain that, in course adopted by the Church since the decision in the case Auchterarder, she has not been guilty of any opposition to law. '*We suspended,*' says he, '*the execution of the law: kept the law unrepealed, though meanwhile not acted upon,* we should ascertain whether or not it would be legalised in Parliament.' Would not any one suppose on reading this statement that the instructions to Presbyteries in 1839 had been in meantime *not* to apply the Veto Act—*not* to receive dissenters without reasons—*not* to refuse to take presentees on trials—to proceed according to the former law of the Church—'*the general law of the Church in such cases,*'—till the proposed alteration should obtain the sanction of Parliament.

How stood the fact? By the regulations which were transmitted and re-enacted into an interim act, in 1839, the Presbytery *were much bound as ever to allow the veto* to be applied; and the veto once applied operated as a final rejection by the law of 1839. True, the Presbyteries were directed to report 'all disputed cases to the next General Assembly. But what was there left to report, *if the veto was once taken?* While the law of the Church stood unrecalled, the fate of the presentee was sealed. The General Assembly themselves were bound by it; they could have done nothing upon the report of the Presbytery. Was this no resistance to law? The law says to Presbyteries in express terms 'Proceed to take the presentee on trials:' the Church says expressly by the directory of 1839, 'Do not proceed to take presentee on trials; proceed to receive the veto, which for ever excludes you from taking him on trials, and then report the case to the General Assembly.'\*

But, adds Dr. Chalmers, we showed our respect for the law by abandoning the Church's claim to present *jure devoluto* after veto, and by instructing the Presbytery 'to offer no further resistance to the claims of Mr. Young, or the patron, to the emoluments of the benefice of Auchterarder;' that is to say, they yielded what the law, as a matter of course, would have refused to them. We pass over the rather curious fact, that the Church is at this moment—in another form—claiming these very emoluments.

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\* So stood matters till 1840, when without a word of remark the regulations to the veto were renewed, but with a direction to stop short and report the case at an earlier stage; in order to give a colour to the pretext that the law was not in mean time set at defiance.

ments, as *vacant stipend* (vacant by their own illegal act!) falling in terms of law to the Ministers' Widows' Fund. But suppose the claim to the emoluments of Auchterarder *bonâ fide* abandoned, does there remain behind no resistance to the law? Does not every member of every Presbytery who holds his benefice from the State on the condition of performing the statutory duties prescribed to him—and among others, that of giving effect according to law to the patron's presentation—resist the law when he retains the benefit it gives, and refuses to fulfil the correlative obligation it imposes by proceeding in terms of law to take the patron's presentee on trials? Is the paid servant of the State—placed in some particular office for the discharge of a particular duty, and by his occupation of that office excluding others from performing it—entitled to refuse performance of the trust committed to him, and yet plead that he yields obedience to the law? To us it appears inexplicable how the majority of the Assembly can continue endowed ministers of the Established Church of Scotland, refuse to perform their statutory duties, and yet talk of complying with the law, because in the special case where the veto law has been applied they make no claim to the temporalities of that particular benefice. We know that by many this pretext is put forward with much gravity; and there may be some to whom it may wear the look of argument. Let us see then how it is treated by one of the ablest, most zealous, and most high-minded of the supporters of the Church, Sir George Sinclair, in a recent and elaborate explanation which he has given as to his views of the conduct of the Church, and of the way in which he thinks the question might be adjusted. Differing as we do, *toto cœlo*, from his conclusions in some other respects, it is impossible not to admire the candour and impartiality of his reasoning in this: \*—

‘ I have, after much reflection,’ says Sir George, ‘ been led to think that after the decision of the supreme civil courts in the Auchterarder case, to which the General Assembly has felt herself conscientiously bound to decline giving effect, the Church has no alternative but that of obtaining an Act from the legislature for amicably adjusting the question in reference to the conflicting interests of the patrons and the people, or of *relinquishing the whole of her temporalities, and altogether dissolving her connexion with the state*. I am no lawyer, but I own it appears to me to be equally consonant with the dictates of equity and common sense, that when the Church refuses to take those steps which the civil courts say that she is bound to adopt in conformity to her compact with the state, she does not, if I may so express myself, *purge the irritancy by merely renouncing, pro tempore or pro hac vice, her claim to the*

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\* Letter addressed to the Witness (Edinburgh Paper), Sept. 19, 1840.



*benefice of Auchterarder, and assuming a position which precludes the patron and his presentee from realising their interest in the stipend, but that, as she holds all her other temporalities by precisely the same tenure she cannot in justice retain any part of them, but must surrender the whole into the hands of the state, unless, as I have already stated, the matter can be amicably settled through the medium of an act of parliament. If I had an estate consisting of many farms conferred upon me on the condition that I adhered to a certain system of management and rotation, and that I chose (however honestly in point of motive) to depart in the case of any particular farm from the system laid down in the covenant in virtue of which alone I was entitled to the property, and the supreme courts declared that I had acted illegally, it would not be sufficient that I gave up the rents and profits of the particular farm in question, but it would become (as I conceive) my duty either to surrender the whole property, or to implement the terms of the agreement as defined by competent authority.'*

Let the Church be assured—despite of sophistical reasoning about co-ordinate jurisdictions—that this is the view which impartial men, and even partial but honourable friends, form of her duty in this particular in regard to the State.

‘ Resigno quæ dedit; et meâ  
Virtute me involvo, probamque  
Pauperiem sine dote quæro,’

is the only language that can be held by those who conscientiously feel themselves unable to give obedience to that law, in virtue of which she holds her endowments. If the Church now for the first time after about 300 years makes that discovery, and resiles from her part of the contract, honour and common sense suggest that it must come to an end on both sides. While she retains her temporalities, her boast of independence and the law is a ludicrous and dishonest bravado. What indeed do the majority of the Clergy, safe in the proverbial security of *possession*, suffer by the cheap assertion of independence? The patron suffers, whose right is rendered nugatory; the presentee suffers, who, after a life of honourable toil, is for ever excluded from the benefice, and has his prospects blasted on the very eve of fulfilment; the parish suffers by being consigned to spiritual destitution, or left to the ministrations of some occasional emissary; the conscientious minority of the clergy suffer, who by obeying the law of the land subject themselves to the unsparing grasp of ecclesiastical tyranny. But as to the majority—their endowments are safe—their withers are unwrung!

We have alluded to the position in which the *minority* of the clergy were now placed by the determination of the Assembly to enforce the act which the House of Lords had declared to be illegal. The hardship of their situation was soon to be strikingly illustrated



Illustrated. In a former case, that of Lethendy, the majority of the Presbytery had come into collision with the civil courts; in that of Marnoch, which now followed, the minority were to come into collision with the ecclesiastical tribunal. It may be worth while to contrast the spirit in which the two courts acted.

In the case of Lethendy—we pass over its details—the presentee, Mr. Clark, having been vetoed by a majority, forty of whom, as usual, had been petitioners for him, the *Crown* thought proper—very unaccountably as appears to us, while the question of the validity of the veto law was yet *sub judice*—to issue a second presentation to a Mr. Kesson, on which the Presbytery were about to induct the second presentee, whom they happened to favour. Never, perhaps, was there a clearer case of civil right presented for the decision of the civil court. The second presentee could only be settled under a regular presentation; but if the first presentation to Mr. Clark was still effectual in law, the second presentation was absolutely void, and the induction of Mr. Kesson into the benefice would have been an induction without a warrant, and a gross invasion of Mr. Clark's vested right; since, if Mr. Kesson was once inducted, Mr. Clark was necessarily for ever excluded. Two successive interdicts accordingly were obtained by Mr. Clark from the civil court against the Presbytery proceeding farther till the validity of *his* presentation should be tried. These interdicts the Presbytery disregarded—they proceeded in the face of the decree of the civil court to settle and induct the second presentee—who is at this moment the minister of Lethendy—settled in fact without a presentation, though of course without a right to the temporalities. Nay, because Mr. Clark had ventured to apply to the court in a legal manner for protection of his civil rights in a question of competing presentations, the acting Delegates, or Commission, of the Assembly, on the motion of Mr. Dunlop (*a lawyer*), remitted to the Presbytery of Dunkeld

‘to hold conference with the said Mr. Thomas Clark, and in the event of his not evincing due penitence for his conduct and withdrawing the legal proceedings instituted by him, to prepare a libel charging him with the said offences’—viz., ‘attempting to bring the jurisdiction of this Church under subjection to the civil power in matters spiritual, contrary to the doctrines of the independent spiritual jurisdiction of the Church, and of the sole headship of the Lord Jesus on which the same depends.’

The interdict of the supreme court then had been set at defiance by the majority of the Presbytery, and the party who had applied for it threatened with prosecution by the ecclesiastical tribunals:—

‘There

‘There is no state of things in the social system,’ says the Dean of Faculty, ‘which can indicate greater disorder or a more complete disruption of all the bounds and restraints of law, than such an occurrence. What is there which ecclesiastical courts in the present day *can* do beyond the defiance of an interdict, and expressly directing for the attainment of their own ends an act to be done in open violation of the decree of the court enjoining the thing in the mean time not to be done? What is there which in former times was done by ecclesiastical authority proving more directly the resolution to put themselves above the law, and to procure entire immunity for the exercise of any power they choose to assume?’—*Letter*, p. 63.

For this breach of the law the majority might justly have been subjected to *imprisonment*. But the Court of Session, making allowance for the difficulty of their position, while they found it necessary to vindicate the authority of the law, acted towards them in a spirit of the utmost leniency. They were summoned to the bar of the court, censured with mildness by the venerable President, and *dismissed*.\*

Look now at the conduct of the Church. In the case of Mar noch, which occurred in October, 1837, before the case of Auchterarder had been decided, the Presbytery of Strathbogie giving obedience to the Act of the Church, *had* in the first instance applied the veto law. Mr. Edwards, the presentee, had been rejected. Then came in February, 1838, the decision of the Court of Session in the case of Auchterarder. As it was clear after this decision that Mr. Edwards would proceed to vindicate his rights by civil process, the Presbytery applied for advice to their ecclesiastical superiors. The only instruction they received was—proceed according to the veto law. Meantime a second presentation had been issued by the patron, erroneously assuming the invalidity of the first. Mr. Edwards, as Mr. Clark had done in the Lethendy case, applied to the Court of Session for an interdict against the Presbytery proceeding to induct the second presentee, and he also brought an action to the same effect as in the case of Auchterarder, that the Presbytery were bound to take him on trials. He obtained both the interdict and the decree he sought. The court found his rejection illegal, and that the Presbytery were bound to make trial of his qualifications, and if found qualified to

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\* The grave and simple dignity of the conclusion of his lordship's very striking address will be obvious to all: ‘I am not fond of that abbreviated form in which such things are usually expressed—that parties have been guilty of a contempt of court—as if it was an offence personal to us—as if we were offended. No: we are only the administrators and the guardians of the law, bound to support its authority, and, so far as our personal character can go, bound to maintain the dignity of the court. *But personal offence we have none.* It is our duty to support the law, and I trust we shall ever continue to do so.’

admit him. This judgment was extracted as a warrant for execution, and intimated to the Presbytery.

Then, and not till then, did the majority of the Presbytery—acting not merely on the general declaration of the law which resulted from the decision in the case of Auchterarder, but under the authority of a definitive sentence *in this particular case*—find themselves, according to their own statement,

‘Constrained, by their solemn conviction of what is imperative upon them, in the circumstances, as members of a church established by law, and as such bound to obey the law as constitutionally interpreted and declared in the case, to come to the painful resolution to act in opposition to the prohibition served upon them by order of the Commission, and, in obedience to the decree of the Court of Session, to take Mr. Edwards on trials, as presentee to the church and parish of Marnoch.’ \*

The resolutions of the Presbytery having been brought before the Commission of the General Assembly, that body, expressly on the ground that in giving effect to the decree of the civil court the majority of the Presbytery had violated the law of the Church, proceeded to *suspend* the seven ministers who constituted the majority; and directed the Presbytery to provide a supply of stated ministerial services for their parishes, as if they had been vacant. Against this sentence the suspended ministers applied to the court, under whose compulsitor they had acted, for protection. That protection was of course given. The minority of the Presbytery, and all other Presbyteries, were interdicted from carrying into effect the resolutions of the Commission of Assembly—‘from molesting, invading, and interrupting the complainers in the exercise of the office of ministers’—from ‘supplying ministerial services, or otherwise exercising any of the functions of the complainers, in their respective parishes’—‘preaching in the churches, churchyards, or schoolhouses’—and generally from attempting to carry into effect the illegal sentence of the Commission.

In this and the whole of the trying proceedings which followed, the conduct of the seven suspended clergymen extorted the respect even of the Committee of General Assembly who were appointed to confer with them, from the combination which it displayed of reverence for their ecclesiastical superiors, with the firmness of men conscientiously discharging a painful but unavoidable duty.

The judgment of the court of session in the case of the suspended ministers has been represented as an *excess of powers*; and, still more strangely, as a *persecution* of the Church by the civil power. If these charges had been made only by men

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\* Resolutions of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, 4th December, 1839.

ignorant of the law and constitution of the country, we should have left them unnoticed; but when an able member of the legislature—himself *a lawyer*—chooses to reiterate them, and to give them the weight of his authority, it is impossible to pass them over without remark. Mr. J. C. Colquhoun, in a late address to his constituents at Kilmarnock—an address which, we regret to say, is characterised by more dexterity than candour—while *expressly admitting the illegality* of the veto act, yet chooses to maintain that the courts of law have exceeded their powers, and intruded in a wanton and persecuting spirit into the domain of the Church.

‘I have always,’ he says, ‘held this language to the Church, that she ought to repeal the veto act. I need not say that I have the highest respect for the courts of law. I think the passing of that act was a trespass beyond the Church’s bounds; and I am happy to have Dr. Chalmers on my side, because he has stated that from the first he doubted whether the Church had the power to pass the veto act. And therefore, in last May, I advised him to get that law repealed. What then, it may be asked, would you have the Church to put herself at the foot of the courts of law? I say *no*; but I wish to place the Church on her own constitutional ground. Are the courts of law, then, entitled to inflict penalties upon the Church? In every case there is but one penalty they can inflict; and that is, to withdraw the endowment, to abstract the stipend from the living. And if the courts of law had merely done this, and taken the temporalities from the parish of Auchterarder, they would only have done their plain duty. But they have done a great deal more than their duty. They have followed after the Church, and threatened her with penalties, fines, and imprisonments; they have issued orders to the Church to perform spiritual duties; they have issued interdicts forbidding her the performance of her spiritual functions. I say that, in doing this, the courts of law have done what is not their duty: they have transgressed their line, they have exceeded their jurisdiction: and when they say to me, Hear the law, I say, Hear the constitution. When they say to me, Obey the law, I reply, Obey the constitution. When they say, Won’t you hear our judgment? I say, I hear a judgment more emphatic, more impressive, louder than yours, coming from those who drew up the constitution of both courts, the ecclesiastical as well as the civil; that I must obey: and it is therefore with great regret, but in honest conviction, that I am bound to say that the courts of law have done a very serious wrong.’

It is conceded, then, in the outset, that the veto law was *illegal*, and that the civil courts rightly found that, *according to the law*, the Church was bound to take on trials every qualified presentee. The Church, notwithstanding this declaration of the law, attempts to compel her members to enforce the illegal act; and, when they refuse to do so, punishes them for their disobedience by suspension from their office of the ministry. They apply to the civil  
courts

courts for protection. Is it contended that *no* protection could be afforded? If so, the proposition comes to this, that the ecclesiastical tribunals may depose a clergyman *because he refuses to commit a crime*; and that the civil courts can afford no remedy. For the law cannot weigh *degrees* of illegality; the principle which would exclude review in the present case would equally exclude review where the Church had insisted that her members should enter into an illegal secret society—should violate their oath of allegiance, or be guilty of treason. But if no clergyman can be deposed or suspended for *refusing to do an illegal act and doing a legal one*, the right of the civil court to protect the deposed or suspended party arises of necessity. For to say that a person cannot legally be suspended for such a cause, and yet that the legality cannot be declared by the only tribunal which can judge of legality, is a contradiction in terms. Let us put a case—such, considering the present tendency of matters in Scotland, is not of *impossible* occurrence. Suppose the majority of the Assembly—adopting the modern doctrine, that patronage is anti-scriptural—proceed to depose at once from his clerical office every member of the minority who refuses to sign the recent anti-patronage bond; or to deprive of his licence every licentiate of the Church who will not pledge himself to reject all presentations from a patron.\* Will any one contend that for such an act of ecclesiastical tyranny as this there is no remedy so far as the suspension of these individuals from the clerical office is concerned, and that men cease to be British subjects because they have the misfortune also to be clergymen?

‘But the civil courts,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘have done more. They have followed after the Church with threats of fine, penalty, and imprisonment; have issued orders to her to perform spiritual duties; interdicts against her performing spiritual duties: and herein they have exceeded their duty.’ We answer,—‘The civil courts have issued *no* such threats; they have simply found, as they were entitled and called on to *find*, that *by law* the Church was bound to perform certain duties—leaving it to the private party to enforce the remedy which this finding gives. They have issued interdicts against no performance of spiritual duty; they have only interfered to prevent the rights of subjects from being violated under that pretext. If they were entitled to give protection to the suspended clergymen at all, they were entitled to give *complete* protection; not merely to maintain them in their churches and manse, but to protect them from being harassed and molested by an irregular and agitating militia of

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\* In point of fact, we believe that in one Presbytery the last proposal has already been brought forward.

preachers, sent *into their parishes on the pretext of supplying vacancies which had no existence*. For the principle of the decision was that the sentence of suspension was null *in toto*: that for such a cause there was and could be *no suspension*—consequently, no vacancy, and no ministrations of religion to be supplied; and, therefore, that every attempt to molest the existing incumbents, and outrage their feelings by setting up a rival conventicle at every church-door, to misrepresent and malign the established clergymen, was a plain wrong which called for a remedy.

‘When they say to me, Hear the law,’ says Mr. Colquhoun—‘I say, Hear the constitution!—When they say to me, Obey the law, I say, Obey the constitution!’ And what, we ask, is the expositor of the constitution *but the law*? The legislature itself which made the laws and can unmake them, cannot *interpret* them: the courts of law are the only interpreters of the constitution as it stands. Mr. Colquhoun deludes himself: he *cannot* hear the voice of the constitution ‘louder and more emphatic’ than that of the law; for where the law speaks, the constitution is dumb.

If this be denied, has Mr. Colquhoun, as he turned these epigrammatic periods, reflected on the full consequences of his argument? What, according to this view, *is the constitution*?—Whatever knavery or brainless enthusiasm choose to make it. When John Thorogood resists payment of his church-rates, he violates the law, but vindicates the constitution. When the annuity-tax payers in Edinburgh resisted the imposition made by statute for the support of the clergy, if they disobeyed the law, they listened to the more emphatic voice of the constitution. When Frost led on the Chartists of Wales to the attack of Newport—when Fieschi or Darmes levelled their murderous engines against the life of Louis Philippe—they appealed from the law to their own dark ideal of the constitution. ‘O, liberty!’ said Madame Roland, upon the scaffold, ‘how many crimes have been committed in thy name!’ O! much-invoked and much-abused constitution, say we, what excesses might not be palliated under thy name, if the *reality* were not to be sought and found *in the law*!

But, surely, still more unaccountable is the other accusation against the courts of law—that of *persecution*. Did the courts of law, we ask, voluntarily mingle in this unhappy contest? No; they interfered only to protect those who had obeyed their sentence—legally, and, as it is admitted by Mr. Colquhoun, rightly pronounced in a civil action, at the instance of a private party. They would at once have violated their constitutional duty, and covered themselves with ridicule, if they had refused to interfere.

Their



Their interference was not *persecution* of the Church, but *protection* of the privileges of the subject.

But we will tell the Church of Scotland what *does* appear to us to be persecution. It is persecution to compel the obedience of its members to an illegal act, when that obedience violates conscience and subjects the party to damages or imprisonment. It is persecution to suspend from their clerical offices those who, being subjects before they were churchmen, feel themselves compelled to obey the law of the land rather than the *illegal enactment* of an Ecclesiastical Court; to subject them to the daily intrusion of a band of clerical agitators, disturbing their comfort and rousing into pernicious activity the elements of discord and malignity which exist in every parish. Yet such was the conduct of the Assembly; *for, in defiance of the interdicts of the Court of Session*, they adhered to their determination of treating the parishes as vacant, despatched a regular supply of preachers to militate there as *in partibus infidelium*, and sanctioned, or at least did not rebuke, the most intemperate and irritating allusions on the part of these emissaries; the *calumnious* nature of whose statements against the conduct and character of the suspended clergymen, subsequent and humiliating *apologies* have sufficiently attested.

‘Strange,’ as Lord Aberdeen observed, ‘that a Church which had experimentally known the evils of persecution for conscience sake, should have profited so little by the lesson as to turn her hand against her brethren.’ Still more strange that, while countenancing proceedings which more than anything else have alienated from her the sympathy of the public, she should yet persuade herself that she had acted with conspicuous lenity and moderation. ‘We have carried forbearance,’ says Dr. Chalmers, ‘to the utmost limits’ (p. 14). Our conduct is ‘an instance of the utmost possible gentleness and forbearance on the part of the Church’ (p. 16). ‘Handle him tenderly,’ says Isaac Walton, in giving directions for placing a worm upon the hook, ‘as if you loved him.’ ‘Deal gently with our erring brethren of Strathbogie,’ says the General Assembly, while fulminating against them sentences of suspension and threats of deposition—casting the firebrand of discord into their parishes, and practising on the fears and the ignorance of those whom they could not persuade, by circulating the doctrine that even the ordinances of religion were desecrated when dispensed by their polluted hands! \*

It was at this crisis when the scandalous state of things was exciting a general feeling of regret, and daily lowering the Pres-

\* Such is the language used in the ‘libel’ as it is called, or indictment afterwards prepared against the Strathbogie ministers.



byterian Church in the estimation of all calm and impartial men, that an attempt was made by one who was justly entitled to describe himself as ‘one of the most sincere friends of the Church of Scotland in either House of Parliament,’ and who deeply lamented the position in which she stood, to extricate her from the fatal embarrassments in which the measure of 1834 had involved her. A nobleman, high in station, higher still in character and intellectual accomplishment, a conscientious Presbyterian, well acquainted with the people of Scotland, and sympathising with their religious wants—versed in the history of this very question, the workings of which he had had occasion to witness in his own neighbourhood—came forward with a measure which he thought the Church might accept without dishonour, because, while it simply restrained her pretensions within constitutional limits, it provided every security which rational men uninfluenced by ulterior views could demand against the intrusion of unworthy or unqualified presentees upon any congregation. Dr. Chalmers had himself admitted, when introducing his memorable motion of 1839, that until he read the *opinions* of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham in the Auchterarder case, he was prepared to give up the veto, and to fall back upon the power of Presbyteries to judge of the fitness of each presentee for the particular charge, taking into view the repugnance of the people as a just element of consideration. That view, he stated, he was only led to abandon, and to adhere to the veto, from the impression left on his mind by these *opinions*, by which, to use his own expression, ‘this ground was cut from under his feet,’ and the question of *qualification* on which Presbyteries were to decide, limited, *as he assumed*, to doctrine, morals, and learning. The object of Lord Aberdeen’s bill, which was introduced into the House of Lords in May, 1840, was precisely to restore the ground which had thus been cut from under his feet, and to give to the people the power of stating with effect, and to Presbyteries the power of finally deciding on every conceivable objection that could be stated against the suitability of the presentee for the particular charge—and this in the form of all others the least likely to be offensive to the Church, namely, by a *declaratory act*, not treating the power as a novelty introduced for the first time in order to extricate her from her difficulties, but as a principle which the Church was warranted to assert under the existing law, though, in giving effect to the principle by her act of 1834, she might have overstepped the limits of her jurisdiction.

The substance of the Bill was that any one person on the roll of communicants might state to the Presbytery ‘*any objection of any kind*’ to the settlement of the presentee regarding his gifts  
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and qualities, either generally or with reference to the particular parish; that the Presbytery were to decide on such objections, and if they were of opinion, 'due regard being had to the whole circumstances and condition of the parish and to the spiritual welfare of the people, that in respect of any of the said objections or reasons the individual presented ought not to be settled in the said parish,' they might reject the presentee, setting forth in their sentence the special ground on which their rejection had proceeded: that if satisfied on the other hand that no good objection existed against the settlement of the presentee, they should repel the objections and proceed to his farther trials:—their judgment in either case being reviewable *exclusively* by the superior ecclesiastical courts.

Let any impartial person consider the rights proposed to be recognised in the people and the Church courts by this Bill, and say if the *first impression* it leaves upon the mind be not that it gives to them too much power rather than too little? The veto law had no sympathies but with the *majority*. By this law the conscientious objections even of a *single* communicant were to receive effect. Every objection which could affect the *usefulness* of the presentee might be stated by the objector, nor were the Presbytery bound to decide upon these by themselves or in the abstract: they were entitled to do so, taking into view 'the whole circumstances and condition of the parish, and the spiritual welfare and edification of the people.' If they thought all or any of the grounds of objection good, they were entitled to sustain them; if they were satisfied they were all unfounded, to reject them. What farther power could be claimed—except the right to reject where there was *no* valid or conscientious objection of any kind stated against the settlement of the presentee; or the right to admit even where the Presbytery were satisfied that valid and conscientious objections had been stated?

So wide to us appears the sphere of objection thus legalised, and so ample the power given to the church courts in the matter of such objections, that we own the difficulty we feel in reconciling ourselves to this provision is the too ample discretion which it appears to leave to the Presbytery. For in truth we are at a loss to conceive what objection, having the slightest vestige of plausibility, might not under this clause be sustained by the ecclesiastical courts, whose jurisdiction would be final and exclusive. That the presentee made use of a written discourse instead of *pretending* to deliver an unpremeditated one; that his style was too refined for one congregation, too homely for another; that his manner did not come up to the exact standard of warmth and energy which the fashion of the day required; that he had not caught precisely

precisely its conventional tone ; nay the fact, that, for whatever reason, he was disagreeable to the majority of his hearers, and *therefore* not likely to be conducive to their spiritual edification ; —might all be received and sustained by the Presbytery as reasons against his settlement. And if their judgment was confirmed by the superior Church Courts, however frivolous or strained those reasons might appear to be, that judgment would be conclusive against the presentee. Is this, we ask, not a tolerable extent of *liberum arbitrium*, to use the term of Dr. Chalmers, conceded to the people and to the Church ?

But is there no case, it has been asked, in which a judgment pronounced by the church courts could, under Lord Aberdeen's Bill, be interfered with by the courts of law ? We say, None—so long as their sentence is *not palpably and manifestly contrary to the law of the land*. Were the sentence for instance to bear that the presentee was rejected because he would not take an illegal oath, or from any similar cause, then the inherent right of every subject to protection would introduce the power of the civil courts ; but in every case where the rejection proceeds upon any ground, no matter how frivolous, bearing upon the matter of qualification, we hold it to be plain, that under the exclusive right of appeal provided to the Church Courts all interference by the civil tribunals is at an end. If the Church does contemplate illegal and unconstitutional rejections, it will be difficult to maintain that the protection afforded by the civil courts is to be absolutely excluded ; if she does not, their interference under this bill is impossible.

Such being the nature of the measure, it might certainly have been supposed that the opposition to it, if such there was to be would have come from the patrons ; for though embodying, as we believe correctly, the theory of the law of patronage in Scotland according to the statutes, there was no question that it imposed upon the right limitations which for a century had been unknown in practice. Every man of sense must feel that this was the real obstacle with which Lord Aberdeen might have had to contend. The Lord Chancellor in particular stated with reference to the Earl's bill that it appeared to him practically to abolish patronage a result to which he could lend no aid or countenance. But sick of the spectacle which the country had for the last six years presented, anxious to agree to any measure, even though it narrowed their own influence, which might restore that tranquillity and good feeling between all classes of society which ecclesiastical agitation had so effectually destroyed—even this bill received from the patrons in Scotland every countenance and support.

The opposition to it came entirely from the ruling party in the  
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Assembly. It was rejected by them with contempt, as unchristian, Erastian, prostrating the church at the feet of the civil power: the noble mover was assailed by some of its more zealous members as one who was endeavouring 'to depose the Redeemer from his throne,' \* 'a wily politician who would sink into an unhonoured grave,' 'the bitter though unsuccessful opponent of the Church's liberty,' † and classed along with Lord Dalhousie, who had supported the measure in the House of Lords in a *first* speech of great promise, as the ideal of a bad patron! 'Spare no arrows,' was the maxim of the Scottish Reformer, and this precept at least his followers in the nineteenth century had not forgotten. And yet, Mr. Dunlop, the secretary of the non-intrusion committee, could describe the conduct of this noble patron, in a recent case of patronage and settlement of a minister, as having earned 'for himself, throughout the whole district in which the parish lies, greater respect, affection, and popularity, than even his high talents and his services to his country had previously acquired for him!' ‡ After rejecting the bill, and assailing with obloquy the noblemen who had lent their aid to it in the House of Lords, they resolved to proceed with the punishment of their brethren, and their opposition to the law, by adhering to the veto. They seemed determined to realise to the very letter the anticipations of their predecessors in the prophetic lines of Dryden—

' The Presbyter, puffed up with spiritual pride,  
*Shall on the neck of the lewd nobles ride,*  
*His brethren damn, the civil power defy,*  
*And parcel out republic prelacy !'*

We feel no surprise that Government should not have supported Lord Aberdeen's Bill. The *settlement* of the question was probably the very last object they had in view; while, so far as these views were indicated, they opposed it, because it went too far rather than not far enough. Neither are we surprised that a large and influential body of the majority in the kirk should have been irreconcilably hostile to the Bill. To their objects, as now distinctly developed, it would in all probability have been fatal; for it would have quashed *the agitation for the repeal of patronage*, the shape which this Protean principle of 'non-intrusion' has now assumed. But by what process of reasoning Dr. Chalmers, if anxious only for an honourable and rational settlement of the question, should have brought himself to reject, and to join in the wretched clamour against Lord Aberdeen's bill, we are at a loss to conceive. The correspond-

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\* Correspondence, p. 64.

† Speech of Mr. D. M. Crichton. Witness August 15, 1840.

‡ Dunlop. Answer to the Dean of Faculty, p. 170.

ence between his lordship and Dr. Chalmers has been published and after perusing that correspondence with the utmost attention we are absolutely unable to perceive on what grounds of any practical importance the parties remained at issue.

The questions under discussion appear to us to reduce themselves to these—

1. That Lord Aberdeen required that the objections, of whatever kind they might be, should at least *be stated* by the people.

2. That they should be judged of and sustained or repelled by the Presbytery according to its conscientious opinion of their validity, taking into view the whole circumstances of the case.

3. That as the judgment of the Presbytery was subject to the review of the higher Church judicatories, the Presbytery, if it rejected, should also state the grounds of its rejection.

Now to which of these propositions, which embody the whole substantive provisions of Lord Aberdeen's Bill, did Dr. Chalmers object?

1. As to the first, it might perhaps have been feared, from the line taken by him in 1833, and on subsequent occasions, that this point of the right of the people to impose a veto without assigning reasons, might, from some false notion of consistency, have been made a *sine qua non* on his part. Not so.—In his letter of 27th January, 1840, he writes, p. 16, 'We are willing that reasons should always accompany dissent.'—'The act, 1690, requires that reasons shall accompany the dissent, and to this we object not. In a short time, indeed, he becomes a decided patron of Reasons: for on March 10, 1840, p. 41, he thus writes, 'It is a mighty check on the waywardness of the people, and against a foolish veto, that they must give their reasons, and it is a mighty barrier against a corrupt veto that the Church may decide on the motive of the resistance, if not on the reasons or grounds of the resistance.' This point then we may assume is conceded.

2. Did Dr. Chalmers persist in maintaining the principle of the veto law, that the mere negative of the people should be conclusive, and exclude the Presbyteries' power of judging in the matter? The secretaries of the non-intrusion committee, Messrs Dunlop and Candlish, for reasons which are transparent enough, no doubt made this an indispensable condition.—Not so Dr. Chalmers: he was perfectly willing to give the power of judgment, a *liberum arbitrium*, as he styled it, to the Presbytery. (p. 16.) 'We do not say that we desire the Church to be *bound* in every instance as by a veto law to reject the presentee in respect of a dissent irrespective of the grounds, but that the Church will not abandon the power of so rejecting him *if it seem to her right*: in other words, that she shall exercise her judgment. True, he adds

adds in another passage, 'We are not willing that we should be bound to admit the presentee if the people do not make good their reasons. On the contrary, we hold ourselves *free, though not obliged*, to exclude a presentee because of the popular dislike, though not *substantiated* by express reasons—a case which *may* occur, though *not once in a hundred—I believe not once in a thousand times.*' And again, the Act, 1690, 'empowers the Presbytery to judge not on the reasons alone but on the whole affair,—(precisely what is given, but in still stronger and more comprehensive terms by the words already quoted from Lord Aberdeen's Bill.) 'With this I think, though your lordship will now observe I am writing my individual opinion, we will and ought to be satisfied.' The absolute veto then is given up, and the right of Presbyteries to decide judicially on the whole case is admitted.

At a late stage of the correspondence (pp. 54, 55, May 12, 1840) Dr. Chalmers objects that Lord Aberdeen's Bill does not secure the *liberum arbitrium* of the presbyteries in *all* respects, since by implication it excludes their right to reject *solely* because the people dissent without reasons. Lord Aberdeen explains that his bill is simply declaratory; that the restriction of which Dr. Chalmers complained, by which presbyteries could not reject without some reason assigned, was imposed not by his bill but by the law of the land, which he did not profess to *alter*. We have already said that under Lord Aberdeen's Bill this fact of the repugnance of the majority of the congregation—though not legalised as a *substantive* ground of rejection, is recognised as one of the elements of which the presbytery might competently judge. We even think that as the bill stood, a rejection by the presbytery grounded on this—that from the inveterate reluctance felt by the whole or the greater part of the congregation to his appointment, they *conscientiously* believed his settlement there would not be conducive to the spiritual welfare of the people—would have been one which the civil courts could not have interfered to review. But be this as it may, the question in dispute between Lord Aberdeen and Dr. Chalmers, narrowed itself at all events to this; whether the presbytery should have the *power* of rejecting a presentee *where no objection was stated by others, or known to themselves—except that the majority did not like him.* This was the only point in which it was here alleged that the *liberum arbitrium* was narrowed.

3. If the presbyteries were to decide, and their judgment was to be reviewable by the superior Ecclesiastical tribunals, the statement of the grounds of rejection in the sentence followed as a matter of course: and this Dr. Chalmers does not contest.

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‘There ought,’ says he, ‘most certainly at all times to be ground of judgment, and that ground put into a record and state in the face of day and with the full observation of a surrounding public.’ This point also then is conceded.

4. It is true, no doubt, that though Dr. Chalmers seems to concede, to the extent now mentioned, every substantive provision which Lord Aberdeen’s Bill contains, he does object to something which it omits; namely, an express exclusion of the interference of the courts of law in *any conceivable case*. Lord Aberdeen reminds him that the Assembly have already done an illegal act, and may do another, and asks whether in the case of a clear undoubted illegality committed by the Church, Dr. Chalmers means to contend ‘that the State should divest itself altogether of that controul which by the law and constitution it possesses over the Established Church of the country.’ (February 22<sup>nd</sup> 1840.) ‘With respect to the practical question under discussion I beg to repeat that I would give the greatest possible latitude to the honest objections of parishes; and would recognise in presbyteries a full discretion and the most ample powers. I would carefully prevent all vexatious interference; but there must be redress somewhere for wrong committed, and acts plainly illegal can never be tolerated.’ The question thus put by Lord Aberdeen was a difficult one to deal with, and accordingly Dr. Chalmers in his long reply does not deal with it at all. He does not venture to say in plain terms—though no doubt that may be implied from his silence, that even in the case of palpable and admitted illegality, there is to be no redress.

And thus then did the points of difference between the parties reduce themselves to these: 1st. The asserted *right* of the Presbytery to reject *solely* in respect of the dissent of the majority—a principle equally illegal and irrational, and a case which, practically speaking, Dr. Chalmers admitted was not likely to occur *once in a thousand times*: and 2nd. The removal of *all* controul by the civil power, even where the Presbytery was guilty of a illegal and unconstitutional excess of powers!—a principle obviously subversive of all government whatever. And for these wild or dangerous chimeras, was this bill rejected, by which the Church of Scotland might have been rescued from her embarrassments—every control on presentation essential to the interests of religion, and legitimately belonging to the Church courts preserved,—the Church courts restored to their constitutional right of judgment,—and that separation between the Church and temporalities averted, which Dr. Chalmers had lamented as fraught with the ruin of the establishment. Because one fatal ‘blunder’ in short had been committed by the Assembly in the  
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outset, they seemed now resolved—with a proud and peevish obstinacy, to blunder on to the close.

‘ We have no sympathy with those whose deference for the Church rests on merely civil or political considerations. But we have just as little sympathy for those who, in the spirit of defiance or of coarse and blustering independence, tell us of the prerogatives of the Church, and rather than not be constantly parading these, whether in or out of season, say they would give the State-endowments to the wind: one of the greatest moral calamities which could befall the myriads of a then churchless, and in the most emphatic sense of the term, deeply suffering population!’—Are these our sentiments? They are. But the words are those of Dr. Chalmers! \*

Let us notice in passing, as a charge insinuated by Dr. Chalmers, and now repeated in Mr. Colquhoun’s late address—that the bill of Lord Aberdeen changed its character in the course of their communications with him, and became much more stringent against the Church than it had been in its original shape. Lord Aberdeen’s consistency probably requires no vindication at our hands—but to this statement we feel bound to give the fullest contradiction. Surely Mr. Colquhoun himself does not mean to say that the bill ever existed in any other form, or was ever in any respect different from that in which it was shown to Mr. Buchanan, one of the negotiators for the Church, in London. Lord Aberdeen’s letters, and his observations in Parliament on more than one occasion before introducing the bill, all pointed to one conclusion. From first to last the position taken by Lord Aberdeen was, that while he wishes to give the completest range of objection to the people, and the fullest powers of judging to the presbytery, he will make no provision for either legalising the veto, or excluding the control of the courts of law in the case of a clearly unconstitutional rejection. How Dr. Chalmers or any one after perusing his Lordship’s letter of 22nd of February, 1840, already noticed, written more than two months before the bill was introduced,—and from which his Lordship, as might be expected, never departed in the slightest degree—could state on the 27th of May, 1840, that until *three weeks* before he had expected a different bill, we own to us is inexplicable. Such at least does not appear to have been the view of the Secretary of the non-intrusion committee, Mr. Dunlop. Lord Aberdeen writing to him on the 24th April, 1840, says—‘ *Such as my views were as explained to the Committee in the month of January, such they remain at this moment.* In the interval I have considered and discussed the merits of various projects, but reflection and

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\* Speech delivered in the General Assembly on the 22nd May, 1839. Glasgow, p. 10. examination

examination have confirmed my conviction that none other would be constitutional, safe, and practicable.' To which the secretary replies (25th April, 1840), 'Your Lordship has misapprehended me in supposing that I considered your *present views to be different* from those held by your Lordship *at the date of your first communication with the Committee*;' and explains that he has alluded only to a proposal for giving more effect to 'the call,' which Lord Aberdeen had at an interview with the Committee deputation in London expressed himself to have been at one time favourably disposed, but which on a little reflection he had found to be impracticable. So much for the charge that the bill of Lord Aberdeen 'has not passed in the form in which it was first intended.'

We have said that the majority of the Clergy have resolved to proceed with their defiance of the law. They have resolved to proceed with the enforcement of the Veto. At first we were disposed to think otherwise. Dr. Chalmers in his recent pamphlet thus announced *his* view of the course to be followed:—

'We may now be said certainly and conclusively to have failed in obtaining the ratification of the veto law at the hands of Parliament and what is now the Church's proper outgoing from the position in which she of course finds herself? We have no hesitation in saying that the *first step* of such an outgoing *is to repeal the veto law*. There is no inconsistency here—the inconsistency were all on the other side in persevering with the law.'

*The veto being first abandoned*, he recommended that the Church should fall back upon *the call*, instructing presbyteries to 'work the non-intrusion principle' on that footing.

Here, in the unequivocal admission that the illegal veto law must be *ante omnia* abandoned and rescinded 'on the first opportunity, that is, at the next meeting of the General Assembly,' appeared the first dawning of rational counsels since the commencement of this unhappy contest. Alas! it was speedily obscured.

An ominous silence followed the publication of the doctor's manifesto. It soon became apparent, as in the case of the *liberum arbitrium* which the non-intrusionists had contemptuously rejected, that he could not carry his party along with him; that they had made up their minds that the veto should *not* be repealed. The unlucky admission in his pamphlet must then be harmonised with the course now resolved upon by the majority; and accordingly at the distance of about a month appeared a letter addressed by Dr. Chalmers to Mr. Buchanan (what that gentleman's views to the non-intrusion principle are will be immediately seen), intimating that he never meant that the veto should be given up to some other measure *equally* effectual was substituted for it. The  
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chance of the veto being repealed at the next General Assembly is therefore now to depend on that Assembly agreeing to pass another measure requiring the consent of the majority to the validity of a 'call'—a measure no doubt equally stringent with the veto, *but of course equally illegal*. For no one can for a moment suppose that the courts of law would so far stultify themselves as to require the consent of the majority to the efficacy of a presentation after determining that the dissent of a majority was no bar to the settlement.

In the next place, they have made up their minds to proceed to the deposition of the suspended ministers. 'It is impossible,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'for the Church to give in without the abandonment of her most sacred prerogatives,'—'it is a matter in which we have no choice and ought to have no hesitation.'\* Acting on this temperate and constitutional advice, the majority of the Assembly forthwith proceeded to the preparation of a libel or accusation against the suspended ministers with a view to their deposition: the Procurator for the Church (or legal assessor of the Assembly) suggesting that, in order to *evade* if possible the interference of the civil courts, it would be advisable to imitate the example of the House of Commons, and to suppress the fact—which was at once the justification of the parties accused and the condemnation of their accusers—that in disobeying the directions of the Ecclesiastical tribunal they had obeyed the previous judgments of the civil court. This notable advice no doubt was not followed in the libel as actually framed; which boldly charges the applications made to the Court of Session to suspend the sentence of the Church court, and to prevent its being carried into effect—as 'heinous crimes and offences, contrary to the Holy Scriptures, the Confession of Faith, and other standards of the Church'—and punishable by deposition and the highest censures of the Church; though we have little doubt that, if ever a judgment be pronounced, the Procurator's astute hint will be acted on in the framing of the sentence.

That consummation is undoubtedly not very distant. Within the last few days the sittings of the Commission of the General Assembly have taken place. The 'libels' against the suspended clergymen of Strathbogie, for obeying the Court of Session, and against Mr. Edwards, for asking the Presbytery to perform their legal duty of taking him on trials, have been found *relevant*, as it is called; that is to say, it has been decided by the Commission that if the facts are proved (these facts never having been denied) they afford grounds for the depo-

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\* What ought the Church and the People of Scotland to do now?—p. 50.

sition of the parties. The proof is to be adduced in March; and, as a matter of course, if not prevented by higher interference, these unfortunate clergymen will then be deposed, so far as the Church has it in her power to enforce a sentence of deposition. This resolute defiance of all law may well induce the boldest admirer of the proceedings of the dominant party to pause. — On precisely the same grounds (as was pleaded on the part of the suspended ministers) might every Presbyterian Judge of the Court of Session, who had concurred in pronouncing the obnoxious sentences, be deposed from his functions as an officer-bearer or privileges as a member of the Presbyterian Church. Or, on precisely the same grounds, if they are well founded, might and ought the *whole minority* of the General Assembly to be at once sweep suspended or deposed, because they announce their resolution of performing the statutory duty imposed upon them, and dissent regarding the illegal Veto Act.

The fact is, that a regularly organised and widely-spread system of intimidation is already in action against every probationer, nay every ordained minister, of the Church of Scotland, who ventures to dissent from the arbitrary will of the majority. Is a presentee for instance, suspected of being lukewarm in the non-intrusion cause and yet provokingly supported by the majority of heads of families, the Church turns intrusionist at once; the Veto Act is thrown to the winds; the previously despised minority then become all important; and in the very face of their own law, as in the late case of *Dalkeith*, the most strenuous attempts are made to nullify the presentation on the ground that the presentee holds opinions different from those of the majority: a ground which even Dr Simpson, a zealous and *most consistent* non-intrusionist, felt himself compelled to characterise as ‘being the most tyrannical, inquisitorial and detestable objection ever heard of in the Church.’ Detestable as it is, however, it finds, as we think, a parallel in the following:—A Mr. Duff, apparently a pious and zealous probationer, applies to the Scotch Colonial Church Committee for an appointment to one of their Missionary Churches in the Colonies. He passes his examination before the committee with distinguished approbation, and is recommended by the sub-committee for the vacant Church of St. Clements at Berbice, for which, in consequence of the death of *five former clergymen in 10 months*, it was naturally found there was no very strenuous competition. The committee in the mean time discover, not that the character, principles, zeal, or religious qualifications of the candidate, who had been thus powerfully recommended, are deficient,

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\* Edinburgh Courant, Nov. 12.

but that Mr. Duff *had attended the church of Mr. Allardyce, one of the seven suspended ministers of Strathbogie; and on this sole ground, which, after the most shuffling attempts to evade the true ground of rejection, they were compelled to avow*, the committee, by a large majority, refused to confirm the appointment of the sub-committee! What, indeed, is the cause of religion in the Colonies compared with the cause of *non-intrusion terrorism* at home? What is even the great cause of Church extension in Scotland compared with the gratification of party malignity? Look, for instance, at the recent case of Huntly. In that town there is a proved, we think we may say an admitted, abundance of Church accommodation. In the district of Kinore there is an admitted deficiency; in fact, the most extreme and pressing want of a Church. Yet the non-intrusion party, with these facts before them, appropriate 400*l.* of the Church Extension Fund to erect a new Church in Huntly, where it was not required, leaving Kinore unprovided for. And why? simply because they have determined to set up, if possible, a popular rival to the *present deservedly popular clergyman of Huntly, Mr. Walker, who has the misfortune to be one of the seven suspended ministers!*

Is it wonderful, if thus administered, that the church extension scheme of the Church of Scotland is in a course of *rapid and steady decline?*

In the report by Dr. Chalmers for 1838-39 he announced that 'the year had fallen considerably short of *each of the preceding ones.*' In that for 1839-40 he thus communicates the result:—'The present controversial state of the Church has operated most adversely, in particular on that fund known by the designation of the supplementary fund—which, *but for our unhappy divisions*, might by this time have reached, as we calculate from the actual success in a comparatively small part of Scotland, our confident anticipation twelve months ago of 140,000*l.*, but which, *because of these divisions, scarcely, if at all, exceeds the sum of 40,000*l.**—a deficit of 60,000*l.* on the Doctor's calculations, admittedly occasioned by the *divisions* in the Church!\*

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\* The effect of the recently awakened spirit of innovation and contempt of all order and discipline on the religious character of the people of Scotland in general is too wide a field to be here entered upon. But the heresy and fanaticism, in particular, which have been fostered in some districts, demand a passing notice. They bring back vividly the wildest days of the fifth-monarchy men, with their strange union of speculative strictness and practical irreligion. The regular clergymen in many parishes are entirely superseded by a set of lay task-masters, assuming to themselves the title of '*the men*,' frequently of questionable moral character, but always affecting extreme sanctity, who either patronize or virtually excommunicate clergymen according to their servility or their independence. They impress on the people the duty of *not communicating or being baptized* except the minister of the parish has previously received the stamp of their approbation. They inculcate the doctrine that the ordinances of religion

The detail of these proceedings has been a tedious one ; but it will enable us to present the conclusions to which we come within a brief compass. We trust that our English readers will now agree with us as to the importance of this question, and the urgent necessity for its settlement on principles consistent with justice, with the interests of religion, and the security of government and law. How are these objects to be conciliated? Various schemes have been proposed.

I. It is proposed that the legislature should legalise the veto. To this our answer is threefold. It is bad in itself; it would give satisfaction to no party: it would lead, by inevitable necessity, to the repeal of patronage. We need not resume the subject of the evils inherent in the veto; its injustice to the patron, its cruelty to the presentee, its malignant influence on the character of the people, and its degradation of the Clergy as a body. These have been adverted to in the outline of the debate of 1833. Even against the *intrusion* of unacceptable ministers it obviously affords no remedy, for the majority still obtrude their choice on the minority, sometimes almost equal in numbers; nay, the *male* heads of families, were they unanimous, would still obtrude their choice on the rest of the congregation. True, governments can only regard in general the voice of *majorities*; but if the question be put on that footing, does it not at once lower this right of a popular negative in the choice of a minister, from the high ground

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religion are ineffectual, if not dispensed by certain commissioned officers of their own. *Not to attend the communion becomes an honourable distinction*, the mark of superior piety, the criterion of spiritual good taste. This may explain a phenomenon which at first appears a little extraordinary; namely, that in many parishes, such as that of Daviot, claiming credit for superior religious real, the whole number of communicants on the roll is found to be only ten. In some cases the number is even less. In one extensive parish, of Skye, remarkable for the prevalence of these extreme views, the communicants on one occasion consisted of five—the clergyman *himself*, his wife, two sisters, and the schoolmaster—while some hundreds stood by as spectators. In the whole presbytery of Skye, it appeared, by the report submitted to the General Assembly by their committee in 1839, that about 1000 persons voluntarily remained unbaptized.

The reaction of this fanatical and utterly irreligious spirit upon the independence and Christian behaviour of the ministers themselves is most lamentable. Knowing in what quarters these wild doctrines are countenanced, they tamely submit to the dictation of their lay tyrants. We shall mention merely an instance or two—not at present giving the names, though we pledge ourselves that these shall be forthcoming *when required*. Some give up their churches to popular catechists—*laymen not ordained as ministers at all*, and having no more right to preach or officiate as such than any inspired porter who might choose to step from the street into the pulpit of St. Giles's. One clergyman, to please '*the men*,' is found with more than Roman stoicism *communicating his own wife*! Another, in the vain hope of regaining the favour of '*the men*,' invites a neighbouring clergyman of a more popular character to celebrate the sacrament in his church. He accepts the invitation, and commences the proceeding by *striking the minister's name off the roll of communicants*; and the humbled minister sits a passive spectator of the sacred rite—excluded, by one who had not a vestige of right to interfere with the communion-roll, from the communion-table in his own church!



of an inflexible religious principle, to the level of any other political right to be defined and regulated by the principles of expediency?

That the veto law has proved a total failure is perhaps the only point on which all parties are agreed. This conviction was conspicuously shown in the debate on patronage in the Assembly of 1836.

The minority who had always opposed it referred to the experience of the two years during which it had been in action, as fulfilling all their predictions. Oddly enough the majority concurred with them as to the fact, though they differed among themselves as to the reasons. It has worked ill, said the *vetoists*, because the patrons, instead of exercising the right of presentation, have, in the majority of instances, handed over the choice to the people. These are precisely the instances, retorted the *anti-patronage* section of the Assembly, in which it has worked *well*;—wherever it has operated as was intended, simply as a veto by the people, it has produced nothing but dissension and discontent. ‘The Veto Act,’ said Mr. Colquhoun, ‘it was said, would bring peace. He must say that it had not produced peace; and they had seen repeated proofs to the contrary.’

Would the sanction of this abortive measure, then, by the legislature, satisfy the Clergy, or the people, in whose name the privilege is demanded? Most assuredly not. The interest taken by the people in the present controversy has indeed been grievously exaggerated; but such as it is, it is directed to very different objects than a mere veto on the nomination of the patron. What they expect, and have been led by clerical agitation to consider as the right of the people, is popular election of the ministers.

What other consequence, indeed, could follow from the position in which they were placed by the Veto Act? While the right of presentation was in the patron, and the right of judgment in the presbytery, the people, possessing merely the right of objection, were placed in a just but comparatively humble position. But when presbyteries, *recording their own incompetency*, transferred the right of judgment to the people, on what grounds were the latter to be persuaded that those who were entitled to exercise an irresponsible and irreversible judgment were not just as much entitled to the initiative of presentation? What right could an obnoxious third party have to interfere in the formation of the contract between the minister and the Christian people? A patron became simply an intruder; at best a needless superfluity. Patronage must not be limited; it must be transferred to the people. Even those prominent clergymen who did not relish this conclusion found themselves obliged to yield to it, and to stimulate the agitation they had inadvertently caused. In the



progress of the question they had calculated on dropping 'Christian people' at the first turning ; but now finding it necessary to march through Coventry with them, they made up their mind rather to head than to follow the procession.

At first the real tendency of all this agitation was studiously concealed ; to many, indeed, it is *possible* it may not have been obvious. The limits of credulity, and consequently of sincere assent, are undefinable. The Veto Act was held forth as the condition by which the threatened storm was to be peaceably averted from patronage ; not, as it really was, the surest means of directing the lightning against it. Even yet we know we shall be told that hostility to patronage is not the *general* feeling of the Assembly, but that this is but the wild theory of insulated and uninfluential individuals. We look to facts, and derive but small consolation from such a guarantee.

On the part of Mr. Dunlop and the instalment-men—the constantly increasing body in the Assembly, who, to do them justice, never professed to view the Veto Act but as a 'vantage-ground' from which greater concessions might be extorted—it has long been admitted that abolition of patronage was their object. The majority *against* the abolition of patronage greatly diminished from 1834 to 1836, while the veto was in full vigour. What was the state of the case at this moment? Sir George Simpson, though he conceives the idea of the repeal of patronage by parliament visionary, represents its existence as a 'fatal blow to the independence of the Church ;' something which, if there were the least chance of success, it would be the duty of the Church to struggle against and to subvert. Mr. Colquhoun 'would be glad if patronage were altogether abolished,' though in the *present time* he may be contented to take something less. These gentlemen are members of parliament, and know in what light a proposal for the repeal of patronage is likely to be there viewed. But Mr. MacGill Crichton, the itinerating lay orator of the Church, who is not yet a member of parliament, but 'has been well in fixing on the *country* as a more promising arena *than parliament* for the labours of his ecclesiastical patriotism,' commends an instant subscription to the anti-patronage bazaar. Dr. Chalmers is now satisfied 'that what Charles Fox said of the African slave-trade is true of Scottish patronage, that it is a system not to be regulated but destroyed.—*Let the question take its own swing !*'† Mr. Candlish, late secretary of the Non-Interference Committee, a gentleman who '*has a quarrel with episcopacy*'

\* Dr. Chalmers, 'What ought the Church ?' &c. p. 62.

† This document is exactly in the style of the covenants of former days.

‡ Dr. Chalmers, *ibid.*, p. 62.

*altogether*, announces that patronage is contrary to the word of God: Mr. Buchanan, one of the Church's negociators with Lord Aberdeen, following on the same side, and nothing daunted by the fact that he had himself *three* times accepted a presentation from a patron, repeats that not only is patronage contrary to the word of God, but that Providence had specially thwarted their endeavours to obtain a modification of it by the veto law, in order that the full energies of the Church might be directed towards the total extinction of the evil.\* 'It is earthly, sensual, devilish,' adds Mr. Cunningham, winding up the discussion with characteristic mildness.† Abolition of patronage, in short, is now the general watchword, from the consistent head of the party, Dr. Chalmers, who, with an '*elasticity of sentiment*,'—to use his own description of himself—for which even we were not prepared, bids God-speed in 1840 to the measure which in 1838 he seems to have regarded as a national pest; to the consistent tail of the party, the newly-appointed presentee to Falkland, who pockets the presentation of Mr. Tyndal Bruce with the one hand while he signs the anti-patronage bond with the other! No doubt the procurator for the Church, with a desperate gallantry, 'which gives us wonder great as our content,' heads a kind of forlorn hope against the increasing columns of the movement; but with the '*absolute shall*' of Mr. Dunlop and the abolitionists on one side, and the '*laissez faire*' of Dr. Chalmers and the concessionists on the other, what is even he among so many?

What then would the enactment of the veto law do to satisfy those who had in view these more sweeping changes? About as much as the proposal to extend the elective franchise to Leeds or Manchester would have done to satisfy those who had fixed their hearts on the reform bill. Humbly but earnestly, therefore, we say, let not parliament legalise the veto, or its equivalent, the necessity of a call by a majority of the people.

II. Are we then to go farther, and, in hopes of allaying excitement, abolish patronage?

To our English readers we need hardly say this cannot be a Scotch question. If the abolition of patronage in Scotland is to be rested on grounds of positive scriptural precept, or even on its necessity for the spiritual and moral well-being of the people, these principles must be of general application; for it is very plain, to use the words of Lord Moncreiff, 'that if there be any

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\* 'Providence is manifestly HEDGING US UP to this point [abolition of patronage], as the only safe course left to the Church to pursue. She has already and often tried to obtain a settlement of her difficulties by taking a middle course, but she was defeated. Providence is now pointing out to us the real source of the evil.'

† Witness, Wednesday, August 14, 1840.

authority against the law of patronage in the Bible, that must be equally effectual with regard to England as to Scotland, and indeed with regard to every country in Christendom ;'\* while, even if resting merely on religious expediency, there cannot long be one law for England and another for Scotland.

Let us see then what, according to the opinion of the friends of the Presbyterian Church, would be the result in Scotland of the abolition of patronage, and the transference of the whole right to the people or to the Presbyteries ; and in order not to multiply citations, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the evidence of Lord Moncreiff before the committee in 1834.

The argument, that patronage is *anti-scriptural*, we dismiss in the words of his lordship in the debate of 1836 in the Assembly ' I do not reason with any gentleman who maintains that there is anything in the word of God to regulate this matter.' That part of the case is indeed so plain, that we are not aware that *any one* of the witnesses examined before the committee attempted to rest his opposition to patronage on any such grounds. And we would recommend to the advocates of anti-patronage, on the ground of its anti-scriptural character, particularly those who have accepted *three* consecutive presentations from patrons, inwardly to digest the following remark of Dr. Simpson, the Clerk of the General Assembly, and a warm friend to the veto, in the debate in 1836 : ' A clergyman who should say that patronage was contrary to the word of God, and yet hold a living under patronage, believing it to be contrary to God's word, would do what was *dishonourable and sinful*.' If they entertain any further doubt on the subject, let them follow the plain and honest advice of another *non-intrusionist*, Mr. Lewis Rose. ' If they came in by the wrong door, let them just walk out, and come in again, *if they can, by the right one*, and then sensible men will believe them to be single hearted.'†

Passing, then, to the question of the abolition of patronage as one of expediency, we think everything proves the correctness of Lord Moncreiff's conclusion, ' I am of opinion, I must say, upon very deliberate, very anxious, and very sincere deliberation and reflection, that it is not expedient.'

And here let us advert for a moment to one delusion which appears to be studiously circulated on this subject, and by which a popular agitation in its favour is sought to be evoked. The people are told that *patronage* is to be abolished ; and that this is

\* Report on Patronage, Q. 1330.

† We recommend Mr. Rose's 'Humble Attempt,' &c., named in our list, to most serious attention.

to be accomplished by repealing the obnoxious act of 1712,\* and falling back on the revolution settlement of 1690.

What then? Would that abolish patronage, or bestow popular election on the people? Not in the least. The act 1690 (which, he it observed, provided full *compensation* to the patron) vested the patronage in the *heritors* (landowners) and *kirk-session* (a term for which no exact English equivalent can be found, but which in substance corresponds with the English churchwardens). It gave to the people no right but that of objecting. Its operation was simply an *extended patronage*. In many cases the extension was trifling:—three or four heritors might possess the whole lands within the parish; nay, if more numerous, *they* might also form the majority, or the whole, of the kirk-session. In some, as where the patronage is in the hands of corporate bodies, it might even narrow instead of increasing the number of those in whom its exercise was vested. Is this the settlement which *the people* have been led to expect as recognising their Christian privileges: a patronage divided between the landed interest and the kirk-session?

The truth is, that, search the statute-book through, the movement party will never lay their hands on one act which confers or recognises *popular election*. Repeal the revolution settlement—they must retire upon the act 1592, by which the right of the Patron, and the obligation of presbyteries to admit his presentee, are expressly recognised. Repeal backward, even to the act 1567, the original declaration on the subject, and still lay-patronage is found in full vigour.

Once, and once only, was lay-patronage abolished within this country; and mark the time! On the 30th of January, 1649, Charles I. laid his head upon the block in Whitehall. On the same day, the Commission of the General Assembly adopted a petition to Parliament for the abolition of patronage (prepared by Rutherford, Livingstone, Guthrie, and Gillespie, four of the most violent of the party of the Remonstrants), which resulted in the act of 9th March, 1649.† We

\* This act has very frequently, but very erroneously, in the course of this discussion been called the act of 1711. It did not pass the House of Commons till 7th April, 1712: it went through the Lords on 12th April; was sent down, with some amendments, to the Commons, who agreed to them on the 14th; and it did not receive the royal assent till 22nd May, 1712.

† It has been maintained that the Scottish Covenanters at this time, republican as their principles were, so far from countenancing the murder of the King, strongly disapproved of that atrocious act. We find it difficult to reconcile this view with the conduct of the General Assembly. The execution of Charles was announced to the Assembly on the 6th February, by the following dry epistle from their commissioners in London:—

‘Right Reverend and Honorable,—This day, about two of the clock in the afternoon, his Majesty was brought out at the window of the balcony of the Banqueting-house

We presume we are not bound to recognise as an act of parliament a measure passed while no parliament could be said to exist—while all law and order was in abeyance ; and long since blotted from the statute-book with the other acts of the great rebellion. And yet even in this revolutionary period it is remarkable that the initiative of presentation was not given to the people at large, even when the whole matter was put into the power of the Presbyterian Church. The act of 1649, while it abolished lay patronage, left it to the Church itself to say on whom the right was to be conferred. On whom then did the Church bestow the right? On the people in general?—on communicants?—on male heads of families? No. The General Assembly, by its directory of 1649, vested the right in the kirk-session, and not in the congregation, with this further most important proviso, that, ‘where a congregation was *disaffected and malignant*, the Presbytery was to provide them with a minister,’ against whom no objection of the congregation was to be allowed. Any one who knows the meaning given to these words at the time, viz., that they embraced all who favoured the engagement of 1648, or hesitated to give an unqualified adherence to the principles and policy of the dominant party, will easily perceive in how many cases the Presbyteries thus retained the appointment in their own hands. The truth is plainly this : it was the object of the act of parliament to wrest the patronage from the patrons ; it was the object of the act of Assembly *not to give them to the people*, but to vest them in the church courts. And such we believe to be truly the aim of the majority of the Assembly at the present moment.

The repeal of the act 1712, and the revival of the act 1690, then, would not even materially *enlarge* the right of the people. It would substitute a certain number of landed proprietors for one patron, and it would increase the power of Presbyteries through their influence over kirk-sessions, but it would still leave the people exactly where they are, in the place of objectors bound to assign a reason for refusing the call.

But assuming the very improbable hypothesis that the act 1690, if revived, would satisfy the people, what would be its prac-

house at Whitehall, near which a stage was set by, and his head struck off with an axe ; wherewith we hold it our duty to acquaint you ; and *so being in haste we shall say no more at this time*, but that we remain your affectionate friends to serve you.

‘ Covent-Garden, the 30th January, 1649.

‘ LOTHIAN.

‘ J. CHIESLIE.’

The force of *coolness* could no further go ; and this business-like announcement is received and entered in the minutes of the Assembly, without one word of comment, one expression of pity or regret!—See MS. Records of the Commission of the General Assembly, 1649.

tical

, has summed (Evidence on Patronage, &c. 152) that he had cause to doubt the correctness of his father's view, and that he had been informed 'that, on a strict inquiry, it may appear that there was more dissension in the settlement of ministers at that time than had been supposed.' And certainly the doubt was founded, for it appeared from the evidence of Dr. Lee and Cook\*—who had carefully examined the original records,

Sir Henry had not done—that anything less creditable than the state of matters under the act 1690 could not well be imagined. The *Rabbling Act* passed by Parliament in 1698, with reference to riots attending *settlements of ministers*, in itself speaks volumes; but improper practices to obtain calls, perpetual attempts to move popular ministers from one parish to another, in which party seeking and the party opposing were heard *pro* and *con*; contesting calls,† where one part of the electors chose one party and the other another, each claiming to be the legal majority, and resort to the superior courts for the determination of the question; the appointment not unfrequently falling to the lottery from the impossibility of bringing the people to unite; complaints that many parishes were left destitute of ministers, that even in large towns like Edinburgh and Glasgow; many settlements, like that of Benholm in 1710, of Old Deer in 1711, of Dull in 1712,‡ attended with rioting and great violence, presbyteries being obstructed by an armed rabble, and several of their members beaten and wounded: hosts of persons brought before the Criminal Court for obstructing settlements—an element in short which could poison the minds of the people and injure the cause of sound religion seemed to be combined in working of the act 1690. We are not surprised therefore that

say the arrangement would be a good one in the present state of Scotland, having studied the question with the advantages of the additional light derived from this evidence, should have significantly observed in the debate of 1836, after mentioning that the act 1690 did not *abolish* patronage, but transferred it to the heritors and elders—‘Whether that has been a useful mode of appointing ministers may safely be left to the experience of those who are acquainted with such cases.’

Would the matter be in better hands if left to the Presbytery? Lord Moncreiff expresses himself thus with regard to that proposal:—

“It seems to be enough to state that I conceive it *impossible* that any plan for giving the power of appointment to Presbyteries would be satisfactory to the public.” \*—“Whatever others may think, I am of opinion that nothing would have been more dangerous to Scotland than that the presentations to parishes should be vested in the church courts.” †

Indeed on the impolicy and inexpediency of vesting patronage in the Church Courts, *ALL the witnesses examined before the Committee were agreed.*

If then the initiative ought not to be given either to the kirk-session and the heritors as under the act 1690, nor vested in the Presbytery, ought it to be transferred to *the people*? Would popular election of ministers, the boon which the people have really been led to expect by all this agitation, be a benefit to Scotland?

Here again, and for the last time, let us quote Lord Moncreiff:—

“Under *any* definition of that mode of appointment which I have yet heard, it would be full of danger to the best interests, and perhaps to the existence of the Church of Scotland. In the first place, I think that it is altogether wrong in principle. We cannot transfer to this peculiar and very sacred subject rules or principles which may be sound and right in mere matters of civil politics. A man who is to be appointed a minister of religion for a particular parish is not to be placed there to represent the opinions or the interests or the views of the person over whom he is set as minister: quite the reverse. He is placed there under the sanction of the most solemn oaths to teach the people what they ought to think and what they ought to do, and therefore though I hold, and shall presently have occasion to state more particularly, that the people ought to be consulted in the matter, I think that nothing can be more obvious than that in principle in the first instance it is not the people who should determine by selection who ought to be their minister. In the second place, as far as my information goes, I hold that popular election of a minister generally, and when it is to be extended to every parish within the whole range of Scotland, has

\* Evidence on Patronage, 1833.

† Debate of 1836.

a tendency



a tendency which must in a greater number of instances take effect to excite the worst passions of our nature and to breed endless confusion in many of the parish in which it may be exercised.”—Again—“If therefore a system of popular election is now to be introduced at this period of the history of the Church, and of the country after the Presbyterian Church has existed for 250 years or more, it must be introduced as a system which can be nothing else but a speculative experiment, and that in the most important of all the institutions of the country. This alone appears to me to be an insurmountable objection to it; for, whatever others may think, I hold that the Church of Scotland is not in a decayed or falling state, but on the contrary that before these agitations on this subject began lately to be raised, it was, and I think it still is, in a very stable and prosperous condition, notwithstanding all the defects that may be imputed to it.” (Q. 1336.) “Upon the whole, it would be fraught with great danger to the interests and even to the existence of the Church of Scotland.” “I object to the abolition of the law of patronage, because I have seen no scheme or plan for the appointment of ministers to be put in its place which is not encompassed with the greatest difficulties, and likely to be productive of far greater evils, and probably many of which would come into immediate operation, than the law of patronage as it stands.”

These are the words of truth and soberness. We will not weary our readers with further citations; suffice it to say, that Dr. Simpson, Dr. P. Macfarlane, Dr. Macgill, Mr. Bell, the procurator for the Church—the great majority, in short, of the witnesses on the popular side—were hostile to the proposal of popular election, even under any of its modifications.

What member of the Church of Scotland indeed must not feel the difficulty of dealing with the very pertinent but most perplexing question anticipated by Lord Moncreiff.—‘Supposing that all were done which is asked, what answer could be made if the Government, or the heritors of Scotland’—(many of whom—we believe a majority in fact—are not members of the Church of Scotland at all)—‘were to say to the Church—Well, if you are so very independent that you reject the statutes on which you have stood for centuries, as being contrary to your constitution, why should you not find the means of support also from the people, with whom, or with yourselves, you insist that all the powers of appointing to the benefices shall rest?’—(Q. 1341.)

Thus, then, the transference of patronage either to the people, or to the church courts, or its division between the heritors and elders, are all equally repudiated by the best friends of the Church, as impracticable or dangerous—injurious to the character of the people and the moral influence of the Church, if not subversive of its very existence.

III.—What course then remains? We say—to preserve patronage—

tronage—to secure by legislative *declaration* the proper check upon its exercise—to provide every fair and reasonable security that the interests of the people and of religion shall be consulted in the choice ; but that being done, *to enforce, if necessary, obedience to the law.*

These objects, we have already said, appear to us to be secured by Lord Aberdeen's bill. It preserves the civil rights of the patron, but subjects it to limitations also recognised by law, and necessary to prevent its abuse. It hedges it round on all sides. Not only must the patron select a licentiate of the Church—in regard to whom, *in granting the licence, the Church may previously establish any standard, however high, of learning, moral propriety, Christian doctrine, ability for the office of the ministry, which she pleases*:—but it subjects his presentee to a second trial, with the people as objectors and the Presbytery as judges. It prevents at the same time the injustice which would be done to pious and conscientious licentiates, by subjecting them to the mere *will* or *caprice* of the people, without the check afforded by the publication of the grounds of objection. It extinguishes those scenes of intrigue, cabal, and excitement to which the veto law gave rise, and by which the whole character of the people of Scotland would soon be irreparably injured. And finally, by allowing every conceivable objection to the usefulness of the presentee to be stated by the people, and given effect to by the Church courts, it affords as ample security against the intrusion of unworthy presentees upon reluctant congregations as human laws can give, consistently with the avoidance of the opposite extreme of cruel, capricious, and irreligious rejections. It leaves the matter, as rightly explained by Sir George Clerk, in the debate in the Assembly of 1840, in this position,\* that ‘Whenever a Presbytery can lay their hand on their hearts, and say that under all the circumstances of this parish, this presentee ought not to be placed there—they have the power under this act to prevent his induction.’

Can more in justice or reason be demanded? While the Church courts act *fairly* and conscientiously under it, and reject on any ground of qualification, the interference of the civil courts is absolutely excluded: they can interpose only, as we have already said, in a case of rejection on a plainly illegal and unconstitutional ground. Surely immunity from such interference in such a case cannot well be contended for; surely it cannot well be maintained at the present day that the Church of Scotland is to be the only body on which the state may confer rights, but cannot impose obligations; and that her Church courts are to be

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\* Report, 1840, p. 140.

There are only tribunals in the empire where wrong may be wrought without a remedy.

There are persons who calmly tell us that the most solemn Act of the legislature, if not in accordance with the views of the majority of the Scottish Clergy, would be disobeyed. But recklessly as this body has hitherto acted, we are not of that opinion. In the theory of the constitution, no doubt, the interpretation put upon acts of parliament by the courts of law constitutes the law, and is equally entitled to obedience with the most express and recent enactment; but we can conceive that in practice it speaks with far less effect and authority than the *present* voice of the Legislature directed to the case in hand, and unequivocally defining the Church's rights and its obligations. To the legislature the Church has always professed to appeal from the supposed error of the courts of law; and we will not contemplate the possibility that its voice, if now distinctly uttered, will be disregarded; or that men of conscience and right feeling will continue to place themselves in the anomalous and unseemly position of accepting from the State its temporalities, and refusing to fulfil the conditions on which they are given. Their choice must now be made. If it be to sever their connexion with the Church, we shall regret their retirement; but if that event should arrive, we have no fear that their places will be worthily filled. Successors will be found to them, as conspicuous for piety, energy, and learning; as ready to vindicate within their sphere the privilege and jurisdiction of the Church; but who feel also that while the Church remains an Established Church, *her absolute independence of the law is a dream.*



- ART. VIII.—1. *England's Threatened War with the World.* 1840. pp. 25.
2. *Progress and present Position of Russia in the East.* 1838. pp. 151.
3. *Mehemet Ali—Lord Palmerston—Russia—and France.* By William Cargill, Esq. London and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840. pp. 96.
4. *Proposed Impeachment of Lord Palmerston. Reports of Two Public Meetings held at Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne upon the Foreign Relations of the Country and the Collusive and Treasonable Concert asserted to exist between the Foreign Minister and Russia.* Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840. pp. 37.
5. *Reasons for demanding Investigation into the Charges against Lord*

*Lord Palmerston.* By R. Monteith, Esq. Glasgow. 1841. pp. 19.

6. *Cairo, Petra, and Damascus, in 1839, with Remarks on Government of Mehemet Ali, and on the present Position of Syria.* By John G. Kinneer, Esq. 1841. pp. 348.

7. *The Life of Mehemet Ali.* London. 1841. pp. 96.

THE foremost principle of *foreign policy* professed by Whig ministry on its formation, and especially and *personally* by their recent proselyte Lord Palmerston, was NON-INTERVENTION. It was indeed this principle, asserted—however insistently with all the antecedents of his public life—by Palmerston, while in opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1829-30, that afforded the only excuse—as it was—for his junction with the Whigs, and the only pretext for placing him in the department of Foreign Affairs: yet the hour that the profession and pledge against *intervention* raised him to the foreign office, his whole proceedings have been *intervention*—nothing but intervention—intervention too in its justifiable forms, and for the most unjustifiable objects—in Portugal—in Spain—in the East—wherever, in short, his inconsistency could find a crevice to intrude or insinuate itself. We will not waste time in repeating what we have before stated of the effect of his unjust and impolitic interventions in Holland and Portugal, which have rendered the British name not unpopular but odious in these two countries, our oldest and natural allies; but we cannot omit to note that the withdrawal of the British squadron from Portugal was the signal for fresh insurrections and reviving anarchy in that distracted country, the seeds of which were sown by the revolutionary interference of England.

But in Spain his measures have been marked with still deeper stains and more flagrant failure. We will not dwell either on the personal inconsistency or the national impolicy of Lord Palmerston's original interference in this matter, nor on the untestable spirit in which the war in Biscay was fomented and carried on. These have been sufficiently exposed, and it would be a disagreeable, and, unfortunately, superfluous task to insinuate the folly and disgrace of the whole course of those proceedings; but some circumstances have occurred since we last adverted to this subject which require notice both to complete the history and to exhibit the crowning result of Lord Palmerston's *Peacemaker's* policy.

When the expulsion of Don Carlos was at last effected—by the British blood and treasure so idly wasted in Biscay—but the murderous treachery of Maroto—the triumph of Quesada

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Christina was hailed as the triumph of Lord Palmerston; and our Queen was made, in Lord Melbourne's speech from the throne, 11th of August, 1840,

'to congratulate parliament upon the termination of the civil war in Spain: the objects for which the quadruple engagements of 1834 were contracted *have now been accomplished.*'

And it has since appeared (in the newspapers of the 14th Sept.) that on the same 11th of August the Duke of Sussex, as acting Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, addressed an official letter, communicating to Espartero Duke de la Victoria, that our Queen had conferred upon 'His Excellency'

'the Grand Cross of that most honourable military Order as a mark of *her high esteem for your person*, and as a pledge of her approbation of *your LOYAL CONDUCT TO YOUR SOVEREIGN.*'

To which his Royal Highness adds an inflated personal panegyric on Espartero, which would be worth quoting if the matter were not too grave for laughter. But while the ministry, the parliament, and the Queen of England were thus celebrating the *triumph of Queen Christina*, the *loyal* Espartero, on or about, we believe, the *very* same 11th August, had, under colour of a change of ministry, virtually usurped the dictatorship of Spain, and after a series of dark and bloody intrigues and tumults, he eventually forced the '*beloved Christina*' to imitate her rival Don Carlos in seeking by a hasty flight her personal safety; and on her abdication Espartero has possessed himself of the person of the infant queen, and of the sovereign powers of the State!

Now, if those most unreasonable and unseasonable panegyrics and honours showered on Espartero had been the mere result of Lord Palmerston's ignorance of the state of Spain and of his ill-luck in having his assertions and his expectations so suddenly and so scandalously disappointed, it would have been sufficiently unfortunate; but the real state of the case is still more deplorable. At least *three weeks* before our Queen was advised to congratulate her parliament on the tranquillity of Spain, and to reward the *Loyalty* of Espartero as the author of that tranquillity, with a British honour, it was well known that *tranquillity was not restored*, and that Espartero was machinating the overthrow of the Queen Regent's authority. In the last days of *June*, the Regent had found her position at Madrid so difficult that she was induced by the advice, as it seems, and at all events by the influence, of Espartero,\* to remove with her infant daughters to Barcelona, where Espartero was concentrating his army, and where her person

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\* The Spanish journals assign other personal and not reputable motives for this fatal journey, which, however, if true at all, must have been very subordinate.

and authority would be safe under his protection—‘an important step’—says the French paper *La Presse*, which is supposed to speak the opinions of Louis Philippe—‘but one for which she ought not to be too hastily blamed, because Espartero up to this time professed the most entire devotion (*dévotion*) to the royal authority in general, and especially to the person of the Queen Regent.’ However he soon threw off this mask. His appearance in Barcelona was the signal of tumult and he got up to intimidate the Queen: for a time she resisted. Espartero then affected to resign—the crisis became still more perilous, and the Queen was at length forced to submit to a series of outrage and horrors which excited the indignation of all Europe, except the neighbourhood of St. James’s Park. Let us observe what the organ of the Tuileries says under the date of the 24th July:—

‘Thus has Espartero overthrown the reputation he had acquired by terminating the *civil war*—which he has now revived for his own purposes. He overthrows in one hour the fruit of three years of consoling policy. *Spain has relapsed into anarchy.* Espartero perhaps flattered himself that he should act the part of *Buonaparte* on the 18th Brumaire, but he is not of the stuff of which Napoleons are made, and he only played that of *Sergeant Garcia* at La Granja. The tumults at Barcelona and La Granja have the same features—the Queen has been subjected to actual restraint—she has been *personally* oppressed and by the very man whom she herself had raised to be general of her armies. These tumults, half military, half popular, which thus subjugated the Queen, have been organised by Linange, Chief of Espartero’s staff. It is *he*—this leader of the agitators, this “*damnée*” of the *English party*—who has thus perilled, and now threatens, the destinies of Spain!’—*La Presse*, 24th July, 1840.

These shocking events, frightful in their details and atrocious in their object, were known, we see, throughout Europe on the 24th July. It was known that the Queen had been *persecuted*—*outraged*—intimidated, and in fact deposed—it was known that not merely civil war, but *anarchy* was revived—it was known that these disasters were produced by *Espartero*—it was known that they were (however absurdly) attributed to *English influence* and yet with all this before their eyes and sounding in their ears, the English ministry more than a fortnight after the arrival of intelligence of the revolution of Barcelona—things having, if possible, worse in the interval—put into the official message to her Majesty the mendacious allusion to the tranquillity of Spain and sent Espartero, in a false and fulsome rigmarole, the Grand Cross of the Bath, as a reward for his *fidelity* to the *Sovereign* whom he had just insulted, betrayed, and de-

Queen Christina herself excites little sympathy ; neither her public nor her private character are entitled to much esteem—but her regency was the main pivot of Lord Palmerston's Spanish policy—a chief object of the Quadruple Alliance. She was our ally, and more than that, our creature. Lord Palmerston would have been better justified in *intervening* for her protection than he was in forming the Quadruple Alliance to support her accession—but he not only does nothing of that sort, but chooses the moment of rebellion against her to honour and exalt the rebel ; and, adding insult to injury—to reward the successful rebel for his imaginary *loyalty* to the Sovereign he had just deposed. We have already hinted that we consider as quite absurd the French suspicion that England had something to do with the intrigues of Linange and Espartero—'tis impossible :—but it is not at all surprising that this hypothesis, besides being universally believed in *France*, should also have received no slight degree of credit throughout Europe from the extraordinary—the unprecedented—the unjustifiable blunder—for we hope it was no worse—of sending at that particular juncture our highest military honour, the Red Riband, to Espartero, as if it were expressly and literally designed—

‘ to face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour.’—

Such then is the result of Lord Palmerston's policy—such is the triumphant termination of the Quadruple Alliance. The ex-Regent is in France—her poor little daughters—one ten and one eight years old—are miserable prisoners—like the children of Edward, without relation or friend, in the hands of the usurping action—Espartero is dictator where his army happens to be quartered ; and of the rest of Spain, anarchy is lord.

But while Lord Palmerston was so mischievously active in violating the old law of nations and disorganising the political, moral, and social condition of the Peninsular monarchies, his pathy on points which fell within the legitimate scope of his duty, and really required his diligence, was equally remarkable. He permitted the China question to grow to a height for which there was no solution but the sword. He permitted the commercial treaty with France to linger till the growing misunderstanding between the two governments on the affairs of the East seems to have adjourned it *sine die* : he has suspended the American boundary question until the accumulation and gravity of our difficulties in Europe have given to the obstinacy and ambition of our antagonists a more confident tone, and, as they hope, a stronger position. These three great objects, vitally affecting our own interests and the peace of the whole globe,



have been, as far as we are informed, blindly and obstinately neglected or postponed, while Lord Palmerston must have known—at least every one else knew—that a crisis was approaching which might render their solution extremely difficult if not altogether hopeless. But what was an arrangement with China or a French treaty of commerce, or the accommodation of our differences with the United States, compared with the importance of expelling Don Carlos and decorating Don Baldomer Espartero?

While these things were going on in the Peninsula, and those other more important matters were *not* going on in China, France and America, a storm was brewing in Egypt and Syria, which from small beginnings grew to a magnitude which threatened—we hope we may speak of this danger in the past tense—the peace of at least the European and Levantine world. In this affair Lord Palmerston seems to us to have exhibited the same tardiness in applying timely remedies, and the same precipitancy in adopting violent courses which have generally characterised his administration.

We are not, as will be seen more fully in the course of our observations, amongst those, few we believe in number, who disapprove of the general policy which England has adopted in the questions between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, and still less do we belong to the more numerous and noisy sect which has produced the majority of the pamphlets whose titles we have prefixed to this article, who talk of Lord Palmerston as '*a tool of Russia, and a traitor to England.*' We hesitate, in hearing and reading these extravagant declamations, whether to attribute them to madness or to malice—they are probably a mixture of both. But one of our complaints against Lord Palmerston is, that he himself was the creator of this very mischief; and however much our taste and our justice may be offended by the rabid fury of his adversaries, we cannot much sympathise with him personally who is only doomed '*sentire canum fera facta suorum,*'—and to be hunted by a pack which he had himself trained for purposes almost as unjustifiable. Our readers have not forgotten Lord Palmerston's indiscreet and worse than indiscreet patronage of Mr. Urquhart—a gentleman adopted by his Lordship into the diplomatic service, on no other recommendation that we could ever discover than his denunciations of Russian ambition, perfidy, and so forth, and the publication, in a sort of periodical pamphlet called the *Portfolio*, of a series of diplomatic papers which, whether genuine or false, were all intended to bring discredit and obloquy on the Russian government.\*

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\* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxii, p. 468.

It becomes a minister to receive with attention and to weigh with care all the information that may be offered him, and to employ talents, wherever they may be found, in such a direction as may be most useful to the public service; but while he watches foreign powers with vigilance, or even with jealousy, he should still do so with a certain courtesy, and, above all, with a careful respect to the dignity of his own station and the character of his own country. Now the patronage of the Portfolio outraged all diplomatic courtesy, but still worse was the appointment of this volunteer antagonist of Russia, *per saltum*, to the important rank of Secretary of Embassy; and, worst of all, the placing him in that character, with, we believe, the additional distinction of *Chargé des Affaires*, at *Constantinople*—the principal scene and object, as he alleged, of the hostile manœuvres and intrigues imputed to Russia. Can any man, we will not say acquainted with the forms of diplomacy, but of ordinary common sense, doubt that Russia would have been justified in considering this appointment under all its circumstances as an insult, as a proof that the English minister adopted what she would call the calumnies of the individual traveller, and had sent him back to Constantinople in a public character in order to give those calumnies consistence and effect?

For the argument, we care not whether they were truths or calumnies—in either case the appointment of Mr. Urquhart was a gratuitous and puerile insult, which, if Russia had really any sinister designs, would have facilitated their execution. She however bore, as far as we know, in silence probably not unmixed with contempt, this poor bravado—foreseeing, probably, if she be so miraculously clear-sighted as the Urquhartites represent, that it would eventually recoil on its authors. She was not mistaken. Mr. Urquhart soon quarrelled with his ambassador, and consequently with the Foreign Office, and was recalled; and he has ever since, in his own writings and those of a clique of crazy partisans, been railing at Russia and Lord Palmerston, and Lord Palmerston and Russia, till at length, by dint of exaggeration of statements, misrepresentation of facts, and a general confusion of ideas and language, they have almost driven us into the conviction that Russia is the most innocent and innocuous of powers, and Lord Palmerston the most discreet and patriotic of ministers. It would be wholly beneath the office of rational criticism to examine the detail of the numerous pamphlets which have issued from this party, in none of which is there any novelty but the title-page, the rest of the pamphlet being filled by the same commonplaces of the deep perfidy, the insatiable ambition, the monstrous aggrandisement of Russia, under the connivance—

the encouragement—and, in short, the *treasonable* accomplishment of Lord Palmerston. Each gives us the same maps of the world to delineate the progressive encroachments of Russia; each gives us the same statistical table to show the enormous increase of her population—and each endeavours to terrify with visions of a gigantic futurity, in which Russia, like Noah's flood, is to overflow the whole habitable world. We know whether the Urquhartites are aware that these terrific tables and accusatory maps are by no means an original idea of the author of 'The Progress of Russia in the East,' from whom they have incessantly borrowed them—nor was *Russia* the bugbear against which this system of statistical indictment was first essayed.

France had long before employed the same kind of geographical and arithmetical tactics to demonstrate the perfidy, the ambition, and the gigantic aggrandisement of *England*. We have before us one of these bills of indictment against England published in Paris during the early days of the Restoration, and it is repeated, in which all that Messrs. Urquhart, Cargil, and Co. can allege against Russia to have swallowed, are but *penny buns* compared with what England is accused of having voraciously devoured out of the common inheritance of mankind. New Holland at one side of the globe and the north-west of the American continent on the other, each in extent almost as large as Europe itself—boundless tracts of South Africa—the wide Polynesian region—and, most important of all, our vast and still growing Indian empire—afford, we assure these gentlemen, a very serious set-off against their Russian statistics. Even while we are writing we find our government erecting into a British colony the island of New Zealand, which happen to be the exact antipode to the British Isles—to which we had not even the *primâ* title of discovery, and which in point of extent are larger than the United Kingdom. Have these gentlemen, who are so indignant with the Russian invasion of Circassia and Khiva, not heard of our operations in Cabool and Affghanistan? Do those who complain so loudly of finding Russian agents at the court of Persia forget that they were so found by British agents sent on a similar errand; and that when England complained to Russia of the presence and proceedings of these agents, the latter might—in answer of replying, as Count Nesselrode did, in a friendly and conciliatory tone—have answered, '*Sister, sister—where did you find bodkin?*'

We throw out these hints, because we think it right that the itinerant demagogues, who have been preaching a crusade against Russia in our great towns and usurping into their own hands the proper functions of her Majesty's government, and thereby  
danger

dangering the peace of the world, and, in fact, our own colonial empire, should be made aware—or at least that the less informed public, which might otherwise become their dupes, should be made aware—that there are two sides to those questions, and that such declamations are liable to be retorted with an effect the very opposite of what they are intended to produce. The plain truth is, that whenever, from local circumstances, civilisation comes in contact with barbarism, war inevitably ensues, and civilisation thinks itself justified, and in some cases is really forced in self-defence, to make successive acquisitions of territory; and when two powers have begun, like England and Russia, on opposite sides of a great cake, like central India, and have eaten their way into the vicinity of each other, there will be jealousy and apprehensions, and each will be inclined to think the other an *interloper*, who is, in fact, only an *imitator*. So it is with France in Africa—so it will probably be, by and by, between the United States of America and their neighbours on both the north-west and the south-west; so between Peru and the Brazils; so between Chili and the Argentine republic—whenever the respective parties shall find on their frontier a cause of alarm, or an opportunity of consolidation. Let us be assured that such results, though they may be modified, delayed, or accelerated by the accident of moderation or ambition in individual rulers, are essentially attributable, not to the wiles or weakness of a Nesselrode or a Palmerston, but to the necessity of things and to the passions and interests implanted in human nature. It is, as it were, the *original sin* of political society, and, like the effects of the original sin of the first man on his individual descendants, is to be deplored, checked, corrected, and, if possible, punished; but then that nation only which is wholly guiltless can be justified in *throwing the first stone*.

We know not how many of these Urquhartite meetings may have been held—we believe they have been numerous—but it will suffice for our purpose to notice two, of the proceedings of which a printed report is before us,—one at Carlisle on the 22nd, and one at Newcastle on the 24th August last. In both cases the principal performer was a Mr. Charles Attwood, who seems to have made a tour of agitation against Lord Palmerston personally, or, as is expressed by a ministerial paper which affects to take his lordship's part, 'going about the country in order to demand the *judicial slaughter* of an old man *sixty years of age*,'—a form of deprecation—an appeal *ad misericordiam*—which, we are satisfied, was never suggested (as Mr. Attwood seems to suppose) by Lord Palmerston himself—his Lordship would not, we suspect, have

have *exaggerated his own age*, nor even admitted that *sixty* was the climacteric of political incapacity. The question, as propounded to the men of Carlisle by Mr. Attwood, is—

‘Whether England and the men of England shall be sold as *slaves to a foreign power*—to the foulest and most cruel tyranny ever established by the sword upon the earth. The tyranny that destroyed Poland is arming itself to *the destruction of England*, and finds, as we believe, *a traitor in the English cabinet* to barter away the English crown and English nation.’—p. 4.

And then, after enumerating everything that Lord Palmerston has done, or omitted to do, for the last ten years; whether with Russia or against it; whether with France or against it; in Spain, in America, in Persia, in China, in Sweden, in Italy, in Austria—and to be sure a most strange catalogue of blunders, inconsistencies, and misconduct it is—he concludes that all has been done in treacherous *collusion with Russia*; and that even his lordship’s impolitic and insulting conduct towards that power was but a deep *finesse*, prompted by her and executed by him, to blind the people of England, till Russia should find it convenient to invade us, and extinguish our name and liberties together!

Then came a Mr. Hanson, who assured the meeting that—‘the power by which they should bring Lord Palmerston to justice as *a traitor*, would give them freedom.’—p. 15.

Next a Mr. Cardo exhorted the meeting to demand—

‘an investigation into the conduct of the minister, who, himself, being an agent of Russia, and a *traitor to his country*, was employed in promoting a scheme which, if successful, would banish the last hope of liberty from the land.’—pp. 16, 17.

And, after several other speeches, a resolution was passed ‘unanimously, and with loud cheering’—

“that this meeting perceives with alarm and indignation the interruption of friendly relations between this country and France: that we consider this interruption to have been brought about by the *treasonable agency of our foreign minister*, in concert with Russia, the secret and common enemy of both countries: that we regard it as the more dangerous, as being accompanied with an open alliance with that secret foe, whose machinations in almost every region of the globe that foreign minister has been for years, ostensibly or pretendedly, engaged in *endeavours to counteract*: that we view this alienation of our friends, and alliance with our foe, as equally opposed to the national sympathies, interests, and character, and injurious to the cause of freedom and civilization: that we disclaim all participation in the *ungenerous insult which has been offered to the brave French people*, whom we esteem,

...m, and to a minister who has ever been the advocate of British  
 ice: and that we view with astonishment and resentment the con-  
 of the leaders of the two factions, and of both Houses of Parliament,  
 lowing the existence of such a state of things without detection of  
 use; in receiving its denunciation without investigation, and in  
 doning their posts and separating at a crisis which has been pre-  
 1 *by treason for the destruction of the country.*”—p. 16.

his farce having been played at Carlisle on Saturday, the  
 f performers proceed, like a company of strolling players, to  
 vcastle, where they repeated it on Monday, with little variation,  
 with one or two notable accessories. The mayor of New-  
 e had been invited to summon the meeting, to which he  
 ied—

Gentlemen,

‘ Newcastle, 20th August, 1840.

‘ I have deemed it right to comply with the requisition you put  
 my hands, by appointing a meeting of the inhabitants of this town  
 held on Monday next, at twelve o’clock at noon. At the same  
 I must inform you that, being of opinion that such a meeting can  
 roductive of no public good, *it is not my intention to be present at it.*

‘ I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,  
 Messrs. Attwood, Doubleday, and Gray.’ ‘ JOHN CARR, Mayor.’

We cannot understand why the mayor should have ‘deemed it  
 t’ to call a meeting which could, he thought, be productive of  
 good; but surely, having by his authority assembled a public  
 ting, his authority ought to have been present in his own per-  
 to ensure the preservation of order and the public peace. No  
 —above all a magistrate—has a right to collect a large body  
 eople, and then run away from the responsibility of the con-  
 ences. We notice this to show the disorganised state of our  
 nal government, in which magistrates are equally afraid to  
 t what they know to be wrong, or to do what they must know  
 e their duty. On this occasion, a Mr. Doubleday, one of the  
 rants it seems, made a long speech, in which he said—

‘ I hereby declare my conviction that Lord Palmerston is a *traitor*,  
 ought to be impeached; and, if found guilty before a tribunal  
 is country, *his head ought to roll upon the scaffold.*—(“Hear,  
 .”) I am sure Mr. Frost was found guilty upon less conclusive  
 nce.—(“Hear,” and cries of “Shame.”) I have told you that  
 . Palmerston is a traitor, and I think him one. *I happen to*  
 w that this man was, a few years ago, as *poor* as a person called  
 d could well be conceived to be,—that he was *hunted about, and*  
*half-a-dozen executions in his house at once,*—and now, without  
 rrible cause, without any visible means of making a better liveli-  
 , this man *has suddenly become rich, has paid all his debts, and is*  
 living

living upon the fat of the land. What rational conclusion can one come to but that he is enabled *to do this by means of Russian gold?*<sup>\*</sup>

He then proceeds:

‘ Lord Palmerston may, if he chooses, make war upon France for himself, and for the corrupt, imbecile, and degraded cabinet by which he is upheld; and for the degraded persons, whether the Duke of Wellington or Lord Melbourne, who support him. He may make war upon them; but I stand here to say, that, by the living God, he shall not make war for me—(applause). We are told of the Russian fleet, with 40,000 men on board, who might land here within a week. I say France has also a fleet, into which she could put 40,000 men, and land them in this country, in as short a time. And I here speak for myself and say, that if it comes to this alternative—if I have to choose between M. Thiers and a French army, and Lord Palmerston and an army of Russians—my mind is made up, and I will join M. Thiers and the French: and I say, further, if that French army, under such circumstances, enters the mouth of the Tyne to-morrow, I at least will not raise a hand in hostility. This is my determination, *Gentlemen* (!): what say you? Whether would you prefer the French or the Russians? (loud cries of “The French,” “The French.”) Would you, in such a case, lift your hands in hostility to France?—(“No,” “No.”) Are you unanimous?—(“Yes, yes: put it to the vote.”) If you are, hold up your hands.—(Here a forest of hands were raised immediately amidst loud cheers and shouts of “The French,” “The French.”) *Gentlemen*, I thank you sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, for the noble and generous feeling that you have displayed. You may depend on this, *these cheers will be heard at Paris*; and that show of unanimity will teach M. Thiers, and the brave and democratic people of France, in which way the wind sets in the North of England—(loud cheering).’

p. 35.

We need make no detailed comment upon this abominable trash; we shall only say that, utterly contemptible in itself, it is very important as an illustration of the policy of a ministry which encourages these sort of public meetings, and of the retribution which is sure to fall on them for it. But Lord Palmerston is himself peculiarly responsible for it: he may thank himself for being the object, because his indiscretion has been the original cause, of these disgraceful scenes. The speaker took care to let him know from what quiver the poisoned weapon was taken, and that the arrow was feathered from his own wing. Mr. Doubleday

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\* This calumny is so impudently asserted, and must reach so many people who know nothing about the matter, that it is as well to say that Lord Palmerston's paternal fortune was suitable to his rank and station—that he is a kind and improving landlord of considerable estates in Ireland, and that, except from any increase produced by such improvements, he is certainly not a richer man than when he entered political life three-and-thirty years ago. Lord Palmerston's public conduct is open to much and severe criticism, but no one who knows anything about him would doubt his personal honour.



in the opening of the extraordinary harangue we have quoted, stated—

‘ Since the acts of Lord Palmerston have been more completely developed, I have seen circumstances which point directly at treason. I must confess that when I first became acquainted with Mr. Urquhart—having been led to regard him as an Ultra-Tory—I entertained some distrust of his intentions. I thought he might have had a private quarrel with Lord Palmerston—that Lord Palmerston had been the cause of his dismissal from a high office—and I could not help having a suspicion that Mr. Urquhart had been influenced by a private and improper resentment. But when I came to talk confidentially to him, and to read his writings with that attention which, from their great talent, as well as the importance of the subject itself, was due to them, my opinion changed; and I am bound to tell you that I consider Mr. Urquhart not only one of the *most honest*, but one of the *ablest of men*.’—p. 33.

Mr. Attwood’s encomium on this new political leader was still more extravagant: we select a few passages of his harangue at Carlisle:—

‘ Let me now gratify myself by naming *that great man* whose follower I am proud to call myself. We owe the knowledge, indispensable to safety, to the genius of Mr. Urquhart. . . . I have found in this man that which I have found in none besides—a capacity of intellect and purity of virtue, in *which he stands alone amidst the present generation of mankind*. I therefore, and not I alone, regard him as a man whose mission it is to save, and what is more, to renovate his country. We regard him with a confidence and veneration as a leader, for the success of whose sublime and holy aims we would willingly jeopardise every future prospect of personal advantage; sacrifice every scheme of private happiness, every consideration of fortune, *and even life*. . . .  
— . . . (Cheers.) . . . I tell you of a man—and hereafter judge me if I tell you so untruly—I speak to you, I say, of a man *who has not his equal amongst living men!* . . . I am willing to pledge my existence for the truth of all the views I have derived from him, who seems to me to have been sent to realise bright visions of despairing patriotism, for years indulged in vain; of one who is to be *our country’s saviour!*’ (Applause.)—*Ib.* pp. 14, 15.

*Risum teneatis!*—but, alas! ’tis no matter for mirth—the ambassadors of this ‘great man,’ ‘this saviour of England,’ created by Lord Palmerston—like a Frankenstein, out of nothing, to be his persecutor and plague—his ambassadors, we say, did actually proceed to Paris with those and similar resolutions, which would be treason if they were not nonsense, and there were entertained at a *public dinner of thirteen persons*, at which M. Odillon Barrot, the leader (after M. Thiers) of the French radical party, presided. Some respectable persons of that party who were said to have attended, publicly denied their concurrence; and we believe that the  
embassy

embassy was appreciated at its true value, and produced as little sensation at Paris as the previous proceedings had done in England: but if the result exhibited the personal insignificance of Mr. Urquhart and his sect, it has not the less proved both the extreme impropriety and folly of Lord Palmerston in having been the original fountain of the mischief, and—which is of much more serious importance—the morbid, the treasonable disposition of that portion of the public mind which could for a moment countenance and concur in such extravagances. Who can answer for the internal or international tranquillity of countries in the relative position of France and England in such meetings as those at Carlisle and Newcastle are to be tolerated, and that the Attwoods, the Cardos, and the Doubledays are to be the self-constituted internuncios of nations? Lord Palmerston may in his private character despise such calumny, but the Secretary of State, responsible for good order at home and for the national character abroad, ought not to truckle to such agitators—or rather the ministry to which he belongs ought not to have placed itself in so abject a dependence on the mob, that they dare not resent, nor even notice, such outrages on decency, on law, and on truth—on private character, and on national honour. So *false* is it, that ‘*il n’y a que le premier qui coûte*,—a proverb made by a people without consciences. The Roman poet was a better moralist: the first step of dastardly compliance is but too easy; it is the return to a *higher air* that is difficult.

We now arrive at the consideration of the serious events with which these impertinent obscurities of Newcastle and Carlisle—gnats on the chariot-wheels of Europe—have presumed to meddle themselves—the troubles in the Levant. The question, to be understood, must be taken from its origin. Before we can apply the principles of international law to the case, we must see what Mehemet Ali is, and what he wants, and why *his* pretensions have the effect of agitating the world.

Mehemet Ali was born in 1769, of obscure—we might say unknown parentage, at Cavalla, a town in Roumelia, at the head of the Egean, and therefore a subject of the Porte. Taken into the family of the governor of the town, he showed talents and address, acquired favour, made a good marriage, and established himself—we almost hesitate to say whence sprang the fortunes of this person, who is made the cause or the pretence of a great and fearful crisis—he established himself as a *tobacconist* by which he made, we are told, a large and rapid fortune. We notice the humble beginning of Mehemet, because, though it raises his personal character, it very much weakens his political pretensions.

ions. It is one thing to maintain and extend an ancient substantial power which has roots in the country, but it is another to endeavour to bolster up a temporary authority, as from nothing it sprang, will probably return to nothing. Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt, Mehemet Ali was abstracted from his commercial occupations, and became *second* in command of the contingents which his native town sent to the Ottoman army. The *first* was the governor's son, who, soon sickening of the climate of Egypt and probably of the conflict with the British, left the Cavalliotte force in the hands of Mehemet; who distinguished himself in the arts both of war and of peace, and, on the expulsion of the French, acquired a substantial authority in the country to which he had so lately come as an inordinate adventurer. Those who have not read the *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments, or who read them only as the fictions of Scheherezade, and not as what they are—an accurate picture of Eastern manners,—can hardly comprehend the sudden changes of Oriental life, whether under the *Shahs*, the *Caliphs*, or the *Porte*. But so it is;—and Mehemet Ali soon became so powerful and so formidable in Egypt, that the *Porte* thought it expedient to remove him thence, by what seemed the immense advantage of promoting him to the Pachalik of Salonike, in his native province. We need not detail the various arts of fraud and dissimulation by which Mehemet evaded this invidious advancement, but after a long struggle, the nominal Pacha of Salonike was eventually recognised by the *Porte* as its Pacha of Egypt. He was, however, a divided authority with the Mamelukes, an extraordinary class—we cannot call them race—of whom Mehemet continued to disembarrass himself; and in whose extinction, had he operated by less atrocious means, humanity would have benefited. But it was no moral feeling that determined Mehemet to overthrow the Mameluke dynasty: their destruction was the result of a cold-blooded calculation of his insatiable ambition; and he accomplished it by one of the most treacherous and execrable massacres that pollute the annals of even Eastern atrocity. In the history, ancient or modern, we do not recollect any single instance of so wholesale, and, in its personal circumstances, so horrible a murder as this, by which Mehemet Ali finally and completely usurped into his own hands the government of Egypt. He still, however, professed himself a vassal of the *Porte*, paid tribute, and was not unwilling to serve the Sultan—but rather as a military auxiliary than as a tributary vassal—in enterprises that flattered his ambition or might tend to consolidate his power. He was first employed against the Wahabees, a religious sect which had seized upon the city of Mecca, and whom the *Porte*

Porte regarded in the doubly odious light of heretics and rebels. The war was tedious; Mehemet's desire to finish it was long doubtful; but at last his celebrated son Ibrahim Pacha, who then laid the foundation of his military reputation, defeated the enemy in the field, took their towns, and effectually subdued the *military* insurrection—though it is said that the *religious* heresy still exists and waits but a favourable opportunity for breaking out anew. Next came the disturbances in Greece, and Mehemet Ali—obedient to the Porte whenever some work of blood and destruction was to be done, and then only—sent a large and powerful army into the Morea, again under Ibrahim, where they maintained for nearly seven years a series of desultory, but destructive, hostilities, in which, though Ibrahim increased his personal fame, no great or honourable feats of legitimate war are to be traced, and the chief trophies were the burning of towns, the destruction of harvests, and the slaughter of women and children. In short, Ibrahim rendered himself the terror and the scourge of Greece, and would probably have become its master, had not the European powers—coming to a resolution to arrest that bloody and bootless system of hostility—forced Mehemet Ali to recall his army, and established that puny and ridiculous anomaly called the Kingdom of Greece. Mehemet Ali, a kind of Buonaparte in his own way, was now embarrassed what to do with his army, which was so disproportionate to any thing else but his ambition, that it reached at one time, we are informed, to 80,000 men: but the island of Candia, stirred up by the example of Greece, having made some efforts at independence, Mehemet undertook to reduce the insurgents: the European powers, however,—particularly England and France,—again intervened to prevent further bloodshed: under their mediation an arrangement was effected, and the Egyptian troops again returned home; where Mehemet, not knowing how else to employ them, undertook a war of conquest into the regions of the Upper Nile, where he met with considerable losses, and was finally obliged to retreat.

During all these events the Pacha himself remained in Egypt: and there the exigencies of his position and his own natural shrewdness directed him to the policy—which, indeed, all *usurpers*, in all times and countries, have adopted—of making himself popular, both with his subjects and with foreign powers; and of strengthening his vicarious authority by the introduction of European arts, a seeming adoption of European ideas, and a cunning flattery of individual travellers or visitors whom he thought likely to direct the current of European opinion in his favour. He imported steam-engines, talked of railroads, affected

to adopt Adam Smith's principles of trade; and protected the conveyance of mails: he invited civil engineers from Birmingham, and military engineers from Paris; he flattered the French by giving them the Luxor obelisque, which they have erected with great pride and expense in the principal *Place* of their metropolis, and he offered Cleopatra's Needle to the English, which we, with more pride, or perhaps, to say the truth, with more economy, thought proper to decline. In short, the old tobacco-merchant—the persecutor of the Wahabees—the murderer of the Mamelukes—the desolater of Greece—the mighty Nimrod of the '*Chasse aux Negres*'—one of the most ruthless despots that ever trampled on the besotted and doomed population of Egypt, became by degrees an *Augustus*, an *Alfred*—a patron of arts and sciences—a political economist—a day-star of civil and religious liberty, rising in the East to enlighten mankind, and to revive, with all the additional grace and force of modern civilization, the ancient empire of Sesostris from the Nile to the Tanais.

Early in 1832 the Pacha, either not knowing how to employ an army so disproportionate to the nature of his position, or stimulated by the success of the revolutionary movements in Europe, thought it a favourable moment to make war upon the sovereign whom he had so lately served, and whose vassal he still professed to be. Mr. Kinnear, a recent traveller, and, like most travellers, a little biassed in favour of Mehemet, but a sensible, and on the whole a fair witness, thus states the pretence of this rebellion:—

'The weakness of the Pachas of Syria, and the supineness of the government at Constantinople, were sufficiently favourable for the designs of Mehemet Ali; but additional circumstances arose, which enabled him to put in execution his project of seizing on the sovereignty of Syria. A number of Jannisaries had taken refuge in the cities of Damascus and Aleppo; and when it was known that Mehemet Selim, the Grand Vizier, who had been so actively instrumental in the destruction of their body, had been appointed to the pachalic of Damascus, Mehemet Ali found ready and powerful adherents, not only in the proscribed Jannisaries, but in the fanatic populace and their leaders, who regarded them as martyrs to the cause of religion. The new Pacha was massacred amid the popular tumult which arose on his arrival at Damascus; and Mehemet Ali, taking advantage of the excitement in Syria, and the supineness of the government at Constantinople, marched a large body of Bedawee cavalry across the Desert from Egypt, and invested Acre.

'A personal quarrel with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, was the publicly-avowed pretext for this invasion; but there can be no doubt that it was but the first step towards the accomplishment of a long-meditated design to seize on the government of Syria.'—*Kinnear*, pp. 317, 318.

Acre, thus invested by the Bedaweens, and attacked by a fleet under

under Ibrahim, fell after a siege of eight months. Ibrahim then pushed forward—routed all the forces opposed to him—passed the defiles of the Taurus in December, 1832—utterly defeated the Turkish army on the plains of Konieh, far in the interior of Asia Minor, and advanced to Kutaya, but a few days' march from Constantinople; and every one must then have seen, as the Porte itself did, that it was no longer a question of the possession of Syria, but of the tenure of the Ottoman throne itself.

Let us here pause for a moment to observe that the Turkish empire, in its origin a military power, and which not more than 150 years ago was still the terror of Europe, had gradually fallen—from obvious causes, the chief of which was, that when a power, whose force is movement and enthusiasm, becomes stationary and tranquil, it loses the mainspring of its strength—had fallen, we say, almost under the *tutelage* of its neighbours:—but being in its modern character the least aggressive of nations, though occupying the most important position, political, commercial, and physical, on the face of the globe, it has become a European interest to *keep her on her legs*, in order that she may maintain the feeble police of the Dardanelles, and occupy with her tranquil and contented ignorance and an empty parade of innocuous force, the station which, in more active hands, would be dangerous to the established equilibrium of Europe. It is well known that *Catharine the Great*—a great woman is always a very wicked or a very foolish one, and generally both—had set her heart on extending her dominions to Constantinople, and making it the central seat of her empire:—a silly project, which would have ruined St. Petersburg and injured Moscow, and inevitably produced the division and destruction of the vast empire which it was meant to consolidate; and we incline to believe—in spite of all the routine speculations and declamations of the journalists and pamphleteers of Europe—that the successors of Catharine, and their wise and prudent ministers, have been long verging towards the same opinion as to Constantinople and the Turkish provinces that surround it. Nor does the notorious and admitted anxiety of the successive administrations of Russia to extend themselves first to the Black and Caspian Seas, and subsequently *along* them, invalidate this hypothesis: all the great rivers of central Russia—the *arteries* of the empire—run to the Black and the Caspian Seas and without a safe and secure entrance and exit for its wants and its productions, that large portion of the globe—the greatest and most important part of the Russian empire—must necessarily remain in a state of isolated barbarism. We beg our readers to recollect that the waters on which Moscow itself stands fall ultimately into—the Black Sea? No, not even into the Black Sea



Sea ! but—into the Caspian ; and can any one be so prejudiced as to deny that it was the natural right, nay, the bounden duty, of Russia, to secure for the vast regions washed by these magnificent waters a free passage to the great highways of mankind.

Let us be fair—let us be rational. Can any man in his senses contemplate a state of things in this island of Britain, in which, after the introduction of civilisation and commerce, a barbarous tribe of Trinobantes, possessing the mouth of the Thames, should have had the power of closing that great estuary against the interior of England ?—Who objected to the American acquisition of the mouths of the Mississippi ?—Who can reasonably complain that Russia feels the same want, and adopts the same principle ?

Russia, if she has common sense and the instinct of her own security, ought not to desire the possession of Constantinople. She approached it in the war of 1829, and she had a fair belligerent right to do so : but not less, we believe, from her own moderation than from the general feeling of the powers of Europe to preserve as long as possible the integrity of the Turkish empire, her victorious advance was arrested by the treaty of Adrianople, and the Mussulman was left, and is now maintained—like Switzerland—an impotent but plausible stop-gap against more formidable candidates for his commanding position.

The treaty of Adrianople had scarcely relieved Turkey from the danger of the northern invasion when she found herself still more formidably assailed by her own vassal from the south. We say more formidably, because Russian invasion could only have occupied the European provinces, and that subject to European discussion, and, probably, to a successful *вето* ; while the success of Mehemet Ali affected the whole Asiatic as well as the European empire, and without affording the same grounds for European opposition.

It may be very plausibly argued, and the theory has some striking points, that, the general object being the strengthening the Turkish empire, the best policy would have been to have allowed Mehemet Ali ‘the *strong man*’ to have placed himself on that throne, in whose powerful and experienced hands the whole empire—Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Asia Minor, and Turkey—would have been re-united, and the Mahometan name and power would have been restored to its pristine vigour and ancient limits. ‘The Ottoman throne,’ it may be further said, ‘was founded by arms—the right of succession has been always vague and irregular, and generally decided by military force. Of what importance was it whether the Moslem who should occupy that throne spelled his name *Mahmoud* or *Mehemet* ? There would therefore have been no serious, and, above all, no unusual infraction of the Ottoman practice



practice of succession, and we should then have had a real and effective Turkish empire, and a powerful barrier to *all* European ambition in that quarter.' All this is, as we have suggested plausible—but it is no more. In the first place, such an arrangement would have wanted the main and most essential condition of stability—right and justice: but, moreover, Mehemet Ali was not of the class within which, even by the latitude of the Turkish practice of succession, a sultan could be chosen. We need not trouble our readers with details of Mussulman law—but the fact is notorious, the adventurer Mehemet Ali never could have been legitimated in the eyes of the Turkish people. Besides, he was a mere adventurer, and now an *aged* one: what was to happen after him? What he himself had done his vassals might do and we should perhaps have had pretenders from every province and the result would probably have been the dissolution and eventual partition of the empire from internal discord. But suppose this could have been otherwise; suppose the '*strong man*' enthroned at Constantinople, and the empire restored under his auspices to all its pristine strength—would the chances of tranquillity in Europe be much improved by such a neighbour—a bold, ambitious, powerful, and barbarous people, which might have again subjugated Greece—again hermetically closed the Dardanelles and the whole Levant against European influence of all sorts—which might again have buccaneered the Mediterranean, and attacked Russia at Odessa and in the Crimea—which might have again besieged Vienna—purchasing the connivance or even the assistance of France in all these enterprises *by the cession of the*—as it would then be—*distant and comparatively unimportant province of EGYPT!*

But though we believe that the general ambition of Russia and particularly her immediate designs on Turkey, have been much exaggerated, we have on more than one occasion shown that her position is such as to justify a jealous, though not offensive vigilance—for the purpose of anticipating and preventing every opportunity of aggression on her part; but particularly such a might constitute, not only in her own eyes but in those of unbiassed judges, a plausible *casus interventionis*—forced, as it were upon her by her own interests, as well as those of Europe in general. Now, the probability of such a *casus* was obvious from the moment Mehemet had invaded Syria—it became certain when he passed the Taurus—inminent after the battle of Konieh, and was fully accomplished when Ibrahim had advanced to Kutay on his march to Constantinople. Could it be expected that Russia, with her fleets and her armies at hand, should look calmly on, and allow the rebel to seize the imperial city? *Then indeed*

indeed, would journalists and pamphleteers have charged—and even soberer statesmen might have suspected—her of having instigated the original revolt, and of having destroyed the Turkish empire for the immediate aggrandisement of the Pacha, but ultimately and certainly for her own. Here, therefore, was a case clear in its ultimate tendencies, though gradual in its steps, which invited—which imperiously required—as the designs of Mehemet successively developed themselves—the guardian influence of the Western powers. What did the English ministry?—We, assuredly, do not, like the Urquhart sect, impute to Lord Palmerston anything like corrupt contrivance, or even connivance, with Russia; and the secrecy of diplomatic communications leaves us in the dark as to what he may have *said* or *written*—but we know that he *did*—*nothing*! And we collect from the scanty papers which he laid before Parliament in 1839—*seven years after*—that our minister at Constantinople had no instructions either towards averting or alleviating the danger of the Porte, and that the pressing representations of the Sultan met with him a cold and impotent auditor, who professed his own ‘private’ and personal sympathies, but who had no official authority to interfere.

But Lord Palmerston’s quiescence was not the mere apathy of ignorance. It appears that in the preceding October—before the passage of the Taurus, and long before the fatal fight of Konieh—the Sultan had distinctly apprised England of his danger, and solicited her assistance towards arresting the irruption of the Pacha. These are Lord Palmerston’s own admissions.

‘Viscount Palmerston said “it was true that such a demand had been made in the course of last *August* [a misprint for *autumn*] by the Porte, before it had applied to Russia for assistance. The application that had been made to this country on the part of the Porte was for maritime assistance, and his Majesty’s government, *from the nature of circumstances*, had not thought fit to grant the application.”’—*Parl. Deb.*, Aug. 1833.

What the nature of those ‘*circumstances*’ were his Lordship did not explain; it certainly could not have been anything like a principle of *non-intervention*—for in a subsequent debate his Lordship added the following surprising explanation:—

‘He was reported to have said on a late occasion that that request had been made in the month of *August* of last year—he said, however, in *autumn* last year. In fact it was in the month of October that the application was made. Without giving any very detailed explanation of the matter, he would only remind the House, that when we were embarking in *naval operations in the North Sea, and on the coast of Holland*, and were under the necessity of keeping up another *naval force*

*force on the coast of Portugal, it would have been impossible to have sent to the Mediterranean such a squadron as would have served the purpose of the Porte, and at the same time would have comported with the naval dignity of Great Britain; and as Parliament was not then sitting, Government could not acquiesce in the request made by the Sultan.*'—*Parl. Deb.*, 28 Aug., 1833.

We have already given our opinion that the intervention in Holland and Portugal was as unjust and mischievous as an interference for Turkey would have been proper and salutary; but we need not insist on that, because Lord Palmerston does not ground his refusal on the principle of non-intervention:—*that* would have been, at the moment, rather too bad—but on the *impossibility*, from the want of *naval means*, of compliance,—an excuse, we are sorry to say, disgraceful, if it had been true, but more so as *it was not*. We need hardly refer to what has been since done to show that it was not *impossible* for the first maritime power in the world to have shown a squadron on the coast of Syria—even then we had eighteen or twenty pendants in the Mediterranean—and the operations in the 'North Sea' were terminated before Ibrahim had advanced to Kutaya. The Sultan, moreover, had a large fleet; Mehemet Ali but a small one: and what was wanted was therefore, not mere material force, but the moral effect of the English flag, to have told Mehemet Ali by that awful signal which he could not have misunderstood, and durst not have disobeyed,—'*Thou shalt come no further!*' The grounds, therefore, on which Lord Palmerston rested his defence on this point are, we are sorry to be obliged to say, worse than *frivolous*. Nor can we suppose any secret difficulty arising out of the feeling of foreign powers. Lord Palmerston's explanation does not mention any such obstacle; besides, France was at that time (autumn, 1832) in no condition, and, we believe, in no disposition, to have taken an open part with Mehemet Ali, or to have quarrelled with an interference on our part to save Constantinople from the Pacha on the one hand, or from Russia on the other. But even if she had then shown the wayward temper which she has since exhibited, it would have been only an additional reason why this menacing crisis should have been terminated as soon as possible. From Russia, Lord Palmerston would have received not opposition, but, as he himself fairly confessed, encouragement and support:—

'He (Lord Palmerston) could assure the honourable member that, if any persons imagined that among other motives which influenced the conduct of his Majesty's government there was anything like a threat on the part of Russia, they were entirely mistaken. On the contrary, it was but justice that he should state that, so far from Russia having expressed

expressed any jealousy as to England's granting that assistance, the Russian ambassador officially communicated to him (Lord Palmerston), while the request was still under consideration, that he had learned such an application had been made, and that, from the interest taken by Russia in the maintenance and preservation of the Turkish empire, it would afford satisfaction if they [the English Government] could find themselves able to comply with the request.'—*Par. Deb.*, 29th August.

The Sultan, thus abandoned by England, because she had not so much as a single sloop-of-war to spare, and pressed almost in his every residence by the advanced posts of Ibrahim, was reduced to the painful alternative of soliciting, at 'his utmost need' (2nd Feb. 1833), the protection of Russia. Russia acceded; and a fleet in the Bosphorus, and 20,000 men on the Asiatic side of the strait, interposed between it and Ibrahim, induced the Pasha, who had till then been deaf to all proposals, to listen to overtures made by the Porte through the French ambassador, Admiral Roussin, seconded—we cannot say supported—in the most vague, feeble, and desponding tone by the British *Chargé-des-affaires*; and at length an arrangement was made, on terms exorbitantly favourable to Mehmet Ali, granting him, in addition to Egypt and Arabia, the government of Syria and of Candia, and even the province of Adana in Asia Minor—which commands the passage of the Taurus, and thereby secured to him, whenever he should see a favourable opportunity, the road to Constantinople. Though his humiliating escape from his immediate danger had been arranged chiefly through the mediation of the French ambassador, the Sultan felt that it was the aid of the Russians that had really saved him from still more disastrous results; he clearly saw that from France and England, who had been forward to advise these fatal sacrifices, he had nothing to expect in any future emergency; and that Russia, dangerous as her alliance might eventually be, was his best, and indeed his only resource. This produced (July, 1833) the celebrated treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which has been not unaptly described in a single phrase, that it gave Russia the exclusive protectorate of the Porte. Great outcries were raised against the ambition of Russia in obtaining this treaty; but let us look impartially at all the circumstances. Turkey had pressed for British protection—Russia had joined in that request—England refused to interfere, except to invite the Sultan, as the jailor did Master Barnardine, 'to go forth to be executed'—France also advised submission, and assisted to make it. How then was it possible that the Porte and Russia, thus isolated—thus left to themselves—should not have consulted their own mutual interests—the Porte its safety, and Russia her influence—by some such treaty as that of Unkiar Skelessi?—We will

will not debate whether such a treaty was reasonable, or politic,—it was *inevitable*; and it was, as far as we know—and what we know is from his own lips—Lord Palmerston himself who had created that necessity.

One of the pretences under which France, and the few persons in the rest of Europe who take part with Mehemet Ali, attempt to justify their favourable disposition towards him, is his ‘enlightened government,’ and the vast improvements which he has made in the condition of all his subjects. We admit that the political tranquillity of the provinces—the interior police—the protection of strangers—the facilities of commercial relations, can be better established and maintained by a single despot, who has all affairs under his own eye and all power in his own hand, than by the delegated and desultory authority of the old Turkish Pachas—Paris was much quieter under Buonaparte than under Louis Philippe. But Mehemet’s administration of Syria has been the most cruel and calamitous that can be conceived, and frequent insurrections, excited by intolerable oppression and punished by the most frightful atrocities, are indisputable evidence that humanity and real civilization have gained nothing, and have nothing to gain, from the success of Mehemet Ali.

We have no official documents to explain what may have passed upon this *Eastern question* between the settlement, as it is miscalled, of 1833, and the beginning of 1838; but many circumstances should have convinced Lord Palmerston that the arrangement of 1833 could not be permanent, and that it was of great importance to arrive *as soon as possible* at some definitive solution of a difficulty which every day’s delay served to increase and complicate. We have certain unofficial—but, we have no reason to doubt, substantially accurate—statements, that so early as 1835 Mehemet Ali opened to England, France, and Austria his real design of erecting his vicarious authority as a vassal of the Porte into an independent and hereditary sovereignty; and that this overture, then decidedly rejected by England, was renewed towards the close of 1836 (*Life of Mohamed Ali*, p. 39) with no better success. We have no means of knowing the precise truth of these statements, and still less the circumstances by which the alleged overtures may have been preceded or followed,—but we must say that a heavy responsibility weighs on Lord Palmerston to give some sufficient reason why those audacious pretensions, if really advanced in 1835, were not at once *extinguished*, but, on the contrary, permitted to remain festering and inflaming till, in July, 1840, they required—*immedicabile vulnus, ense recidendum*—the last fatal remedy of the sword. But we do know, from the papers already laid before parliament, that in the beginning of 1838, at  
latest

*test*, Lord Palmerston was apprised of the Pacha's ambitious *Projects* to disturb the *status quo*:—

‘ *Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell, British Consul at Alexandria.*

‘ Sir,

‘ Foreign Office, February 6, 1838.

‘ With reference to your despatch of the 27th December, 1837, from which it appears that the Pacha of Egypt is exerting himself to increase his army in Syria, I have to direct you to state to the Pacha, that you are instructed to warn him against the evil consequences which will result to himself, if he recommences an attack upon any part of the Sultan's forces. You will also represent to the Pacha that his extensive conscription, his active military preparations, and his concentration of troops in Syria, are all calculated to excite great distrust as to his intentions with respect to the Porte.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

Again:—

‘ *Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell.*

‘ Sir,

‘ Foreign Office, March 29, 1838.

‘ With reference to your despatch of the 7th February, reporting the assurances, given to you by Mehemet Ali, that he had not the most remote view of conquest on any part of the Sultan's territory, beyond the limits of his own government—[*was not this a notorious falsehood?*—] I have to instruct you to state to Mehemet Ali that you have been ordered by your government seriously to warn him of the consequences to himself which will follow any attempt on his part to extend his authority, by force of arms, in any direction.

‘ I have further to instruct you specially to state to the Pacha that the frightful atrocities committed in Syria by his troops, under the pretext of enforcing the conscription, have produced in all Europe the most unfavourable and painful impression.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

We request our readers' attention to this last paragraph; its importance will be seen presently.

And again:—

‘ *Viscount Palmerston to Colonel Campbell.*

‘ Foreign Office, June 9, 1838.

‘ I have to acquaint you that reports have reached her Majesty's Government from various quarters, tending to show that the Pacha of Egypt has it in contemplation to throw off his allegiance to the Sultan, and to declare himself independent. The Pacha may have been led to imagine that Great Britain would view with passive acquiescence such a proceeding on his part; and as it is of the utmost importance that no illusion should exist in the mind of the Pacha, upon a matter so pregnant with serious consequences to himself, you are instructed to lose no time in dispelling any error under which the Pacha may labour, as to the course which Great Britain would take in any conflict which might arise between him and the Sultan upon such a ground.’—*Par. Pap.* 1839.

We



We lay no stress, as others of Lord Palmerston's critics do, on the *vagueness* of the menace denounced against Mehemet Ali in these instructions—stronger and plainer language might perhaps have been better, but the menace was still sufficiently clear; and what we complain of is Lord Palmerston's subsequent delay in giving it effect. *Suaviter in modo* is good policy only when you are resolved on the *fortiter in re*; for, after all these reiterated *warnings* and hypothetical menaces, Colonel Campbell informs Lord Palmerston that

'the intended realisation by Mehemet Ali of *his long-meditated plan* to declare his independence has at length been unequivocally communicated by him both to M. Cochelet, the Consul-General of France, and myself.'—25 May, 1838. *Par. Pap.* 1839.

And this is followed by all the details of the communication, which established, in the clearest terms, that the Pacha's resolution was maturely formed and would be steadily pursued. Here, then, was the very *casus* to which Lord Palmerston had directed so many minatory warnings,—and what did he *do*?—*Nothing!* But he *wrote* an expostulatory despatch, which certainly was as little suited to the dignity of England as it was to the real state of affairs. It sets out with a declamatory and puerile panegyric on Mehemet Ali, involving an almost direct *retractation* of the important passage in the despatch of the 29th March to which we directed the notice of our readers; instead of being reproached with the '*frightful atrocities which have produced in ALL EUROPE the most unfavourable and painful impressions,*' the Pacha is now flatteringly told—

'With respect to his own fame, he ought to recollect that, if he *has hitherto risen progressively in the esteem of the nations of Europe*, it has been in consequence of the pains he has taken to *establish the authority of the law among the people whom he has governed, and by reason of his successful exertions to give the ascendancy to justice in all the transactions between man and man.*'—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

And then Lord Palmerston proceeds to argue, in a style that might have been very proper in the beginning of the correspondence, but was now quite out of season, how very much it would be for the Pacha's *own* honour and comfort to be so good as to adopt his Lordship's kind advice:—'tis true that, in the course of the despatch, his Lordship states, in strong *terms*, *that* which ought rather to have been exhibited to the Pacha by the appearance of the allied *fleets* off Alexandria—

'Her Majesty's Government *at once, and decidedly*, pronounce the *successful execution of the attempt to be impossible*; and its *inevitable consequence to be RUIN to the Pacha*; because they know that the conflict which must necessarily be brought on by such an attempt  
would



would not be between the Pacha and the Sultan single-handed, but between the Pacha and the Sultan *aided and supported by ALL the Powers of Europe.*—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

But this very important paragraph is, to be sure, a little attenuated by what follows:—

‘If he, the Pacha, should unfortunately proceed to execute his announced intentions, and if hostilities should (as they indisputably would) break out thereupon between the Sultan and the Pacha, the Pacha must *expect to find Great Britain taking part with the Sultan*, in order to obtain redress for so flagrant a wrong done to the Sultan, and for the purpose of *preventing the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire*; and the Pacha would fatally deceive himself if he were to suppose that any *jealousies among the Powers of Europe* would prevent those Powers from affording to the Sultan, under such circumstances, every assistance which might be necessary for the purpose of upholding, enforcing, and vindicating his just and legitimate rights.’—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

This allusion to the ‘*jealousies amongst the Powers of Europe*’ was certainly not adroit: but the whole despatch, read altogether, is a substantial declaration by Lord Palmerston, on his official responsibility, ‘that *ALL the powers were bonâ fide and firmly united in support of the Sultan; and ready, unanimously, to effect the utter ‘RUIN’ of the Pacha, if he should persist in his intentions.*’ The Pacha *did* persist: he boldly and unequivocally announced his persistence (*Par. Paper*, 11th Aug. 1838). What was done?—*Nothing!* Here, again, Lord Palmerston has a heavy account to render.

But worse remains.

Lord Palmerston had repeatedly *pledged* himself that *all the Powers*, and England especially, would, if the Sultan and Mehemet Ali should come into hostile collision, take an active part with the Sultan. Well, these parties *did* come into hostile collision; and what did Lord Palmerston to redeem these pledges?—*Nothing!* And on the 25th of June the army of the Sultan, with which all the powers of Europe were pledged to co-operate, was, after a skirmish rather than a fight, at Nezib, in a couple of hours utterly annihilated; and on the 14th July the Sultan’s fleet was carried off, by the treachery of its commanders, into the ports of the Pacha, passing through the fleet of France, which seemed to look with favour on the treachery, and close to that of England, which more modestly shut its eyes, that it might not see it; and this British fleet, thus playing at *bo-peep* with the honour of England and the safety of Turkey, was of at least equal force with that which has since sufficed for the late glorious operations in Syria.

At

At this inauspicious moment Sultan Mahmoud died (30 June) and was succeeded by a child. In the midst of these complicated disasters, what, again, did Lord Palmerston do?—*Nothing!* But the ministers of the Five Powers poured the following consolation of balmy words into the bleeding wounds of Turkey:—

‘The Undersigned have this morning received instructions from their respective Governments, in virtue of which they have the honour to inform the Sublime Porte that *agreement* [accord] *between the Five Powers upon the Eastern question is ensured*, and to invite the Porte to suspend any final determination without their concurrence, awaiting the result of the *interest* which those Powers feel for the Porte.

Constantinople, July 27, 1839.

(Signed)

BARON DE STURMER.

BARON ROUSSIN.

PONSONBY.

COUNT DE KÖNIGSMARCK.

A. BOUTENEFF.

—*Par. Pap.*, 1839.

The Porte, having lost, in spite of the guarantee and pledges of these magnanimous allies, her army and her fleet, and two-thirds of her empire, and being, in fact, prostrate and paralysed, and incapable of motion, is kindly invited to lie still, and to await the result of the *interest* these powers feel for her recovery. The real meaning however of this advice was, that the Porte should not, in the first moments of dismay, enter into any negotiation with the victorious Pacha. This is important; because it pledged France, as well as the other powers, to oppose any direct arrangement between the Porte and the Pacha—a result which she afterwards most unwarrantably tried to accomplish. But what *did* Lord Palmerston in consequence of this new engagement?—*Nothing!* And so, as far as we are informed, affairs remained for twelve months; when, all of a sudden, we find that the agreement between the great Powers on the Eastern question, the assurance of which was testified under their respective hands, never existed at all; and that the two greatest of the Powers, instead of going to war with Mehemet Ali, for the protection of their ally the Sultan, were going to war with each other,—nobody—and, least of all, Lord Palmerston—could clearly make out why or wherefore.

Such is the surface, and, as far as the official papers go, the interior, of our diplomacy on the Eastern Question, and assuredly a more miserable detail of unaccountable delays, gross inconsistencies, and lamentable failures, never was exhibited. We do not presume to say that particular portions of it may not be capable of explanation or extenuation, but it seems to us to involve several flagrant and important *contradictions* which never can be reconciled. Here, however, and without any vain attempt to guess

guess at what possible defence Lord Palmerston may be able to make, we shall leave this part of the case. The debates in parliament and the publication of the *whole* process of the negotiation, must soon enable the public to judge, on full evidence, a cause which, in its present state, does seem to bear most heavily on the noble Lord and his colleagues.

We now arrive at what has become the most important part of the subject—our difference with France; on which, however, we hasten at the outset to express our conviction that there is not a sober, reasonable, and *considerate* mind in France any more than in England and Europe at large, which can doubt that the French ministry was—from beginning to end—in fact and in argument—in the letter and in the spirit—in judgment and in temper—absolutely and altogether *in the wrong*; and we cannot but express our surprise and regret at finding so large a portion (not so large, however, we hope, as it seems) of our neighbours so unjust to us and to *themselves* as to look for offence where none could be intended; and to imagine that we, people of at least common sense, could ever fail to acknowledge and appreciate the high station and influence of France in the civilised world. We had hoped that twenty-five years of friendly intercourse had made us better acquainted, and that the impressions created by the fury of the Revolution and the fraud of Buonaparte had faded before the light of truth: that is, we trust, the case with a large portion of France, but there is we fear a larger, at least a louder, portion, who from ignorance and passion and personal restlessness, but still more from political and religious prejudices, are prone to seize every pretence, however flimsy or false, of showing their *enmity to England*!—a lamentable and unworthy weakness as regards France herself, and one we fairly, but in all civility, tell her, which will not increase her physical power, and will very much tend to diminish her moral influence. We are for peace with all the world, and above all with our neighbours; but if she is resolved to pick a quarrel with us, *God defend the right*!—and we shall be glad that she puts it on such absurd, such irrational, and such—to herself—humiliating grounds. We never have entertained a wish, nor dreamed that we had the power, of humiliating that great nation; but, as Dr. Johnson said that no author was ever written down but by himself, let that great nation take care that she does not by violence, injustice, and folly, humiliate herself.

Though our readers are, we doubt not, well nigh weary of the recitations between Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers, and the French and English press, yet we feel it to be necessary to re-visit the main points of the case, and the rather, because we are to be able to do so with more *ensemble* than we have yet seen

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it treated. We must begin by repeating that there is wanting to a *full* understanding of the whole subject one main element. We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the negotiations between the European powers and Mehemet Ali, nor between the European powers themselves, from the original revolt of the Pacha in 1832, down to 1838, from which date the explanations afforded in the recent memorandums of Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers, and the more recent discussions in the French Chambers, take up and explain the general course of the affair. It is obvious that all these earlier proceedings must be very important—for they only can explain why the arrangement was so long delayed, and why such exorbitantly favourable terms were subsequently, and even recently, offered to the *rebel*—why a congress, professing for its sole object the integrity of the Turkish empire, should have at one time consented to convey over to Mehemet Ali its most important provinces—the very provinces that were the original bone of contention.

There appear to the common sense of mankind, on the surface of the affair, but two reasonable courses—either absolute non-intervention, in which case the Sultan and the vassal would have fought it out, and Europe would have recognised the conqueror as the sovereign of the Levant—OR, as was certainly the more humane and generous policy as regarded the East, and the safest for the peace of Europe itself, to have said *at once* to the Pacha, ‘You shall return to the *status quo ante bellum*, your natural allegiance, and to the administration of that portion of the Ottoman empire in which you have made yourself an honourable name and a great power, and where you will find abundant employment for your time and your talents, and become a benefactor, instead of a devastator, of the Eastern world.’ Why *one*, but, above all, why the *latter*, of these, the only obvious courses, was not adopted, we have not the slightest information; yet our readers see that this is the point on which the whole transaction originally turned. We suspect, from their common silence, that neither the French nor English ministers think that an explanation on this point would be favourable to their respective cases; and we more than suspect that the secret but real cause was the *ulterior designs of France upon Egypt*, which the French ministers did not quite venture to avow, and which the English minister is ashamed at not having at once boldly grappled with. Leaving then, as we needs must, the earlier stages of the discussion to future, official, and parliamentary explanation, we shall proceed to state the case from the documents that we possess.

We have seen, by Lord Palmerston’s despatches to Col. Campbell, that in 1838 the allies were all agreed to make common

mon cause against Mehemet Ali if he should force on a collision with the Sultan. It does not appear, nor could we expect to find in despatches of that class, what the ulterior intention of the Powers were; but it is obvious that, having determined on hostilities, they must have been prepared to pursue them to any extremities to which the obstinacy of the Pacha might drive them. We therefore conclude that in 1838 France must have *professed* her readiness to *coerce* the Pasha, if it should become necessary, an engagement which we believe she might safely have made; for we have no doubt that she was the real instigator of the Pacha's proceedings, and that without her encouragement he never would have driven matters to extremities.

We have seen that after the battle of Nezib the Five Powers volunteered to declare to the Porte, in the celebrated note (already given), dated 27th July, 1839, that they had come to 'a perfect agreement (*accord*) on the Eastern Question.' Such a note could not of course state the details of that *accord*, but we have a distinct explanation of it in Lord Palmerston's speech (6th August, 1840).

'We had been negotiating with France for the last twelve months on the general principle of maintaining the *independence of the Turkish Empire under its existing dynasty*. There had been no difference whatever between the governments on these points. The French government had declared *that* in the most unequivocal manner. As early as last July France had *spontaneously declared* to the other Four Powers of Europe that she considered the maintenance of the *INTEGRITY and independence of the Turkish empire, under its present dynasty*, as essential to the preservation of the peace of Europe, and that she *was determined to oppose, by all her means of action* and by all her influence, any combination to subvert it.'

And this is proved by a dispatch of Marshal Soult's, and subsequently confirmed by still more solemn evidence.

The Queen of England stated in her speech from the Throne, 27th August, 1839:—

'The same concord which brought these intricate questions [the Belgic affairs] to a peaceful termination prevails with regard to the affairs of the Levant. The *Five Powers* are *alike determined* to uphold the *independence* and *INTEGRITY* of the Ottoman empire; and I trust this union will ensure a satisfactory settlement of matters which are of the deepest importance to Europe.'

The King of France too, in opening the next Session of his Chambers (23rd December), made a similar declaration:—

'Our flag, in concert with that of Great Britain, and faithful to the spirit of that union, always so advantageous to the interests of both countries, has *watched over the independence and immediate safety of the Ottoman Empire*.—[a rather loose watch they had kept when they allowed

allowed Mehemet to seize Syria by force, and the fleet by treachery]—Our policy is always to ensure the preservation of the INTEGRITY of the empire, whose *existence is so necessary* to the maintenance of general peace.'

Here, we should have thought, whatever obscurity or doubt might overhang the earlier part of the discussion, we had now arrived at daylight—the clear principle of 'the *independence and INTEGRITY* of the Ottoman empire' distinctly laid down, and a solemn *determination* to give it effect: but that was not the object of France; she had no sooner agreed to this principle than she set about embarrassing and evading its execution. She probably had consented to it because she had no *avowable* excuse for refusing, and was afraid that the real motive of her reluctance—what M. Thiers has since with so much *naïveté* called '*the national instinct of France towards Egypt*'—should be suspected; but she promised herself an escape from the engagement by delay and intrigue; and, they failing, she has not been ashamed to deny the plain and obvious meaning of the word '*integrity*.'—'*Integrity*, says France, '*meant integrity as against Russian interference*,'—*not as against the Pacha's pretensions; against the temporary danger, and not against territorial dismemberment.*' Could it be believed that this wretched quibble is the whole and sole basis of M. Thiers' defence in his celebrated reply of the 3rd October to Lord Palmerston's Memorandum of the 31st August? and he further adds that '*all the powers so understood it.*' It seems quite supererogative to argue such a question; but as it is the whole point of M. Thiers' case, we will throw away two or three observations upon it. First, the word *integrity* has and can have but one meaning, *territorial integrity*, which was threatened from one quarter only—the Pacha! What France or any of the other Powers may have feared from *Russia* was clearly not immediate invasion, but interference and influence under the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and that was provided against in the word '*independence*.' The '*independence and integrity of the Turkish empire under the present dynasty*' meant, therefore, 1st, *independence* of any special influence or protection of any one power—Russia, or France, or England, or Austria; 2ndly, the *integrity* of the limits and authority of the Turkish empire against Mehemet's *territorial aggression* and local usurpations; and 3rdly, the preservation of the *existing dynasty* to the exclusion of any design Mehemet might have of becoming Sultan himself. These three objects are clearly met by the respective terms of the agreement; two of them—the '*independence*' and the '*existing dynasty*'—were precautionary words against future risks, but the immediate, and pressing, and main and, *practically speaking, only* object of the engagement was to  
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meet the immediate and pressing exigency—the political pretensions and territorial usurpations of Mehemet Ali; and we appeal to the common sense of all mankind whether the terms of the agreement, or the state of affairs in which it was framed, admit of any other possible construction. France, therefore, not only acted with bad faith, but now endeavours to excuse herself by a miserable ‘quibble.’

This is not merely *our* conjecture; nor has Lord Palmerston done more than civilly leave it to be inferred from the notorious facts; but it is the direct and honest assertion and charge against his own ministers, of a French gentleman of high rank, character, and talents—the *Duke de Valmy*, deputy of the *Haute Garonne*. He, even at the first outbreak, when all the rest of France appeared frenzied by the revolutionary press of M. Thiers, published his opinion on the question, which, with great good sense and candour, put the matter on its right footing, and with singular sagacity anticipated the assertions of Lord Palmerston and the admissions of M. Thiers in their subsequent communications. We shall extract a few passages from this remarkable paper, not only because it is ably executed, but because the evidence of such a man as M. de Valmy is in this case less liable to suspicion of bias than ours could be.

After stating the *note* of the 27th July, 1839, and the passages from the two royal speeches as given above, the Duke proceeds—

‘Why do these declarations form the main prop of foreign cabinets? Because they have always acted up and spoken to the like purport. Why do they show our weakness? Because we have *not been faithful to our declarations, and at the present time they may be brought in evidence against us*. I am aware that, following the example of the ministry of the 12th of May [M. Molé’s], there is still a discussion upon the meaning of the word ‘*integrity*.’ But we can admit no *quibbling* to be resorted to respecting the fate of empires; and it would no doubt suffice to appeal to the good sense of Admiral Roussin [the ambassador who had signed the note], to be very soon convinced that he did not understand ‘the *integrity* of the Ottoman empire’ otherwise than the ambassadors with whom he signed the act of the 27th of July. In any case it cannot be supposed that a diplomatic note can be signed without previously being satisfied as to the meaning of the words conveyed in the said act.’

The Duke might have added, that the same word *integrity* was repeated in all the French diplomatic papers and, six months later, in the *King’s speech*, without any attempt to give it any different or restricted meaning; and indeed the King’s speech goes further to contradict M. Thiers’ *quibble*, for it distinguishes between the *present danger of the Sultan*, and the *ulterior danger to the integrity of the empire*; but M. de Valmy then goes on to



to explain the real cause of these attempts to *quibble* away plain words :—

‘ The truth is, that, whilst our ambassador adhered to the declaration of the 27th of July, the policy of the French *cabinet was turning round*. Mehemet Ali, who knows the secrets of our civilization, and the influence of the press on the proceedings of the government, knew how to dazzle and enchant the principal organs of public opinion, and, seconded by them, he *brought the cabinet to espouse his pretensions on Syria, the Taurus, and the district of Adana*. Admiral Roussin was recalled and sacrificed to the Pacha of Egypt, for having declared that the Pacha had outraged France, and that the first opportunity ought to be seized to punish his insolence, by depriving him, in concert with the other powers, of the provinces which he had conquered. This, we all remember, was followed by certain public manifestations in favour of the Pacha.’

The Duke then proceeds to show how the French ministry pursued the tortuous policy they had adopted, and his statements have been verified to the letter by M. Thiers’ recent speeches :—

‘ It was expected that the alliance which had been contracted for the last ten years with the cabinet of London, and the advantages which had resulted therefrom, would impose upon it a duty not to separate from us in the Oriental question. It was thought that it was only necessary to *gain time in order to sow dissension in the Conference*. It was with that view, as it has been avowed since, that *M. Sebastiani sought the assistance of a Turkish plenipotentiary in London*.

‘ *Notwithstanding all those intrigues, unworthy of a great nation* : the conference in London pursued the work which had been commenced by the note of the 27th of July ; nor could it be otherwise. The powers, which, after mature deliberation, had taken as a basis of their compact the *integrity* of the Ottoman empire, could not consistently revoke such a determination. Such inconsistency could not be expected.’

The Duke next shows that M. Thiers imagined that *his* professed addiction to what was called ‘ the English alliance ’ would enable him to obtain a further *delay* ; and, with it, the further chance of sowing dissensions between the powers ; and so confident, so presumptuous was he—‘ so deceived,’ the Duke de Valmy hints, ‘ by the reports of a *secret agent* who held language opposite to that of M. Guizot,’—that his official journal *on the 13th July*, only two days before the signature of the treaty, expressed ‘ the satisfaction of the French cabinet at the state of the Eastern negotiations.’

And here M. de Valmy indicates a small but very important stimulant of all the commotion that ensued—M. Thiers’ *amour-propre* was hurt !—

‘ The President of the Council was completely astounded at such an unexpected *coup de main*, and replied by an appeal to *arms* !’

And

And then the Duke asks whether M. Thiers' call *to arms* was 'on his part a serious manifestation, having for object the defence of a national policy—an European interest in the Eastern question? or was it but a measure *ab irato* for the purpose of dissimulating a false position and a retrograde proceeding?'

And he goes on to prove that there is not a shadow of consistency or common sense in M. Thiers' professed policy as to the East—that, in fact, he had no policy at all (since clearly confirmed by his own speeches), and that the commotion he excited in France was a mixture of personal pique at his own failure and of party tactics to cover his retreat.

We hear of the enlightened times in which we live—of the torrents of light with which the press irradiates the public mind—and, above all, of the journalism which makes France one great *école normale* of political philosophy; but, alas! we defy the annals of ignorance to produce an instance of so general, so deep, and so utterly causeless a delusion as M. Thiers and his partisans lately spread over France—a delusion which we know not that any man in France except the Duke de Valmy, or any newspaper but the *Presse*, have ventured boldly and frankly to expose—of which, even such men as Lamartine and Guizot seem to think it prudent to raise the corners only by degrees, as light is admitted gradually and with precautions, into the cell of a convalescent maniac.

The first outcry was, that France was *insulted*, and that her honour required the reparation of *blood*. Lord Palmerston—and we applaud his conduct in this conjuncture; it was unusual, but it was prudent and dignified; a departure from diplomatic reserve and a concession to public feeling, which one who feels himself clearly in the right can afford to make—Lord Palmerston, we say, took an early opportunity of making a statement in parliament, so true, and yet so conciliatory, that, except by a few *énervumènes*, who are absolutely incurable, the charge of *insult* is, we believe, entirely abandoned. But then it was said that France was isolated—expelled—from the congress of nations. Lord Palmerston again destroyed that pretence: his memorandum of the 31st August showed that France was not *expelled*, but had, contrary to the wishes and earnest entreaties of her allies, withdrawn herself;—that if she was isolated, it was that, like a sulky child, she had *put herself into a corner* because her associates would not allow her to have everything her own way; and that, in fact, concessions had been offered in the desire of appeasing her waywardness, which we do not hesitate to say would, if adopted, have defeated the main object: in fact the real blame imputable to the allies was the strenuous humility with which they endeavoured

endeavoured to satisfy the caprices of one who had from the beginning resolved not to be satisfied.

This pretence, of France's having been offensively isolated, having also failed, some other must be looked for to justify all the recent indignation; for few were bold enough to confess, with the Duke of Valmy, that the said indignation was absolutely and entirely groundless. The third edition, then, of the grievance France was, that the powers, on signing the treaty, without apprising her of the actual time and place of signature, and giving her a final option of acceding to it, had been guilty of a '*mauvais procédé*'—a want of courtesy. This is so mitigated, so small a charge, that in other circumstances it would be wholly unworthy of notice; but as it has become the concentrated essence of the French grievance, and as it has received the countenance of such a man as M. Guizot, who, infinitely to his honour, helped to dissipate the former delusions,—it may be proper to say a few words on a subject which has thus received an extrinsic importance.

In the first place, we are glad to see in this complaint an admission that the treaty of the 15th July is not only fair and proper in itself, but that it accords with the principles in which France had concurred in the earlier stage of the negotiations; for had it been otherwise, it would have been a '*très mauvais procédé*'—in fact it would have been a direct insult—to have supposed that France, on such a sudden summons, would have signed a treaty repugnant to her feelings and contrary to her declared principles: when, therefore, she complains that the treaty was not offered to her acceptance, it is an admission that the treaty is such as the allies might reasonably have supposed she could have accepted with honour.

But if France should deny this inference, she makes her case still weaker; for would it not be a '*bien plus mauvais procédé*' to have suddenly called her into the Conference, and said, 'Here is a treaty, in the preparation of which you declined to take any part. We have, in defiance of your objections, persisted in preparing it. You have been no party to the reasonings, discussions, mutual concessions, and amicable explanations, of which it is the result; but we are about to sign it; and we have sent for you to ask you—will you now sign it, without alteration or delay—yes or no?' France would have rejected with indignation so insolent a proposition; and we should have heard from her something more forcible, as well as more just, than a querulous complaint about '*mauvais procédés*.'

But even if the four Powers could have imagined that such an option could at such a time have been made, by any forms,

to delay and embarrass the completion of the treaty? they be ignorant of M. Thiers' secret communications with Met Ali? of his busy anxiety and unscrupulous efforts to the object of the four Powers? Was it not clear that the success of the treaty would mainly depend on the celerity of its execution; and that prudence and humanity both required that Met Ali should have as little opportunity as possible of making his resistance more desperate and calamitous? What could have been thought of the common sense, the sincerity of the allies, if they had communicated to France, one hour before the treaty was necessary, information which she would have instantly communicated to Mehemet Ali, and of which she would, no doubt, have availed herself in every possible way towards defeating the success of the treaty? Has not M. Thiers confessed that the moment he did hear of the treaty he employed the French telegraph to apprise Mehemet Ali? and did he not boast '*que la heureuse circonstance le télégraphe avait sauvé la flotte ottomane*?'—(Speech 25th Nov.)—The boast, like others of M. Thiers' *fanfaronnades*, was unfounded; the French telegraph did not save the stolen fleet; but M. Thiers' attempt to mislead the allies is not the less indisputable. The four Powers could have shown great—too great—anxiety to satisfy even the reasonable wishes of France; but that they should commit themselves to please M. Thiers was rather too much to expect. Mr. Palmerston can make as good a defence for the long delay in coming to this arrangement as he may for not having afforded France a new chance of defeating it. he will come out

is, under the present system of mankind, a more sacred guide even than *honesty* itself—have abandoned the cause of his principal, still less that of his country; he must make *some* excuse—he could not say she was *insulted*, for that would have been a *lie*, and (*pacè* Sir Henry Wootton) a man of honour, even though an ambassador, must not *lie*. Neither could he say that France had been *isolated*, for that was absurd, and a man of genius, though an ambassador, will not disgrace himself by an absurdity. He had only then to adopt the expedient of complaining of something undefinable either by honour or genius—and he hit on a '*mauvais procédé*'—for manners and forms are purely conventional, and a *mauvais procédé* is that which any party may choose to think so; and undoubtedly M. Thiers must have thought it a *mauvais procédé* on the part of his friend Lord Palmerston to allow him, on the 13th July, officially and publicly to congratulate himself and the world that he had settled the Eastern question, when, on the 15th of July, was to appear the *éclatant* proof that he had settled nothing and unsettled everything; and that he was the deepest of all dupes, a presumptuous and self-made one.

Before we close this, which may be called the *formal* part of the question, we must observe that so long ago as *August* the Duke de Valmy hinted at a '*secret agent*,' whose information M. Thiers had preferred to M. Guizot's; and in one of M. Thiers' recent speeches he has had what we should call the ungenerous frankness of saying that the late Lord *Holland* (who had died in the interval between the rupture and the speech) had always *taken the part of France* in the English cabinet. The words are remarkable:—

'Not only have we found sympathies in the English nation' [*Double-day, Cardo, and Co.*], 'but even in the *English Cabinet* I can praise one man—for he is dead—who did not fear to *support our cause*, and to pronounce that *we were in the right*.'—*Speech, 25th Nov.*

Of this, whether true or false, most indecorous imputation—and, if true, most ungrateful betrayal of confidence—we are sorry to be obliged to express our opinion that, however *mauvais* M. Thiers' *procédé* may be in divulging the fact, the fact itself is probably too true. Lord Holland did, we know, talk very extravagant (to say the least of it) nonsense on this subject; and we can easily believe that his sentiments may have been repeated, though we hope not authoritatively communicated, to the *French*—at that moment become the *hostile*—minister. *We* should never have thought of alluding, *after Lord Holland's death*, to the strange reports of his indiscretion which reached us at the time; but when M. Thiers promulgates the encouragement he received

ally is all this agitation about *l'cus dono*? Why are the  
at Western nations of Europe to be embroiled in exas-  
; controversies, and overwhelmed with enormous expenses,  
jected to accumulated taxation, to say nothing of other  
ciable risks, because the Pacha of Egypt revolts against  
tan of Constantinople?

first and obvious reason is the jealousy which the rest  
ope has that Russia should, from the danger of the  
have an opportunity of aggrandising herself in that

For our own parts, unpopular as it may be, we hesitate  
say that we have little fear of Russia—she is a great  
but she is not so great as she appears. Her limbs are too  
r her muscles; and we believe that she would be weaker  
a formidable, if she were so ill advised as to possess  
of Constantinople, than she is at this hour. She is  
unwieldy; any considerable increase of territory would  
her unmanageable. For her own sake then, as well as  
of the rest of Europe, it is desirable to maintain the  
at Constantinople; and as the Sultan's empire is not so  
ne of territory as of religion, his power can be main-  
only by preserving to him the supremacy of the adja-  
mahometan world. It was really a relief to the Porte to  
d from the laborious and feverish custody of Christian  
; and if Egypt were to become Christian to-morrow,  
ld say, for the sake of both parties, emancipate her  
tely; but with what possible justice can we profess to  
the *integrity* of Turkey, which must always mean the  
of the Mahometan empire—while we would lop off  
r the best portions of the Mahometan people—Syria,

it is justice, it is policy ; on that point all mankind are, at least *in terms*, agreed. But, as we have seen, the French choose to have a strange notion of their own as to the import of the word *integrity*. The Turkish empire consists of five great divisions, which may be denominated European, Asiatic, Syrian, Arabian, and Egyptian. It is determined to preserve the *integrity* of this empire ; and the French scheme for doing so is to lop off from it the Egyptian, Arabian, Syrian, and part of the Asiatic branches, and that part precisely of the Asiatic branch which opens the rest of Asiatic, and eventually of European, Turkey to a Syrian invader. Again we say we cannot argue such a question—*à saute aux yeux*.

What, then, can have blinded a clever and clear-sighted people like the French to the gross absurdity of such a scheme ? The answer is, they are not blinded at all ; they see its absurdity as clearly, and feel its impracticability as strongly, as we do, and have never contemplated any such result. But the unfortunate levée of Buonaparte, their innate hatred of England, and their anxiety to thwart any object which they fancy we may have, are fermenting in their hearts, and create—to quote again M. Thiers' important confession—a *national instinct* towards Egypt. Thence they fancy that England is vulnerable eastward ; and there they suppose, or affect to suppose, that England wishes to establish herself. *Papæ !* England has no more desire for *Egypt* than she has for *Switzerland* or *Piedmont* : she wishes for good roads through them all, with a sufficient local police, and she does not care a fig in whose governing hands they are ;—always excepting France, who longs for Egypt, with the *avowed* object of injuring her. In any other respect, so far as English interests are concerned, France would be as welcome to Egypt as to Algiers, and if we were enemies of France—if we could, by her late outbreak of frenzied hostility, be driven to form a wish to her detriment—we should be glad to see her embarrassed with both Egypt and Algiers,—two *cancers* instead of one. But we have no such wishes. We respect the power, we admire the talents, we love the social qualities, of France,—though not, certainly, of that turbulent and unprincipled mob which calls itself *la Jeune France* ; we rejoice in her prosperity ; we acknowledge—and, if our aid were needed in a just quarrel, would assist to vindicate—her high and influential position in Europe. Can she ask us for more of sympathy and respect than we have always expressed and shown towards her ; and never more than during the recent agitation, when all her unjust imputations, her violence, her calumnies, her scurrilities, have not provoked from the English press or people one retaliatory word,—though retaliatory words would



Syria, *héréditaire* or *viagère*? What is it to them more to us?—Nothing at all, if their professions were sincere. they dream of establishing themselves in Egypt. Mehemet is seventy-two years of age: his possession cannot be long. Egypt be now re-attached to the Turkish Empire, under the sanction and guarantee of all the powers of Europe, and particularly if France herself were to join in the arrangement, there would be an end of her prospect of possessing herself of the country, even at Mehemet's decease, or at any other early period. She therefore withdrew herself from the possibility of being implicated in such guarantee, and has exerted her utmost arts, both of flattery and intimidation, to prevent the other powers from erecting that barrier to her ambitious designs.

Lord Palmerston has been blamed by some who approve the rest of his recent conduct in this affair and who are sincerely anxious for the maintenance of peace, because, after M. Guizot's accession to power, he renewed his altercation with the French Government by replying (2nd November) to a note which M. Thiers had forwarded, on the 8th October, to Lord Granville, and which might tend to embarrass the new minister by reviving a controversy which seemed terminated by M. Thiers' retirement. Those who make this objection have not looked accurately at the facts. They have perhaps confounded M. Thiers' general reply to Lord Palmerston, dated 3rd October, to which was added a *postscript*, dated 8th October (neither of which we had acquired any answer), with the *note* from M. Thiers to Lord Granville, dated also 8th October, which it was absolutely impos-

meet it as the new and final proposition on which the affair must thenceforward stand. Lord Palmerston's reply, therefore, of the 2nd November was unavoidable, and it was executed, as it seems to us (and as, indeed, the French confess), with considerable ability, and with so much moderation that frankness was, in some degree, sacrificed to the desire of enabling the new French Government to arrange the difficulty without appearing to abandon M. Thiers' position. Lord Palmerston expresses great satisfaction at being able to see in this note a full admission, on the part of France, of the principle of preserving the *integrity* of the Turkish Empire—the main point, as he observes, and to which all details are subordinate objects for ulterior arrangement. He takes no direct notice of the *casus belli* to arise out of an attack upon Egypt, but treats 'the deposition or pardon of the Pacha as a matter for the consideration of *the Sultan*, as between him and his vassal, in which no European power has any right to interfere, except in the way of *advice*.' And it soon became known that the advice of the Four Powers to the Porte was that it should not insist on the actual deposition of Mehemet from the pachalik of Egypt. Thus Lord Palmerston's note would rather fortify than embarrass the new French Cabinet, by enabling them to conclude the affair in the spirit of M. Thiers' own ultimatum. But let us further add our conviction that M. Guizot neither needs nor wishes for the aid of foreign diplomacy: he stands on his own high character, on his patriotism, on his honest views of the past proceedings, the present state, and the future prospects of France. He is the minister of a new and better policy in France, and cannot, we hope, be weakened or embarrassed because Lord Palmerston does not choose to submit in silence to the tergiversations and quibbles of M. Thiers.

Another somewhat similar point has arisen in this affair. M. Thiers, after all his bluster, has been obliged to admit that there was no insult either intended or offered to France; but says France, having gone so far, requires a '*concession quelconque*' to save her honour. What! M. Thiers picks a quarrel about he asserts, great national interests and delicate points of national honour, and finding, at last, that he has outwitted himself humbly asks for a '*concession quelconque*,' no matter what to soothe his *amour-propre*. We really wonder that France, so susceptible as she is, and laudably so, on points of honour does not herself resent such a proposal. Is her dignity, the dignity of a great and powerful people—to be satisfied, or gratified where there was no offence, by an and ridiculous '*concession quelconque*?' No—if we had done France the slightest injury—if even we had involuntarily

passion in France, and what we still more wonder at and regret, the colour of the debates in her Chambers, prove a spirit of unbecoming jealousy, which, *for the future peace of the world*, ought not to be indulged and encouraged. It is not safe in private life, and still less amongst nations, to accustom unreasonable and hot-tempered people to feel that they can obtain whatever they happen to wish for, by flying into a passion. England has shown—we trust, to the satisfaction of Europe—assuredly the approbation of her own conscience—how well we can keep temper under severe provocation; but for the future quiet of our lives, we must endeavour to convince our irascible neighbours that wanton provocations and appeals ‘*ab irato*,’ as M. de Valmy calls them, are not the modes by which anything can be obtained from us; and that honour as well as policy will be best conducted by civiler manners and a more friendly spirit—of both of which we have given, and trust we shall continue to give, a laudable example.

But even if M. ‘Thiers’ proposition could be taken to mean a concession, not to France but, to Mehemet, we ask, first, what has France to put herself forward to make personal terms with the Pacha? She professes that she has no secret alliance with him, nor indeed can she have any legitimate engagement, because she admits that he is not a substantive power, however they may wish to make him one, with a view of unmaking him here-and-by; nor can the other Powers, with truth or in honour, pretend that France has any more claim than each of themselves to protect any peculiar interest for the Pacha.

that he has ventured to pretend to any other rank—that when such pretensions were formally advanced, they were formally and decidedly rejected by *all* the Powers—that England (acting at that time, we must presume, in concert with all her allies, including France) ‘warned’ him repeatedly and solemnly of ‘*the serious consequences,*’—and still more pointedly ‘*of the evil consequences,*’—and at length of ‘*the utter ruin*’—that would ‘*result to himself*’ from pursuing his ambitious projects:—all that was disregarded—and the war in Syria was renewed, and thousands of lives have been lost, and frightful miseries inflicted on those unhappy but interesting countries, solely by the usurper’s malignant obstinacy. Is political equity—are the rights of humanity to have no jurisdiction over such reiterated and impudent disregard of the duties of allegiance, the warnings of friendship, and the menaces of justice? The treaty of the 15th July dealt with this matter with great—with *extreme* leniency: it offered him, if the offer should be accepted within ten days, the *hereditary* possession of *Egypt* and the *south of Syria*, including the *Pachalik of Acre* for his life;—but if this too liberal proposition should not be so accepted, then it offered him, if accepted within ten further days, the hereditary government of Egypt, alone, without any portion of Syria: if the Pacha should refuse both these successive ‘ultimatums’ the Powers engaged themselves to make *war* upon him, and his ulterior fate was committed to the chances of the war which he should thus have obstinately provoked. He has provoked it; and the blood of England, gloriously shed, and the blood of his own countrymen, wantonly spilt at Beyrout, and Sidon, and Acre, cries for vengeance against the barbarous cause of so much mischief. But the bloodshed is not all,—*that* may seem in some degree palliated by the courage—displayed and the glory achieved,—but the finances\* both of France and England have been enormously charged, and, we fear, seriously embarrassed, by his proceedings; and the peaceable people of both countries must pay for his ambition. There is not a poor cottage in the west nor in the east of Europe into which his flagrant injustice will not have intruded itself, in the shape of increased taxation, to meet the enormous expenses which he has caused. And now, we ask, does not the deplorable waste of all this blood and treasure demand some vengeance on

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\* The French finance minister has laid before the Chambers an account of the expense incurred by M. Thiers’ armaments, &c., amounting to 839,000,000 francs, or near 34,000,000*l.* sterling—an almost incredible sum; but it includes that *absurd and dangerous* scheme,—which Louis Philippe took advantage of the national frenzy to pass—the fortification of Paris, which seems to us as inconsistent with military spirit as it is with constitutional liberty, and will, we think, turn out to be the greatest blunder Louis Philippe has made.

**its** guilty author? No man in Europe, except some Frenchman influenced with passion and party, will deny the abstract justice of deposing Mehemet Ali from a power he had so fatally abused, and that he has richly merited the sentence thus pronounced against him.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the complications of international jealousies and interests do too often require that rigid justice should be tempered by political expediency; and if the feelings of France (unreasonable as we may think them) can be calmed and conciliated, and if the peace of Europe can be preserved, by a *concession* to the extent of leaving to the guilty Pacha his *status quo* in Egypt, we shall be glad, in the general interests of humanity, if his immediate submission shall justify the Porte and the European Powers in consenting to such an arrangement. *That* is a *concession*—and indeed, as far as we can at present see, the only concession which can be now made consistently with the honour of the belligerent powers, and the future safety of the Levantine people. God grant that the peace of the world may be secured by a *sacrifice* reconcilable only with strict justice and sound policy by the great and *transcendent* importance of the object for which it is made!

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Even while we write these lines we learn that these generous terms have been offered to Mehemet Ali, and by him accepted, and that, therefore, the ostensible motive of any immediate rupture with our neighbours is happily removed; and we most devoutly hope that the agitation so mischievously excited in France may be allayed by the selfish prudence of the king, and the patriotism of the honestest and, we believe, the ablest ministry that he has ever yet called to his councils. But let not the lesson of the last few months be lost upon us. Let us not forget that we found, in the late crisis, neither good will nor even good manners,—not a friend—not an apologist,—no, not one—in any part or party of that country. The few—the very few—who were forced by their reason or their conscience to pronounce M. Thiers in the wrong, had never the moral courage of admitting England to be in the right. The Duke de Valmy, with all his good sense and talents, was obliged to consult the prejudices of his constituents by winding up his address with a denunciation of the ‘*ambition of England*:’ and the *Presse*, the only newspaper that took the side of peace, was forced to propitiate its subscribers by vague tirades against the ‘*habile perfidie de l’Angleterre*.’ We had, it seems, so cleverly concealed our *perfidy* that the able writer in the *Presse* did not know where to find it; but, like a good Frenchman, he could admit no doubt

at

at all of its secret existence. All the rest of France was one wild cry against us,—radicals, republicans, royalists, *juste milieu*, *parti prêtre*, savans, soldiers, sailors, shopkeepers,—every individual seemed to fear that his own patriotism would be suspected if he did not denounce and execrate England, and abjure in the most violent terms the English alliance.

As an example of the degree to which this hatred is felt and avowed, we need only take the speech pronounced on the 3rd December by M. Jaubert, once a Doctrinaire, a friend and follower of M. Guizot, and who, when the latter accepted the embassy to London, became a member of M. Thiers' cabinet. From such a man one would expect moderation both in ideas and language. Now, what says he? M. Berryer, the *legitimist* leader, had made a violent and foolish speech, in which, intending to taunt bitterly and contemptuously of the English nation, he called in the phrase of the old chronicles, '*l'Anglais*'—'*the Englishman*.' M. Jaubert seized on the expression, and exclaimed—

'I repeat it,—the *Englishman*! I am happy to adopt from the honourable M. Berryer that expression of our *ancient hatred* against England.'—*Speech, 3rd December.*

Again :—

'This *English alliance*, which has lasted ten years, and has been highly applauded as conducive to the interests of philosophy, humanity and society—well, I don't at all agree in these cosmopolite sentiments. In spite of my passage through the Doctrinaire school, I still feel, in their full force, those *national sentiments* with which I was inspired the days of the Emperor!'—*Ibid.*

And again :—

'Our causes of complaint against England have been accumulated for twenty-five years. At last comes this *direct outrage*; and we now find ourselves face to face with our *ancient enemy*! Ah, we have a long score to wipe off with her! For my part, I humbly confess that I am impatient for the *day of vengeance*.'—*Ibid.*

This from a man bred in the most rational and modern school of French politics, and a member of the recent *Cabinet* which professed, up to the moment it was turned out, that its main principle was the *English alliance*!

Hear, also, the voice of a simple and generally somniferous bard, M. Casimir Delavigne, a special *protégé* of Louis Philippe, who awakens from his elegiac dozings to sound a point of view against *tyrannous, implacable, cruel, and perfidious England*. He is describing the days of his youth spent at the town of Havre.

'ALORS j'étais enfant, et toutefois mon âme  
Bondissait dans mon sein d'un généreux courroux ;

Je sentais de la haine y fermenter la flamme.  
 Enfant, j'aimais la France et d'un amour jaloux ;  
 J'aimais du port natal l'appareil militaire ;  
 J'aimais les noirs canons gardiens de ses abords ;  
 Enfant, j'aimais la France : *aimer la France* ALORS,  
 C'était détester l'Angleterre !

Que disaient nos marins, lui demandant raison  
 De sa tyrannie éternelle,  
 Quand leurs deux poings fermés menaçaient l'horizon ?  
 Que murmuraient les vents quand ils me parlaient d'elle  
*Ennemie implacable, alliée infidèle !*  
 On citait ses sermens de parjures suivis,  
 Les trésors du commerce en pleine paix ravis,  
 Aussi bien que sa foi, sa *cruauté punique* :  
 Témoins ces prisonniers ensevelis vingt ans,  
 Et vingt ans dévorés dans des cachots flottans  
 Par la liberté britannique !

—*Delavigne, Messeniennes.*

a favourable critic observes, upon this tirade, that 'M. Ca-  
 Delavigne could not better prove his *personal devotion and*  
*itude* to the *House of Orleans* than in thus joining the  
 ic cry against the perfidy of England.' They forget that  
 as the *House of Orleans* was living under the hospitable  
 action of that same 'perfidious England ;'—not in a *cachot*  
 but, but in a good house at Twickenham; and that Louis  
 Philippe was eagerly soliciting a command in the allied armies  
 not the person whom he then styled 'the Corsican usurper'—  
 whose bones he is now canonising.

the *Presse*, which we have quoted so frequently because it  
 been the most rational of the journals, and is besides sup-  
 d to be the organ of the king, formally announces the com-  
 : rapture of the '*English Alliance*,' and congratulates France  
 ie complete and unanimous abjuration which she has made  
 at false and mischievous vision.

his paroxysm of fury, having no real cause, and, now, not  
 an excuse, will probably subside: but let us not persuade  
 elves that either of the two great parties that divide the  
 ich people can ever forgive us—the one our early recogni-  
 of Louis Philippe, and the other—WATERLOO !

or can we say that we much regret this renunciation on the  
 of France, of what they call the '*English alliance*,' though  
 lo very much the temper and spirit in which it is made. We  
 ys thought the '*French alliance*' an unsure and hollow trust,  
 is, in the *special* meaning that has been lately given to the term.  
 e intimacies, which are not based on some public engagement,  
 referable to some known standard, are the most dangerous  
 and



and precarious of all connexions between nations as between individuals. The more patient of the two parties is expected to bear everything, and is thanked for nothing; and the closeness of the intimacy only affords more frequent occasions for bickerings and reproaches. Let us have *amity* with France,—sincere and open, and, if possible, solid,—such as we have, or ought to have, with Russia, or Prussia, or Austria; but no such secret and undefined obligations as would estrange us from the collective policy of the rest of Europe, and, after all, end, on the very first untoward accident or occasion, in a similar, or perhaps a still worse, explosion of hostility than we have lately witnessed and, as we hope, happily and honourably escaped.

On the other hand, let us with equal care avoid doing anything which may give offence, or even umbrage. Let us endeavour to allay the jealous susceptibility of our neighbours, by good manners in all our proceedings, and good faith in all our engagements. And this leads us to a final remark on the Eastern question.

The French whole press and all French statesmen affect to fear—or indeed may be really apprehensive—that England has some separate interest in these discussions—that she has some latent design on Egypt or on Syria. We think we may venture to deny, in the fullest and most formal manner, on the part of the British nation, any such unworthy, and indeed preposterous, views: and we exceedingly regret that one—and we hope but one—respectable English journal should have indiscreetly given the colour to its authority to such an imputation—by suggesting that England, as the recompence of the blood and treasure she has spent in the contest, should retain possession of Acre, and some other points in the Levant. We believe the Government and people of England will utterly repudiate any such selfish, and worse than selfish proposition. England wants nothing in the Levant but what she hopes to enjoy *in common with all mankind*,—friendly relations, safe intercourse, and a general and mutual civility and protection to persons and property.

There is, however, one point on which she and all Christian people feel so especial an interest that it deserves to be particularly noticed,—*our* holy city of Jerusalem. Let the European powers, as a return for their exertions, stipulate that—however Syria may be otherwise administered—there shall henceforward be, for all the world, a free access to, and safe residence within, the city of Jerusalem—a place sanctified to us all by reverential recollections, by holy associations, and by pious hopes. If—which we trust might not be the case—any pledge or guarantee for this object be necessary;—if, for instance, the Porte itself, aware of her own condition

f this interesting office, will avoid any derogation, however it, from its territorial integrity.

o conclude:—If Mehemet Ali and France have been engaged in their opposition to the general wishes of Europe by hope of any serious difference of opinion in England on these acts, they are egregiously mistaken. A dozen of crazy agiss may deceive half a dozen ignorant mobs, and may carry Paris the empty nonsense of their congratulation and encouragement—to be disregarded there as they have been despised home: but the great majority of the wealth, intelligence, weight of the people of England—the Conservative party will be found ready to support even their political adversaries, when they have—however reluctantly and unintentionally—blundered into a right course. The Conservative party be always true to its Conservative principles. It accepts the Reform Bill in England, and the July revolution in France, as *faits accomplis*, to use M. Guizot's own expression:—what is done—and the Conservatives in both countries have now other duty but to endeavour to *improve* the existing circumstances—*quicquid corrigere est nefas*—to the advancement of state happiness and public prosperity, to the progress of civilization and light, and particularly to the first indispensable condition of all civilisation and prosperity—universal peace.

1 England, the Conservatives will never attack their adversaries through the public interests, nor attempt to embarrass them on questions in which they have supported, however inconsistently, a national and rational policy. They will seek their increase of strength where they found its original elements—in honest men—in the patriotic industry of their representatives in the legislature—and in zeal and activity at the registry and in the corporations. They well know that *there* lie the legal and legitimate

ones have failed to answer their private purposes ; and the endeavour to consolidate and protect all existing institutions even the Reform and Municipal Bills—against the wickedness and folly of unscrupulous men, who will seek to destroy their work as soon as they find it insufficient to accomplish their ends—who *reformed* before, and will try to *reform* again—not for the sake of real *reform*, but for the miserable convenience of the party and a disreputable and powerless tenure of place.

The Conservatives may well congratulate themselves on the great, their growing, and speedily triumphant force, increasing honourably and rapidly, in despite of the influence of the corrupt old governments, and without the personal predilection of a misinformed and misguided court.

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NOTE.—In our last Number it was inadvertently stated that Mr. Christy was a Vinerian law professor at Oxford ; in truth he was Downing law professor at Cambridge.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq.  
Vol. VII. Edinburgh. 1840. pp. 471.

THE industry to trace and discover historical documents is seldom found united with the talent to condense and employ them. It is not always the same hand that can draw forth the metal from the mine and smelt away the dross. We have seen in France, during the last century, innumerable narratives, like Voltaire's, clear, lively, and ingenious, but constructed from the fancy rather than from facts. We have seen, in our own time and country, men who deem they have done good service in printing, without selection, barrowful after barrowful and cartload after cartload of unwieldy records. Yet it is only this rare combination in one mind of patient research, with perspicuous deduction, that can constitute the character or deserve the praise of an Historian.

In both these respects we think that high praise is due to Mr. Tytler. Not content with a careful study of the printed authorities, he has searched through many collections of manuscripts, and, above all, that great storehouse of our history, the State-Paper Office. His labours in this field have been rewarded with an ample harvest. But he has not employed these fruits of his labours merely as a dry antiquarian,—as a 'word-catcher that lives on syllables,'—but has applied them with singular sagacity and judgment to the facts already known or the doubts hitherto remaining. Nor has he fallen, unless in few cases, into the common error of ascribing undue importance and value to his own discoveries. From the whole he has derived a narrative, clear, vigorous, and graphic in its style, accurate and trustworthy in its statements. His candour and love of truth are conspicuous in every page; he has not been drawn aside by any favourite theory or preconceived opinion, and he has dealt out justice to all with a firm and unsparing hand.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of Mr. Tytler's seventh volume. One more will complete the work, which, we venture to predict, will then become, and long remain, the standard history of Scotland.

The seventh volume, now before us, comprises the most  
VOL. LXVII. NO. CXXXIV. x brilliant,

brilliant, but also by far the most difficult, portion of Mr. Tytler's undertaking,—the reign of the ill-fated Mary after her marriage with Darnley. No period of any history has been the scene of more fierce and stubborn controversies; over none have prejudice and passion cast a deeper veil. Considering the host of documents that have already appeared in print on this short but eventful period, and how eagerly most collections have been ransacked again and again by rival writers, we should scarcely have supposed that there remained any fresh materials to discover. Again, when we looked to the pertinacity with which almost every inch of the ground has been fought, it seemed probable that any new historian must be constantly arrested and turned aside from his path to engage in some thorny debate. Yet, to our surprise, Mr. Tytler's labours have succeeded in eliciting many new and important facts even from this exhausted field; and he has threaded his way amidst the surrounding controversies, never heedless of their arguments, never blind to their lights, yet always remembering that his own object is, and ought to be, a narrative, not a dissertation.

We must confess, however, that we are not quite pleased with the conclusion to which Mr. Tytler at length arrives: 'It is difficult,' says he, 'to draw any certain conclusion as to the probability of Mary's guilt or innocence in the murder of her husband. . . . Upon the whole, it appears to me that, in the present state of the controversy, we are really not in possession of sufficient evidence to enable any impartial inquirer to come to an absolute decision.' It appears to us, on the contrary, that Mr. Tytler's own labours have done much to resolve such doubts, and will appear far more conclusive to others than they have done to himself. We do not see any reason for leaving the mind under what Mr. Tytler proceeds to call 'this painful and unsatisfying impression.' The documents on this controversy are, perhaps, more ample than on any other disputed point in history; and the time has come when there is no longer any political object in perverting them. No longer is it attempted to serve an exiled family by proving that no Stuart could possibly do wrong. No longer is it deemed the best proof of loyalty to the reigning House of Hanover to heap insults and invectives on one of its own lineal ancestors. In short, if we forbear to judge, the fault, as we conceive, lies no longer in the deficiency of information, nor yet in the prevalence of party.

In this conviction we will endeavour, however imperfectly, yet as the result of a careful study of the question, to supply the gap left by Mr. Tytler, or rather, as jurors, to decide upon the evidence he has so ably laid before us. Our view of the subject will probably be

**be** alike displeasing to both of the extreme parties,—to the vehement accusers, and to the vehement admirers, of Queen Mary,—to those who would brand her as a murderess, and to those who would enshrine her as a martyr. We think, however, that an intermediate judgment will be found to combine, in a remarkable degree, nearly all the valid arguments that both parties have put forward. But, amidst this tangled web of controversies, and with Mr. Tytler's new lights to apply to them, our only clear course will be, in the first place, to recapitulate the leading events, as we believe them to have happened, even at the hazard of repeating many facts already known to the reader.

The misfortunes of Mary began even with her earliest days. The news of her birth, at Linlithgow, (December 8, 1542\*) found the King, her father, secluded in the lonely palace of Falkland, and dying of a broken heart. He was weighed down to the grave by the untimely loss of his two sons, and, more recently, the disgraceful rout of his army. For whole days he would sit in gloomy silence, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, sometimes dropping his arms listlessly by his side, and sometimes convulsively striking them upon his heart, as if he sought to tear from out his breast the load of grief which oppressed it. Thus sunk into despair, he received the messenger from his Queen without welcome, and the news of a daughter's birth without pleasure: but his thoughts wandered back to the times of old, when the daughter of the Bruce had brought his ancestor the kingdom for her dowry, and he exclaimed, with mournful forebodings, 'It came with a girl, and it will go with a girl!' A few of his more favoured counsellors and servants stood around his couch: after some space the dying monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss, and, casting upon them his last look of placid affection, turned round upon his pillow and expired. He was aged only thirty years, and his infant daughter and successor only six days.

Six years pass, and the infant Queen becomes transferred, for safe custody and for future marriage, to France. Twelve years more, and we find her again embarking for her native land, with all the hopes for which she had left it, already blighted,—her youthful husband, Francis the Second, having sunk under a languishing disease, during which she had watched over him with devoted care and affection,—and she now returning to encounter, at scarcely yet eighteen, the stormy factions of her own northern realm. Warm-hearted and confiding, her most eager

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\* We may observe that Mr. Tytler is not always sufficiently careful in giving the dates, except where he decides any controversy respecting them. Neither the dates of Queen Mary's birth, nor of King James's death, for instance, are to be found in his pages.

desire at this time was for the friendship and alliance of Elizabeth. In her own words to the ambassador of England,—‘There are more reasons to persuade to amity between Elizabeth, my good sister, and myself than between any two princes in Christendom. We are both in one isle, both of one language, both the nearest kinswoman that each other hath, and both Queens.’\* Far different were Elizabeth’s designs. Not merely did she refuse the passport which Mary sought, but sent some ships of war with secret instructions to intercept her on her voyage. Mary’s reply to Throckmorton, when she found the safe conduct withheld, was affecting, and, as Mr. Tytler observes, seemed almost to shadow forth her future fate :

‘If,’ said she, ‘my preparations were not so much advanced as they are, peradventure the Queen’s, your mistress’s, unkindness might stay my voyage, but now I am determined to adventure the matter, whatsoever come of it. I trust the wind will be so favourable as I shall not need to come on the coast of England : and if I do, then, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur, the Queen, your mistress, shall have me in her hands to do her will of me ; and if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my end, she may then do her pleasure, and make sacrifice of me : peradventure that casualty might be better for me than to live. In this matter God’s will be fulfilled.’†

Notwithstanding these—let us use a Scottish word in speaking of a Scottish Queen—‘ower true’ forebodings of evil, and lingering regrets, Mary, having taken leave of her uncles of Guise, embarked at Calais and proceeded on her voyage. It has often been related how, until the night, she never ceased to look upon the lessening shores of France—how she commanded a couch to be spread for her on deck—how at sunrise she eagerly sought another parting glance before the coast finally faded from her sight—how sadly she bade adieu to that cherished country where her early love lay buried, and where her remaining affections were enshrined. ‘Farewell, France,’ she said, ‘beloved France, I shall never see thee more!’ Soon after this sprung up a favourable breeze to waft her on her voyage : a still more auspicious fog screened her galley from the notice of the English ships, and enabled her to arrive in safety ; although Brantôme, who was one of the gentlemen attending her, most ungratefully denounces *le brouillard* as a fitting emblem—*de son royaume brouillé, brouillon et malplaisant!*‡

On the 19th of August, 1561, Mary landed at Leith, amidst the rude attempts at state, but sincere rejoicings of her people.

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\* Sir N. Throckmorton and the Earl of Bedford to the Council, Feb. 26, 1561.

† Keith, p. 176. Tytler, vol. vi., p. 273.

‡ Brantôme, Œuvres, vol. ii. p. 142. Ed. 1740.



May not then her thoughts have wandered back, as ours do now, to recall how, at the same port, five-and-twenty years before, another Queen of Scotland had landed—Madeline of France, the Bride of King James—how, on descending from the ship, Madeline had knelt down upon the shore, and taking up some of the sand kissed it with deep emotion, while she implored a blessing upon her new country and her beloved husband! \* Madeline was young and fair as herself—her steps as buoyant, and her hopes as bright. But Madeline was more happy than Mary. Only a few weeks from her landing she expired—with no doubtful fame—no blighted affections—no violent and ignominious death!

‘ Whom the gods love die young, was said of yore,  
And many deaths do they escape by this—  
The death of friends—and that which slays even more,  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is  
Besides mere breath.’

Never was young sovereign hailed in more beautiful verse than Buchanan prepared for Mary—never was poetical prophecy worse fulfilled than that of his

‘ *Nympha Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ  
Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos!*’

We shall not pause to examine in detail the four first years of her administration. It seems admitted that her general conduct in this period was distinguished both by sense and spirit. Amidst the fearful elements she was called to rule—cruelty and revenge, oppression and corruption, in every form—all the fierce and lawless passions of a dark age, which had been not softened or subdued, but only taught dissimulation and treachery by frequent intercourse with more polished nations—amidst these, how hard, how apparently hopeless, the task of a youthful Queen, already denounced as a papist and a stranger! Her beauty and accomplishments, indeed, made a favourable impression on her subjects. ‘ May God save that sweet face!’ was the cry as she rode in procession to the parliament; ‘ she speaks as properly as the best orator amongst them!’ But the more austere preachers of the ‘ Evangele’ frowned—and taught their flocks to frown—on the foreign ‘ idolatress.’ Although, on her landing, she had issued a proclamation promising to maintain the Protestant form of worship which she found established—although she had scrupulously fulfilled this promise—she could not easily obtain for herself the same freedom of conscience that she granted. ‘ I mean,’ she had said even while yet in France, ‘ to constrain none

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\* See Mr. Tytler’s History, vol. v. p. 257.

of my subjects, but would wish they were all as I am; and I ~~that~~ that they shall have no support to constrain me.\* Loud ~~and~~ fierce, however, were now the clamours against the celebration ~~of~~ mass in her own private chapel:—

‘It was even argued by Knox,’ observes Mr. Tytler, ‘that the ~~French~~ were more tolerable in their tenets than the Romish Church; he would rather see, he said, ten thousand French soldiers in Scotland than suffer a single mass. And when the Master of Lindsay, a furious zealot, heard that it was about to be celebrated, he buckled on his harness, assembled his followers, and rushing into the court of the palace, shouted aloud that the priests should die the death. The Lord James, however, opposed this violence, placed himself at the door of the chapel, overawed the multitude, and preserved the lives of the chaplains who officiated: for which he was bitterly and ironically attacked by Knox.’

Nearly four years from her landing (July 29, 1565) was solemnised the Queen's second marriage with Lord Darnley. At the altar Mary appeared in deep mourning; and it was remarked by the superstitious that it was the same dress which she had worn on the melancholy day of her late husband's obsequies. She was now in her twenty-third year, and it needed but little of courtly exaggeration to declare her the most lovely woman of Europe. Her matchless beauty of person and bewitching grace of manner are warmly extolled by her partisans, and reluctantly acknowledged by her enemies. Her taste for all the fine arts and accomplishments, and her skill in several, especially poetry and music, were never denied; though sometimes, by the Puritans, charged on her as crimes. On her character there is no such unanimity. So far as we may judge it from her proceedings up to this time, it appears warm, generous, and confiding; but with each of these qualities carried to a faulty extreme. Impatient of contradiction, as a sovereign from her cradle, her warmth often impelled her beyond all prudent bounds, and rendered her heedless of advice and incapable of judgment. Her generosity was seldom tempered by caution; and her confidence once granted was credulous and unguarded. ‘It was Mary's weakness,’ says Mr. Tytler, speaking of her in 1564, ‘to be hurried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling and object.’† And we find her on most occasions act or speak from the impulse of the moment, instead of firm resolve and unswerving principle. On the whole, we may pronounce her, according to the words of Robertson, ‘an agreeable woman rather than a great Queen:’ and, in both respects, we may add, the very opposite to her ‘good sister’ of England.

Lord Darnley, who henceforth took the title of King Henry,

\* Keith, p. 167.

† Vol. vi. p. 373.

was the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, and his mother, next to Mary herself, the nearest in succession to the throne of England. He was now scarcely nineteen years of age, of a tall and graceful stature, and of outward graces and accomplishments, but utterly wanting, as it proved, in good qualities, both of head and heart. Not many months elapsed ere he began to show ingratitude to the Queen; he became addicted to drunkenness and other low debauchery, in pursuit of which he forsook her company, and even in public treated her with harshness and disrespect.\* He openly aspired to the 'Crown matrimonial'—implying an equal share with the Queen in the government; and by a strange but not uncommon combination, the more incapable he showed himself of wielding power, the more eager he appeared to grasp it. But it is very remarkable that even before the marriage had been solemnised he had so far aggrieved many of the nobles by his insolence, that they already began to mutter amongst themselves vague threats of his assassination. This appears from a secret letter of the English ambassador, which we owe to Mr. Tytler's researches in the State-Paper Office:—

'His (Darnley's) pride is intolerable, his words not to be borne, but where no man dare speak again. He spareth not also, in token of his manhood, to let some blows fly where he knoweth that they will be taken. Such passions, such furies, as I hear say that sometimes he will be in, is hard to believe. When they have said all, and thought what they can, they find nothing but that God must send him a short end, or themselves a miserable life. To see so many in hazard as now stand in danger of life, land, and goods, it is great pity to think. Only to remedy this mischief, he must be taken away, or such as he hateth find good support.' †

Darnley, however unfit to lead any of the factions, was sometimes found by them an useful tool, and always an easy dupe. The Queen had at this time for her foreign secretary a Milanese, named David Riccio, who had lately risen from an humble station into high Court favour, and therefore, we need not add, made numerous enemies. The Protestant party, above all, were justly and reasonably alarmed at the rapid rise of this zealous adherent—and perhaps, as they said, secret pensioner—of Rome, at the very moment when a league was forming on the continent for the utter

\* Among other fragments of verse in Mary's handwriting on the leaves of her Missal now at St. Petersburg, there is this stanza, which a recent traveller, Mr. Venables, transcribes (p. 300):—

'Un coeur que l'outrage martire,  
Par un mepris ou d'un refus,  
A le pouvoir de faire dire  
Je ne suis pas ce que ie fus—*Marie*.'

† Letter of Randolph, dated June 3, 1565, and addressed, Mr. Tytler in one place says, to Cecil (vol. vi. p. 402), in another place, to Leicester (p. 403). But this is of little importance.

suppression of their faith,—a league which Mary, at this juncture, was most unwisely and most unwarrantably induced to sign. Moreover, Riccio's own head had been turned by his sudden elevation; and he began to assume, in his dress, equipage, and establishment, a lofty state wholly unsuited to his rank. His enemies now persuaded Darnley that Riccio was the only obstacle between himself and the 'Crown matrimonial:' but not satisfied with this motive, or not finding it sufficient to stir the King, they artfully instilled into his mind the absurd delusion that this Italian—*homme assez âgé, laid, morne et malplaisant*, as he is described by one of his acquaintance\*—had supplanted him in the affections of the Queen. It seems needless to vindicate Mary from a charge which is now, we believe, on all hands acknowledged as a calumny. But Darnley, blinded with ambition and anger, eagerly entered into a project for the assassination of the foreign favourite, and, according to the ferocious custom of the times, signed two 'Bands,' or covenants for mutual assistance in that object, with several of the opposite cabal,—with the Earl of Morton, then Chancellor of the kingdom,—with the Lord Ruthven,—with the Queen's own secretary, Maitland of Lethington,—nay, even with her illegitimate brother, the Lord James, lately created by her favour Earl of Murray. This last nobleman had a few months back been exiled for rebellion, and, while still in England, unscrupulously entered the conspiracy as an opening for his return. Even John Knox, the great founder of the Reformed Church in Scotland, was often suspected—and now, we fear, is proved by Mr. Tytler—to have previously known and approved this scheme of murder.† The foul deed was accordingly perpetrated

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\* Blackwood, p. 74; and William Tytler's Dissertation, vol. ii., p. 6. Ed. 1790.

† The main proof against Knox is a letter from the English agent Randolph, which Mr. Tytler has found in the State-Paper Office. Randolph, as Mr. Tytler has shown, was previously well acquainted with the conspiracy and trusted by the conspirators. On the 21st of March, writing from Berwick, he sent to Cecil a secret list of 'such as were consenting to the death of David;' and the two last names in this list are 'John Knox, John Craig, preachers.' It is true that these two names do not appear in a subsequent list sent on the 27th of March. But this subsequent list was addressed, not to Cecil, but to the whole Council: by the time it was sent Morton and Ruthven had already arrived at Berwick; and by that time also, as we learn from Morton and Ruthven's own letter to the English Court, 'Some Papists have bruited that these our proceedings have been at the instigation of the Ministers of Scotland;'—a rumour which it might have afforded their enemies a triumph to confirm. We must likewise bear in mind, that, according to Knox's avowed principles, the Roman Catholics were worse idolaters than the nations of Canaan, and that the texts in the Old Testament for putting these idolaters to death are still binding under the Christian dispensation. Nor did Knox confine this supposed duty to magistrates or men in power alone. He has himself recorded a conversation which he had with Queen Mary in 1563, when he urged the laws against idolatry: 'these,' he said, 'it was the duty of princes to execute; if they failed to do so others must do it for them. Elias did not spare Jezebel's prophets and Baal's priests, although King Achab stood by. Phinehas was no magis-

trate,

perpetrated on the 9th of March, 1566; and we will give it in Mr. Tytler's own words, as a sample of his clear and interesting narrative :

‘ On Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men, bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet which entered from her bed-chamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the commendator of Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Riccio. The bed-chamber communicated by a secret turnpike stair with the King's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and casting his arm fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armour, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick bed: his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but, ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators, rushed into the closet.

‘ Ruthven now drew his dagger, and, calling out that their business was with Riccio, made an effort to seize him, whilst this miserable victim, springing behind the Queen, clung by her gown, and, in his broken language, called out, “Giustizia, giustizia! sauve ma vie, Madame, sauve ma vie.” All was now uproar and confusion; and, though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties, the table and lights were thrown down, Riccio was stabbed by Douglas over the Queen's shoulder, Car of Faudonside, one of the most ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and while she shrieked with terror, their bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged, amidst shouts and execrations, through the Queen's bed-room to the entrance of the presence-chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that, in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled by fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the King's dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

‘ Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of the times

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trate,’ &c.—Knox, p. 353, and Tytler's History, vol. vi. p. 326. On such erroneous principles it is evident that the murder of Riccio would be perfectly justifiable; and Knox's own language, in afterwards referring to it, was that of triumph, rejoicing, and implied approval. This is admitted by his biographer, Dr. Macrie. (Life, edited by Dr. Crichton, p. 253.)

than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from blood and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy Queen, by declaring that her husband had advised the murder. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder; but as one of her ladies rushed into the room, and cried out that the king was slain. "And is it so?" said Mary; "then farewell to me, I must now think of revenge." . . . .

'Thus ended all hope of rescue: but although baffled in every attempt, secluded even from her women, trembling, and justly fearing for her life, the Queen's courage and presence of mind did not fail her. She remonstrated with her husband; she even condescended to reason with Ruthven, who replied in rude and upbraiding terms. At last, exhausted with this effort, she would have sunk down, but was not called for her ladies, and left her to repose. Next morning the horrors of her condition broke fully upon her; she was a prisoner in the hands of a band of assassins; they were led by her husband, who watched all her motions,—he had already assumed the Royal power, and she was virtually dethroned; who could tell what dark purposes were not being meditated against her person. These thoughts agitated her to excess, and threw her into a fever, in which she imagined that Ruthven was coming to murder her, and shrieking out that abandoned by all, she was threatened with miscarriage. This sight revived Darnley's affection; her gentlewomen were admitted, and the danger passed away. Yet so strong was the suspicion which she was guarded, that no lady was allowed to pass "muffled" to the Queen's chamber.'—vol. vii. p. 34-39.

It is well known how soon and how ably Mary availed herself of the rising pity or returning affection of Darnley. She represented to him that he was surrendering himself a tool in the hands of her enemies and his own. If they had been his friends, honour,—if they had periled her life, and that of her infant, would he believe that when he alone stood between her and their ambition they would hesitate to destroy him? Won over by her arguments, Darnley became alarmed at the consequences of the murder to himself: he sought shelter in the usual resource of a weak mind—a falsehood; he denied his previous connexion with the conspiracy; and consented to let his friends go as readily as he had before his consort. To prevent suspicion, the Queen retired to rest that night; and the conspirators, who guarded the palace, deeming all safe, betook themselves to the house of Morton, their accomplice. There they met the Earl of Murray, who, with the other banished lords, had fled into Edinburgh, according to their appointment, the even



The murder, and with him they agreed to imprison their sovereign in Stirling Castle, and compel her, by threats of death, to surrender the crown to Darnley, under whose name the sceptre would be wielded by themselves. But at midnight Mary rose, threw herself upon a fleet horse, and fled to Dunbar, accompanied only by the King and one attendant. The news of her escape flew through the land; on to her rescue thronged her nobles, headed by the Earl of Bothwell, whose domains lay in that corner of the kingdom, and by his brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntly; a multitude of their retainers gathered in arms, and in a few days she could advance against the capital, at the head of eight thousand men. As she approached, the conspirators scattered hither and thither in the utmost alarm. Morton and Ruthven, and others, sought refuge in England, and Lethington hastened towards the mountain recesses of Athol. The more artful Murray had the skill to conceal his participation, and to profess his abhorrence of the crime. So little did Mary suspect his share in the transaction, that even at the first, when she heard of his arrival, she had instantly sent for him, and thrown herself into his arms, in an agony of tears, exclaiming, 'If my brother had been here, he never would have suffered me to have been thus cruelly handled!' Even now she appears not to have been undeceived. She extended to him her forgiveness of his former rebellion, and even exerted herself to compose an old feud between him and the heads of the opposite party, Bothwell and Huntly.

For Darnley, he not only disclosed the names and denounced the deed of his former friends, but busied himself in bringing them to justice. Such conduct incensed them to the utmost; and they retaliated by laying before the Queen the 'Bands,' or covenants, proving that the King had been one main instrument of the conspiracy against her. 'Can we wonder,' says Mr. Tytler, 'that her heart was almost broken by the discovery; that—to use the words of Melvil—she should have loudly lamented the King's folly and unthankfulness; that she was compelled to withdraw from him all confidence; and in solitary bitterness to act entirely for herself?'

Such violent shocks and sorrows could not fail to impair the Queen's health; and there seemed great reason to fear that she might not survive her approaching child-birth. Her mind had become haunted with a feverish dread that Morton and his savage associates—their hands yet reeking with the blood of Riccio—had resolved to break in upon her during the pangs of her labour.\* Uncertain of the result, she withdrew into Edinburgh

\* Randolph to Cecil, June 13, 1566. MS. State-Paper Office.



Castle, called for her nobility, took measures with them for the future government of her kingdom, made her will, became reconciled with the King, and personally arranged every thing, either for life or death. Her evil forebodings were not yet to be fulfilled. On the 19th of June she gave birth in safety to a prince—James the Sixth of Scotland; James the First of England. In a letter from Mary, during her captivity, to her mother-in-law, the Countess of Lennox, after sadly alluding to ‘your little son as my only child,’ she adds, ‘I have borne him, and God knows with what danger to him and me both.’\* A mother’s heart can find full reward for such pains and perils in the very infant that caused them: but, within a few short months, the hard fate or the ill-conduct of Mary tore from her—and for ever—from her only child.

On her recovery, the Queen showed considerable confidence in Murray, on whom indeed she had mainly relied when first she landed in Scotland. At his intercession she consented to pardon Lethington, a most versatile and unscrupulous man, even according to the low standard of that age; but so sagacious, subtle, and insinuating as to be always welcome to any party that he joined. She was also induced to recall the Lairds of Calder, Ormiston, and the other leaders of the church party (excepting Knox) who had been concerned in Riccio’s murder, and were now lurking in different concealments. But for the arch conspirators, Morton, Ruthven and their associates in England, Murray as yet pleaded in vain though aided by all the influence of Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll and Lethington. It was evident, however, at the time to an acute observer that even as to Morton and to Ruthven the Queen was beginning to relent, and to think of permitting their return.† To the King, though with no absolute breach between them, Mary showed much coldness and reserve; and during an excursion which she made on her recovery to Alloa, Stirling, Meggethan and back again to Edinburgh, she was apparently desirous to avoid his company. For a few days (August, 1566), the exertions of the French ambassador succeeded in producing a temporary reconciliation between them.‡ But affection, when once given and once forfeited, can never be restored; and an increased alienation followed close upon this shortlived agreement. No had failure as yet borne to Darnley its usual bitter but salutary fruits; it had not corrected his judgment, it had only goaded his pride. He bitterly complained of the neglect into which he had

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\* Letter, dated Chatsworth, July 10, 1570, and printed as a note (B.) to Dr. Robertson’s *Dissertation on the Murder of Darnley*.

† Forster to Cecil, Sept. 19, 1566. MS. State Paper Office.

‡ Keith, Appendix, p. 169.

nting the conduct of the Queen for not having as yet restored  
Mass in her dominions. His intrigues being traced, and his  
s intercepted, he, instead of contrition for the fault, only ex-  
ed anew his complaint at being excluded from the govern-  
, and sullenly withdrew to fix his residence at Stirling.  
e he pined awhile in unpitied solitude, attended only by his  
servants or dependants, and forsaken by all the suitors for  
t favour. 'Among the nobles,' says Robertson, 'some dreaded  
rious temper, others complained of his perfidiousness, and all  
em despised the weakness of his understanding and the in-  
ancy of his heart.' \* Finding himself utterly unable to form  
party at home, he embraced the desperate resolution of  
ng the kingdom, repairing to some foreign Court, and re-  
strating against the cruelty with which he thought himself  
ed. He communicated this wild design to his father, the  
of Lennox; and Lennox, for the purpose of preventing it,  
ned to impart it by a letter to the Queen. Mary was much  
ned at the tidings. She perceived the disgrace, that her  
astic troubles should be thus heralded abroad, and the danger  
Darnley might become a pretext or an instrument in the  
ls of any power that might, either on political or religious  
nds, interfere in her dominions. There followed imme-  
ly an interview between her and Darnley, with most earnest  
onstrances against his intended flight both from herself and  
all the Lords of the Council. Her affectionate and endearing  
essions, as reported in a letter from the Lords to the Queen  
her of France, are much dwelt on in her favour by several  
ers, especially by William Tytler, our author's grandfather,  
more recently, by the acute and learned Lingard.† There  
is however great reason to suspect that these expressions

Mary and her counsellors remonstrated to the utmost against her husband's project—that his replies were short and sullen—but that, before he returned to Stirling, she had prevailed in making him, at least for the time, relinquish it.

In proportion as her husband sunk, the Earl of Bothwell appeared to rise in Mary's favour. This nobleman was the head of the ancient family of Hepburn, and the lord of extensive estates in the south-east of Scotland. Though himself a Protestant, he had in early life warmly defended Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, when assailed by the Reformers, and was forced to retire into France from his attachment to her cause. He came back to Scotland some months before Mary herself, but in the ensuing year he was accused of a plot against the Earl of Murray's life, and driven into banishment, nor was he permitted to return until Murray, in his turn, became an exile. He then strengthened his interest by a marriage with Lady Jean Gordon, sister of another powerful noble, the Earl of Huntly, and appeared on all occasions zealously devoted to the support of the Royal cause. We have seen how faithful and important were his services to the Queen in the trying crisis of her flight to Dunbar. From her gratitude or from her partiality he received a succession of favours, especially the wardenship of three marches, till then conferred upon separate persons; and already held the office of High Admiral by hereditary right. This time he was less than thirty years of age; and his character from his repeated exiles, almost unknown in his native country. Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, thus describes him in a despatch of November 28, 1560:—'The Earl of Bothwell is departed to return into Scotland, and hath made be well is departed to return into Scotland, and hath made be he will do great things, and live in Scotland in despite of his glorious (boastful), rash, and hazardous young career it may be. From a contemplation of his whole career it may be undaunted courage appears his only virtue. In him a profusion of pleasure was joined and made subservient to a restless ambition. Bold, active, and, above all, utterly unscrupulous of frank, soldier-like address and insinuating manner, well skilled in every wile that can ensnare the female find that during his exile he had succeeded in debauching two daughters of a lord at Lubeck.\* Man's life little as woman's honour, whenever it stood between objects; and he drew from his border estates a Warden a band of broken and desperate retainers.

\* See Laing's Appendix, No. xxxi.

murderous ruffians, whose swords or whose daggers were ready at every bidding of their master.

It has been argued by Mary's advocates in this controversy, above all by Goodall and Whitaker, that the Queen felt no unworthy fondness for Bothwell; that her confidence was due to his fidelity; that her bounty had been earned by his services; that she never forgot her duty to the King her husband, and that her final union with Bothwell in the ensuing year sprung not from her attachment but from his compulsion. We must confess that, as it seems to us, this theory, already shaken to its foundations by Robertson and Hume, has been utterly and entirely demolished by Mr. Laing in his able Dissertation. We think it incontrovertible that, after the birth of the prince, Bothwell gradually acquired over the heart of Mary a guilty and absolute ascendant. By what insensible steps her gratitude and confidence may have ripened into tenderness, or how soon he might obtain his triumph, is not so easy to determine. Perhaps even the perfidy of her own attendants may have conspired to her ruin. According to her enemies, she afterwards confessed to Murray, at Lochleven, that she was first betrayed to Bothwell on her return to Alloa (in September, 1566), the Lady Reres having, without her sanction, introduced him one night into her chamber.\* This alleged fact appears the more entitled to some weight, since we observe that it was brought forward by her worst accusers, not at all as a palliation, but only for a proof of her guilt. It is also much confirmed by the ninth of the love-sonnets ascribed to her, which distinctly alludes to the same transaction; and adds, that it cost her many tears.† If this theory be well founded, it must, however, be acknowledged that the tears which Mary mentions did not long continue to flow. But we lay no stress on these conjectures. God forbid that we should argue that any degree of misconduct in her husband, of skill in her lover, or of treachery in her attendants, can justify a woman for dishonour! Nay, if even it could be proved or presumed that Mary had not absolutely yielded until after her husband's death, we should still arraign her of having relinquished to Bothwell the entire mastery of her affections, and direction of her conduct, and of having thus enabled him and other worthless men to perceive that Darnley was the only obstacle between him and her hand.

It chanced that about this time disturbances broke out upon

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\* Buchanan's Detection, 6, compared with Keith, p. 445. See a note to Laing's Dissertation, vol. ii. p. 6.

† 'Pour lui aussi je jette mainte larme,  
Premier, quand il se fit de ce corps possesseur  
Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur.'—Sonnet ix.

the borders. The presence of the Queen was needed in those districts, and accordingly Mary, attended by her principal ministers, repaired to Jedburgh, where she determined to hold her courts of justice. She was preceded by a considerable force, and by the Earl of Bothwell, as lord warden, who applied himself with his usual daring energy to the restoration of order. On the 7th of October, attempting to seize, and struggling with one of the ruffians, Elliot of Park, he received a sudden thrust from his sword, and was carried off, dangerously wounded, to his castle of the Hermitage. Next day the Queen opened her courts at Jedburgh; and on the 15th she rode forth to the Hermitage to visit Bothwell, a distance of twenty Scotch miles, remaining with him only two hours, in the presence of other statesmen, and returning the same night. The difficulties and haste of her journey are still recorded in the tradition of the country,—how her white palfrey sunk into a morass, which retains the name of the Queen's Moss; and how she was accompanied by only ten attendants.\* It is possible to explain her visit as only 'a mark of regard to a subject of high rank, and in high office, who had nearly lost his life in the execution of his duty;' but a more tender motive may be not less probably surmised.

Immediately afterwards the Queen was seized with a burning fever, which has been variously ascribed to fatigue of body, or to anguish of mind.† For several days her life was despaired of. During the height of her illness, the King never came to see her; and a visit which he paid some time after the peril was over was short and cold. 'C'est une faute que je ne puis excuser,' writes the French ambassador, De Croc.‡ On her recovery, Mary, still weak from sickness, proceeded by slow journeys to the castle of Craigmillar, very near Edinburgh, where she remained, still attended by her principal ministers, and by Bothwell, who had now recovered of his wound. Her situation at this time is described by an eye-witness, the French ambassador:—

'The Queen is in the hands of the physicians, and I do assure you is not at all well; and I do believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow. Nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same. Still she repeats these words: "I could wish to be dead." You know very well that the injury she has received is exceeding great, and her Majesty will never forget it. The King, her hus-

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\* Laing's Dissertation, vol. i. p. 17. But he has altogether confounded the dates, from relying on Buchanan, and mistaking the ambiguous terms of the Diary called Murray's or Cecil's (vol. ii. p. 85).

† 'By what I could wring further of her own declaration to me, the root of it is the King.'—Lethington to Archbishop Beatoun, October 24, 1566.

‡ Keith, Appendix, p. 133.

band, came to visit her at Jedburgh the very day after Captain Hay came away. He remained there but one single night, and yet in that short time I had a great deal of conversation with him. He returned to see the Queen about five or six days ago; and the day before yesterday he sent word to desire me to speak with him half a league from this, which I complied with, and found that things go still worse and worse. I think he intends to go away to-morrow; but in any event I am much assured that he will not be present at the (prince's) baptism. To speak my mind freely to you, I do not expect, upon several accounts, any good understanding between them, unless God effectually put to his hand. I shall only name two. The first reason is, the King will never humble himself as he ought; the other is, the Queen cannot perceive any one nobleman speaking with the King, but presently she suspects some contrivance among them.\*

At this very time the busy brain and black heart of Lethington were teeming with projects to sever this ill-starred alliance. In conjunction with Bothwell and Murray, he held a conference at Craigmillar with Huntly and Athol, and afterwards laid before the Queen their joint design. This was, to unite their efforts to procure a divorce between her and her husband. Pretexts were not wanting. Darnley's infidelity might be alleged; or his relation within the forbidden degrees of kindred might, notwithstanding the dispensation for it, afford a plausible, or at least in that age no unusual ground. Lethington also stipulated as a preliminary for the pardon of the Earl of Morton and his confederates in England. To these proposals, when laid before her, Mary declared that she was willing to agree, under the conditions that the process of divorce should be legal, and its effect not prejudicial to the rights of her son. It was then remarked, that after the divorce it would be better that Darnley should live in a remote part of the country, at a distance from the Queen, or retire to France. Upon this Mary, relenting, drew back from the proposal, expressed a hope that he might return to a better mind, and declared her own willingness rather to pass into France herself, and remain there, till he acknowledged his faults. Hereupon Lethington made this remarkable reply:—

'Madam, *soucy* † ye not we are here of the principal of your Grace's nobility and council, that shall not find the mean well to make your Majesty quit of him without prejudice of your son, and albeit that my Lord of Murray, here present, be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your Grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers, and will behold our doings, and say nothing thereto.'

To these words Mary immediately answered the following:—

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\* Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beaton, December 2, 1566.

† A French word—*se soucier*—the meaning here is, 'mind ye not,' 'do you not consider.'

‘I will that ye do nothing whereby any spot may be laid to my honour or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state it is, abiding that God of his goodness put remedy thereto, than that ye, believing to do me service, may possibly turn to my hurt or displeasure.’

‘Madam,’ said Lethington, ‘let us guide the matter among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by parliament.’\*

Of this extraordinary conversation, which we have laid fully before the reader, it is certainly difficult, as Mr. Tytler observes, to determine the precise import. It appears to us that Lethington, in his second proposal, intended to hint at a murder, but in terms so dark and ambiguous that he might be able, if he found it disliked, to shelter himself within the terms of his first design. In either case Mary’s answer is clear and peremptory: an express command to do nothing that might affect her honour or conscience, and a threat of her displeasure. Upon this Lethington appears to avail himself of the subterfuge he had provided, and reverts to his first project of divorce, promising the Queen that she shall ‘see nothing but good, and approved by parliament,’ which an assassination could never be. So far therefore as this conversation goes, it must at its close have left Mary under the impression that her advisers would endeavour to frame a scheme of divorce, without injury to her son, and with the approbation of her parliament.

Lethington, however, had private motives of his own for preferring a scheme of murder to a scheme of divorce. The latter, with approbation of parliament, and with a public recognition of the young prince’s rights, could only be obtained by uniting his efforts with a majority of other nobles and statesmen, and thus giving them an equal or superior claim to the favour of the Queen. Nor would they certainly have approved a divorce without some pledge or intimation as to the Queen’s re-marriage, and the choice of her future husband; and it appears probable that the larger number—at all events the great party of the Hamiltons—would have insisted, as afterwards at Lochleven, on a son of the Duke of Chastelherault. If, on the other hand, Darnley were removed by murder, especially in such a manner as to implicate the fair fame of the Queen, it would bind her indissolubly in interest to the statesmen who planned, or the suitor who perpetrated it, and enable them ever afterwards to maintain the leading part in her councils. But besides and above these motives of crooked policy, there was also, it would seem, an impulse of savage vengeance. Darnley’s conduct after the death of Riccio had touched to the quick his betrayed confederates: ‘the consequence,’ says

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\* See Anderson’s Collections, vol. iv., part ii., p. 189.



honourably, shall we say, or only cautiously—appears to have been aloof from the rest; content that his schemes of vengeance should be wrought out by other hands. The Queen's rising opinion for Bothwell, which could be no secret to any of the gentlemen at Craigmillar, might embolden them to act not only without her previous knowledge, but against her express command. They might suppose that, when once the deed was done, they should easily succeed, either in disarming her resentment, or diverting her suspicions from themselves.

According to the ferocious custom of those times, a 'band' or covenant for the murder of Darnley was prepared: it is said to have been written by Sir James Balfour, then a follower of Bothwell, and signed by Lethington, Huntly, Argyle, and Balfour himself. The instrument being then deposited in Bothwell's hands. It secured their determination that the King, as 'a young fool, and a tyrant, should not reign nor bear rule' over them; that before he must be cut off, and that they should all stand by each other and defend the deed.\*

From Craigmillar, the Queen, utterly unconscious of these treasonous designs that were soon so deeply to affect her own peace of mind, proceeded to Stirling for the baptism of her infant son. She had requested her 'good sister' of England to be the godmother. Elizabeth despatched the Earl of Bedford as her ambassador, and appointed the Countess of Argyle (Mary's natural mother) as her representative. The ceremony took place on the 17th of December, with much magnificence. It was performed by the bishop of St. Andrew's, according to the Roman Catholic ritual, and the Royal infant received the names of Charles James. The King, although he was then living in the palace, was

there be any good expected from him. . . . The Queen behaved here admirably well all the time of the baptism, and showed so much earnestness to entertain all the goodly company in the best manner, that this made her forget, in a good measure, her former ailments. But I am of the mind that she will give us some trouble as yet; nor can I be brought to think otherwise, so long as she continues so pensive and melancholy. She sent for me yesterday, and I found her laid on a bed weeping sore, and she complained of a grievous pain in her side."

On the 24th of December the Queen set out to pass the Christmas festivities at Drummond Castle. She had signed on the day before an Act confirming or enlarging the consistorial jurisdiction of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, probably with a view to her own desired divorce.† Another Act, which about the same time the Queen granted to the renewed entreaties of Bothwell and his confederates, including, on this occasion, Murray, seconded by Bedford the English ambassador, was a pardon to the Earl of Morton and the other exiles in England, for the murder of Riccio, to the number of seventy-six persons. Besides their bitter hatred of Darnley, Bothwell trusted to find the grateful friends to himself for his intercession, and ready auxiliaries in his flagitious schemes. Accordingly when in January, 1567, Morton was on his road to Edinburgh, and had taken up his residence at Whittingham, the seat of his kinsman Archbishop Douglas, he was joined there by Lethington and Bothwell. The object of their visit was immediately explained in the presence of Douglas, Bothwell declaring their determination to murder the King, and adding, as an inducement to Morton to join the plot, that it had the Queen's consent. This proposal was however declined by Morton, not so much from any feelings of horror—which indeed would scarcely have beseeemed the planner of Riccio's death—but because, he said, he was unwilling to meddle with new trouble when he had scarcely got rid of the old. Again in a second interview, Bothwell and Lethington renewed their importunities, and again they urged that all was done at the Queen's desire. 'Bring me then,' said Morton, 'the Queen's hand-writ of this matter for a warrant, and then I shall give you an answer.' This hand-writing Bothwell and Lethington were never able to produce.‡

\* Monsieur de Croc to Archbishop Beatoun, December 23, 1566. Sir John Foster writes to Cecil, December 11th; 'The Earl of Bothwell is appointed to receive the ambassadors; and all things for the christening are at his Lordship's appointment.'

† Compare Whitaker (vol. iii. p. 370, &c.) and William Tytler (vol. ii. p. 401) with a note in Laing's Appendix, No. 2. It is a branch of this controversy more perplexing than important, how far the Archbishop's consistorial jurisdiction had or had not been curtailed by the Reformation.

‡ The authority for these interviews is the confession of the Earl of Morton, June 2, 1581, the day before his execution. It is observed by Robertson as a proof of the ferocity of these times, that Morton, in this his dying confession, speaks of 'David's slaughter' as coolly as if it had been an innocent or praiseworthy deed.

Soon afterwards they sent back Archibald Douglas with this message :—‘ Show the Earl Morton that the Queen will hear no speech of that matter appointed unto him.’\* This seems to indicate that, so far from their former fictions of the Queen’s consent, they durst not even name the project in her presence ; nor can we concur with Mr. Laing in thinking that what Morton demanded was a formal warrant under the Queen’s hand, commanding the murder, which even a guilty party to the crime would be restrained in prudence from granting.† The words of Morton to Lethington and Bothwell seem rather to import, that if he should see the Queen’s approbation of which they spoke, confirmed in her own hand-writing, he should consider that a proof of their word and an authority for his conduct. And if, as is affirmed by Mary’s accusers, there had been expressions in her letters to Bothwell previous to the murder, clearly proving her participation, Bothwell would no doubt have shown them to Morton in the hopes of obtaining a co-operation of which he was evidently most desirous.

The pardon granted by the Queen to Morton and his brother exiles was most unwelcome to the King, who regarded these his old confederates as now his mortal enemies. In token of his displeasure he abruptly left the Court at Stirling, and took up his residence with his father Lennox at Glasgow. Soon afterwards he was seized with an illness so sudden and so violent, that it gave rise to rumours of poison, but unjustly, for ere long the symptoms of the small-pox became clear and manifest. The Queen immediately despatched her own physician to attend him,‡ but in other respects showed as little concern for his danger as he had for hers at Jedburgh : nor indeed, considering his conduct since his marriage and her own growing passion for Bothwell, can it be supposed that she offered up any very ardent vows for his recovery. From Drummond Castle she removed to Tullibardine, and from Tullibardine to Stirling, where she remained a fortnight, and where Lethington was married to one of her Marys.§ Meanwhile, the King, after several days of imminent danger, was gradually recovering, but still remained in a feeble and languishing condition. During his convalescence he appears to have reverted to his foolish schemes ; or at least his former conduct exposed him to the imputation of them. It was reported, though

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\* Letter of Archibald Douglas to Queen Mary, April, 1586.

† Laing’s Dissertation, vol. i., p. 28.

‡ Earl of Bedford to Cecil, January 9, 1567.

§ When in 1548 Mary, then ‘ a beautiful infant in her ninth year,’ was sent to France, ‘ there embarked with her four Marys, children of a like age and name with herself, selected as her playmates from the families of Fleming, Beatoun, Seyton, and Livingston.’ (Tytler’s History, vol. vi., p. 53.) See also the fine old ballad of ‘ The Queen’s Marie,’ in the Border Minstrelsy, with Sir Walter Scott’s illustrations. (Vol. iii. p. 294. Edition, 1833.)



hereafter ; but added that, in the first place, he must be  
thoroughly cleansed of his sickness, which she hoped he soon  
would be, as he must use the bath and a course of medicine at  
Craigmillar. We are persuaded, however, that the Queen never  
truly intended the complete reconciliation which she pro-  
posed, but used this artifice to gain time and to prevent the  
separation.

In pursuance of this conversation the Queen carried her hus-  
band by slow journeys from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where they  
arrived on the last day of January. As we have seen, she had  
chosen Craigmillar for their residence ; but this purpose was  
frustrated, and she conducted the King to a suburb called the  
Kirk of Field, occupied by the town residence of the Duke de  
Noailles and other houses and gardens. The house to  
which Mary and Darnley repaired had formerly belonged to  
prebendaries ; who were expelled at the Reformation, and  
the house was forfeited to the Crown ; but the Queen had  
granted it as a gift to Robert Balfour, a brother of Sir  
James Balfour, and one of Bothwell's creatures. In this house the  
King slept in a lower chamber, and the Queen in one imme-  
diately above it, with a bath, or rather a vat for bathing, ad-

Their apartments were small and scarcely suited to the  
royal dignity, yet the reasons assigned by Mary for not bringing  
her husband at once to Holyrood seem clear and sufficient ; for, be-  
cause the palace was judged, from its low site, to be unhealthy  
and ill fitted for a man recovering from sickness, the young  
King resided there, and should not be exposed to the danger of  
death from small-pox. At Craigmillar or at Kirk of Field,  
his physician and her physician might attend Darnley and yet not  
be far from her son. In like manner Mary's father, the late  
King, had once in his infancy been removed from Holyrood to  
Craigmillar for better air.\*

We must now advert to another train of events in the same  
history which seems to connect itself with the conspiracy against  
Mary, and which has been for the first time brought to light by  
Mr. Tytler's labours at the State-Paper Office. It is still

reached Berwick when, on the 17th of January, she wrote to desire that he should be apprehended, as he was a thief and had absconded with money. Sir William Drury, who commanded at Berwick for Queen Elizabeth, appears to have found upon Lutyni's person, or by some other means obtained, a secret letter, which Lutyni had just received from his friend Joseph Riccio; and this letter Drury immediately forwarded to Cecil. It convinced himself that there was in agitation some great and important secret, known both to Lutyni and to Riccio: and, with reference to Mary's own anxiety for the seizing of Lutyni, he observes:—

‘I think, by what I can gather, that it is not the money the Queen seeketh so much, as to recover his person, for I have learned the man had credit there, and now the Queen mistrusteth lest he should offer his service here in England, and thereby might, with better occasion, utter something either prejudicial to her, or that she would be loth should be disclosed but to those she pleaseth.’ \*

Drury also found that Lutyni was accused of having pryed into the Queen's private papers,† and the man himself appeared in the greatest alarm, affirming that, if he were sent back to Scotland, it would be to ‘a prepared death.’ ‡ In the result, Drury received orders from Cecil not to deliver up Lutyni at this time. Thus far then it may be supposed that the Queen suspected Lutyni of having seen among her private papers some letters from Bothwell to her, or from herself to Bothwell, and of having thus become privy to her guilty passion. But the confidential letter from Joseph Riccio to Lutyni seems to prove that there was a dark and portentous secret yet behind, known to themselves, but unknown to the Queen. Riccio informs Lutyni that the Queen had determined to examine him herself on his return; that the matter was of life and death to themselves; and that everything depended on his continuing to deceive the Queen, and adhering to the tale already told her. Here are Riccio's own expressions:—

‘La Regina m'ha detto che vuol parlare a voi in segreto, e pigliate guardia delli dire come vi ho scritto e non altramente, a fin che nostra parola si confronti l'una à l'altra, e ne voi ne io non sareno in pena nessuna....e vi prego di aver pieta di mi, e non voler esser causa de mia morte.’

Now, then, what could be this portentous secret—this secret to Mary herself—unless the impending conspiracy for Darnley's murder? On the theory of those who accuse her of participation

\* Drury to Cecil, Jan. 23, 1567.

† The words in Riccio's letter are, ‘Che voi havevi buttato le mani nelle pappieri della Regina.’

‡ Drury to Cecil, Feb. 7, 1567.

in that crime, she was cognisant not only of the general design, but of each scheme and step as it proceeded : this indeed is the very basis of their argument. What further mystery could then remain, which, if even she suspected, she was not to be allowed to discover? It is certainly possible, as Mr. Tytler suggests, that the letter may refer to some other state secret, unconnected with Bothwell or with Darnley : but, considering the dates, this is highly improbable ; and, on the whole, though admitting the circumstances to be obscure, we think them not easily to be reconciled, either with the Queen's innocence as regarding the adultery, or with her guilt as regarding the murder.\*

The conspiracy meanwhile was rapidly ripening. On the very day before the fatal event, the Earl of Murray left Edinburgh for St. Andrew's, on the pretence of visiting his wife, fully aware, in all probability, of the impending crime, but too cautious either to assist or to prevent it. The state of the plot just before its execution will best appear from a conversation between Bothwell and a foreign servant of the name of Nicholas Hubert, but more commonly known by the nickname of *French Paris*. This servant, formerly his own, Bothwell had, some months before, prevailed upon the Queen to take into her household ; and now, requiring his assistance, revealed to him the whole design. Paris remonstrated with him on the danger :—' Car chacun criera ha haro ! sur vous et vous le verrez.' But here is Bothwell's reply : ' Eh, bête que tu es (dit il), penses tu que je fais ceci tout seul de moi-même? . . . . J'ai déjà Ledington, qui est estimé l'un des meilleurs esprits de ce pays-ci, et qui est l'entrepreneur de tout ceci ; et après j'ai Monsieur d'Argyle, mon frere Monsieur de Hontlye, Monsieur de Morton, Ruthen, et Lindsay. Ces trois là une fois ne me fauldront jamais, car j'ai parlé pour leur grace, et j'ai tous les signes de ceux-ci que je t'ai nommés, mais tu es un bête et pauvre d'esprit qui ne merite d'entendre chose de consequence. . . . Mais Monsieur, ce dis je, Monsieur le Comte de Morra (Murray), je vous prie de me dire quelle part celui là prend?—Ce dit il : Il ne se veut point meler.—Monsieur (ce dis-je) il est sage.—Adonc Monsieur de Boduel (Bothwell) retourne la tête vers moi, et me dit : Monsieur de Morra ! Monsieur de Morra ! il ne veut n'aider ni nuire, mais c'est tout un !' †

This conversation is derived from the first confession of Paris before his execution as an accessory to the murder. We shall

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\* The entire letter of Joseph Riccio is printed in Mr. Tytler's Appendix, p. 444. The subsequent steps of this transaction appear to strengthen our view of it. Joseph Riccio was publicly accused by Lennox as one of the murderers of his son—a presumption to what his previous secret referred. Lutyni was sent back to Scotland under a safe-conduct, soon after Darnley's death ; Mary did not see him, but he was examined by Bothwell, by whom he was courteously dismissed, and the Queen sent him a small present (thirty crowns).—Drury to Cecil, Feb. 19th and 28th, 1567.

† First Confession of Paris, August 9, 1569.



presently explain the different degrees of credit which appear due to his two confessions; meanwhile we may observe that, according to this, Bothwell, though sufficiently unreserved in his confidence, drops no hint of participation or privity on the part of the Queen.

We are now come to the last scene of this dark and appalling tragedy, and we will give it in the very words of Mr. Tytler:—

‘ On Sunday, the 9th of February, Bastian, a foreigner, belonging to the household of the Queen, was to be married at Holyrood. The bride was one of her favourite women, and Mary, to honour their union, had promised them a masque. The greatest part of that day she passed with the King. They appeared to be on the most affectionate terms; and she declared her intention of remaining all night at the Kirk of Field. It was at this moment, when Darnley and the Queen were engaged in conversation, that Hay of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and other ruffians, whom Bothwell had hired for the purpose, secretly entered the chamber which was under the King’s, and deposited on the floor a large quantity of gunpowder in bags. They then laid a train, which was connected with a “lunt,” or slow match, and placed everything in readiness for its being lighted. Some of them now hurried away, but two of the conspirators remained on the watch: and, in the mean time, Mary, who still sat with her husband in the upper chamber, recollected her promise of giving the masque at Bastian’s wedding, and taking farewell of Darnley, embraced him, and left the house with her suite.

‘ Soon after the King retired to his bed-chamber. Since his illness there appeared to have been a great change in him; he had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented that there were few men whom he could trust; and at times he would say that he knew he should be slain; complaining that he was hardly dealt with. But from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion; and it was remarked that, on this very night, his last in this world, he had repeated the 55th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotions he went to bed, and fell asleep; Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment; and, rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted and strangled, after a desperate resistance; his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house. The page was also strangled, and their bodies carried into a small orchard without the garden-wall, where they were found; the King in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side.

‘ Amid the conflicting stories of the ruffians, who were executed, it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth. But no doubt rests on the part acted by Bothwell, the arch-conspirator. He had quitted the King’s apartments with the Queen, and joined the festivities in the palace, from  
which

which about midnight he stole away, changed his dress, and rejoined the murderers, who waited for him at the Kirk of Field. His arrival was the signal to complete their purpose; the match was lighted, but burnt too slow for their breathless impatience, and they were stealing forward to examine it when it took effect. A loud noise, like the bursting of a thunder-cloud, awoke the sleeping city: the King's house was torn in pieces and cast into the air; and the assassins, hurrying from the spot under cover of the darkness, regained the palace. Here Bothwell had scarcely undressed and gone to bed when the cry arose in the city that the Kirk of Field had been blown up, and the King murdered. The news flew quickly to Holyrood; and a servant, rushing into his chamber, imparted the dreadful tidings. He started up in well-feigned astonishment, and shouted "Treason!" He was joined next moment by Huntly, a brother conspirator, and immediately these two noblemen, with others belonging to the Court, entered the Queen's apartments, when Mary was made acquainted with the dreadful fate of her husband. She was horror-struck, shut herself up in her bed-chamber, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow.'—vol. vii. pp. 81-84.

After remaining for some days secluded in her chamber (from which the light of day was shut out), the Queen removed to the house of Lord Seyton, at no great distance from Edinburgh, accompanied by the same ministers as before—Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Secretary Lethington. 'It is acknowledged by all,' says Dr. Lingard, 'that the Queen acted at first as an innocent woman would have acted.'\* This view of the case is controverted by Mr. Tytler, who imputes 'gay amusements' to the Court at Seyton. 'Mary and Bothwell,' says he, 'would shoot at the butts against Huntly and Seyton, and on one occasion, after winning the match, they forced these Lords to pay the forfeit in the shape of a dinner at Tranent.' For this, Mr. Tytler appeals to the authority of a letter from Drury to Cecil, of February 28, 1567, which he has published, from the State-Paper Office. But we do not find that it bears out his statement. The letter relates, amongst other gossip of the day, that the Queen, having to make a journey to Lord Whawton's house, stopped on the way to dine at Tranent, 'where the Lord Seyton and the Earl of Huntly paid for the dinner, the Queen and the Earl of Bothwell having at a match of shooting won the same of them.' But it is not stated whether this match had been recently played. And a previous passage of the same letter (written before the news of the Queen's journey in the latter part) proves that it was not; for that Lord Seyton had not remained at his own house, and only joined the Queen upon the way: 'The Lord Seyton is gone to Newbattle, having left the whole house to the Queen, so that she

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\* History of England, vol. v. p. 245, 4to. edit.

is there of her own provision.' Unless, therefore, we suppose the Queen to have stopped short upon the journey, to play a match with Lord Seyton as soon as she met him on the road, it is plain that the debt referred to must have been an old reckoning from some former game. These are trifles—but even in trifles we have been accustomed to find Mr. Tytler scrupulously accurate.

On the Tuesday after the murder, the Queen had written to Paris an account of it, announcing the diligence which the Privy Council had already exerted to discover the murderers, and her resolution to exact a vigorous and exemplary vengeance, and alluding in terms of pious thankfulness to her own escape from the explosion. 'Of very chance we tarried not all night by reason of a mask at the abbey, but we believe it was not chance, but God that put it in our head.' Next day, a proclamation offered 2000*l.* reward to any that would come forward with information. On the 15th, the body of Darnley was interred in Holyrood Chapel, but with great privacy, none of the nobility attending the ceremony, and only one officer of state. From that time forward there appeared a complete remissness and apathy in seeking out the criminals and avenging the crime, although the Royal justice might have been quickened by several 'bills' or placards affixed at Edinburgh, which openly accused Bothwell, Balfour, and others, and even glanced at the Queen herself. Her own vindication would, therefore, become another motive for activity. It seems impossible to explain such remissness in Mary by any want of sense or spirit—she had given, and was soon to give again, abundant proof of both. If innocent, as we believe, of any foreknowledge or participation in the crime, she must surely at least have felt some curiosity, and formed some conjecture. We can explain her conduct only on one of two suppositions. Some may think that, although shocked and surprised at the first tidings, she was speedily reconciled to a crime that freed her from a hateful bondage, and basely consented to screen the criminals, and, above all, the object of her guilty love. Others, again, inclined to a more favourable view of Mary's character, may believe that Bothwell exerted the ascendancy which he already possessed over her heart and understanding to turn her suspicions into an erroneous channel, and divert it from the real criminals. On this theory they will perhaps conclude that Bothwell might be prone to direct her belief against Murray, his old enemy, who had lately refused to make common cause with him, and who, as we find, was afterwards accused by Mary as the murderer when put on her defence in England, although at the time we might conceive her reluctance to bring a brother to the scaffold. On any theory as to Mary's real feelings at that time we have not, and cannot

cannot expect, any positive proof; we can only attempt to determine them on conjecture and on probability.

The Queen's further conduct from this time we need but briefly glance over, as we find no difference of opinion upon it between her worst accusers and ourselves. They allege, and we admit, that it proves the most unbounded passion for her paramour, but nothing further can be deduced from it, with regard to the murder of her husband:—In spite of the daily increasing rumours of Bothwell's guilt, he continued to enjoy an all-powerful influence, and the most familiar intercourse with Mary. He received from her bounty the castle and lordship of Dunbar, the castle of Blackness, the superiority of Leith, and an enlargement of his office of High Admiral, while the government of Edinburgh Castle was granted by his intercession to Sir James Balfour, his confederate. The principal nobles kept aloof from the Court in disgust, and Murray, sagaciously watching the signs of the times and prescient of the storm, obtained leave to quit the kingdom. When, at length, the complaints of Lennox and the clamours of the people rendered Bothwell's public trial for the murder unavoidable, that trial was hurried on with unseemly haste, and closed by a collusive acquittal. At the meeting of parliament immediately afterwards, Bothwell was selected by the Queen to bear the crown and sceptre before her, and the three estates were induced by her influence to confirm his acquittal and approve the conduct of the jury. On the very day when parliament rose, the profligate favourite, having invited the chief nobility, both Protestant and Romanist, to supper, persuaded or overawed them into signing a bond, which earnestly recommended 'this high and mighty Lord' as a suitable husband for the Queen. 'Whatever is dishonest reigns presently in our Court,' writes Kirkaldy of Grange; 'God deliver them from their evil!'

Wholly resigning herself to her strong and shameful passion for a most unworthy object—'mon cœur, mon sang, mon ame, et mon souci,' as one of her alleged sonnets calls him—Mary readily admitted, perhaps even actively pressed, all the remaining steps to attain a speedy marriage. A divorce between Bothwell and his Countess, Lady Jean Gordon, was hurried through in headlong haste, with her own consent and her brother's, on the ground of consanguinity within the forbidden degrees †—the same pretext probably which the Queen had designed to take with respect to

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\* To the Earl of Bedford, April 20, 1567.

† We may observe, in passing, that Lady Jean Gordon seems to have been a lady of much prudence; she was remarried to the Earl of Sutherland, and after his death to a third husband, and survived till 1629, but retained till her death her jointure out of Bothwell's estate. See a note to Laing's 'Dissertation,' vol. i. p. 346. Mary's alleged 'Sonnets' show extreme jealousy of her.

**Darnley.** A pretext seemed also wanting to palliate her own immediate marriage with the man so lately arraigned as her husband's murderer. To afford this, as, on the 24th of April, the Queen was returning from a visit to the prince her son at Stirling, she was seized at Almond Bridge, near Edinburgh, by Bothwell, with a party of his friends, and carried with a show of violence to his castle of Dunbar. When one of her attendants on this occasion, Sir James Melvil, remonstrated against such usage, he was secretly informed by one of Bothwell's servants that all had been done with the Queen's own consent.\* But it has since been vehemently urged in her vindication—how truly let the reader judge—that her approaching marriage was owing solely to the force which was used against her at this time. A few days afterwards she returned with Bothwell to the capital, and appeared restored to liberty. She summoned the Chancellor, judges, and nobility to the High Court of Edinburgh, and declared before them that, though at first incensed at the Earl's presumption in the seizure of her person, she had forgiven him his offence in consequence of his subsequent good conduct, and that she intended to promote him to still higher honours. Accordingly, on the same day she created him Duke of Orkney, placing with her own hands the coronet upon his head, and on the 15th of May she was married to him at Holyrood House. The spectators observed that Mary was again attired in her mourning weeds.

It is remarkable how very far from joyful to the unfortunate Mary were even the first moments when even her own earnest wishes were fulfilled; how truly she was 'cursed with every granted prayer;' how little the pageants or the tournaments of the day could soothe her wounded spirit; how soon Bothwell's passionate and brutal temper recoiled upon herself. 'To those old friends,' says Mr. Tytler, 'who were still at Court, and who saw her in private, it was evident that, though she still seemed to love him, she was a changed and miserable woman.' A letter, derived by Mr. Tytler's industry from the secret archives of the House of Medici, at Florence, sets this fact beyond a doubt. M. de Croc, the French ambassador, writes as follows on the 18th of May to the Queen Dowager, Catherine de Medici: 'Jeudi' (this was the 15th, the very day of the marriage)—

'Jeudi sa Majesté m'envoya querir, où je m'aperçus d'une étrange façon entre elle et son mari, ce qu'elle me voulut excuser disant que si je la voyais triste c'était pour ce qu'elle ne voulait se réjouir, comme elle dit ne le faire jamais, ne désirant que la mort. Hier étant renfermés tous deux dedans un cabinet avec le Comte de Bothwell, elle cria tout haut, qu'on lui baillât un couteau pour se tuer! Ceux qui étaient dedans la

\* Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 80.

chambre dans la pièce qui précède le cabinet l'entendirent. Ils pensent si Dieu ne lui aide, qu'elle se désespérera. Je l'ai conseillée et confortée le mieux que j'ai pu ces trois fois que je l'ai vue. Son mari ne la fera pas longue, car il est trop haï en ce royaume, et puis l'on ne cessera jamais que la mort du Roi ne soit sue. Il n'y a pas ici un seul Seigneur de nom, que le dit Comte de Bothwell et le Comte de Craufurd ; les autres sont mandés et ne veulent point venir.'

A formidable confederacy was, indeed, already formed against her, on the ground of avenging the murdered King, and protecting the young prince, whom, it was alleged, Bothwell intended to seize and put to death. Morton, Mar, Lindsay, Grange, and many more, with their retainers, appeared in arms ; several of Bothwell's accomplices in the crime, such as Huntly and Argyle, forsook him for their own security ; and even the secretary, Lethington, the contriver of the whole, fled from Court, and joined the ranks of the confederates. Mary and Bothwell, however, having mustered an army, advanced from Dunbar, and encamped on Carberry Hill. But her own troops began to waver when in sight of the confederates (June 15, 1567) ; and Mary was induced to trust their solemn promise, conveyed through Grange, that if she would leave the Earl of Bothwell (whose retreat to Dunbar they had already intercepted) they would receive and obey her as their sovereign. Mary, ever prone to act on the impulse of the moment, agreed to these terms, and came forward to the ranks of the confederates, while Bothwell was allowed to ride off the field by the very men who had declared his punishment to be the main object of this rising. Their promises to Mary were broken even before the sun of that day had set : far from being obeyed as a sovereign, she was denounced as a murderess, and treated as a captive.

' Her spirit, however,' observes Mr. Tytler, ' instead of being subdued, was rather roused by their baseness. She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. " By the hand," said she, " which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this." Unfortunate princess ! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Riccio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself ! . . . . .

' Next day a hurried consultation was held ; and in the evening she was sent a prisoner to Lochleven, a castle situated in the midst of a lake belonging to Douglas, one of the confederates, and from which escape was deemed impossible. In her journey thither she was treated with studied indignity, exposed to the gaze of the mob, miserably clad, mounted on a sorry hackney, and placed under the charge of Lindsay and Ruthven, men of savage manners even in this age.'

We may add, that, amidst danger and disgrace, her passion for Bothwell



Bothwell continued unabated. 'She saith'—here we quote a letter of Throckmorton, the English ambassador,—'that if it were put to her choice to relinquish her crown and kingdom or the Lord Bothwell, she would leave her kingdom and dignity to go as a simple damsel with him.'\*

A few days afterwards, the confederates, having intercepted one of Bothwell's servants, named Dalgleish, on his way from Edinburgh Castle, became possessed of a silver casket, which Bothwell had deposited in the fortress for security, and which contained as is alleged, some secret letters and sonnets which Mary had addressed to her paramour. At a later period, Sir James Balfour having surrendered the castle to the confederates, they also obtained the original Band, signed by Lethington and others, for the murder of the King: but Lethington, who was now high in power, and anxious to conceal his own and his friends' participation in the crime, hastened to commit the tell-tale document to the flames. This important fact, which is new to the controversy, has been elicited by Mr. Tytler from a private despatch which Drury addressed to Cecil on the 28th of November, 1567. With regard to the letters and sonnets, their authenticity has been loudly and longly denied, and as loudly and longly asserted. Every sentence, every word they contain has become a topic either for cavil or for confirmation. On this often debated and re-debated question we are happy to find the opinion which we had formed entirely concur with that which Mr. Tytler has expressed. Like him, we have little doubt that some letters from Mary to Bothwell did really fall into the hands of her enemies; nay, we will go farther, and say we have little doubt that far the greater part of the letters and sonnets now produced were really hers. But the originals have long since disappeared under suspicious circumstances; and 'the state,' says Mr. Tytler, 'in which the copies (or rather the translations) have descended to our times is evidently garbled, altered, and interpolated, and renders it impossible for any sincere inquirer after the truth to receive such evidence.' Let it only be considered for a moment how strong was the temptation, how great the facility, for interpolation, and how little scrupulous were the men who may be suspected of that baseness. According to our previous narrative it is plain that the Queen's secret letters to Bothwell must have contained abundant proof of her blind infatuation for him, but none of any foreknowledge or participation in Darnley's death. Now the former proofs would not have sufficed for the object of her enemies, not affording an adequate legal ground for her deposition. How

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\* Sir N. Throckmorton to Queen Elizabeth, July 14, 1567.



important, then, for the new Regent and his partisans to forge what they could not find! Nay, we even think we can discern the precise place where the principal interpolation was effected,—in the second half of the first letter. This letter, being, as is alleged, written in great haste, and late at night, seems to have degenerated, at its close, to a scrawl unlike the Queen's usual hand. It contains these phrases: 'Excuse me if I write ill; you must guess one-half.' And again, 'Excuse my evil writing.' We find, also, that this letter, which is of great length, extended over several detached pages or loose pieces of paper, on which some memoranda of the Queen had been already noted. Was it not easy, then, even for the least skilful forger, while preserving the earlier pages of the letter, to subtract the last, and substitute others, presenting nearly the same hasty and half illegible characters, but containing, besides, some distinct allusions to the murder? Such allusions we accordingly find, heaped together in this part of the first letter, full, frequent, and repeated—palpable interpolations, as we think them—while scarce any such appear elsewhere, either in the sonnets or in the remaining correspondence.

But further still, it is only this explanation that can, as we conceive, render clear the subsequent conferences at York and Westminster. In these it will strike any impartial inquirer that there appeared a strange reluctance and hesitation on both sides—both apparently labouring under some uneasy consciousness. There was neither on the one side a free and ready production of the documents, nor yet on the other a constant and clear denial of them. From hence, as Mr. Tytler remarks, some points in these conferences may be justly urged against Mary's character, and others as justly in its favour. Now if the letters were either wholly authentic or wholly fabricated, we surely should not find the same timidity in both the contending parties. We can only explain it by the general authenticity but partial interpolation of these papers—Mary, unwilling to acknowledge the expressions of her guilty passion—and Murray unable to establish the expressions of her murderous connivance.

It might not be difficult, we fear, to give other instances of such interpolations and suppressions in that age, even on much less temptation, and from statesmen of far higher honour than was ever ascribed to Morton or to Murray.—In 1586 the Earl of Leicester wrote a despatch from the Netherlands to Queen Elizabeth, so imprudently expressed for his own interest, that the Lords of the Council, on receiving it, resolved to keep it back from her Majesty: but in a few days, 'finding her Majesty in such hard terms for your Lordship not writing to herself . . . they conferred of the letter again, and blotting out some things

which they thought would be offensive, and mending some other parts as they thought best,'—laid it before their Royal Mistress.\*—Nay more, we can bring a similar case home to Morton himself—the very man accused of tampering with Mary's letters—and this case shall rest upon his own avowal. In 1571 a letter from the King of Denmark, relating to Bothwell and addressed to the Regent Lennox, fell into the hands of Morton. Queen Elizabeth requested to see it, but the Scottish Earl, finding in it some things more likely 'to injure than further' the cause, withheld the original, and gave a copy in which he omitted what he thought 'not meet to be shown!'+

There are two other documents which Mary's advocates no less loudly denounce as fabrications—the two dying confessions of the Frenchman, Paris, when executed as an accessory to the murder. Mr. Tytler's grandfather, in his Dissertation, has devoted a chapter to prove that these confessions were forged by Mary's enemies. We must own that we have not been convinced by his arguments. On the contrary, we hold with Robertson that these confessions 'are remarkable for a simplicity and *naïveté* which it is almost impossible to imitate; and that they abound with a number of minute facts and particulars which the most dexterous forger could not have easily assembled and connected together with any appearance of probability.' But though we do not doubt that these confessions were really spoken by the man whose name they bear, we are far from believing that this man always spoke the truth. His first confession was made on the 9th of August, 1569—'sans être interrogé, et de son propre mouvement,' as we find in the preamble,—and it appears an honest narrative of all he knew respecting the murder, dashed only with frequent flatteries and compliments to Murray, then Lord-Regent, which denote his hopes of pardon.‡ At the conclusion he states, 'voilà tout ce que je sais touchant ce fait.' In this confession there is abundant evidence against Bothwell as the author of the crime, but none against the Queen. It was, however, not against Bothwell, but against his mistress, that proofs were sought for by the party then in power. After this confession, therefore, they seem to have tampered with the prisoner's hopes of mercy, provided he should give evidence suited to their ends—perhaps even they may, as Robertson hints, have used or threatened 'the vio-

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\* Thomas Duddeley to the Earl of Leicester, February 11, 1586, printed in the Hardwicke State Papers, vol. i. p. 298-301.

† See the letter in Goodall, vol. ii. p. 382; dated March 24, 1571.

‡ Thus, for instance, he puts into his own mouth as a soliloquy at the time of Darnley's murder; 'Oh, Monsieur de Morra, tu es homme de bien, plut à Dieu que tu scus mon cœur, &c.' Mr. Laing justly observes, 'Such an artful intermixture of truth and flattery was extremely natural to one in Paris's situation.'—vol. ii. p. 35.

lence of torture'—and thus on the next day Paris made a second confession, not freely and spontaneously, like the first, but when pressed and urged with inquiries. This second confession is filled with criminations of the Queen as a party to the murder, but with some particulars most improbable, and others clearly false, as has been not only shown by Whitaker and William Tytler, but admitted by Robertson himself. In consequence, probably, of these criminations, the execution of Paris was deferred for some days further, while the pleasure of the Lord-Regent and council was taken; but the decision was unfavourable, and the miserable man 'sufferit death by order of law' on the 16th of the same month. Surely under such circumstances there appears the strongest reason for assigning a very different degree of weight and authority to the two confessions.

We pass over the subsequent events in Mary's life—the crowning of the baby prince as King—and the proclamation of Murray as Regent—nay, we even resist the temptation of inserting Mr. Tytler's narrative of Mary's romantic escape from the island fortress of Lochleven, to which the private archives of the House of Medici have supplied some new and interesting facts. In like manner we forbear to tell how, on her escape, the nobles gathered round her banner—how that banner fell for ever on the field of Langside—how Mary fled into England from reliance on Elizabeth's friendship—and how, in after years, that reliance was requited. But we must again advert to our controversy on Darnley's murder.

In corroboration, or at least in countenance, of the views we have taken of that question, we may appeal in some degree even to adverse authority. Dr. Robertson, though preferring and adopting the theory of Mary's guilt, distinctly admits, at the end of his Dissertation, that the theory of her innocence as regarding the murder would also be compatible with the proofs he has produced:—'In my opinion,' says he, 'there are only two conclusions which can be drawn from these facts; one, that Bothwell, prompted by his ambition or love, encouraged by the Queen's known aversion to her husband, and presuming on her attachment to himself, struck the blow without having concerted it with her.' The other conclusion is, that which Murray and his adherents laboured to establish, that 'she was of the foreknowledge, council, and devise of the said murder.' The same alternative is also laid down by a most discerning and impartial historian of our own time—Mr. Hallam.\* We will venture, however, to mention a few additional reasons, why of these two conclusions we adopt the former.

1. The previous high character of Mary in France, during her

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\* Constitutional History, vol. iii. p. 415.

early years. There every testimony seems to concur in her praise. Throckmorton, an eye-witness, and no partial one, writes as follows to the council of England :—

‘ During her husband’s life there was no great account made of her, for that being under band of marriage and subjection of her husband, who carried the burden and care of all her matters, there was offered no great occasion to know what was in her. But since her husband’s death she hath showed, and so continueth, that she is both of great wisdom for her years, modesty, and also of great judgment in the wise handling herself and her matters. And already it appeareth that some such as made no great account of her, do now, seeing her wisdom, both honour and pity her.’ \*

Without a long and needless array of testimonies we may mention that the shrewd and sarcastic Brantome, who had many opportunities of observing Mary, both in France and on her passage to Scotland, extols her for those very qualities most essential to the present controversy—a kindness, and gentleness of heart—an unwillingness of inflicting pain, and a horror of seeing it inflicted :—

‘ Cette Reine etait du tout bonne et douce... Alors qu’elle etait dans sa galere elle ne voulut jamais permettre que l’on battit le moins du monde un seul forçat; et le commanda tres expressement au comité, ayant une compassion extreme de leur misere, et le cœur lui en faisait mal.’ †

2. The subsequent conduct of Mary during her captivity in England. Here again we forbear from any length of details or accumulation of testimonies—we will give only one—very different, certainly, from Brantome, but perhaps not less in point. Here is the opinion upon Queen Mary of the great founder and high-priest of the Methodists :—‘ The circumstances of her death are equal to those of an ancient martyr.’ ‡ Shall we say, then, that her repeated and solemn declarations of innocence of any share in her husband’s death are deserving of no weight? Shall we hastily affix upon a woman, obtaining such high praise both before and since, the brand of an atrocious murder—a murder heightened by every circumstance of domestic treachery and false blandishments intended to betray—a murder not in haste

\* Throckmorton’s despatch, Dec. 31, 1560: first printed from the State-Paper Office by Mr. Tytler. The device assumed by Mary on her first husband’s death is curious, as a specimen of the quaint conceits of that time. It was a stalk of liquorice—‘ duquel la racine est douce et tout le reste hors de terre, amer, avec ces mots *Dulce meum terra tegit*, la terre cache ma douceur! (De Coste, *Eloges et Vies des Reines*, vol. ii. p. 257.) Catherine de Medici, on her widowhood, selected as her device a mountain of quick-lime, with rain-drops falling on it (in allusion to her tears); and the motto, *Ardorem extinctū testantur vivere flammæ!*—Brantome, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 58. Ed. 1740.

† Brantome, *Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 146. Ed. 1740.

‡ Wesley’s Journal, May 11, 1761.

and sudden anger, but calmly planned and plotted—the murder not merely of a hateful husband, but of his innocent page, who slept in the same apartment, and must have perished by the same explosion? Shall we believe that a woman, who through life held fast the belief—however erroneously, yet still sincerely and devoutly—of one form of Christian faith, would add to such a crime as murder the horrible blasphemy of declaring that ‘it was not chance but God’ that had led her that night to Edinburgh, and saved her from the same death? A guilty passion might, though not justify, yet explain her conjugal infidelity; but can it also render probable all these added atrocities?

3. Darnley’s own mother, the Countess of Lennox, was at first vehemently prepossessed against Mary as one of the authors of his murder; but became convinced of her innocence, and entered into friendly correspondence with her during several years before she died.\*

4. The bitter complaints against Darnley which Mary made to Archbishop Beaton at Paris, in her letter of the 20th January, 1566, seem scarcely compatible with any sinister design on her part to be executed a few days afterwards, since she must have felt the utter inutility of such reproaches against one who was so soon to be removed; and have feared that they might afterwards afford a ground for suspicions against her.

5. It seems to us that in this controversy several of the arguments employed by Mary’s adversaries recoil upon themselves. Thus it is alleged against her as a strong ground of suspicion, that on arriving with the King at Kirk of Field, she directed a new bed of black-figured velvet to be removed from his apartment lest it should be soiled by the bath, and an old purple travelling bed to be placed in its stead.† By her order, also, on the Saturday before the murder, a coverlet,—‘which was probably valuable,’ says Mr. Laing—was removed from her own bed; and, Mr. Laing is pleased to add, ‘this single circumstance is decisive of her guilt.’‡ Now we would really put it to the common sense of any reader whether such facts as these do not rather tend to her innocence? Can we conceive any woman—much less a sovereign—pausing on the verge of an atrocious murder to secure some household furniture from damage, and incurring the risk of suspicion on that account? There is a precedent of King Frederick the Second—Thiebault, we think, tells the story—who, seeing his nephew and presumptive heir fall from his horse in battle, cried out, ‘There is the Prince of Prussia killed! Let

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\* See a letter in the Appendix to Mr. William Tytler’s *Dissertation*, vol. ii. p. 404, ed. 1790.

† Laing’s *Dissertation*, vol. i. p. 32.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 36.

his saddle and bridle be cared for!' But where shall we find another case of a Queen exclaiming, 'Strangle my husband in his bed, but spare, oh spare the curtains and the coverlet!'

6. No good answer has ever been returned to the following argument of our author's grandfather:—

'It is obvious, that whoever were the perpetrators of this horrid affair (the murder of Darnley), one part of their plan, and a striking one, was to leave no room to doubt but that Lord Darnley must have died a violent death, and to proclaim to the whole world that he was murdered, and the murder conducted by persons in power. . . . Mary's supposed wishes might easily have been accomplished by Darnley's death without suspicion of violence. Darnley was at all times in her power; he had long been in a languishing state of health after a dangerous malady. This was most favourable for her purpose. His sudden death, under these circumstances, would have been nowise surprising. . . . As it is agreed by all the historians that he was suffocated, why not rest upon that? When Darnley's breath was stopped, her purpose was effected. Why, contrary to every consideration which common sense could dictate, should the Queen think of proclaiming this murder in the face of day to all the world, attended with every circumstance of horror, and such as to fix suspicion on herself?'

We may add, that no persons could have derived any possible advantage from such publicity and such suspicions, unless Lethington and his confederates of the 'band,'—and we learn, accordingly, from other quarters, that Lethington had been the first deviser of the whole design.

7. The dying confession of Bothwell. On parting from the Queen at Carberry Hill, that daring ruffian had returned to Dunbar, from whence he sailed with several ships of war, and failing to make head in the north of Scotland, proceeded to the Orkneys, and was reduced to become a pirate for subsistence. A richly-laden vessel being attacked by him off the coast of Norway, the Norwegians came with armed boats to its defence, and after a desperate struggle Bothwell and his crew were taken prisoners. He was removed to a castle in Denmark, where he languished several years in close captivity; and where, it is alleged, though the fact be controverted, that he lost his senses from despair.† His body became greatly swollen in the summer of 1575, and he died early in the ensuing year. If, however, his reason had wandered, it appears in his last days to have returned—a common

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\* Dissertation by William Tytler, Esq., vol. ii. p. 82—85, ed. 1790. The fact elicited since this author wrote, that the Queen's private 'medecinar' had been sent to attend Darnley soon after his illness seized him, is important, as proving the opportunities of poison.

† That Bothwell became insane is asserted by De Thou, and the 'Summarium de Morte Mariæ,' published 1587, but denied by Blackwood and Turner in 1588. (Mr. Laing's Appendix, No. xxxi.)



case in the annals of insanity—and his remorse, we are assured, impelled him to a confession of his crimes, in which he acknowledged the murder of Darnley, but declared that the Queen had no participation in it. Some men might be suspected, while revealing their own guilt, of seeking to shelter the guilt of their accomplices; but no such chivalrous motive can be believed of the selfish and reckless Bothwell, and we can only ascribe to him that penitence which in the hour of death can pierce even the most hardened hearts. The value of such a testimony to Mary's innocence was immediately discerned both by herself and by her enemies. On the 1st June, 1576, she writes as follows to Archbishop Beatoun, still her ambassador in France:—

‘ On m’a donné avis de la mort du Comte de Bothwell, et qu’avant son décès il fit une ample confession de ses fautes, et se déclara auteur et coupable de l’assassinat du feu Roi mon mari, dont il me décharge bien expressément, jurant sur la damnation de son âme pour mon innocence. Et d’autant s’il était ainsi ce témoignage m’importerait beaucoup contre les fausses calomnies de mes ennemis, je vous prie d’en rechercher la vérité par quelque moyen que ce soit. Ceux qui assistèrent à ladite déclaration, depuis par eux signée et scellée en forme de testament, sont Otto Braw du Château d’Elcambre, Paris Braw du Château de Vascut, M. Gullunstane du Château de Fulcenstere, l’Evêque de Skon, et quatre Baillis de la ville.’

On the 30th July Beatoun replies from Paris, that the intelligence of Bothwell's dying declaration has reached him also; that the Queen-Mother has written to the French ambassador in Denmark to obtain a formal copy, and that he would wish to send an agent of his own, named Monceaux, but is prevented by want of money. And he adds, in another letter of January 4, 1577:—  
‘ Monceaux n’a voulu entreprendre le voyage sans avoir argent comptant.’ On the 6th of the same January, Mary writes again:—

‘ J’ai eu avis que le Roi de Dannemarc a envoyée à cette Reine (Elizabeth) la testament du feu Comte de Bothwell, et qu’elle l’a supprimé secrètement le plus qu’il lui a été possible. Il me semble que le voyage de Monceaux n’est nécessaire pour ce regard, puisque la Reine-Mère a envoyé, comme vous dites.’

We hear no further of Bothwell's confession since it was suppressed by Elizabeth; but on Mary's execution it was confidently appealed to as one proof of her innocence, by Blackwood and Turner, and was allowed as an undoubted fact by Camden in his ‘Annals.’ Mr. Laing, however, has denied the reality of any such confession, on the ground that a pretended copy which was afterwards circulated is a palpable forgery, alluding, as it does, to Lord Robert Stuart, ‘maintenant Comte des Isles Orchades,’  
which



which he was not created until August, 1581; so that Bothwell could never have called him so in 1576. But the appearance of a fabrication, where the original has been withheld, is no proof against the authority of that original. When Mary's partisans found the influence of Elizabeth exerted with the King of Denmark to prevent the appearance of this unwelcome document, what could be more natural than an attempt at counterfeiting it, adding also the names of those whom Bothwell accused as his accomplices, but adding them not according to the truth, or to his statement, but according to their own interests or partialities when they devised the forgery? To this we must add what Mr. Laing has entirely overlooked, that the forged document does not purport to be a copy or transcript of the original confession, but only a vague abridgment of it; for the forged document concludes in these words:—'*Tout ceci plus à plein a été écrit en Latin et Danois . . . et viendra quelque jour en lumière pour averer l'innocence de la Reine d'Ecosse.*' We thought it possible that the original, or an authentic copy, might still be found among the Danish archives, and might become a valuable addition to our own. With this view one of the commissioners of the State-Paper Office took an opportunity three years ago of calling the attention of Lord Palmerston to this subject, and suggesting that our minister at the court of Denmark might be instructed to inquire as to the preservation of this document. Although this suggestion came from a quarter opposed to Lord Palmerston in politics, it was received by his Lordship with the utmost courtesy and readiness: and he wrote accordingly to Copenhagen; but the answer of Sir Henry Wynn gave little hope that a paper of that remote period could be now recovered. Perhaps, however, the document sent to Queen Elizabeth—whether original or copy—may yet lurk in some of the recesses of our own State-Paper Office.

Mr. Laing has said that 'the suffering innocence of Mary is a theme appropriated to tragedy and romance,'\* a remark not strictly accurate, since the great dramatic poem founded on her fortunes proceeds upon the theory not of her innocence but of her guilt.† But undoubtedly he is right in thinking that the influence of poetry, or of feelings akin to poetry, has been favourable to this unfortunate princess. Even the most thorough conviction of her guilt could scarcely steel the breast against some compassion for her fate. Who might not sigh as such a tale is

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\* Dissertation, vol. ii. p. 66.

† 'Ach eine frühe Blutschuld längst gebeichtet  
Sie kehrt zurück mit neuer schreckenskraft;  
Den König, meinen Gatten, liess ich morden,  
Und dem Verführer schenkt ich herz und hand!'

*Schiller's Maria Stuart*, act v. scene 7.

told—

are on the grass ; who that sees the quiet flock now reed on the spot once all astir with the din of preparation, the mock-trial, the bloody death, could forget that fatal 8th of February, when, last wailing attendants, and relenting foes, the victim alone stood steadfast and serene, and meekly knelt down to pray for evenness 'on all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood,' and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth! The feelings of compassion at such an ending are not, we trust to believe, incompatible with zeal for historic truth. But if we are warned against poetry and pity on one side, shall nothing be allowed of prejudice upon the other? Have we not in the case of Mary reversed, as it were, the Divine decree, and visited the sins, not of the fathers upon the children, but of the children upon the fathers? Have we not, because defending our liberties against Charles the First, and our faith against James the Second, often considered the whole line from which they sprung as partakers in their fault or of our animosity? Yet surely even the old, and, you will, bigoted principle of Mary's partisans—the 'UNG ROY, UNFOY, UNG LOY,' which was both the motto and maxim of them—might shame some men who took perhaps a better part from less good motives—who held forth Liberty as a cloak for their own licence, and the Reformation as a pretext for church plunder. Between these opposite extremes we would choose a more excellent way ; and if we might presume, in the name of many abler men, to pass sentence on Queen Mary, we should, even in the 'poetry' with which every attempt at her defence is taunted, assume the images called forth by the mighty pen of Dante, and compare the different degrees in his terrible punishments. Let not Mary, then, be hurled with Eccelin or Bothwell into the crimson Bulicame—the seething River of Blood ; nor like King Richard be rooted in the thorny forest, and torn by the Harpies' claws : nor yet like Morton be weighed down by the deceiver's

‘ Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s’ apprende,  
Prese costui della bella persona  
Che mi fu tolta.’

In conclusion, we must again thank the author before us for the pleasure and instruction we have derived from his pages. The son of Lord Woodhouselee, and the grandson of William Tytler, had an hereditary claim to the public favour; but this claim he has now established and augmented by merits of his own.

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ART. II.—1. *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe.*

By the Marquis of Londonderry. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838.

2. *Miscellaneous Observations in Russia.* By the Rev. R. Pinkerton, D.D. 8vo. 1833.

3. *Domestic Scenes in Russia.* By the Rev. R. Lister Venables. London. 12mo. 1839.

4. *Excursions in the Interior of Russia.* By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1839.

GIBBON says loftily that the name of Russia was first ‘divulged’ to the western world in the ninth century, when an embassy from Constantinople to Lewis, the son of Charlemagne, was accompanied by certain envoys of the Czar; but seven hundred years more elapsed before the intercourse was practically established. We are pleased to reflect that the merit belongs to countrymen of our own, who made the discovery of a maritime passage to the mouths of their northern rivers. In the year 1553 sundry ‘grave citizens of London and men of great wisdom, perceiving the wares and commodities of England to be in small request with the countries and people about us, began to think with themselves how this mischief was to be avoided.’ Instigated by Sebastian Cabot, who, continueth Richard Eden in his *Decades*, ‘had long had this secret in his mind,’ these associates fitted out three ships and a pinnace for no less an object than the discovery of ‘*the mighty empire of Cathay and various other regions.*’ Letters missive from ‘the right noble Prince Edward VI.’ (then dying) were prepared for ‘all the kings and other potentates inhabiting the north-eastern part of the world;’ and Sir Hugh Willoughby, knight, and Richard Chancellor, were named the commanders. The little fleet sailed on the ‘tenth day of May from Ratcliffe, upon the ebbe,’ and as it passed by Greenwich, where the ‘court then lay,’ so great was the excitement, that ‘the courtiers came running

running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore:—the privy council they looked out of the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers.' Thus honoured, and amid salutes and cheers of the surrounding ships and mariners, they proceeded on their perilous enterprise. Poor Willoughby, with his own ship the '*Bona Esperanza*,' and her consort, was lost upon the coast of Lapland, but the *Bon Aventure*, weathering all storms, sailed in nightless summer days into the White Sea, and reached the mouth of the Dwina, where her stout-hearted captain, Richard Chancellor—('pilot-major' he might well be called)—cast his anchor. Chancellor's journey inland from near the spot where Archangel now stands, and his reception at Moscow, were worthy of a bold and able adventurer and a stately court. Describing the imperial banquet which was offered to him, he talks of '140 servitors, all arrayed in cloth of gold, which in the dinner-time changed thrice their habit and apparel;' whilst 'the furniture of dishes and drinking-vessels, which were there for the use of 200 guests, were all of pure gold.' We much doubt if the 'grand monarque' ever exceeded this sumptuousness:—the reader will say it may also be doubted if all was gold that glittered;—but we beg him to remember that such is the story not of one but of several shrewd old English traffickers, who assert that they handled and scrutinised in the morning the articles they had stared at over night. In fact Moscow was an Asiatic capital, quite guiltless of intercourse with *Brummagem*.

The success of Chancellor led to the exchange of ambassadors, and the first commercial treaty between the countries bears the venerable date of 1555. It would appear, indeed, that John Vasilivich II., our first Russian ally, was so enamoured of everything about us, that he even strove hard to get an English wife. Queen Elizabeth, whose good graces the Czar had obtained, wished to have sent him the Lady Anne Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon; but when that amiable damsel was informed of certain autocratical habits of her intended, who was, it appears, a duplicate of our Harry VIII., the last of his seven wives having just been thrown into a lake, she prudently declined to fill the vacant situation.

But what was the Muscovite empire of those days? Girt round by formidable neighbours who occasionally ravaged it—the Swede on the north, the Pole on the west, the Turk on the south, and the Tartar on the east—Russia was without a foreign ally save England. Even then, undoubtedly, she had become a powerful and wealthy state—independent (after long struggles) of Polish and Tartar domination—with her people united, as at this day,

day, by one religious creed—in short she had within her the germ of her future grandeur. It was reserved, however, for a prince of the house of Romanow to rouse his countrymen to play a higher part—to break through their surrounding trammels, and to pass from their isolated condition into the fulness of an European empire. Peter the Great sketched, and with his own stout hands to a great extent carried out, that gigantic plan on which the modern Colossus has been raised. His capacious mind called a new maritime capital into existence, in a tract where nature seemed to have placed her veto. Russia then, indeed, renouncing her semi-Asiatic state, burst forth upon Europe as a new country. One natural result, however, has been, that historians and travellers have, in their descriptions of the empire, taken too much of their colouring from the *new* metropolis, and have comparatively neglected the *old* country. It is, we apprehend, true that large tracts of the *interior* are less known to our contemporaries, than they were to our pushing ancestors—who drove their commerce up the Dwina, and formed depôts at Vologda, Yaroslaf, and Astracan.

Several recent books about Russia deserve our notice; but with one department of their materials we shall make short work. Few travellers can quit the splendid metropolis of St Petersburg without giving us a volume upon it. We shall not follow their example—but simply refer to the satisfactory Schnitzler and the excellent Hand-book of Murray; and transcribe a single sketch of the scene that presents itself to the stroller on the ‘sunny cold pavements’ of the grand promenade of the Newski. This we take from none of the authors named at the head of this paper, but from the proof sheets of a forthcoming collection of ‘Familiar Letters’ by a young and beautiful and witty English spinster, whose work, when it does appear, will, we venture to predict, cause a sensation hardly inferior to that which attended the bursting of the ‘Old Man’s’ Brunnen Bubbles:

Here it is Russians of all garbs and ranks pass before you. There stands the picturesque Isvouschik, loitering carelessly beneath the trees of the avenue, who, catching your steady gaze, starts up, displays a row of beautiful teeth beneath his thickly-bearded lip, and, pointing to his droschky, splutters out, “Kudi vam ugodno?” or “Whither does it please you?” Here stalks the erect Russian peasant, by birth a serf and in gait a prince,—the living effigy of an old patriarch,—bearded to the waist, his kaftan of sheep’s-skin, or any dark cloth, wrapped round him the ample front of which, confined at the waist by a belt of bright colour, contains all that another would stow in a pocket; literally portraying the words of Scripture, “Full measure shall men pour into your bosom.” Contrary to all established rule, the Russian peasant wears his shirt always blue or red, over his trousers, his trousers under his boots; and doubtless

doubtless deems this the most sensible arrangement. And look, here go a posse of Russian foot-soldiers, with close-shorn head and face and brow-beat look—as little of the martial in their dusky attire as of glory in their hard lives—the mere drudges of a review, whom Mars would disown. Not so the tiny Circassian, light in limb and bright in look, flying past on his native barb, armed to the teeth, with eyes like loadstars, which the cold climate cannot quench. Now turn to the slender Finn, whose teeth are of pearl, and hair so yellow that you mistake it for a lemon-coloured handkerchief peeping from beneath his round hat ; or see, among the whirl of carriages three or four abreast in the centre of the noble street, that handsome Tartar coachman, with hair and beard of jet, sitting gravely, like a statue of Moses, on his box, while the little postilion dashes on with the foremost horses, ever and anon throwing an anxious look behind him, lest the ponderous vehicle, which the long traces keep at half a street's distance, should not be duly following ; and within lolls the pale Russian beauty, at whose careless bidding they all are hurrying forward, looking as apathetic to all the realities of life as any other fine lady in any other country could do. These are the pastimes which the traveller finds in the streets here, further beguiled by the frequent question and frequent laugh, as you peep into the various magazines, listen to the full-mouthed sounds, and inhale the scent of Russian leather, with which all Petersburg is most appropriately impregnated.'

Those who wish for minute details of the gaieties of the court, and the splendours of the camp, will find an ample feast in the 'Recollections' of the Marquis of Londonderry—whose elegant lady also has published in one of our *Annals* a very pretty chapter or two on the former of these captivating themes. As might have been expected, the Marquess warmly advocates that cause with which his chivalrous life and old associations have identified him. In this northern narrative we have constantly before us the same Charles Stewart, upon whose 'noble horsemanship' we looked with pleasure and pride (for reviewers may have been soldiers) as, more than thirty years ago, when the British trumpets first sounded in Spain, he led his fine hussars into the Escorial : the same undaunted cavalier who at Benevente, on that lowering day when Napoleon in person was pressing on the army of the gallant Moore, covered our retreat by crossing the Tormes with a few squadrons and defeating the Imperial Guard. Is it not he, who, while the great war rolled on, represented our country in the camps of our allies ? Justly, therefore, may we say that, in honouring him with special courtesy and confidence, Nicholas honoured one of England's most distinguished soldiers. Nor are we at all surprised that such an ardent and generous spirit should have been potently affected by the sort of reception he met with in Russia—he can afford, as well as we, to

to smile at the criticism of a witty brother peer, who, on reaching the last page of the book, scribbled this *envoy* :—

‘ If all be gospel that you write,  
Heaven’s paved, of course, with malachite.’

Making due allowance for the ‘*couleur de rose*’ with which everything must have been invested in his eyes, we still have facts enough brought forward on which we are bound to place reliance. Such, for example, is the Emperor’s own declaration :—

‘ England and Russia are so placed *geographically* by Providence, that they ought always to understand each other and be friends ; and I have ever done all in my power to accomplish it. Really I have so much love for England, that when the Journals and the Radicals were abusing me outrageously, I had the greatest desire to put myself into a steam-boat and proceed direct to London (apprising the King of course of my intended arrival), to present myself among reasonable and fair-judging Englishmen, to converse with them and to show them how unjustly I was aspersed. It is my ardent wish to cultivate peaceable relations of amity with all powers. I want *interior tranquillity and time to consolidate* the component parts of this great empire.’—p. 13.

That the Emperor commands admirably in his own person at a review, and is a most adroit tactician, is admitted by all, and the more we follow him into the different departments of government, the more shall we find that he there displays the same spirit and energy as at the head of his troops ; that he is, in short, as Benkendorf said of him, in courtier’s language, ‘*le professeur en tout.*’ But he is not only the brilliant chief and able administrator ; unless all reporters, of whatever shade of opinion, are alike in the wrong, Nicholas is the pattern of domestic excellence, whether viewed as a son, a father, or a husband. We may express our own belief that Russia has not been governed by a man of so much firmness of purpose since the death of Peter the Great ; and as his decisions are influenced by the strongest desire to do justice to the *lower orders*, he is naturally looked up to by them with filial affection. His personal influence over the people has been put to the severest tests, both when he threw himself into the midst of an infuriated mob during the raging of the cholera, and when he quelled the bloody insurrection of the military colonies. On the first occasion he galloped in his *droshki* alone, and unattended by a single soldier, into the centre of a great market-place crowded with the deluded people, who imagined that their food was poisoned. Commanding them to fall on their knees and pray to God, who alone could avert the pestilence, he calmed the tempest, and was followed by the people into the church, where they invoked blessings on the head of their *father*—  
for



for so the sovereign is still universally styled and addressed in Russia. A like magnanimous promptitude carried him to the scene of the cholera-mutiny of the soldier-peasants. The heads of the officers of these misguided men were rolling down the steps of the barracks when the Emperor appeared. And how attended? with artillery and dragoons? No—in his travelling calèche, accompanied only by Count Orloff. Standing forth to the mutineers, he thus addressed them: ‘Soldiers! you have committed the deepest crimes—instant submission and acknowledgment of your guilt can alone save you.’ The muskets dropped from the arms of the men, and they fell prostrate before him. ‘Now,’ added he, ‘that you are again my subjects, I forgive you, but on one condition only, that you at once name the men who misled you.’ The ringleaders were then exiled to Siberia, and this fearful insurrection passed away.

Returning to Lord Londonderry, we would say that his first volume, which contains accounts of what he saw or heard, is of much greater value than the second. When the gallant Marquess quits the ‘court and camp,’ and trusts to others, he is not to be safely followed. It is on his charger that we admire him, and not when, tampering with ‘the ologies,’ he administers *dyoritics* (diorites) to his readers!

Those who are little versed in that form of Christianity in which so many millions of our fellow-creatures in the Russian empire devoutly believe, will find ample instruction in the pages of Dr. Pinkerton—one of the most efficient missionaries ever sent out by the Bible Society—a modest, pious, and really learned man. If he had given us nothing more than his translation of Russian proverbs, he would have deserved our best thanks for thus throwing light on the character and manners of a people among whom traditional maxims have so much influence. But in addition to this he has accumulated for our use quite a harvest of personal observation; and, moreover, he has put into fair English six sermons of Russian prelates, which, as they powerfully inculcate the wholesome doctrines of faith and charity, do not lack of merit in our eyes from their terseness and *brevity*. Fifteen minutes would dispose of the longest. Hear this, ye who run into the second hour!

The two works, however, which we most recommend to the general reader are the ‘Domestic Scenes’ by Mr. Venables, and the ‘Excursions’ by Mr. Bremner. It is at the same time right to premise, that very large portions of Russia in Europe have not been visited by either of these gentlemen. It must, in particular, be always borne in mind, that their opinions have been formed in districts where the great mass of the peasantry are the serfs of individual

vidual proprietors, who, although responsible to their own college and to the marshal of their own order, as well as to the senate, for the commission of any abuse, still often contrive to place themselves beyond the reach of the law, notwithstanding every effort of the Emperor. In the great northern governments of Olonetz, Archangel, and Vologda, of which these writers know and say nothing, the traveller will meet with a different and a very superior race of peasantry. He will there find tall, well-featured men, with the front of sturdy yeomen, who, having lived from father to son for centuries upon the soil which they cultivate, acknowledge no lord save the Emperor, or his representative officers. Vexed with no extraordinary exactions, their only cares are to pay a moderate fixed tax to the State, and to furnish their quota of recruits for the army. These *crown peasants* of Russia (*twenty-two millions* of souls) are well lodged, well warmed, comfortably dressed, and seem to enjoy existence as much as the workpeople of many parts of France and England—to say nothing of Ireland, or of various extensive districts in the Scotch Highlands. We speak from our own observation—strengthened, however, by that of a most intelligent French ‘*compagnon de voyage*’—and of course only on the general aspect of things. We have as yet no documents to enable us to judge correctly of the trade, manufactures, and agriculture of these vast governments (the work of Schnitzler being very meagre in respect to them); but we may hope to be soon furnished with ample materials for thinking, through the researches of the Baron A. de Meyendorf who is, we know, at present employed in a general statistical survey by order of the Emperor.

The simple and unpretending volume of the Rev. R. Listes Venables bears throughout the stamp of truth, and, as a picture of a Russian interior, is entitled to our full confidence. Being married to a Russian lady he passed a winter in the social circle of her connexions; and depicts their modes of life with spirit and in a very pleasing style. In the outset he describes a peculiar carriage, the ‘*tarantass*,’ which though only used for baggage by his party, is, we can affirm from experience, the best vehicle which the traveller can select for an extensive and difficult journey its long sedan-chair-like poles being easily replaced or repaired in districts where iron is unknown. Our author says it is ‘the body of an old cabriolet or small britchka, lashed on to the middle part of a light timber-carriage. It has no springs, but the elasticity of the long birch poles which connect the two axles, and on which the body is placed, renders the motion, as I am told, tolerably easy.’ (p. 31.) A good ‘*tarantass*’ is occasionally to be bought in St. Petersburg for about 30*l.*, and, when well furnished with  
boxes

Boxes and elastic cushions, it will be found, we repeat, both pleasant and commodious, and better suited to the Russian byeways than the best britchka of Long Acre.

Mr. Venables describes accurately whatever he saw; but his account of the country-house (p. 33) must be taken as *the exception*, and not the rule. Such comfortable retreats are, in fact, few and far between, and seldom if ever so well 'got up.' Indeed, Mr. Venables himself expresses this opinion, when he says, in speaking of the landed proprietor, generally,

'Town he regards as the scene of all pleasure and refinement, and he therefore takes little care to render his country-house either elegant or luxurious. He has no country amusements to tempt guests to his house; no grouse, no pheasants, no fox-hunting; for few Russians have any taste for field-sports.'—p. 132.

The hut of the peasant is well sketched; and this is a picture of far wider application. To the equable temperature of their cottages, together with the daily use of the bath, may, we believe, be mainly attributed the longevity of the Russians, and their freedom from rheumatism and other chronic disorders to which our own poor people are so grievously subject:—

'These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built for the most part of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another and firmly secured at the corners, where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another: they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor, to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peeck* [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without: his bed is the top of his peeck, and when he enters his house in the winter, pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

'There are two important appendages to the village of Krasnoe, which must be mentioned, viz. the *hospital for the peasants*, and the *bath*.'—Venables, p. 35.

Whenever we have seen the Russian peasant dancing and singing at his village *fête*, we were, we confess, impressed with the conviction that he could not be on the whole an unhappy specimen of the children of Adam. We therefore cannot but think that the following passage savours more of *eau de Cologne*

sentimentality than of sober observation and extensive comparison:—

‘It does not follow, however, because the Russian dances and sings, that he is to be considered happy for his station. On the contrary, it surely is a melancholy spectacle, and even degrading to human nature, to see bearded men scrambling like monkeys for gingerbread, and delighting in the sports of children.

‘These people undoubtedly were not oppressed; they were under a kind and considerate master, and they wanted for none of the necessities of life: they, therefore, as individuals, were not to be pitied, and knowing no better, were probably contented with their lot: but the chain of slavery was on their minds, as it is on the minds of the Russian peasantry at large. They know that they can do nothing to change or improve their condition, and therefore they have no stimulus or excitement to energy. They have no habit of acting or deciding for themselves, and are in fact mere grown-up children, equally thoughtless and improvident: as such, indeed, are they treated by law and custom. With little in the world to hope or fear, since to rise is out of the question, and to sink impossible, and with a naturally easy and cheerful disposition, they sing, and dance, and play like children on a holiday, with a light-hearted merriment, which is not happiness; the reckless hilarity of intoxication, forgetful of yesterday and careless of to-morrow, not the sober satisfaction of rational contentment.’—*Venables*, p. 47.

We wonder really that any comfortable gentleman, who has ever happened to ride through the suburbs of an English manufacturing town, can bring himself to indulge in such reflections as these, when he has the honest innocent merriment of a set of well-fed rustics under his eyes—at all events, we shall not imitate him and

—— ‘go on refining  
While they think of dining.’

To ascend to the diversions of the higher orders in provincial life—it was not our good fortune to fall in with any ‘chasse’ during a recent tour, and from all we could learn, we were disposed to place a very low estimate on the hunting and shooting of the Russians. In a country where the Emperor himself disdains sporting amusements (his true ‘chasse,’ like our own nowadays, being *the review*), it is not to be expected that many will hunt the timid hare or even the grisly wolf or bear. The gun, however, we must say, is well employed which brings down the exquisite *double snipe*; and as Quin urged the ‘gourmets’ to visit Devonshire to eat ‘John Dorys,’ so we advise all our scientific friends, who have due respect for the great ‘Magister Artis ingenique largitor,’ to try to be once in their lives, at least, in Northern Russia towards the end of August, that they may enjoy this delicacy. The Rev. Mr. Venables—not adhering to the rubric, ‘hunt not, shoot

shoot not'—seems to have been well placed—in the very Leicestershire of Muscovy; and we therefore give his description of a day's hunting among the Boyars—new matter, we suspect, for our English Nimrods:—

'I was mounted on a rough unpromising looking horse, which, however, belied his appearance, and proved to be in reality a good one. I found, indeed, that he was a Don Cossack, which breed of horses is famous for action and endurance, though coarse-looking and small.

'We had four piqueurs dressed in military-shaped frock-coats of blue cloth, edged round with gold-coloured lace, blue trousers, and caps of orange-coloured cloth, with broad black velvet bands; there was also a fifth man, who was, I believe, a valet-de-chambre, and who was dressed somewhat differently. All these were mounted on small active horses of the same description as mine. Three of them wore short swords, and had horns slung over their shoulders. Two managed the greyhounds, and the other three hunted the hounds, for the sport was a combination of hunting and coursing; the object being that the hounds should find hares in the covert and drive them into the open ground to be coursed by the greyhounds. In this manner they sometimes kill twenty in a day; they also kill foxes, and occasionally a wolf; the latter, however, is in general difficult to meet with.

'We threw off among some bushes flanking and connecting two small woods. The hounds were uncoupled amidst a din of whips cracking, horns blowing, and men hallooing; in short, all pains were apparently taken to excite the pack to the highest possible pitch of madness, and certainly not without success. Away they went into ever giving tongue like hounds who already wind a fox. "That is no more," quietly remarked my companion, "it is only their joy at getting loose." The joy, however, was not easily subdued, and their cry continued with little interruption to be heard through the woods for about half an hour, when it was asserted they had found a hare, although, as nobody had seen it, I was sceptical enough to doubt its existence. At last a hare really made its appearance, and afforded a short course to the greyhounds, which it escaped by doubling back into the wood. Two men were always stationed outside the covers in favourable spots, each with two or three greyhounds; these dogs knew their business very well, and kept quietly in their proper places; each wore a collar with a ring, so that he could be led if necessary, the men having long leashes for the purpose; this, however, appeared to be seldom used except for young dogs not properly broken in. When the hare turned back into cover, the hounds were cheered on, and they took a ring through some rough ground; the hare was again driven from the wood, but the greyhounds did not catch sight of it, and in the end it was lost. My object, at first, was, if possible, to prevent the greyhounds seeing the hare, in order that we might have a hunt and a bit of a gallop; however, I soon discovered that when from the nature of the ground there was no chance of a course, the harriers very soon either were called off the scent, or threw up their heads of themselves.'—*Venables*, pp. 60-62.

Tame as this sport may seem to the Meltonians, some Russian gentlemen are quite devoted to it. We ourselves were rather surprised to be told about a seigneur who had a pack of 100 *dogs*—for we are not talking of *hounds*—but our author was credibly informed of one who kept *twelve hundred*, killed annually *eighteen hundred hares*, and gloried in a pile of skeletons of *eighteen thousand horses*! ‘What a treasure,’ Mr. Venables exclaims, ‘as manure these bones would be to an English farmer!’ (p. 63.)

Our philosophical agriculturists of Cavendish Square will not, we apprehend, gain much instruction by a visit to a country where turnips and rotation are unknown. In many districts, however, the Russian cultivator excels us in *celerity*. With his light tilega and his active little nags, knowing the value of time in the short and precarious summer of his region, he gallops back for his load of hay; and in the seed-time we have seen several harrows in a field moving about *at a trot*!

After pointing out that the proprietor sees little to attract him to his estate—that his property is sure to be divided among his children at his death—that, in consequence of this frittering away of domains, and the still more melancholy multiplication of really worthless titles, there is no independent aristocracy—that voluntary and sincere attachment between master and serf is very rare—and that no one is anything except what the Emperor chooses to make him—Mr. Venables comes to the conclusion that it is no wonder if—(overlooking of course such an exception as that of his own particular *gite*)—‘the handsome, substantial, well-arranged country-seat is unknown in Russia.’—(p. 133.)

But why particularise Russia, when we know that over nearly the whole continent of Europe such residences are equally unknown? What signify half-a-dozen, or half-a-hundred, exceptions?—we doubt really whether France and Germany put together could supply more. They are in fact purely English features, which we owe, under Providence, to the long-continued exemption of our land from warfare. Our witty and strong-headed friend, Peter Plymley, gave us some years ago the true philosophy of the affair, when he held up to our parsons and squires this picture of Gallic invasion:—

‘Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles around, cart-mares shot, sows of Lord Somerville’s breed running wild over the country, the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits. All these scenes of war a *Russian* or an *Austrian* has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farmhouse been rifled, or a clergyman’s wife been subjected to any other proposals



proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate.'—*Letter v.*

If the frost and snow of the last winter were to be repeated in England, the following passage might be worthy of the serious attention of our lords of the soil :—

'The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account, and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant ; if the latter is found begging, the owner is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not : and as every kind of agricultural and out-doors employment is at stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as a means of employing his peasants, and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture ; though beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

'The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the manufactory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasants, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast, as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn, a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting ; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.'—*Venables*, p. 140.

We could name two or three noble country-residences in England where something not unlike the arrangement here described has been practised for several years past, and with excellent results. The enormous troop of strapping young fellows, who look well in rich liveries towards the evening, are, in most of our great houses, absolutely idle half the day. They would cease to be the fine-looking men they are, if they did not consult the precepts of *lygeia*, by devoting hours on hours to quoits, cricket, and so forth—but to take a turn at the active operations of some trade and many of them have served apprenticeships to humbler callings



ings before they mounted the shoulder-knot) answers the same purpose better, and moreover produces practical results, under good inspection, of which the biggest rent-roll need not disdain to take advantage. What harm is there, even in such a country as our own, in a great lord being, to a certain extent, his own master-carpenter, master-upholsterer, or master-coachmaker?

Some admirable home traits are given by M. de Sabourof in a letter to the author. We select one which is highly characteristic of the Russian peasant:—

‘He is deeply imbued with a reverence for religion, and is not so much superstitious as thoroughly ignorant. He kisses the hand of his parish priest, but he laughs at his failings, and *is quite able to make the distinction between the individual and the office.* Of this I can give you a very characteristic anecdote. Passing one day near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of the village, asked them what was going forward?

“We are only putting the Father (as they call the priest) into cellar.”

“Into a cellar,” I replied; “what are you doing that for?”

“Oh,” said they, “he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week; so we always take care, every Saturday, to put him in a safe place, that he may be fit to officiate at church next day; and on Monday he is at liberty to begin drinking again.”

‘I could not help applauding this very sensible arrangement, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world.’—*ibid.*, p. 334.

Yet with all his profound devotion to his own creed, the Greek Christian is tolerant, and demonstrates by his practice that every form of belief can co-exist with the maintenance of by far the most united and most powerful church establishment in Europe. One of Mr. Venables’ anecdotes of the present Emperor (and they are all creditable to him) illustrates well the condition of things. Passing a sentry on Easter Sunday, Nicholas saluted him as usual with the words ‘Christ is risen.’ ‘No, he is not, your Majesty,’ replied the soldier, presenting arms. ‘He is not!’ said the Emperor, ‘what do you mean?—this is Easter Sunday.’ ‘I know that, please your Majesty,’ replied the man ‘but I am a Mahometan.’—p. 282.

We unwillingly take leave of Mr. Venables, confidently recommending his well-packed volume and its numerous anecdotes of the manners of the people, as offering a candid view of all that came under his notice. He, a private English clergyman, could have had none of the temptations to over-favourable pictures of the court, which we have allowed for in another case; and it is fair to say that his account of the Emperor is on the whole quite as pleasing as that given by the bestarred and becrossed Marquess of Londonderry. He treats with equal contempt the vulgar charge

charges of tyranny, and asserts without hesitation that Nicholas has by his own conduct secured the warm personal attachment of his subjects, and saved the country from the scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, which were prepared for it by worthless conspirators towards the close of the mild reign of his predecessor.

We next come to Mr. Bremner's work, the frontispiece of which gives anything but a flattering representation of Nicholas mounted on, apparently, the very charger so well described by the gallant general of hussars. The opening lines announce a lively writer.

' "To morr, punkt at tolf, jimmlemen, we schiff from Stockholm." \* Such were the mystic words in which Captain, or more correctly Skipper, Eric Simonsson of Melmo, acquainted us with the hour at which his tidy bark, the Johanna Sophia, was to sail for St. Petersburg.'

It was, we must say, rather adventurous to make a 'début' in *Russia* in such a suspicious smuggler-like craft, and Mr. Bremner has only to blame himself for all the trouble which he encountered at Cronstadt. We, who have passed through the ordeal of the six and more well-epauletted and cloaked directors, with their myrmidons of soldiers, who at once take possession of the steam-packet on its arrival from Lubeck, can well imagine the extra search which would be imposed on Skipper Simonsson and his English 'Jimmlemen.'

After some remarks on the Baltic fleet, which we learn, by the way, does not rejoice in facing a *stiff breeze*, we were rather alarmed at the symptoms of credulity which are manifested by our author, who states that 'when the Duke of Wellington was at St. Petersburg, the Emperor paid him the compliment *not to show him Cronstadt*, knowing well that the time might come when the acquaintance which the Duke's quick eye would have formed with its position and defences, would be far from convenient for Russia.' (p. 29.) In truth, the defences and contents of this naval arsenal are as well known in London as at St. Petersburg; many British naval officers have had full access to every part of it, and our readers may be assured that Cronstadt is so strong, that had an opportunity offered, the Emperor would have been too proud to *show off* the fortifications even to the great captain of the age.

We were also a little disposed to become querulous with our

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\* This Stockholm skipper only uses a little mixture of English out of compliment to Messrs. Bremner and Co.; but our author has a curious page elsewhere on the extent to which the nautical vocabulary and phraseology of England are adopted and naturalised all over the north of Europe. His attention was first drawn to the subject by his happening to overhear a Muscovite sailor exclaim to a Muscovite captain 'ship aground.' Of our own dialect thus made free with, we need hardly remind the reader that one large division is *Italian* (Genoa and Venice, to wit) and another *Dutch*. 'Dancus capinzeque vicissim.'

author for beginning to prose about the unhappy propensity for drinking among the lower orders before he had quitted the seaport. As well might a foreigner pretend to pronounce us a besotted race, because he found the Point of Portsmouth crowded with groggy sailors after a ship had been paid off. As we went on, however, we liked the book better, and, with a few limitations, it appears to us to convey a fair idea of the people and the country. It is, however, to be regretted that one volume out of two should have been devoted to St. Petersburg, while the reader is earnestly panting to accompany the writer into that 'interior' which is announced in the title-page.

We shall therefore say not a word, nor extract a sentence, concerning the metropolis. In justice, however, to Mr. Bremner, when writing from thence he does not bore his reader with passages from guide-books, but describes the customs of the people, their food, pavements, carriages, dinners, &c. &c., during his brief sojourn of a month.

'A propos des barbes'—after talking of the difficulties which Peter encountered in removing the beards of his subjects, Mr. Bremner adds—

'There are national prejudices too strong even for the most unshrinking reformers. The Russian loves his beard with no common love, and there it still flows in ample waves to his girdle, defying alike the beheading sword and the razor. The peasant would sooner part with his purse than his beard; it is pride, his birthright. No Russian maid would look at him if shorn of this beauteous appendage. Without his beard he would neither have affection from others nor respect from himself. A beard is graceful, imposing, venerable—in one word, it is Russian!'

Peter shaved his soldiers as well as his ministers, to make them like the rest of Europe; but, admirers as we are of that great man, we are by no means convinced that he did not err in the military point. Look at the pioneers which head an infantry regiment, and tell us if the Russian grenadiers would not have stormed Ishmael as well when bearded as when shaven? We cannot but think, that however absurd it may be in 'la renaissance' over the way to sport the '*barbe à la François premier*,' there would have been wisdom in leaving his beard to the Russian soldier. For it must not be forgotten (though our travellers do not advert to it), that it is a deep *religious feeling* which has endeared their beard to the Russians. As Christ wore a beard, so do they profess to imitate him. Many a venerable priest and peasant have we stood gazing at, whose flowing locks and beard far surpassed those of the celebrated Roman beggar, whom we recollect seated on the steps of the Capitol some quarter of a century ago—the

the constant model for the 'Jupiters' of the young artists. Let those who wish to fill their canvas with such busts frequent the villages and churches of Russia! If Carlo Dolce had had such models, he would have excelled anything which he has left behind him.

If travellers will not study the Russ language, nor even make themselves acquainted with its *four and thirty* letters, they will find an useful vocabulary of *sounds* in Bremner, which, though short, and not very accurate, is vastly richer than that of a French naturalist who recently traversed the northern provinces alone, and without a servant, in virtue of the single talismanic word '*corosho*,'—which may be translated '*très bien*,' or '*bravo*.' *Corosho* literally is 'beautiful,' but as in common parlance (ever in the mouth of the natives) it expresses every form of satisfaction, you have only to apply it when the rapid interpreters of your gesticulations please you, and shake your head when you are dissatisfied with them. Provided with a good *padoroshna* (or travelling order) we can therefore imagine that any traveller may succeed in reaching *the end* of a journey, though we do not mean to say that, like the vivacious Frenchman, he can at the same time describe the natural history of the country through which he has been so rapidly whirled.

'In posting,' says Bremner, 'the sovereign words are "*pashol*," get on, and "*skurry*," faster, which are more impressive from the fact that Russians generally follow them up with something more emphatic than words—good blows.'—vol. ii. p. 143.

Now, if we may be allowed to quote our own experience of last summer, so furiously were we hurried over even the roughest and least frequented ways, that, instead of the above inciting words (the second of which ought to be pronounced '*pskareea*' instead of '*skurry*'), we were for ever compelled to call out '*pteeshe*' (gently). And as to 'blows,' for aught we could see or hear, they have gone out of fashion. Though accompanied by Russian authorities, who had the power in their hands, and that over a very wide range of the empire, we never saw but two blows given, the one by a common soldier to a refractory peasant, the other by an inflated little country mayor to a driver who had contradicted him. We beg to impress the fact on some of our prejudiced readers, that the Russians of this day are not cudgelled. Following up the mandates of Alexander, Nicholas has all but extirpated summary punishments on the road. The postilions are now declared to be imperial sub-officers; and no one can strike them with impunity.

Fancying ourselves for the moment on wheels in Russia, we may say that no published accounts give us an adequate notion of

of the rapid, bustling, 'ventre à terre' style, in which the traveller is galloped along who is supposed to be employed on important business. With four ardent little steeds in hand, all abreast at the wheel, and two before, conducted by a breeches boy, who is threatened with death if his horse backs or falls, your bearded Jehu rattles down a slope at a headlong pace, and whirling you over a broken wooden bridge with the noise of thunder, he charges the opposite bank in singing—'Go along my little beauties—fly on, from mount to mount, from vale to vale—'tis you that pull the *silver* gentlemen—(their delicate mode of suggesting a good *tip*)—'tis you, my dears, shall have fine pastures;' the whole accompanied by grand girations of solid thong, which ever and anon falls like lead upon the ribs of the wheelers, followed by screeches which would stagger a band of Cherokees, and which, therefore, we must not pretend to Anglicise. But we must caution the traveller who knows nothing of the interior of Russia but the beautiful chaussée from St. Petersburg to Moscow, against supposing that the jade and worn horses which he may there occasionally see are fair types of the 'gallopers' we are here calling to mind. Still less is he to imagine that the drivers and natives at the post-houses on the road between the two great cities are fair specimens of the lower orders of Russia. These people were brought from a distance by Peter the Great, for the service of this communication, and are a peculiarly privileged, idle, horse-jockey race. And whilst we are on the road let us also say that Nicholas is the most galloping personage that ever wore the crown of the Czars. No distance stays him: at Petersburg to-day, at Astrakhan in a week. He flies by night and by day, at railway pace, always in his simple caleche, and trusting Cæsar's fortune to the conduct of his wild (though capital) coachmen. In the tens of thousands of miles he has thus travelled, continually changing drivers, and many of these peasants who do not mount a carriage-box twice in the year, His Majesty has, we believe, never met with more than one serious overturn. The vigour and bodily endurance he has occasionally manifested are quite wonderful. When commanding the army against Turkey, and already beyond his own territories, the news of the last illness of the Empress-mother arrived. To Petersburg he went without a halt, though his carriage fell to pieces by the way, and much of the journey was performed in carts or tilegas. He attained his object, however, and secured the last embrace and dying benediction of his mother! This anecdote must have its due weight with domestic Englishmen. Nor will its value be impaired if we follow the imperial footsteps to the German baths, and

and there witness (as some of our friends did last year) the simple manners of 'M. and Madame Romanow,' teaching by example to their children, and offering, in their social circle, a presage that the virtues which adorn the court of Nicholas and his amiable consort will be continued in that of their successors.

If Petersburg has been elaborately described, Moscow has not yet had its due share of the traveller's attention. But adequate justice cannot be done to this venerable metropolis and its thousand cupolas, until the pencil of a clever artist shall aid the highest powers of the pen. We wonder that in this age of *illustrations*, no artist should have done for the old capital of the Russians what Mr. Lewis did for Spain—what Mr. Roberts has just done with such strength and elegance of hand for Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem. We have indeed enjoyed a peep into the portfolio of a most accomplished lady, (for the Kremlin, as well as the great Pyramid, is visited by 'little blue spencers,') whose exquisite sketches realise to the life the gorgeous scene. With such 'appliances' before us, *we* can devour the quaint yet graphic narratives of our earliest travellers, when the Czar sat in his highly-painted palace 'much higher than any of his nobles, in a chair gilt, and in a long garment of beaten gold, with an imperial crown upon his head, and a staff of crystal and gold in his right hand.'\*

We must away, however, from these visions to the realities of the great fair of Nijnii Novgorod. If, like ourselves, you approach this curious scene by sailing down the Volga, the mightiness of this king of European streams will gradually gain upon your senses, but if, like Mr. Bremner, you take the high road and gain the first sight of it from the heights of the citadel of Nijnii, you will appreciate his words:—

'The demeanour of this river sovereign is worthy of a king. Leaving less powerful rivals to raise themselves into importance by fuming and brawling—secure in his might and uncontested dignity—he moves calmly but resistlessly on. There is no noise, no surge—the glassy tide lies beneath you as peaceful as a lake, and, on the first glance, from its great width, bears some resemblance to one. The Volga at this point is 4600 feet wide—that is, more than four-and-a-half times the width of the Thames at Blackfriars bridge.'—vol. ii. p. 217.

After enumerating the rich and varied goods which are conveyed by this river in many-named and many-formed barks, our author shows that in productiveness it is perhaps the first of all the rivers in the world. After talking of *sterlet* (which we pronounce to be the best fish that ever came to table), sturgeon, carp, beluga, pike, salmon, shad, and seal, he exclaims, 'Well

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\* Chancellor's Account of his Reception by the Czar Ivan Vasilivich, &c. &c.

then



then does this river deserve the name of Volga, which it is said comes from the Sarmatian language, and signifies "great." (p. 219.) Allusion is then made to the unexplained phenomenon said to have been discovered by Professor Parrot, that the Caspian Sea, which receives this great stream, was 300 feet below the level of the sea of Azoff! Our scientific friends must remember what a stir was created, a few years ago, among their geographers, when Humboldt, on the authority of the first surveyor to whom Mr. Bremner alludes, announced the existence of the depression, which he believed to extend over 18,000 square leagues of the earth's surface! Imagination, 'in a fine phrenic rolling,' shadowed out a coming mutation in the face of mother earth, which, if realised, would, indeed, have more effectually settled the questions of the Porte, the Georgians, and Khiva than all the protocols, even of the conquering thundering Peter the Great; when the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, breaking their eastern boundaries, should submerge the flat regions of Tartaria! We must, however, it appears, moderate our prophetic vision, as we have recently learnt from Baron Humboldt himself that the Caspian is not 300, but only seventy-nine feet below the sea of Azof—after all, a very pretty cavity for geologic speculators!

"But the fair!" cries some impatient reader. Here are pages about Nishnei and its rivers, but still not a word about that which lured you so far out of your way. Nor does this impatience surprise us, for what has become of the fair, was the very question which we ourselves had been putting ever since we entered the place. After passing the gates [*i.e.* of the high town], not a single symptom of it had we seen. Turn this way, however: from the Volga and Asia look in another direction, across the Okka, and there in a low, almost inundated plain exposed to the waters of both these rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, now tenanted by upwards of 100,000 souls—[200,000 is, according to local information, the average daily number]—but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying; for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of the town on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and ropes, with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries; they are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials.'—*Bremner*, vol. ii. p. 226.

The order and sobriety maintained throughout the vast multitude (the sole police force being a troop or two of Cossacks) would surprise the 'Drunken Barnabys' who frequent our English 'free marts;' and the cleanliness is also quite admirable, though we cannot exactly go into details about the wonderful subterranean

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nean distribution of running water, &c. &c. ‘The business of the fair is of such importance, that the governor of the province, the representative of the Emperor, General *Boutanieff*, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn.’ Both in Mr. Bremner’s work, and in the humble notes of our own recent trip, there occur many eulogies of this governor, whose name is more correctly ‘*De Bouterline*’ (a good name in Peter’s time); and we may here say at once that, according to all our own observations, the provincial governors of the present day are entirely unlike the only portraiture of that class drawn by Mr. Venables—who, indeed, admits that he draws it from hearsay. Wherever we had the opportunity of forming their acquaintance, whether at Archangel, Jaroslaf, Kostroma, or Nijnii, we found the governors to be zealous, able, and, as far as we could judge, honest public servants.

Mr. Bremner complains of his inn at Nijnii—inns, by the way, are not numerous in Russia—but ours, situated on the main street, was, we must say, a very good one. We found clean rooms, a laudable table, plenty of waiters, well-combed spruce fellows, all clad in white linen without a spot—and such a view from the windows! Placed upon the right bank of the Okka, with, overhead, the citadel and imperial palace, surmounting lofty umbrageous banks—the exquisite church of Strogonoff on the right, and the great bridge in front—you command the river, the valley, and the motley crowd. By traversing the long wooden bridge, which resounds from daybreak to midnight with the trampling of horses and creaking of cars, you pass through the forest of masts (5000 vessels) which choke up the mouth of the Okka just at its confluence with the Volga. Mr. Bremner’s sketch of the scene which awaits you in full fair time is excellent—though we must affix a note of caution to the start:—

‘First advances a white-faced, flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs.’

Archangel no doubt can produce white faces, and also flat noses—but it can also, we assure Mr. Bremner, boast of well-coloured and well-profiled gentlemen, and what is better, as pretty and accomplished ladies as we ever desire to meet with anywhere. But to proceed:—

‘He is followed by a bronzed long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months’ journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlars. Cossacks, who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder  
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on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtubá. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia; to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turcoman from the northern bank of the Gourgán. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues.

‘Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars). Nogaïs are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening.

‘In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburgh, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together.’—vol. ii. pp. 229-231.

Following this up with other equally successful descriptive efforts, Mr. Bremner informs us that the fair of Nijnii far surpasses that of Leipsic; and, if so, of course every fair in Europe. Leipsic only boasts of 40,000 strangers daily, and a sale of goods to the amount of six millions sterling; while the numbers at Nijnii are 200,000 daily, and by probable estimate *twelve millions sterling* pass occasionally from the buyers to the sellers.

If there be a true disciple and admirer of Samuel Johnson within our call—one who has rejoiced in the ‘*Te decidente canebat*’ of the great lexicographer, let him put aside cares, and spend some of his summer evenings in a Russian ‘traktir,’ there to sip tea of infinitely finer aroma than the celestial emperor will ever permit to approach the depôts of Canton. We believe that this acknowledged superiority of Russian tea is not merely owing to its being land-carried, tightly sewed up and hermetically sealed in skins, but is accounted for, mainly, by the ‘habitat’ of the plant;—the rocky hills of Northern China, from which the Muscovite market is supplied, affording more fragrant leaves than the lower grounds of the south. However this may be, the fact is undeniable; and we must

must add that every justice is done to the preparation of the beverage. We have not yet met in any published work with a good account of what we consider the best tea-urn in the world. The 'somavar,' an invention of a Russian peasant, is simply a cylinder in which cold water is brought to the boiling point in two or three minutes by igniting the charcoal which fills an *inner* long cylinder. The great merits of this universal Russian implement are, that in a forlorn village, and without a fire, you at once command a cup of delicious tea, whilst as long as the charcoal is in ignition (a good half-hour or more) the water around it is *continually on the boil*. Think of this, ladies, when you next scold the footman, who has pitched a half-heated bit of iron (which, in the best-regulated families, is sure to be cool in a few minutes) into your half-bubbling urn! Mr. Bremner has a most graphical and attractive description of a traktir at Nijnii; but the most glorious and refreshing sight for the tea-totaller is what strikes on his eye when he enters the great traktir near the Exchange of Moscow. There we ourselves have counted seventy neat waiting-men ready to hand you a cup or a chibouk, and (credat Johnsonianus!) 200 *teapots* arranged in one of the great vestibules of those spacious saloons!

And here, though after tea, we may say one word on the still more important business of dinner. As to this, Mr. Bremner has, in his first volume, justly expressed the shudder which any Frenchman or Englishman must experience when, for the first time, he sees before him a plate of 'bativinia,' or cold soup! But excepting always this odious compound of ice, fish, flesh, cucumbers, and grease, which the Russians, notwithstanding, consider 'très rafraîchissant,' the viands at the houses of people of condition are well dressed and palatable. Even in the very remote and second-class city of Oustiug, a merchant of the *second guild* entertained our own little party with the following bill of fare:—*Soupe au riz, Mayonnaise glacée, ros-bif aux cornichons, cotelettes aux champignons, idem aux petits pois, grand pâté aux figues* (very delicate), *rôti de veau, volaille et gibier, pâtisserie aux amandes, confitures glacées, glâces à la malina* (a native berry). This provender, with which the most fastidious philosopher could not quarrel, was *ushered in* by the usual Russian whet of liqueurs, anchovies, and caviar, and *followed* by copious libations of champagne,—true, genuine *Champagne*; none of the meagre gasified washes of third-rate Burgundy, which now-a-days usurp that name at too many of even the proudest boards in London, and which are only excusable at a ball-supper.

We shall now follow Mr. Bremner from Nijnii to Odessa, merely adverting to a few points by the way. Knowing from our  
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own experience that the Russian character is best studied when the great lines of road are abandoned, we gladly extract the account of his reception in the little town of Melenky, on the route from Mourom to Kaçimof, an ancient Tartar city:—

‘The postmaster, a respectable old soldier, received us, wet, weary, and wayworn, with a hospitality and a warmth which we can never forget. Believing ourselves in a place of public entertainment, we called lustily for all that could be got—supped as travellers in Russia rarely sup, and slept as travellers in Russia still more rarely sleep—*on beds*. In fact, the good man took a great deal of trouble on the occasion, he and his little son waiting on us as anxiously as if we had been their lords. Much as all this surprised us, however, we were still more surprised when morning came: our kind host and his household were up by daylight, to prepare tea and coffee for the parting refreshment; they also gave us every aid in making our toilette, and with an alacrity which showed that they were delighted to contribute to our comforts. Yet in return for their wine, apples, beds, and other good things, besides a world of trouble, they would not accept of a single farthing of remuneration. The ribbon on the old gentleman’s breast showed us that he had himself wandered, and perhaps the recollection of kindness received as a stranger had taught him how much the stranger prizes an unexpected courtesy.’—vol. ii. p. 276.

Mr. Bremner’s sketches of Kaçimof (and we have also before us some pencil ones)—its Tartar population—the tomb of the Shah Ali—its mosque and lofty brown tower, and white limestone cliffs, are characteristic: not less so, that of the dreary pull through the sands to the south of the Okka, on the road to Riaizan.

The fallen state of Toulâ, the Birmingham of Russia, when seen by Mr. Bremner, as contrasted with its palmy days when described by Dr. Clarke, was owing to the repeated fires, by which, in common with many other towns of those parts, it had been reduced to ruin. The interest of the reader who follows Mr. Bremner is well kept up—indeed, we should say ‘crescendo’—in the journey through the great corn-growing districts of the South. The gorgeous produce of Little Russia—the picture of the flourishing town of Kursk, and the increased comforts of the inhabitants, fill many cheering pages—to say nothing of the gay evening carols of well-dressed maidens, which rouse the author, though a ‘canny Scot,’ to exclaim—

‘Talk of Italy! Russia shall henceforth be the land of song. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other, and never hear a peasant, man or woman, carol a single air. Even in the large towns, unless from some bacchanalian party going home from a glee-club or the theatre, the traveller seldom hears Italians singing. They keep all their notes to themselves,

themselves, to make us pay dear for them in London. Among the Russians, on the other hand, nothing but singing greets the unhappy traveller's ears from Cronstadt to Odessa.'—vol. ii. pp. 351, 352.

We must, we perceive, gallop like Mazeppa across the Ukraine—though we may indulge ourselves in saying that we dwelt with intense pleasure on the visit to the ground of Peter's glory, and felt as much interest in the fate of the chivalrous Charles, as if he had fought but yesterday at Pultava. The parallel between the noble Swede, who, 'in the midst of snow and ice—without shelter and without food—never once dreamed of abandoning his army to their fate,' and the great emperor, who fled from his gallant and perishing troops to the salons of Paris, carries with it the lofty tone of an honourable mind, which doubtless those who represent *old France* will respond to.

The actual style of living at Pultava shines out so radiantly in the pages of Mr. Bremner, reminding us not a little of the recruiting-sergeant's address to the surrounding clods on a market-day: 'Come along, my boys, to the land where beef's a penny a pound and wine's in buckets'—that, we think, some of our would-be economists might do worse than migrate for a season to the Ukraine.

The 'leech' trade, of which we were ignorant, is worth a sentence. Having been nearly hunted out of all the ponds and marshes of the west of Europe, these animals still abound in the Ukraine, whither all the leech-fishers and dealers proceed. One thousand leeches, which there cost 3s. 4d., are doled out to our English apothecaries at 10*l.* and 12*l.* sterling. (p. 409.) If this be so in times of *peace*, pray, ye 'rosy men of purple cheer,' that the day may never arrive when the Ukraine shall be closed; for if so, the frightful vision of Plymley might be retaliated on ourselves. If, in the plenitude of her power, Britain decreed that 'not a purge should be taken between the Weser and the Garonne,' the Czar of Muscovy might fulminate, and when aldermen and prebendaries least expected it, that not a leech should suck from Liverpool to Canterbury.

A night journey across the Steppes is in fine relief to the bustling scenes we have hurried through. 'What silence! how still! how breathless! The night birds seem frightened into peace. The dog himself is hardly heard among the thinly scattered habitations. Even the sound of our wheels is not to be distinguished, so smoothly do they roll along the rich turf.' While traversing these monotonous plains, where the 'rank coarse grass becomes as wearisome to the eye as absolute barrenness,' Mr. Bremner gets quite poetical; but notwithstanding our own sober period of life and habitual seriousness of pursuits, we cannot but quote one little burst more:—

‘ Was it on this or some other desert wild of Russia, that a fair hand sent each of us the little flower which we vowed to treasure, as a remembrance of distant plains, and—of her ?

‘ Dreary as the desert was, the remembrance of that simple gift renders it bright to the eye of memory. A flower—such a tasteful souvenir, presented in scenes so remote, where there is little but gloom and desolation, and things unlovely—is something more valuable than it may appear to him who has never known the dulness, the misery, the utter prostration of heart, which occasionally oppresses the traveller, while wandering over regions in themselves most rude, and in which he finds himself as one alone, without a single link binding him to the hearts of those around—where all are strangers, and regard him as but a stranger—where no service is rendered for love, but for lucre, and is rendered to the next comer with the same mechanical promptitude as to him—where, in short, there is nothing to tell him that he is still a member of the human family, from which, in his loneliness, he is at times ready to regard himself as for ever disunited. He who has never been in circumstances to experience this feeling, can scarcely know how much any of the little courtesies or playful attentions of ordinary life affect one in a foreign land, and especially when rendered by the sex which, in every clime, is endowed with the self-denying grace of thinking more of the feelings of others than men ever do.

‘ Of those, however, who have experienced the feeling now described, none will wonder that we should make mention of an incident so trifling. Blessings on the hand, then, that bestowed this little token ! Its bright colours have not yet faded ; but even when it shall have withered away from its present shelter, it will still be fresh in our memory. Though separated from them by many a league, who of us will not sometimes look back to the noble halls where the kind bestower rules ? If women knew how well they are remembered for a kindness, be it even but a trifle such as this, rendered to the stranger, they would feel themselves amply repaid.’—vol. ii. pp. 457-459.

Though, in common with this tender-hearted swain, our night’s repose has been broken in upon by the attacks of vermin, we assent to his remark, that such interruptions were very rare, and ‘ that the traveller’s rest in Russia is not nearly so much disturbed by these monsters as in France or Italy.’ We had heard much of the creeping and biting horrors which we must make up our minds to see and feel ; and it was after having reached the far north-east, sleeping continually on our own little ‘ shake-down,’ upon the peasant’s floor, that we found ourselves garnishing our note-book with this pithy *memorandum entomologicum* :—‘ July 9th, 1840—Five weeks to-day in Russia, and not one *bug*.’ The truth is, that if travellers frequent the clean and comfortable boarding-houses of Mrs. Wilson at St. Petersburg, and Mrs. Howard at Moscow, and keep to the *northern* governments, they will come off scatheless—*i. e.* except from mosquitoes, whose bites in June and July are insufferable,



ferable, if a little veil or curtain, and even in some districts a *mask by day*, be not parts of the wanderer's apparatus.

To Sir Walter Scott's admirable sketch of the Cossacks, which he drew in 1815 at Paris, Mr. Bremner adds a few capital touches :

‘ Nor is it merely in the field that the fierceness of the Cossack soldier is seen ; we have only to watch him doing duty as a policeman in a Russian crowd, pelting right and left with his heavy whip, and some idea will be formed of the character he displays in war. The very touch of the uniform seems to change his nature. Fortunately, however, he assumes his inoffensive character the moment the drill jacket is thrown aside. With his hand on the plough, he is once more our obliging friend of the wayside ; his campaigning fierceness so completely forgotten, that he scarcely raises his eye to exchange a look with us as we pass his humble door.’—vol. ii. p. 437.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to entertain our readers with details from Mr. Bremner concerning the new creation of Odessa, its commerce, gaieties, opera, and good French restaurant, the Richelieu, with its celebrated ‘chef’ *Alphonse*, the magnus Apollo of the culinary art, a very Vattel expatriated ! One last excerpt only can we venture upon, and that is in illustration of the heavy fines which the locusts impose upon the environs of this agreeable sea port :—

‘ It is not often, however, that the *hutors* (country villas) of Odessa are surrounded by verdure so rich as that which we found near them ; for in some years the country is invaded by immense flights of locusts, which leave not a single green leaf either on herb or tree. This insect is the greatest scourge that the country is exposed to. Every person at the time of our visit was frightened with a belief that the following year the locusts would destroy the crops of every description ; for they had recently been in this district as well as in Bessarabia, and though they had vanished without doing much injury at the time, yet they had been long enough in the country to prepare a future year of misery to the poor peasant. For it appears that it is not always by actual invasion in flights that the greatest harm is done, but also by the larvæ bred from eggs deposited in the ground during a previous visit. The severe cold of winter, which might be expected to destroy these noxious deposits, has no effect on them ; the only thing that destroys the egg is a smart frost in August.’—vol. ii. pp. 499, 500.

In parting with the travellers whose works we have, on the whole, so much commended, we must now be permitted to differ from them on a few points. Quite agreeing with Mr. Venables that, from the absence of an independent middle class, Russia does not yet contain the elements for establishing a constitutional government, we dissent from him in thinking that, ‘under her present circumstances, she cannot advance much further in civilisation.’ We really wonder how this last *dictum* could proceed



from any man who had taken any pains to ascertain the progress actually made in the last five-and-twenty years. It has been *vast*—vast in a multitude of respects; and we venture to say the march is getting more and more rapid every day, and will continue to do so, barring civil wars and revolutions, for ages to come. With near 50,000,000 of serfs it would indeed be insane to talk of sudden enfranchisement. As rational admirers of liberty, we ought to rest satisfied, if knowledge be really advanced, and with this advancement the laws are improved.

We do not mean to lecture; but in addition to ‘the great exertions which,’ as Mr. Bremner truly says, ‘the government is making in the cause of education’ (vol. ii. p. 71), some most important measures of the present reign have been overlooked by all the writers of recent books on Russia. For example, not one of them alludes to the great blessing conferred on all classes by the issuing of the *swod*, or harmonised compendium of imperial ukases, so often till then contradictory and irreconcilable. This code, moreover, contains at least three new statutes which deserve every praise. 1st. Every crown peasant—(let us repeat 22,000,000 of souls)—when he acquires sufficient wealth, may purchase the rights of citizenship and become the free merchant or burgher of a town. 2ndly. Every merchant of the first guild who has been thrice elected chief of the corporation of his district, at *once establishes* for his family the privilege of *hereditary nobility*. 3rdly. The rate of interest has been reduced from 6 to 4 per cent. The last of these laws propitiated the nobles, whilst the two enfranchising statutes were most unpalatable to them. But the Emperor held firm to his resolves—even at the risk of seriously annoying his nobility—convinced as he is that his dynasty will be best perpetuated by the *gradual* introduction of liberal institutions, which Russia cannot possess until after a solid middle class shall have been established.

In fact, we must be allowed to signify our utter distaste for the long political diatribes which occupy by far too much of Mr. Bremner’s first volume. Essays upon all possible views of the foreign policy of the Russian Cabinet, indited by a gay young *littérateur* before he has been a fortnight in the country (we hope none of them were written *before* he got there), can have no weight with reflecting persons anywhere. We beg leave to pass, *sub silentio*, the solemn advice and instruction which this self-elected privy-councillor is pleased to offer to the Emperor Nicholas personally.

Admiring, as we generally do, Mr. Bremner’s descriptions, and heartily backing his remarks,—‘that the order and efficiency in everything with which the government is concerned strike the stranger

stranger from the first to the last step he takes in Russia,'—we are occasionally vexed to see a generous sentiment marred by a false antithesis. Such, for example, is the finishing touch which he gives to a very soul-stirring picture of the universal custom in the Greek Church of lighting up their holy images. After alluding to the wide spread of the little lamp—from the Polar regions into Greece and Turkey—he exclaims, 'What a wide and what an endearing tie is religion! A similar faith unites the most distant regions and the most dissimilar tribes; makes as brothers the elegant Greek, who has a history of centuries, and the *barbarous stranger whom we heard of but yesterday*' (vol. i. p. 41). Such expressions are not only out of place and in bad taste, but *nonsense*. The 'elegant Greek' he is speaking of must be the modern Greek, the adherent of the Greek church. We should like to know what is 'elegant' about him except the cut of his nose and chin. Russia is neither barbarous nor of yesterday. Compared with Greece, her history is of course brief: but if that land be the term of comparison, what shall *we* say of ourselves? Why is the antiquity of the first great Russian sovereign, her Varangian, or Norman (as some antiquaries have it) conqueror, Ruric, or that of her earliest attacks upon the Greek emperors, not to be remembered? Were not the cities of Kieff, Wladimir, and Novogorod great and flourishing when England herself was but little beyond a benighted condition? Is the Hanseatic league, of which Novogorod formed a part, an affair of yesterday? Has the house of Romanow no lineage? Are not the deeds of the ancient heroes of the Muscovite branch of the Sclavonic family cherished by every true Russian? Are not Minin the plebeian and Pojarsky the noble (whose statues occupy the great *place* of Moscow) names which electrify him, when he celebrates, in their triumphs, the deliverance of his country from the Poles?

Again, why are the plains of *Russia* to be spoken of as 'storyless wilds,' and pretty *German* tales to be lugged in to fill a chapter? Had Mr. Bremner possessed the power of conversing with the natives, we venture to consider it as next to certain that his pages would have been amply and more appropriately enlivened with stories native to the soil. If it be said that Russia is a *new* land because her language is new, we again simply deny the statement. The language has but of late been brought into its now polished and consolidated shape; but it had plenty of ecclesiastical epistles and annalists centuries ago. How long before the days of Chancellor their ministers of state drew up written treaties with foreign powers, we 'barbarians of the evil eye' cannot tell; but certainly the public documents of John Vasilivich

Vasilivich and his successor Theodore would have done no discredit even to our Walsinghams and our Burleighs. In fact, David Hume, when speaking of the modification of the first Russian and English treaties of commerce by the Emperor Theodore, candidly remarks that 'this *barbarian* entertained much juster notions of commerce than were practised by the renowned Elizabeth.'

No, let us first study the origin and progress of the language which the Russian people have spoken and written for centuries; let us trace it from its cradle to the grammars of Lomonossof and the odes of Puschkin, and then we may be entitled to estimate the value of the truly melodious sounds of a tongue which is used by so many millions of Europeans.\*

But Mr. Bremner is not at all an antiquary. He has not even made himself acquainted with what men of his own nation have done *in* and *for* Russia. Thus, though announcing himself as 'of the north countrie,' he is surprised to find a learned professor of the University of Moscow occupying himself with 'the Scottish genealogy of the Gordon family.' After blundering about two individuals of that noble name renowned in the service of Russia, he clearly betrays his ignorance of the existence of a work, known to most Scotchmen from their boyhood, the '*History of Peter the Great, by Alexander Gordon, of Achintoul, several years a Major-General in the Czar's Service.*'† This sturdy and sagacious gentleman was one of Peter's best and most valued servants; and we are free to confess that we do not respect his memory a whit the less, because, after he had won many a battle for the Czar, and had retired to his own fire-side, he turned out in 1715, and, under the Earl of Mar, directed (if he did not really command) the Highland clans with such skill, 'that any advantage they had over the *king's* troops was generally attributed to his conduct.'‡ If Mr. Bremner had read this old Sheriffmuir hero's honest book, he would have spared us certain theories and sarcastic phrases, which we hope to see expunged from his next edition.

Lastly, we must qualify Mr. Bremner's statements about the manufactures of Russia. Agreeing with him in the belief, that for many a day she must supply herself with articles of luxury from foreign nations, we cannot admit 'that the highest of their cloth-manufactories produce only coarse stuffs, worn only by the

\* See *Karamsin*, Hist. de l'Emp. de Russie. French Ed. 1819-26.

† Aberdeen, 1755.

‡ Author's life, p. 16. Alexander Gordon is not to be confounded with his kinsman and father-in-law, General Patrick Gordon, the hero of Azoff, and the chief assistant Peter had in the decisive business of the Strelitzes.

poorer classes;’ for we happen to have now in wear a good long cloak of imperial grey, of *genuine Muscovite manufacture*, which is the admiration of brother reviewers. As to linen, we venture to state that their damask table-cloths, sheeting, and *duck* (the latter so long known to our soldiers), cannot be surpassed in any country. In jewellery and fillagree, we can exhibit samples from Vologda and the remote Oustiug (tracts which, it appears, few Englishmen have traversed since the days of our first adventurers), that rival even Genoese or Venetian work. The whole of the well-dressed population of the northern tracts of the ancient Permian are clad in the work of their own hands; and in all handicraft of wood, from the carved front of the peasant’s cottage, to the imitation of a French commode or fauteuil, every common artizan is supreme. In porcelain, prodigious improvements have already taken place, as the ‘*gastinoi-dwor*’ of Moscow will testify; and as to cutlery, though Russia is still far behind Sheffield, we are now mending our pen (for we are old-fashioned enough to stick to the grey goose-quill) with a small knife made in the cottage of a peasant in the government of Vladimir, which would have done no discredit to any shop in the Strand.

If *truth*, therefore, must be told, Russia is advancing in manufactures as in every other sign of civilisation; and we believe that this advance would be much more rapid if the government did not strive to force its subjects, by heavy import duties, to become manufacturers of everything which they have formerly bought from the stranger. If the mass of the people were first permitted to purchase cheaply, and thus acquire a taste for foreign goods, England and the rest of Europe would be benefited, whilst Russia would be laying the foundation of her future grandeur and independence.

How soon, and to what extent, she can ever become independent of all other states, is no easy problem to solve—though we may in part anticipate its solution. Steam is the acknowledged new element of advancement, by which this age is distinguished from all which have preceded it. By its magic power distance is set at nought; and the productions of the antipodes are brought rapidly together. *Coal*, therefore, must henceforth be the motor and the meter of all commercial nations. Without it no modern people can become great, either in manufactures or in the *naval art of war*. In Western Europe, with the limited exceptions of parts of Belgium, Westphalia, and Silesia, where coal-fields (comparatively small, however) exist, Great Britain holds an almost exclusive monopoly of this mighty agent, since the carbonaceous tracts of France are well known to be valueless for all *great* purposes. Far to the west must we, indeed, roam  
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ere we again meet with the same sinews of strength, and then we find them in the hands of our own North American colonies, and in those of our kinsmen of the United States. And even in that great western continent, quit but the region over which the *English* language is spoken, and you leave behind you the country of coal, there being little carboniferous matter to the south of the isthmus of Darien. There is something so remarkable in this correlation between the spread of Englishmen and the presence of that mineral which is destined to be their great palladium (for Australia and New Zealand may be added), that we cannot but admire the truth of the sailor's creed, and believe with him, that 'There's a sweet little Providence sits up aloft,' which, in keeping 'watch for the life of poor Jack,' has brought us to this sure anchoring-ground of a great commercial people.

But to return to Russia. If, in the progress of cultivation, her forests are destined to disappear, has she no natural deposits of coal to supply their place? This is *the* question which must go home to her statesmen. Our own last summer's explorations already enable us to answer it to some extent. It is no longer doubtful that all the rock formations of northern Russia are *more ancient* than that peculiar zone in the crust of the earth, which, in other favoured tracts, is carboniferous, and hence that any search for coal in such deposits would be hopeless. Has, then, Russia no coal-field? One, indeed, she has, upon the Donetz, but it is distant from either metropolis, and, moreover, it is yet to be proved if its contents be of sufficient value to be transported to the Black Sea. And in like manner, it is still to be determined whether certain wide tracts on the western flanks of the Ural chain, which are known to be slightly carbonaceous, are of national import.\*

In the mean time, whatever may be the extent to which coal may be worked in a given district of the *south* of Russia, or subsequently discovered in her governments of the *east*—(and we hope she may realise these objects)—the bare fact that the great provinces which surround her metropolitan cities do not contain it, is sufficient for us. With a knowledge of this fact, wise and prudent men, such as the Emperor and his ministers are generally allowed to be, can never wish to be on bad terms with that state which supplies Russia with the fuel by which her steam-vessels and her

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\* We doubt not that the Emperor, fully alive as he is to the vast interest attached to this inquiry, will, through his very efficient school of mines, and the able director, General Tcheffkine, employ competent persons to determine these national questions. M. Demidoff, to whom a large portion of the Donetz coal-field belongs, has indeed already obtained a survey of this from a skilful French engineer, M. Le Play.

rail-carriages are now propelled ; and this, too, at a price not amounting to that which we inhabitants of London pay for the same commodity !

The Duke of Wellington, in alluding on a late occasion to the invidious interpretations put by some among us on the plans and designs of Russia, said, in his usual spirit of *fairness*, that he saw no reason for doubting that her official language had been, and was, in unison with her intentions. We are sure it has been in unison with her most essential interests. The mart which Great Britain affords to this ally of three hundred years' standing for her grain, timber, tallow, and flax, is no trifle ; and every puff of smoke from a steamer on the Neva must remind her of the old friend who now furnishes her with that material, without which she must cease to advance in manufactures and naval enterprise. Mr. Bremner confesses openly that, having entered the country imbued with prejudices, he left it with a high respect for the people, and with changed views regarding their government: we did not carry with us the prepossessions of which he got rid—but we heartily concur in his closing hope, ' that Russia and England may long continue united by a friendship which has hitherto stood firm under many rude assaults, and which is alike honourable and advantageous to the two greatest empires in the world.'

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ART. III.—*Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria in 1839.* By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. London. 1840.

SUCH is the modest, though accurate, title of a work replete with information on a subject, abstruse indeed and mysterious, but which, unlike many mysteries, attains a higher degree of interest in proportion as partial success rewards its investigation. Partial at best indeed can be the triumph of him, or her, who ventures on the field of Etruscan research ; and the impossibility of detecting the unknown quantities of the problem is the more galling, because the stock of ascertained facts is copious. Races perhaps as numerous, dominations as extensive, the Pelagic for instance, have passed away, and left no material evidence of their existence behind save a few fragments of rude and massive architecture ; no record but the dim tradition of an inherited curse which urged them on their migrations, haunted them in their power, and was only exhausted by their accomplished destruction. *Vixere fortes*, — but they flourished at periods too remote for contact with any other nation whose language and literature might have embalmed for our use their institutions, and conveyed to us the story of their wanderings, their conquests,



conquests, and their fall. Pelasgian and Umbrian grapes are sour, and hang too far from our reach to stimulate hope or produce disappointment. The case of the Sabine tribes is somewhat different; they occupied, perhaps, at the one period or the other, as wide a territorial space in Italy as the Etruscan, and the era of their prosperity comes down to even a later date: their martial virtues demand respect, and have obtained honourable mention: they have left, however, few monumental records: their holds were strong from natural position rather than from constructive art or labour. Like the wild birds of their native Apennine, they built their nests in its cliffs, and it was only when, like other conquerors, they borrowed the arts of the people they had subdued, that they dealt in those fictile processes which attained such perfection in Etruria. We do not turn up Sabine vases at a stroke of the spade. If we seek for a remnant of the usages of the Marsi, such may indeed be detected in the practices of the modern juggler, who still descends from the neighbourhood of the Lago Celano to charm serpents and spell fortunes in the streets of Rome and Naples. Niebuhr asserts, that in Samnium Proper no remnant exists of architecture anterior to Rome, and that no specimen of purely Samnite manufacture has been found in glass or clay.\* Every one in England has heard at least of Etruscan vases; Etruscan patterns have been long worked by those who ply the needle, and Mr. Wedgwood has made all classes familiar with the leading peculiarities of the manufacture which he so happily imitated. It may be questioned indeed, whether to many an English ear, the term Etruscan suggests any other idea than that of a vase of singular and graceful shape, with certain black figures upon a red ground, or *vice versâ*. To those who are disposed to enlarge this extent of knowledge, and without plunging into folios of disquisition, or spending money on expensively illustrated works, to acquire some general notions of the variety and value of the specimens of Etruscan art still extant, we warmly recommend Mrs. Hamilton Gray's volume. It is our duty at the same time to warn them of their danger. Perhaps none should touch it who cannot afford time for more than a hurried trip to Italy, or whose banker's book does not leave a margin for the freaks of a collector.

It is seriously our opinion that if this little volume do not add to the number of the annual tourists to Italy, it will materially affect the route and proceedings of many in that country. The price of provisions and every other vendible commodity, will shortly rise in many a secluded spot hitherto known only to such adventurous explorers as Gell, Buntzen, and Kustner; as in all

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\* Roman History, vol. i. p. 107. Berlin edition, 1827.



emigrations the fate and fortunes of the parties will probably be various as their characters, aptitudes, and acquirements. Some (like Frost and Bolam) will make their fortunes, others will return sulky and dissatisfied. Enterprise is slow in Italy; inns, bells, and waiters are not the growth of a day, and such products are preceded by various minor vices which usually spring up contemporaneously with the advent of the English in all varieties of soil and climate. All who follow Mrs. Gray's steps will be jolted on cross roads, some only to be starved, cheated, and flea-bitten: others will return, as she has returned, from the sepulchres of Etruria, with a stock of information and recollections which may be available not only for their own use, but for that of their reading fellow creatures.

The singular attainments in art of this extinct people are the principal source of that curiosity as to their history, which we cannot now gratify; but what most embitters the regret we feel on this score is the reflection that, at the period of their highest power, they were not only co-existent, but intimately connected with a neighbour who, in adopting their institutions, might have preserved their annals. The Etruscan confederation did not die out of internal exhaustion; it fell before Rome, weakened indeed by dissensions, but fell fighting, and in the maturity of its civilisation. Their language, and probably polished literature, were at the disposal of their conquerors, and it was the will of those selfish victors not to preserve but to obliterate.\* Their fate was that of Mexico and Peru. In time curiosity revived, but it was too late. It is a poor consolation to us to think that, little as we know, we know something more than men, who, curious as we, compared to us were all but contemporary with the subjects of our purblind and groping investigations. In the time of Polybius the former greatness of the Etruscans was disputed, pronounced a fable and a dream. If Polybius were to rise from the dead, we would brain him, not with a lady's fan, but with Mrs. Gray's octavo. Livy twaddled about their origin; and in our times a diplomatist from Germany explores truer sources of information, and Livy stands corrected.

Niebuhr observes that no department of ancient history has produced so much unprofitable disquisition and rash conjecture as the Etruscan, from the time of Annius of Viterbo to the present. Without undertaking to read the works of that writer, famous—in the Latin sense of the word *famosus*—for forging histories which

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\* To this there is a singular exception. We concur with Niebuhr and Mrs. Gray in lamenting over the loss of the Etruscan annals collected by the Emperor Claudius. We can no more console ourselves for their disappearance by the insignificance of their author, than we could for the loss of Boswell's Johnson on the same ground.

he ascribed to Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus, names dear to the readers of Goldsmith, we are willing to take the ghost's word in this matter. We hope, however, and believe the zeal for discovery which has led to so much recent excavation in Italy, and which, even since the lamented death of Niebuhr, has added much to our store of evidence, is governed by a sounder spirit of criticism than is to be found in the works he censures. The main facts embraced in our actual knowledge of the Etruscans have been recapitulated in a former number of our journal,\* but our readers will perhaps forgive us for briefly reverting to the chief of them before we direct their attention to the special subject of this article. The first is the establishment in Italy, for many centuries previous to the foundation of Rome, of a mighty people—which has left traces of its civilisation inferior in grandeur perhaps to the monuments of Egypt, in beauty to those of Greece, but, with these exceptions, surpassing in both the relics of any other nation of remote antiquity. Their government was a rigid aristocracy, by what laws of inheritance preserved and regulated we are uncertain, but monopolising to its own ranks, and uniting in the same hands, the functions of the priest, the lawgiver, and the leader of armies. After having given rulers, and imparted to a large extent laws, rites, and usages to Rome, they fell before that power, and though their language long survived their independence and separate existence, as is testified by inscriptions so late as the period of the empire, it finally perished. From the close affinity of its alphabet to the Greek, we are able to read its records still extant, on the portals and interior walls of sepulchres, but the key to its construction and meaning is lost. Beyond proper names and their occasional identification with the Roman version of such, we can deduce little more from the inscriptions of Etruria but strong corroboration of the fact asserted by ancient authors, that their language was entirely distinct from the Greek, and from that portion of Latin at least which we are accustomed to consider as of Greek parentage. It was written in Oriental fashion, from right to left.

Their sepulchral practices have been the principal means of preserving to us the evidences of their advanced state of civilisation. The mode of sepulture varied at different periods and in different parts of their confederation. The corpse was sometimes left entire in a sarcophagus or on a bier; in other instances it was burnt, and the ashes inurned after the manner of the Romans and others. It appears probable that the former was the older and purely national practice, but in both cases the sepulchre of the wealthy or the great was in fact a subterranean museum, a

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\* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. liv. p. 429, &c.

Picture-gallery, a sculpture-room, and place of deposit for innumerable objects illustrative of their usages, social habits, and mythology.

Among the many inferences to be collected from this particular source of information, perhaps the two of highest moral importance are :—that their system of religion was based on a pervading and intense conviction of the immortality of the soul, and its responsibility beyond the grave for the actions done in the flesh ;—and that the female sex, if not elevated to the station to which the doctrines of Christianity, the institutions of chivalry, and other minor causes, have raised it in modern Europe, was at least the companion and not the slave of the male, and probably in life, certainly in death, was admitted to the highest honours. They possessed a school of art, remarkable in all its stages for its national peculiarities, and in most for the beauty of its results. In two departments, those of the modeller in clay and the worker in gold, they may be said to have surpassed all nations, for neither in China nor at Sevres could some qualities of the Etruscan manufacture in clay be rivalled. Hindoo patience and cheapness of labour may equal the Etruscan gold manufacture in delicacy of texture, but cannot do so in beauty of design. The resemblance of the results is often striking. The limits of the fair and extensive portion of Italy occupied by this race may be laid down with tolerable accuracy, though, out of the sites of the twelve capitals of their confederation, one or two admit of dispute. The subject of their origin and of the quarter from which their civilisation first radiated is still controverted. For a statement of the difference between Niebuhr, who brings them down from the Rhoetian Alps. and the Tuscan Micali who stands up for the pretensions of his native soil, we refer our readers to our former article. We are not aware that the researches conducted subsequently to the date of that article have thrown further light on this *vexata quæstio*, or given us reason to change our leaning, therein indicated, to Micali's view of it. Excavation has indeed multiplied the evidences of connexion and intercourse between Etruria and Egypt, but these later discoveries, principally made at Volci, hardly affect the question of their origin. Mr. Fellowes, one of the most diligent of modern travellers, has already given occupation to the learned by his discoveries of inscriptions, apparently Etruscan, in the territory of ancient Lydia. We have rumours of his further success, and on this and every other ground await the publication of his forthcoming volume with much interest.

Mrs. H. Gray's very agreeable book, like Newton's theory of gravitation, is the result of an accident. Some two years ago Signor Campanari, a proprietor of Etruscan soil, and a successful

ful excavator of its treasures, exhibited in Pall Mall a valuable Etruscan collection, arranged in apartments which presented a fac-simile of the tomb in which the principal objects had been discovered. To this admirable exhibition Mrs. Gray betook herself, at the recommendation of the late Bishop of Lichfield; we, in religious observance of a practice attributed to the late Lord Stowell, of visiting every show in London which can be seen for a shilling. Assuredly an honest shilling's-worth was never given to the public than that of Mr. Campanari, not even in the similar case of Belzoni's Egyptian sepulchre. Mr. Campanari's chambers, furnished as they were, and with the coloured designs of the original tufo wall accurately imitated, was, in our opinion, pre-eminent among the contrivances which London has produced in our time for the amusement of ordinary men or Stowells. If it did not answer as a speculation, it was not the fault of one competent above his fellows to give the stamp of value by his praise, for we well remember the warmth with which Mr. Rogers recommended it to his acquaintance. We are happy to think that the collection was purchased for the British Museum; but we should be much happier if, not having room for Mrs. Hamilton Gray's lively description of it, we had not reason to make room for the following extract, which relates to the subsequent disposal of the objects so purchased.

' I may in this place mention the loss which the public are sustaining in not being able still to visit those things which I have described [namely, the paintings on the walls]. After having not only missed them all ourselves, but having visited scenes that appeared to us still more worthy of representation, we went on our return to England to the British Museum, wishing to feast our eyes once more upon the glorious relics of a nation passed away. What was our disappointment to wander through the rooms the first day, and see no appearance of any collection from Campanari!—the very few objects which we did recognise, bronzes and scarabæi, being so mingled with Greek and Roman remains as to be undistinguishable without very close observation and a previous knowledge of their peculiar style. . . . The second day of our visit to this very noble and rich institution, we considered beforehand where the monuments of Etruria, if placed at all, must naturally be found; and we decided that they must come between Egypt, the eldest of nations, and Greece, her best-known child. Here we accordingly sought, and in a large disorderly-looking hall, leading from Egypt to the Elgin marbles, we espied what we were seeking. Ranged along the wall, in melancholy confusion and neglect, *without a place in the catalogue*, or any indication to the curious of what they were, lay in silence our Etruscan friends. They looked indeed as if they felt that they were in a strange country, cold, comfortless, and far from home. The fantastic vaults of Campanari, with their elevated beds and mysterious gloom.

gloom, his gay painted tombs and variety of ornament, were no more to be seen. . . . It were a sin to have destroyed Campanari's beautiful show, if we are to have no better substitute than what we saw when we visited the British Museum in September, 1839.'—p. 11.

A sin indeed! Mrs. Gray's narrative of her tour to the Museum seems to us to afford a strong instance of that fatality which hangs over the well-meant efforts of Mr. Bull, when, quitting for a moment the manufacture of cotton-twist, he takes a fit of extravagance and virtue.

The immediate effect of Mrs. Gray's visit to Campanari's original exhibition was her journey to Italy, productive of the volume under our notice. For a visit to the sepulchres of Etruria themselves she wisely prepared herself by conversations with the learned, and an active course of museums in Pisa and Rome. The following description of what she saw in the collection of Gen. Galassi, at Rome, affords a tolerable notion of the nature and variety of the treasures which have lately rewarded the labour of excavation. The tomb called the Regolini Galassi had lately been opened at Cervetri, and Mrs. Gray thus speaks of its contents:—

'If we had been surprised at Campanari's we were petrified at the General's. Here we saw an immense breastplate of gold, which had been fastened on each shoulder by a most delicately-wrought gold fibula, with chains like those now made at Trichinopoli. The breastplate was stamped with a variety of arabesques and small patterns, as usual in the Egyptian style. The head had been crowned with fillets and circular ornaments of pure gold, and a rich mantle had covered the body, flowered with the same material. In this grave had also been found a quantity of arms, &c. . . . A bier of bronze, as perfect as if made a year ago; a tripod with a vessel containing some strange looking lumps of a resinous substance, which on being burnt proved to be perfumes, so intensely strong that those who tried them were obliged to leave the room. . . . There were wheels of a car, on which the bier had been brought into the sepulchre. . . . But the wonder of all these treasures was a sort of inkstand of terra-cotta, which had served as a schoolmaster's A B C. On it were the Etruscan letters, first in alphabet and then in syllables; and both the letters and the syllables are the same as the oldest form of the Greek. It was deciphered by Dr. Lipsius, and is the key to all we at present know, and will be the basis of all we are ever likely to know of the Etruscan tongue.'—p. 24.

Mrs. Gray pursues various conjectures as to this curious relic, and goes on to say:—

'In a memorandum made immediately on quitting the General's house, I have noted that upon this inkstand were four alphabets engraved, and after each the syllables; thus, ba, be, bi, &c.; that one of these is in the oldest or archaic form of the Greek alphabetic letters; and that  
hence

hence connexion is likely to be traced and demonstrated between the Egyptian, Etruscan, and Pelasgic.'

This collection has lately been added to the Gregorian of the Vatican, which, formed by the present Pope since his accession, already, as Mrs. Gray justly states, bids fair to surpass the Museo Borbonico of Naples. The Pope's Etruscan repositories, so rich in fragile and pilferable objects, are wisely subjected to stricter regulations for their exhibition than are attached to the rest of the Vatican, but special permission is liberally accorded on proper application; and few travellers who have read Mrs. Gray's volume will omit to obtain it. Among the collections visited and noted by Mrs. Gray at Rome we may also mention the museum of Cavaliere Palin, as embracing a wider range than others, and bringing into juxta-position the antiquities of the East in general—that of Signor Campana, rich in sarcophagi and coins—and the Kircherian collection of the Jesuits' college, which surpasses all others in numismatic treasures.

After a course of training in these repositories, Mrs. Gray launches on her main expedition. The table of her contents includes some six of the twelve principal cities of the ancient Etruscan league, the sites of which now form points of principal antiquarian interest in Tuscany and the Papal States. She does not visit, nor, except by incidental reference, extend her observations to the more southern portion of Italy. The Etruscan antiquities of Campania have forced themselves into more general observation than those of the older and principal sites of the confederation. As works of art, and in respect of beauty of design, the vases of the Musco Borbonico have long been famous, and Mrs. Gray has done well to devote her energies to Central Etruria, the seat of their earlier empire, and which, as might be expected, contains more samples of their progress in art before the purely national style was softened down by Greek admixture.

Few recent discoveries have been more interesting than those which have brought about the identification of the site of Veii, the city from whose fall we date the destruction of the Etruscan confederation. It is easily accessible from Rome, and has become the object of frequent excursions to Anglo-Roman equestrians. Many of these visit it probably rather on the ground of its associations with a familiar passage of Roman history than as an Etruscan city; some for the picturesque beauty of its environs, and more perhaps for the animal pleasure of a gallop over miles of continuous turf. In the two latter respects we can vouch for its pre-eminent attractions, and at the recollection of them the '*præteritos referat si Jupiter annos*' rises to our lips. At Veii Mrs. Gray witnessed, by invitation of Mr. Capranesi, a principal dealer in  
antiquities



antiquities in Rome, the operation of a *scavo*. We subjoin her summary—as, though the results were trifling, for the tomb had been plundered before, her observations will admit of application to similar proceedings in most parts of Italy.

‘The name of the site of our scavo, as the Italians call an excavation, was Pozzo Michele, or Michael’s Well. We all agreed that it had been previously opened, because the vases showed that it had been tenanted, and the absence of bones or ashes that it had been spoiled; but we might have known by another sign that it had fallen a prey to previous antiquaries, or treasure-hunters—from its having no doors. Every Etruscan unviolated tomb as yet discovered is most artificially closed by one or two immense stone leaves, turning on pivots, and resembling those of the tombs of the kings near Jerusalem. . . . After we had completely rifled this tomb, it would probably the next day be filled up to restore the ground for sheep-grazing, and in a fortnight it would look as green and undisturbed as the day before we opened it. In fifty years time the men who opened it and those who saw it opened will be no more; Capranesi’s excavations will be forgotten or doubted, and some new projector and antiquity-hunter will very possibly re-open this grave to find that it has been already spoiled. Thus it happens with many magnificent Roman sepulchres in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. I believe that no excavations whatever were undertaken till the French began to disinter the ancient Forum. Yet even during this short period half the opened tombs are forgotten, and now are re-excavating by English noblemen and gentlemen, who spend their money to be disappointed. . . . In Etruria the ground opened is as yet well known, because, with scarcely an exception, it is either in the hands of a few dealers, of eminent collectors like Campana, or the Prince of Canino; but when this generation shall have passed away, what is there to preserve the memory of the ground which they hired, searched, and filled in again? and who is to say what was found in any particular tomb, and what bronzes or sculpture, what vases or terra cotta vessels, what scarabæi engravings or gold ornaments, are contemporary, and were found together? Any of the first-rate dealers will tell you at once that such a vase, or marble, or bronze came from Veii Etruscan or Veii Roman, from Cere, Volci, Viterbo, &c., but what tomb they came from, and what other objects were found with them, even they are usually unable to tell you.’

One need not be much surprised at all this, since the tombs have as yet been investigated by persons with whom the marketable value of their contents was the first if not the sole consideration. We must add that the Archæological Society of Rome does its best to prevent and repair the mischief by procuring plans, copies of paintings, &c.; and the Tuscan government seems in this, as in other respects, to extend a careful and salutary supervision over the proceedings of its subjects.

Mrs. Gray takes the occasion of her Veii excavations to specify  
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briefly the main distinctions between the Roman and Etruscan practices of sepulture—which much simplify the task of modern antiquarians; for though some of the older Roman tombs, such as that of Scipio, have Etruscan features, the difference is always considerable. A Roman tomb contains no painted vases, no chariots, biers of bronze, perfumes, nor armour. The ashes of the burnt corpse, perhaps some coins, and small lacrymatories of glass or clay, are the principal objects to be expected. In an Etruscan tomb, coins and glass are rare; vases and offerings of various kinds are most usual, and a ledge or shelf for their deposit running round the interior, is almost invariable; bronze nails are found in many, from which such objects had been suspended; and these nails are occasionally exhibited by priestly cicerones as instruments of Christian martyrdom. In the case of an eminent defunct—a *lucumo*, or warrior-prince and priest, his last resting-place was stocked with a large assortment of the symbols and instruments of his various professions and dignities. The corpse has in most cases mouldered away, and the rich garment has perished with the form it shrouded, but the gold with which its texture was interwoven and reticulated remains; and though the *vertebræ* and articulations are dust, the serpent-armlet of elastic gold and the diadem of oak, or ivy, or bay or fern leaves, and the heavy and flexible torques, all of the same precious and indestructible material, have dropped through the interstices of the bronze bier to the soil below. More usually, perhaps, these accompaniments of the corpse are found in a sarcophagus, the lid of which exhibits a full length and evidently faithful recumbent portrait of the deceased. The attitude of some of these likenesses reminds the English visiter of the monuments of his country's cathedrals; and the curious position in which one leg is often tucked up under the other bears an accidental resemblance to the cross-legged Templars so common in our old rural churches. We can conceive few moments of man's life more to be envied than that of the enthusiastic explorer when the light of day first follows the stroke of the pickaxe into one of these receptacles, fresh and un plundered.

‘ Campanari said that he was excavating as usual in a rough but quiet-looking spot, when suddenly he heard a great crash, the earth fell in, and he found himself standing in the centre of twelve figures, all with their raised and ornamented heads staring at him, and wondering why he came to give them such disturbance. He said he really felt frightened for a time, and inclined to run away, for whichever side he looked there were the red and fiery faces, and the peculiarly stern expression of their reproachful figures. Their bodies were all covered with earth, and their heads only above the soil; and they looked like  
“ beings

om beneath, come to sit in judgment on him for violating  
se.'—p. 321.

r the most striking instance, however, of such success is  
Carlo Avolta, of Corneto:—

as conducting an excavation at Tarquinia, in partnership with  
Lord Kinnaird, when he was rewarded, for his expenditure of  
nd money, by an enjoyment which, he says, was the most ex-  
f his life—the discovery of an Etruscan monarch, with his  
d panoply. He entirely confirmed the account which I had  
in Rome of his adventure with the lucumo, on whom he  
or full five minutes, from the aperture above the door of his  
e. He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in armour, with a  
pear, and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier.  
ange soon came over the figure, it trembled, and crumbled, and  
away; and, by the time an entrance was effected, all that re-  
as the golden crown and a handful of dust, with some frag-  
the arms. Part of these became the property of Lord Kin-  
p. 206.

Veii Mrs. Gray transports her readers to the necro-  
Tarquinia, near the modern Corneto. Her own words  
it convey some notion of the extent of this field for re-

day after our arrival at Corneto we devoted to the tombs of  
a, and we drove to the distance of about three miles from the  
til we found ourselves in the midst of a dreary moor, now  
onterozzi, which is all that remains above ground of the once  
ecropolis, or burying-ground. It is extremely rugged and un-  
d every now and then we saw traces of some little mounds, and,  
e frequently, holes on the surface like the mouths of pits, some-  
enings like doors down into the ground, and occasionally flights  
half concealed. . . . Signor Carlo Avolta informed us that the  
is of Tarquinia was computed to extend over sixteen square  
nd that, judging from the two thousand tombs which had of late  
en opened, their number in all could not be less than two mil-  
What an extraordinary idea this gives of the dense population  
at Etruria! for though the necropolis of Tarquinia may have  
avourite spot for family sepulchres, even beyond the pale of its  
mediate citizenship, it is surrounded on all sides by cemeteries  
inferior in extent to itself—Tuscania, and Volci, and Mont-  
out naming Castel d' Asso, which we shall afterwards describe  
g probably been the Westminster Abbey of Central Etruria.'—

Etruscans, in the form and construction of their tombs,  
verned by local accidents of ground. At Castel d' Asso,  
valley with a precipitous bank was chosen, the rock was  
d into chambers, like those of Egypt, Petra, and Jehoso-  
At Tarquinia, an extensive table-land being applied to

the purpose, the tombs were conical mounds, for the most part artificially heaped up, but probably, where opportunity served, natural inequalities of ground were augmented or pared down to the requisite shape and angle. The apex was crowned by the crest or device of the family, and the base encircled by a wall of masonry. If the middle age battlement were removed from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and a conical mound raised upon the ancient structure, the whole would present the form of this class of tomb on a large scale.

‘An Etruscan necropolis,’ says our authoress, ‘must have had a striking effect, crowded with such monumental mounds, crowned with lions or sphinxes, and based upon foundations of solid masonry, with doors all round, and having cope-stones adorned with lions, sphinxes, and griffins.’—p. 158.

The above computation of Signor Avolta, and Mrs. Gray’s descriptions, would form much more reasonable foundation for a joint-stock excavation-company than those on which many seductive schemes have been raised. We must not, however, suppose that capital is all that is required, that the task of excavation is easy, or the reward certain. We are late in the field. Could we even claim to be the first who have been led there by desire of knowledge, or taste for the fine arts, still a passion older than these, older than Etruscan or Pelasgic rule, the *auri sacra fames*, has been beforehand with us, and an unplundered tomb is not the rule, but the exception. Nor was the reputation of these recesses for the precious metals their only attraction. At some periods of the Roman empire the finer Etruscan vases were perhaps as high in value in Rome as now. We cannot now fix the period of the spoliation, or identify the offender. Many tombs have doubtless been repeatedly ransacked. Avolta theorises that the very architects employed in their construction may have preserved the secret of the concealed entrance, and used for their own profit the ‘open sesame’ which was in their possession. It is more probable that the Roman conqueror may have begun the spoliation in the time of the republic: it is, we believe, certain that it was carried on to a great extent soon after the establishment of Christianity in the empire.

It would be beyond our scope and limits to enter into any detail of the wonders described in Mrs. Gray’s pages. The paintings which remain are even of more interest than the transportable objects which enrich the museum of the collector; for they tell us even more of the usages, the games, the feasts, costume, and mode of living of the extinct people, and bear even more expressive witness to their belief in life and judgment beyond the grave. To give a single example of this—in describing

scribing one of the first discovered and most remarkable of the painted tombs of Tarquinia, known by the name of the Grotta del Cardinale, Mrs. Gray says—

‘ Another most remarkable frieze consists of a procession of souls to judgment, and among these one group in particular attracted our attention. It represented the soul of a person who had in life been of doubtful character, much both of good and evil being attributed to him, and in his case the nicely-balanced scales of justice trembled. He is dragged in a car before the judge by two winged genii, the one good and the other evil, who are contending for the exclusive possession of him. In the eagerness of dispute the car stops; they cannot draw it on, but remain stationary, to mark the uncertain reputation of the deceased. The evil genii are represented as black, and all the spirits wear a cothurnus. . . . The genii are all winged, and the souls, of which there are many, have no wings.’—p. 186.

In this instance the evil principle is embodied in human form, and only distinguished from his antagonist, or from the human subject of their contention, by colour; but in the Grotta del Tifone we are introduced to the very fiend of our own northern mythology. We cannot omit Mrs. Gray’s description of this remarkable painting:—

‘ Our eyes were riveted on an extraordinary procession which occupied a small portion of the wall, to the right of the entrance. It is miserably injured, and will very soon be totally obliterated. It is a procession of dead, conducted by genii to their final abode of good or evil. The band is preceded by a good genius, as may be discovered from the serpents of eternity, which are twined round his head, and from the pleasing expression of his countenance. He bears a lighted torch. He is followed by a number of souls, and among them, two, a man and a woman, are distinguished for uncommon beauty. The very handsome and noble-looking youth is immediately followed by a monstrous fiend, in whom we recognise the most frightful development of the evil genius of Etruria, whose face and figure had been already familiar to us in scarabæi and vases. The eternal serpents encircled his head, and his face had the most frightful negro exaggeration with a brutish expression. One enormous claw was pouncing upon the shoulder of the unfortunate youth, while the hammer, the Etruscan badge of the angel of death, was raised in the other.\* Behind him was the figure, lamentably defaced, of a female of surpassing loveliness, and in her beautiful brow and eye the most intense anguish was depicted. I shall never forget her expression of unutterable woe. To her was attached an infernal guard, similar to him who had pounced upon the youth, his brows encircled with the same serpentine fillet, and his features and expression exaggerated negro and brutish, only of a dark brown colour instead of a deep black. . . .

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\* Shakspeare’s ‘hang him, foul collier,’ would apply with marvellous precision to the Etruscan Satan.

They must have been portraits; but whom did they represent, and why were they thus represented? What had they done, and why were they thus singled out, to be handed down for two-and-twenty ages as the prey of dæmons, and branded with the mark of reprobation?"—p. 197.

Micali, who gives a coloured engraving of this painting, observes upon the impartiality with which judgment is awarded to all ranks beyond the grave. The soul which travels into Hades in its chariot, and which Micali evidently considers as answering to our English definition of a respectable man, viz., one who keeps a gig, meets with the same treatment as the humbler spirits. It may be worth mentioning that the interpretation of this painting, adopted by Mrs. Gray from Micali, is one which, in the case of other similar representations, is controverted by Inghirami and others, who consider Micali's evil genius to be the Infernal Mercury, conductor of the dead. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.* Those who are curious in the matter may consult the dissertation on the seventh plate of Inghirami's voluminous work in quarto. The style of these figures is Greek, and differs in some details of execution from the generality of the sepulchral paintings; but the inscriptions attached are Etruscan, and therefore prove the antiquity, while they fail to remove the mystery, of the Dantesque story which Mrs. Gray thinks must have been selected to point a moral to the succeeding generations of some great Etruscan house.

It is lamentable to think that treasures of art and antiquity, such as these, should be suffered to remain for the most part neglected and unguarded, and that they are fast perishing. A few fac-similes decorate the walls of the Gregorian Museum, but its founder, who as a collector deserves much credit, as a sovereign does little for the preservation of the sepulchres themselves whence the treasures of which he is the worthy and enthusiastic possessor were extracted.

Mr. Michelet, the author of a lively summary of the history of Rome, an agreeable decoction of Niebuhr and the other authors of new versions, speaks of the Etruscans as a people who held in horror the nudity of the Greek gymnasium. If this were all on which we could rest a denial of their Greek origin, the negative evidence would hardly be conclusive. The tomb called the *Chamber of the Inscriptions* at Tarquinia not only exhibits naked female dancers, but in the horse-races there represented the riders are naked—although in the wrestling match the combatants are clothed. A more indubitable proof of difference between Greek and Etruscan social habits is the association of the two sexes on the same *triclinium* at the feast, which is consistent with Egyptian practice but not with Greek. The height of the painted

painted figures is usually from two to three feet,—the fresco lately described is less in dimensions. Of the bright colours they appear to have used only the simple red, blue, and yellow, without mixing, as if they had combined them they could not have missed green, and would hardly have rejected it from their palette. Brown is rare. In some of these representations of races, the *velarium*, or occasional awning stretched over the spectators of the circus or theatre, distinctly appears, proving the invention to have been long anterior to the Romans, for whom it has been till now claimed.

Lucien Buonaparte is well known as one of the most successful excavators of Etruscan antiquities, though not the most retentive, for his acquisitions have been scattered by sale over all Europe. His own principality of Canino and the neighbouring site of the ancient Vulci have been the scenes of his operations. The mine has proved a rich one in all respects ; but its chief interest of late has perhaps been derived from numerous discoveries of objects purely *Egyptian*. Among the articles of this class noticed by Mrs. Gray in the prince's collection at Musignano were ostrich eggs formed into cups, and painted with figures resembling those on the tombs of the Pharaohs, and small earthen vessels, resembling modern shooting-flasks, inscribed with hieroglyphics. These instances, and, we believe, many others, establish beyond all doubt the fact of intercourse and connexion with Egypt ; but other evidence is required to demonstrate Micali's assumption that we must look to Egypt as the source of the early civilisation of Etruria. These proofs Micali finds in sufficient abundance for the overthrow of Lanzi, who in his day, while backing the pretensions of Greece against the East in general, was rash enough to challenge his adversaries to produce from Etruria a deity with four wings, or other similar monster of Phœnician origin. 'Four wings do I say,' writes Lanzi, 'show me one even with two!' The tombs had been by comparison imperfectly explored in Lanzi's time, and idols with any number of required wings have since been found in abundance, with many other indubitable symptoms of Egyptian and Oriental mythology. Vulci was a small but highly polished constituent portion of the Etruscan confederation, and the Prince of Canino, besides profiting by its ancient relations with Egypt, has been very fortunate in the articles of vases and gold ornaments. Probably no modern jeweller, unless possibly he were a Hindoo from Trichinopoly, could imitate a *parure* some thousands untold of years old in which the Princess used to appear at Roman *fêtes* and state occasions. The tomb called the Cucumella in this neighbourhood is worthy of notice for its peculiar architecture and arrangement, the mound of  
which



which it consists having displayed, when opened, the remains of two towers, one round, the other square.\*

We have already adverted to the contents of the Regulini Galassi tomb at Cære or Agylla, as deposited in the Gregorian Museum; but we are unwilling to omit the description which, on her visit to Cære, Mrs. Gray gives of that part of this interesting monument, which was devoted to a female occupant. After due notice of the first chamber, in which reposed the lucumo proprietor of the famous inkstand, she proceeds:—

‘After this grave had been despoiled, the door leading into the other beyond it was broken down, and here was found a sight, if possible, still more wonderful, and yet, I am led to believe, by no means new to the people of Cervetri, though hitherto unrecorded. Here were vases of bronze still hanging on the wall by nails, a tripod, containing a vase for perfumes, and in a sort of a recess at the end were two large stones, about five feet from each other, on which had been placed the head and feet of the body buried here. Upon the stone next the end wall lay the extraordinary gold ornament I have described as shown at General Galassi’s, consisting of two disks with animals carved upon them, and two gold fillets; and sunk deep below the stone, or half leaning on it, was the superb golden breastplate, which I have also mentioned. On each side, where the wrists had once depended, lay broad golden bracelets, richly worked in relievo. Above or below the breastplate lay a clasp, composed of three spheres of gold; and at various distances between the stones were the little lumps of the same precious metal, which had been woven into the grand ceremonial dress of departed royalty. Now comes the wonder. This had been a woman! Whether a warrior-queen or priestess none can tell; but my belief is the former. Greatly honoured, and sovereign in power, she had certainly been; and her name was Larthia, which, as Lars means sovereign, or greatly-exalted man, probably means sovereign or greatly-exalted woman. . . . It is the opinion of Canina, the learned architect, that this tomb was constructed many years previous to the Trojan war; and Troy fell 1187 years before the Christian era. We therefore read the language, and scanned the dress and furniture, and saw the very dust of men who were contemporary with Jephtha, and the older Judges of Israel, long before the times of Saul and of David.’—p. 334.

We cannot quit the subject of this monument without observing that its architecture is as curious as its contents, and that, in some of the features of its construction, it resembles the so-called treasury of Atreus at Mycene, and, in others, exhibits the peculiarities of the style attributed to Thessaly and Lydia.

\* ‘Many of the old towns upon the sea,’ says Mrs. Gray, p. 288, ‘where Italians go to shoot the wild boar, must offer a rich field to an antiquary, if it is true, as I have heard, that columns, and the heads, and legs, and arms of statues, are sometimes seen sticking out into the water, or above it.’



We have now followed the steps of our fair yet learned and eloquent cicerone over one or two of the principal scenes of her tour of exploration. We are unable to pursue her further course to Perugia, Chiusi, and other places of equal interest. Even from our partial notice it will appear that the line of study and research which her pages suggest may be prosecuted to good purpose by persons less active and persevering than herself. The museums of Rome, Tuscany, and Naples are open to those whose energies are unequal to cross-roads and trattorias. Veii is but two miles from the main road; Perugia is on it, Chiusi accessible. Other objects of Mrs. Gray's journeys are to be attained at the expense of various degrees of fatigue and inconvenience. To an active, and, in Homeric phrase, well-girt enthusiast, we should be inclined to recommend Castel d' Asso—rather, indeed, as a place for study and for sketching than for *scavo* speculation; for it would appear that most of its rock-hewn sepulchres have been long since plundered. We should argue, however, from Mrs. Gray's account, that it had been less carefully explored and described by recent travellers than the other principal seats of Etruscan magnificence; and it is certainly the Petra, or Jehosophat of Etruria. The artists who disseminate for the good of their fellow-creatures the knowledge of Hunt and Warren's blacking are little aware that they are plagiarists of the epitaph-writers of ancient Etruria. Speaking of this valley of tombs, Mrs. Gray says,—

'About a quarter of a mile from where we had first detected the hand of art we began to perceive deep regular lines of inscription in the rocks. The letters were a foot high, and sometimes chiselled two inches deep in the stone; they were all in the oldest Etruscan character, and evidently intended to be read at a distance, perhaps even from the other side of the valley.'—p. 395.

The sepulchres of Etruria afford evidence, not only of the power and virtues of the race they inhume, but they occasionally, also, with equal fidelity, bear witness to its frailties and its crimes. The deep reverence of this people for the dead, and the solemn sentiment of many of their sepulchral devices, are sufficient to show that the tradition of eternal truth, whether flowing through Egyptian or other channels, had reached them. That they were warlike, and could deal hard blows, we know from history. It is, however, scarcely probable that the sterner martial virtues attributed by all authorities to the Sabine race were equally characteristic of the Etruscan. Without adopting at once the theory of their Lydian origin, we still perceive the Asiatic impress in their addiction to the feast, the dance, and the other good things of this world, which militates, perhaps, as strongly as any other argument

argument against Niebuhr's hypothesis of their descent from the Rhetian Alps. They were evidently a joyous race,—loved the ornaments of dress, and the pleasures of sight and sound. They feasted, wrestled, beat one another with fists, and, according to Aristotle, whipped their slaves to the sound of the Lydian double flute. The *lucumo* reclined on a gorgeous and embroidered couch, a cushion doubled behind his shoulders, and gazed, as might a modern pasha or rajah, on the voluptuous motions of the dancing girl. We pass no ascetic censure on these delectations,—if sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked,—and the symposia of our own and other northern nations would probably suffer by comparison with Etruscan refinement. The skill of their artists, however, was sometimes degraded, as male collectors know, to the office of perpetuating the record of their graver sensual vices.\* We are sorry, also, to be compelled to state that, in the sarcophagus of one Velthuri, a man of family and rank in the Etruscan army, amid a large assortment of articles which indicate that he was a collector of *rococo*, a pair of loaded dice were discovered. These instruments, it is said, are not unfrequently found in the tombs. We would fain hope the indiscretions, indicated by their appearance in this instance, were all the defunct had to answer for towards the dark and buskined genius who wields his retributive hammer on the paintings of Tarquinia. On each side, however, of the same sarcophagus is a distinct representation of a human sacrifice.

It does not, indeed, as Mrs. Gray observes, necessarily follow that this delineation alludes to any passage in the life of Velthuri himself, as the sculptures of a sarcophagus have often no relation to the actions of its tenant. Other evidences, however, exist, which leave little doubt that human sacrifice was not unknown to the Etruscans; though there is no reason to believe that the practice was frequent. In one instance, of a vase now at Berlin, the painting, which was long supposed to convey proof that cannibalism was one of their indulgences, has turned out to be nothing more than a curious delineation of the process of moulding statues of *terru cotta* in separate pieces. The discovery of the moulds themselves has confirmed this interpretation. It would be hard on Sir F. Chantrey to be handed down to posterity as anthropophagous because some admiring disciple had sketched him in the act of fashioning the separate limbs of a Canning or a Munro.

Among the materials used by Etruscan artists ivory must be reckoned, but the specimens now extant are rare. The figure of

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\* Niebuhr positively denies this. We are sorry to differ from him on such a point; but though the Etruscans, like Shakspeare, may have been purer than their neighbours, we have seen but too much evidence of the assertion in the text.

the elephant appears in some of their paintings. In bronze their skill was doubtless great, and if we can adopt Mrs. Gray's estimate of the quality of some relieves in Campanari's possession, they rivalled the best Greek artists of the best time in this material; for she gives these objects the preference over the ornaments of the breast-plate supposed to be that of Pyrrhus, now in the British Museum. On the subject of the staple commodity of Etruria, vases and tazze, Mrs. Gray's volume contains some judicious remarks. The materials for this branch of Etruscan study are so numerous, and several distinctive peculiarities of the ancient manufacture at once so well ascertained and so imitable, that the connoisseur is no longer in danger of fraud, and has hardly occasion to resort to the infallible tests with which chemistry provides him. The eye, indeed, must be well trained which could detect the modern portion of some repaired vases, but the sense of touch will discover a difference in the surface. All who have seen the Museo Borbonico must admit, that the more legitimate art of putting together the true fragments of ancient vases has attained in modern hands the acme of perfection, for some of the very finest of that collection have been recomposed of more than an hundred pieces. Such reconstructed vessels retain very justly in the market the full value due to their merit in respect of shape and design. A curious instance of a collector's good fortune is mentioned in the following passage (p. 218) :—

'Cavalier Kestner has two most valuable vases, the first of which, consisting of sixteen pieces, he purchased from a peasant at Tuscania, and when it came to be put together it was perfect except one piece. This the minister did not choose to supply, choosing rather to keep his vase imperfect; but a year after he purchased another basketful of fragments from another peasant, who had found them at Monte Fiascone. I forget how many pieces he found, but I think thirty-seven; of these thirty-six made another beautiful vase, and the thirty-seventh exactly supplied the vacant place of the vase he had purchased the preceding year.'

The ring of Polycrates is the only instance with which we can match this story; we trust that in the modern case no compensating misfortune has occurred.

Reversing the practice deprecated by Horace, we will conclude our remarks instead of beginning them, *ab ovo*. Describing her visit to Campanari in his antiquarian domain of Tuscania, Mrs. Gray says (p. 301),—

'As I was leaving the room, I perceived in one corner a basket of eggs, which I naturally concluded that Signor Campanari had just sent out

out to procure for our supper ; when, to our astonishment, he informed us that these eggs had contributed to a funeral feast some two thousand years ago, as he had found them in the tomb he had been that day excavating. I think it has been remarked, in the description of the pictured walls of Tarquinia, that many of the guests on the triclinia had eggs in their hands, and that they were the ordinary commencement of an Etruscan banquet.'

We have made our extracts without compunction, for the volume is not one of those which can suffer by this process, or be distilled into an essence which will leave the original mass vapid and tasteless. Mrs. Gray's sepulchral picture gallery has no intervals of daub or vacancy. She has won an honourable place in the large assembly of modern female writers, and at her death (*sero adveniat*) deserves a monumental vault adorned with relievos by Mr. Westmacott, and paintings by Mr. Eastlake.

ART. IV.—*De l'Instruction Publique en France, Guide des Familles. Edition populaire, tirée à 10,000 exemplaires.*  
Par Emile de Girardin. Paris, 1840.

THE subject of this small volume, published in the cheapest form (the edition is said to be of 10,000 copies) for general distribution, is of vital interest, not to France alone, nor to Europe, but to the whole world. Europe, with the exception of two of its least civilised provinces, Spain and the Turkish empire, has now enjoyed a peace of twenty-five years ;—a longer period of repose from the crimes and miseries of war than has blessed mankind, since that which has been called the happiest epoch in history—the period between the death of Trajan and the accession of the younger Antoninus. Nor has peace failed to fulfil its sacred mission. It is difficult to estimate the immense advancement in population, in wealth, in comfort, in commerce, in internal and international communication throughout every part of the continent—in education in most countries—almost everywhere in the general, social, and intellectual condition of the people, in national self-respect, and respect for the rights and independence of other nations. It would be impossible to imagine a stronger contrast than the actual condition of Europe and its state at the close of the war, with its desolated fields and bombarded cities, with its commerce annihilated, its agriculture impoverished, its population thinned by conflicts of unexampled magnitude, the people weighed down by insupportable taxation, and galled by remorseless conscription, and with all the national antipathies and jealousies

was exasperated by long oppression, and either intoxicated with the pride of victory and just revenge, or fiercely struggling with the shame and indignation of defeat. It might have been supposed, and may still indeed be supposed, that mankind had been made wise by the stern and convincing lessons of the previous half-century; that they would have learned how idle and expensive a luxury is war; that peace affords to the ruler, as well as to the subject, a nobler glory than military fame; that scarcely territorial aggrandisement is worth the sacrifice which must be made to obtain it; and that there are few countries in which the expenditure in the diminution of the burthens of the taxes, or the promotion of industry by some wise plan of internal improvement, would not add ten-fold to the wealth and power of the state, as well as to the happiness of the people.

The golden age of Roman peace and civilisation, in the nature of things, could not endure. Even now, indeed, we do not clearly apprehend the causes which pushed forward the vast successive waves of the northern and eastern barbarians on the enfeebled and degenerate empire—how it came to pass that these savage hordes suddenly became so inexhaustible in their numbers, and irresistible in the inroads of their armies, century after century, from the first fearful gatherings on the Danube, in the time of Marcellus, to the Arabs under the Mahometan invaders, and the Tartars under Zengis, pouring forth their devastating hordes, and spreading, as it were, another layer of barbarism over the whole surface of society. It might indeed appear as if the Divine Ruler had in his wisdom determined to infuse new and more vigorous life-blood into the remotest part of the effete and corrupted Roman empire, which even Christianity had not been able to regenerate; that this was a severe but necessary process which alone could bring the whole of Europe—the north, as well as the south and west—into that general social system destined to give birth to modern civilisation.

But Europe and the civilised world may now seem perfectly secure from any barbarian invasion. The few tribes which wander over the steppes of Tartary, or plunder their neighbours in the ravines of the Caucasus, can never, humanly speaking, collect in such formidable masses as to endanger the kingdoms of the West. A few regular regiments, and some squadrons of flying artillery, would disperse them back to their native deserts; and in all quarters of the East, Europe is rapidly encroaching on the last recesses of savage life. These Tartar or Scythian hordes may be formidable as light-armed auxiliaries, as wild skirmishers around the regular armaments of that great power, which should once let them loose upon Europe in a war of defence and retribution,

retribution, and *may* slip them again from the leash in a war of ambition and aggression : but of themselves they are utterly contemptible as a military power. The world will never see again a Tamerlane or a Zengis.

But are we so secure against an internal barbarism which may grow up in the bosom of our own society, and combine some of the arts, the sciences, the manual dexterity, the arms, and even the military discipline of a more advanced state, with a recklessness of human life, and a thirst for plunder, not less wild and remorseless than that of the Hun or the Tartar? May there not be, even within the pale of the most advanced and civilised nations, vast hordes of men who either do or may soon yearn for war for the sake of war, for its excitement, its adventure, its hazards, for the mere occupation of minds which are weary of inactivity, and oppressed by almost the greatest of human miseries—energy without employment, the suppressed fire which finds no vent ; which, not setting their own lives ‘at a pin’s fee,’ would think the lives of others as worthless as their own—which, as to property, have nothing to lose, and *might* gain at the great gambling-table of war—which have no reverence for law or order, or for that still higher restrictive authority which controls the Christian—which, in fine, are totally deficient in any check or restraint upon the resistless and unresisted propensity to agitation and violence?—This fierce and ungoverned population may, in the first place, be more dangerous to the internal peace of the unhappy nation within which it has grown up than to that of Europe. A civil revolution, if it is too strong for constitutional order—a civil war, if the constitution has vigour enough to resist its attack—may be its first result ; but we may doubt whether a civil war in any of the great European countries would not lead of necessity to foreign war. The government of the disturbed country, by a false and wicked but yet not unnatural policy, may attempt to divert the raging torrent over its neighbours’ fields rather than its own ; or the fire, having consumed all within its reach, may of itself spread in inextinguishable fury into other regions. The sword once drawn in any one of the more important states of the civilised world, there is no knowing what lands it will go through.

It is impossible to deny, that of all countries in Europe, France is the most likely to pour forth what we do not scruple to call this new tide of barbarism—of war with all its destructive ferocity, without those high and generous motives which may dignify war, and entitle its more distinguished captains to the lofty but much misused title of hero and patriot. Independent of the influence of recent changes in their political institutions, and the circumstances of our stormy times, during which agitation has become,

ne, as it were, the breath of life, and events which, in more ful ages, would have been wondered at through centuries, could have vibrated, as it were, through successive generations have succeeded each other so rapidly as scarcely to raise a man's astonishment—the mere fact of the vast increase of population, with comparatively little increase in employment, or in a dull and honourable occupation, might of itself be sufficiently remarkable; and this has taken place among a people of peculiarly active, and, we may say without offence, unquiet character.

It is a vast condensation of still collecting steam, without being set in motion, and almost without a safety-valve. We are ignorant, nor disposed to dissemble our own danger from ourselves of our uneducated—we fear widely un-Christianised—facturing population. The smothered war-cries of Chartism and Socialism demand our gravest attention; yet our miners and factory workers, at least *while at work*, have some occupation: their energy, however they may reserve it for their midnight treasonable meetings, or even for secret drillings, is at least partially expended by the inevitable labours of the day. But we are mistaken in France there is not a much larger mass of energy and power, in some places compressed in a narrow space, almost without regular or absorbing occupation, and utterly stagnant and therefore liable to be ruffled or fiercely agitated by the least breath. In the higher as well as the lower classes there is the same want of straight and regular paths in which steady industry or persevering ambition may ensure success in life. France has no 'backwoods' to which her discontented peasant might resort—to spend his surplus energy in warring with the elements, to indulge his now harmless passions in the remote log-hut, to contend with the bear or the savage for his crop of Indian corn, or to hive of wild honey. How many a dangerous demagogue, who in a more crowded state of society might have endangered the peace of New York or Philadelphia—how many a fierce warrior who would be panting to shoulder a musket (he cares not for the cause), is now hewing away at some trunk of tough wood, or pointing his innocent rifle at a wild turkey! France

like America—almost throughout the Union—and England to a great extent—pervaded with an incessant commercial spirit; she is not perpetually intent on going a-head; her state policy, the character of the people, the habits of subsisting on the most simple food, and dispensing, in the remoter districts, with many of the comforts and conveniences which are become necessary to the orders in some other countries, combine, with the want of unity, to keep down that which is the main principle of energy and exertion in more enterprising and mercantile nations,  
—the



—the desire of working out an honourable independence—or at least of advancing in the scale of society, either by regular and uninterrupted perseverance, or bold and adventurous speculation. Nor does France, nor can she indeed, relieve herself by continual and extensive emigration. Individual Frenchmen are scattered by their own enterprising disposition, and by the easy facility with which they accommodate themselves to the habits and manners of other countries, over the face of the world. They are in the service not of Mehemet Ali alone, but of many other eastern sovereigns: they lie hid under foreign names, or high-sounding oriental titles. But France has no remote empire to which she is transmitting by every fleet masses of her superfluous people—a number of active, spirited, and adventurous youths who may not now indeed hope to return with the wealth of nabobs, or the glory of a Clive or a Hastings, but have a path before them both of honourable ambition and by no means contemptible wealth; she is not covering the sea with her navies, and watching the first cravings of civilisation in the most remote nooks of the world, in order that she may pour in her manufactures; she has no Cape of Good Hope or Australasia, or Canada upon which she can cast off her swarms; she is not, in short, propagating her language over regions to be measured by degrees of latitude and longitude rather than by miles or leagues.

We acknowledge that we looked not merely with forbearance but with satisfaction, on the French conquests in Algiers. Whatever apprehensions more jealous, and perhaps far-sighted, politicians might entertain of the growing predominance of France in the south; however formidable it might appear if she should eventually (as some of her ardent writers have boasted) make the Mediterranean a French lake, we could not but consider the opportunity of an outpouring of her burning lava upon districts which it might hereafter fertilise to a happier vegetation, as far more than a compensation to the other nations of Europe. The Africa, not so much from the warfare in which France is engaged with the Arabs as from the insalubrious climate, has been the grave of so many of her brave soldiers—that the service is therefore become unpopular—and that, by some fatality or infelicity, the French have rarely been successful in colonisation on a large scale—all this appears to us a subject not merely of generous regret, but a serious political or rather social misfortune. We cannot but hail any prospect of restoring that once rich and fertile land of culture and prosperity, the granary of Europe, and, in the early centuries of Christianity, the site of crowded cities and countless bishoprics, to its connexion with European civilisation—of reconquering that most utterly blasted  
and

and desolated conquest of barbarism. For surely those who entertain the most jealous and hostile estimate of the French character since the Revolution will at least allow that anything is better than the savage pirates who have so long preyed with impunity on the commerce and even on the freedom of Europe. Northern Africa is irretrievable but by a foreign, and we may say, an European colonisation. But however successful and prosperous, beyond all present appearances, might be the French settlements in Africa, even this, we conceive, would be but an insufficient vent for the over-boiling population and compressed activity of the nation, if it should continue in its present internal state.

Yet what a nation might France have been if, to reckon only from the reign of Louis XIV., she had consumed one-tenth part of the energy or expenditure which she has wasted in disturbing the peace of her neighbours, and in conquests which have always been wrested from her hands, on the internal improvement of her provinces, on the development of her natural resources, on industrial opulence, and the advancement of her *people* in real civilisation. What might France be even now, if she would wisely avail herself of her natural advantages, and, instead of lingering behind—we will not say our own more narrow and richly-cultivated fields, but a large part of Germany—work out her own soil to its highest productiveness; establish a free and cheap communication between her remote provinces; make her vineyards and her corn-fields vie with each other by the rapid interchange of commodities!—if, instead of concentrating all her high-wrought and over-refined civilisation in one spot, she would equably disperse it over her whole surface; if, instead of the singular anomaly of a capital, at least vying with any city of Europe in splendour, in arts, in science—and provinces, where the most careless traveller may see how much is wanting to do justice to the capacities of the soil, and to the commercial resources—she would cease to be *Paris with a vast tributary domain*, and become really *France*, with only a noble capital for the residence of her monarch and legislature.

France might yet surely find at home an honourable and a profitable employment for a large portion of that energy and enterprise of character which is now either wasted, by being constantly drawn off to the overgrown capital, to increase the dangerous fermentation of its dissipated streets, to lie in unproductive idleness, or sit brooding over the ill-suppressed hope of some outburst either of foreign warfare or civil commotion, which may improve, and cannot well deteriorate, their condition.

brought upon him such a storm of unpopularity that he turned, we believe, to his original occupation of journalist. Nothing, however, in this unhappy event, which seems to have darkened the prospects of the ex-deputy, to make us mistrust his statements, or decline his apparently sound and patriotic advice on his present subject. With the state of one leading portion of *jeune France*, with the host of adventurers which crowd the quarters to the metropolis, and by their bold activity and enterprise represent themselves as the organs, the voices of public opinion and sentiment, he must have, unless we are mistaken, a practical acquaintance—*quorum pars ipse fuit*. On the other hand, thus self-inflicted by individuals on themselves, on the political and social dangers inseparable from the existing order of things, he may be, as far as we can judge, an honest and unimpeachable witness; and we shall assume his general veracity on the subject which he produces as of general notoriety, in a work which, aiming at general diffusion, invites and defies contradiction. This book, we may add, is in many respects extremely well written, always lively, occasionally eloquent. This may be but the polished pen of the journalist; but we are inclined—we trust through too much charity or simplicity—to attribute much merit as a work to the sincere and earnest convictions of the writer. At all events, it is a man of a certain station and position in the world, demanding to be heard in a statement, certainly flattering or inspiriting, as to the existing condition of a most important political problem. We might have accumulated a mass of other works on the subject, reports of the successive M

the schools, academies, and colleges of the higher  
He commences with the following principles:—

est institutions, where the education of the people is not  
profound and general to develop their principles, are only  
of disturbance cast into the bosom of society: for they create  
which they cannot satisfy; they are lavish of rights and duties;  
in governments, which, by the multiplication of laws, render  
action impossible; they concentrate to excess in a few ardent  
these ideas which ought to be imperceptibly absorbed by the  
relation. These ideas ferment and explode for want of vent.  
That institutions which produce more *power* than they can  
employ, perish by the excess of that which it becomes necessary  
to . . . The instruction of the people endangers absolute  
rights; their ignorance, on the contrary, imperils representative  
rights: for the parliamentary debates, while they reveal to the  
the extent of their rights, do not wait till they can exercise these  
government; and when a people knows its rights, there is but one  
means, to educate them. . . . The evil of our present times is  
general ignorance perpetuates and renders necessary the cen-  
tralisation of the executive power—the extent of one constitutes the  
the other. Every premature attack on this centralisation will  
be dangerous. Though the tradition of monopoly may be de-  
stroyed, the ignorance of the great majority of the voters (contribuables)  
is such that it would be impossible to substitute municipal (local)  
government. . . . By the public education I mean the primary edu-  
cation judiciously com-  
p. 15.

ardin proceeds, in a few pregnant paragraphs, to show  
the workings of the present system:—

is the result of the primary education with an insufficient  
downment?—The disorganisation (*déclassement*) of the popu-  
lar impoverishment of agriculture, the encumbering of manufac-  
tury,—the agglomeration of a floating mass of turbulent  
besiege the avenues of power, destroy all respect for the  
that which uses them, and rise in insurrection against that which  
is.' (p. 16.)

who can read and write a little is still, in the country, a pri-  
vileged, who, in fact, possesses an incontestable superiority. It  
is he who does not abuse the elementary knowledge which he really  
possesses by making it pass for that much larger share of knowledge  
which he wants. Hence, he in general exercises and accumulates  
in himself the functions of family secretary and counsellor, of advo-  
cate of the village, which tends not a little to increase the  
law-suits.

A child in a family has learned to read and write, from the time  
he possesses that advantage over his father, he concludes that the  
authority of the parent is incompatible with his knowledge: vanity mis-  
takes for his vocation, and makes him abandon the village for the  
town.

IV. Girardin asserts that this, without exaggeration, is the consequence of the present imperfect system of education. If this be the case, either reading and writing must be a more accomplished in the French communes than in our villages, or the education, whatever it be, which is best for our peasantry, must be of a sounder character. Our small farmers may aspire to apprentice one of their sons to the village school, and so hope to make reprisals on society for their losses; but we have never heard that this elementary instruction has been productive, to any extent, of this small restless ambition and discontent with their condition as labourers in husbandry.

There is, and always must be, a tendency in the country population to drain off to the towns, more especially towards the metropolis. At one time this was proceeding in England as a diseased and irregular process. Before the establishment of the new Poor Law, and the consolidation of the smaller parishes into unions, it was not uncommon for these small country parishes, when in the hands of one or a few proprietors, to pull down the cottages, and so force not merely their pauper and burthened inhabitants, but, where the town was at no great distance, their own labouring poor, who *might* become burdensome, to migrate to the neighbouring town, where there were always speculating capitalists ready to run up rows of smart-looking, but wretched, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated hovels. Our manufacturing towns, which formerly drew off such large swarms from our own agricultural districts, have probably ceased to do this to any great extent, the north of England and Scotland being filled up by the constant immigration of cheaper Irish labourers; but in all the

churches, commerce in all its branches, from the merchant princes of the City down to the small grocer and hardwareman, there is a busy vehement emulation in which many must fail, and many drag on with but a precarious livelihood. There are no doubt many noble hearts which, from misfortune or want of opportunity for distinction, are pining in secret and extreme misery; many minds of lofty genius which have never been able to force their way to notice, and are maddening with disappointment, and perhaps hostility to the existing order of things; there are a vast many more who have mistaken the flattering whispers of vanity for the conscious inspirations of genius, and whose failure, being more complete and more unexpected, is more bitter, more galling, more exasperating; and in this fermenting mass of disappointment, discontent, and despair, there must be constant danger of explosion. Among such numbers, whom their blighted hopes or actual privations make utterly reckless, there must be men prepared for any change. 'The world is not their friend, nor the world's law'—and they are ready to seize the first opportunity of making reprisals on the world, and accommodating the law to their own advantage.

But we conceive that the tide which sets into Paris is altogether out of proportion, in depth and strength, to that which flows into any other capital of Europe. All France comes to a head in Paris. While every English county town, except perhaps Winchester and one or two others, is stretching out on every side its rows of suburban houses, or is studded about with small villas, as full of comfort as they are usually deficient in taste, in France such changes are rare and uncommon. There is no appearance of generally increased condensation of population in the provincial cities. In the north of France, except Rouen, a few towns and villages on the sea-coast which are aspiring to be watering-places, and some cities where English settlers have either entered into building speculations or created a demand for new houses, the provincial towns appear not to have experienced any change since the days of Louis XIV., except that melancholy change which has converted churches and conventual buildings into stables, barns, or barracks. The total want of life and movement in a French provincial town, except on market-days, is almost melancholy—the utter stagnation of business, of interest, even of curiosity. The hoof of a horse is rarely heard, except when upon the high road the crack of the postboy's whip announces the arrival of some high-trunked and imperialed English barouche. To meet a gentleman riding, a carriage taking an airing of pleasure, or anything but now and then a lazy creaking cart, is a kind of event. Excepting perhaps the south,

south, where one or two of the cities aspire to the dignity of capitals, and some of the larger sea-ports, it might seem that the whole life of France was flowing into and beating at Paris. According to M. Girardin, almost all who are even half instructed abandon their native fields, and collect in the towns, while, from town and country, there is a still more constant and vast influx of this reckless class of adventurers of all sorts into the capital, where it is impossible that they should find regular and profitable occupation. Nor can it indeed be wondered that Paris should exercise this powerful attractive influence over the greater part of France. Where everything is open to real talent, industry, and enterprise; where there is no aristocracy, either of birth or wealth, to throng up the avenues to power, wealth, or distinction; among the greatest names in political influence, in science, in literature—names which are familiar to and commanding throughout Europe—there are few who have not forced their way by mere dint of intellectual vigour. The ready pen of the journalist, the bold and fluent tongue of the advocate, the rich or brilliant display of knowledge shown by the professor, have been their titles and patents. As in all countries, especially in one where want of self-confidence is certainly no national failing, for one man of real genius there will be hundreds of pretenders to it; for one who has the courage and industry to work his way up through the rude conflict of rival competitors, there will be thousands who think they ought to enjoy the reward without the exertion and fatigue of the strife—it can be no matter of astonishment that there should be so many eager to make a short cut to fame and opulence; that every kind of political, religious, and literary fanaticism should obtain its votaries; that everything violent, exaggerated, extravagant, should find a ready, greedy hearing; that there should be apostles of every strange doctrine, and proselytes to every creedless creed. It is here that Saint Simonianism found its disciples, the Abbé Chatel his few hearers; that Victor Hugo, and Dumas, and Balzac, have their ardent admirers and countless imitators, their heroes and their victims; that the gaming-table finds its maddening attendants, the Morgue its victims; the Fieschis, the Alibauds, and the Darmes, are drugged with the intoxicating poison of the revolutionary part of the press, and bewildered by the fanaticism of political faction to become the Ravallacs of a king, who, since he ascended the throne, has exhibited qualities most worthy of the station—and whose life is far more important to the peace and real greatness of France than that of any of her former sovereigns ever was or could be. Hence those Ishmaelitish tribes who have been well named *Emeutiers*, who dignify, in some cases, a schoolboy love of riot and



mischievous, in others the mere gratification of a restless  
ty, and diseased yearning for distinction, with the sacred  
es of liberty and patriotism—who, weary of wasting their  
gies in coxcombical inventions in dress or manners, actually  
y themselves entitled to lead a great nation, and to plunge  
ons into the miseries of political convulsion, that their names  
blaze for a day in a newspaper.

The French capital is at once the earthly paradise and the  
ly hell of men of enterprise and adventure. To those who  
ind the narrow way, and force an entrance through the strait  
it has the fulness of worldly joy—the wealth of millionnaires,  
jets of the most refined luxury, the highest honours in  
ate—the ministerial palace, the adulation of one part at least  
: press, the hosts of servile followers, whether to the benches  
position or the Treasury—the higher and more intellectual  
ments of the sciences, arts, and letters, which welcome the  
rful patron—all that can gratify an honourable as well as less  
ious ambition. But for the multitude who throng the broad  
eaten path, and are driven through the wide gate into the  
of disappointment, of wretchedness, of blighted ambition and  
tified passion, of penury which flees to the gambling-table to  
e or utterly to beggar, and so drive the wretch to the last act  
peration—in that abyss where there is indeed weeping and  
ing of teeth, what a mass of human misery, remorse, and  
ir, is every year, and almost every day, accumulated! How  
spirits, noble perhaps before their fall, are surrendered up  
fiercest passions! Men of letters who have wrought out a  
in of invention and eloquence in wild ephemeral novels; jour-  
: who, with great powers, have been crushed in the collision,  
fter sacrificing all their talents and all their principles for a  
have been thrown off as no longer profitable; men in still  
paths, who by one success, by creating one sensation, have  
d themselves a power in the state, and find themselves  
g;—when we recount all these, with the numberless victims  
ity and self-conceit, can we wonder that there should be con-  
among these multitudes, in that realm of darkness and woe,  
whose ‘voice is still for war?’—for war with whom or in what  
they care not—war against order, against the existing state  
igs, war of insurrection, or foreign war, with any pretext or  
ut it, either seizing the old revered name of liberty or  
ional dignity as the watchword of battle—pretending to be,  
ncying themselves, jealous, nobly jealous, of the national  
ur, when they are actuated entirely by the uneasiness of their  
ondition—mistaking, and choosing to mistake, the discontent  
itical failure for the generous aspirations of patriotism. It is  
this

this semi-barbarism of a large class which is so dangerous to the peace of France and of Europe. For the present it has been put down by the cautious good sense of the king, the weight of property, the better feeling of the more enlightened, we may perhaps add the extravagance of the war party; but who shall presume to say, where there is such a mass, a constantly accumulating mass, of inflammable substance, how soon, how dangerously, how fatally the conflagration may break out, and defy the strength of the government, and the active as well as inert resistance of the better and wiser classes of the community—of those who have all to lose, and nothing to gain in civil or foreign conflict?

The great remedy proposed by M. E. Girardin for this unparalleled condensation of presumptuous half-learning, more dangerous perhaps than ignorance, in the large cities and the capital, and the general ignorance which broods over the whole surface of the country, is *Education*;—but education—we hasten to forewarn our readers (lest they should think they are but to be put off again with the practical bathos, the lamentable last page, ‘the suckling fools and chronicling small beer’ of our friend Mr. Carlyle’s very eloquent ‘Chartism’)—education with a peculiar end, and one, in his opinion, singularly suited to the circumstances and advantages of the French people. M. Girardin’s work comprehends, as we have said, not merely popular education, strictly so called, or as it is generally described, *primary instruction*, but likewise the higher and professional education which is intended for all the upper classes of society. In the case of both the upper and the lower orders, M. Girardin hopes, by his scheme of education, to give an impulse towards a better destiny—to divert now wasted or misdirected energies into the safer channels of honourable and profitable employment—to change reckless and adventurous habits for those leading to peace, respectability, and happiness—he would show, in short, that there is a vast yet unbroken field of public usefulness and private welfare which will reward its cultivators with the best and purest of all recompence, moral and social improvement, and consequently the safest and best happiness; and which indeed, if carried out to its utmost extent, might (if we could entertain any unworthy jealousy) almost alarm us with the gigantic scope of wealth and strength into which it might develop the internal resources of France. We must first, however, examine the actual state of things, and its bearing on the formation of the national mind, habits, and opinions.

And first as to the primary or strictly popular education.

The difficulties which the primary instruction in France has to encounter are of two kinds—material and moral. Some of those enumerated under the former head, we acknowledge, rather surprise

rise us, if they operate to the extent asserted by M. Girardin. They illustrate, very forcibly, the want of internal communication and improvement. They arise, from the isolation of the *hameaux*—their distance from the commune where the school is placed; the bad condition of the old roads, which *for half year* do not allow the children to go to school, particularly the time when the inclemency of the season and the suspension of labour make their parents better able to spare them; the snows, which cover a large part (*une assez grande étendue*) of France for several months. To these are added the payments exacted from the parents, which are more than they can well provide; the want of expeditious methods of instruction, of schools, of schoolmasters. The actual state of France is illustrated by two very curious extracts from a ‘*Tableau de l’Instruction primaire*,’ by M. Lorain.

Two-thirds of the communes are without regularly-established schools; a building specially set apart for holding the classes is, we may say, an exception; the master opens a room for the children, which is often his whole house—*livrant ainsi à des regards indiscrets des scènes de ménage burlesques et inconvenans*. We have found masters who gave their lessons in the open air, and these were the most prudent; others crowded their scholars in damp barns, in stables (where the warm exhalations from the cattle *étaient utilisées, au besoin, comme chauffage*), in hovels with scarcely any light, in cellars or lofts.’

The moral obstacles are the apathy of the parents, who are unwilling that their children should be wiser than themselves; the opposition of the clergy in many communes, who do not see that by assisting the cause of education, they might increase their influence, and enforce the respect even of the irreligious; that their sacred ministry (these are the words of M. Girardin) summons them to take the lead in the intellectual emancipation of the masses, and the amelioration of their condition; that to take with a firm step in the path of advancement (*du progrès*) is to follow the steps of Christ, who overthrew idolatry, abolished slavery, and on their ruins established the religion which proclaims all men to be brethren.’ There is besides the indifference and parsimony of the mayors and municipal councils, and the selfishness of the landed proprietors, who think that the progress of education will diminish the number and so raise the wages of labourers; above all, the miserable and dependent position of the teachers, who ought, according to M. Girardin, to take a kind of intermediate rank *between* the mayor and the clergyman (*curé*) but whose present character and condition confirm the opinion that it will never be a respectable profession, and must always be reckoned to the least capable—to those who embrace it in despair

spair of success in any other. On the actual condition and attainments of a considerable number of schoolmasters in the provinces, we subjoin the following passage (including an extract from M. Lorain's *Tableau*), which is so clever and graphic that we must leave it in the original language; indeed, from its very cleverness, we must admit that it is liable to some suspicion of high colouring:—

‘ Il faut consulter les témoignages enregistrés par M. Lorain, pour se faire une idée de la misère, de l'ignorance et de l'abjection de ceux qui jusqu'ici ont été employés à répandre l'instruction parmi le peuple. Dans le Cantal et la Haute-Loire, ce sont de pauvres dévotes, saluées par les paysans du nom de béates, qui, pour faire œuvre pieuse, transmettent aux enfans le peu qu'elles savent. Les premiers souffles de l'hiver, qui nous envoient les ramoneurs, font en même temps désertier les montagnes à des instituteurs ambulans, Béarnais, Piémontais, Auvergnats d'ordinaire, qui battent la plaine à l'aventure, jusqu'à ce qu'un hameau les ait loués pour la mauvaise saison, au prix de quinze à vingt écus. Ceux qui exercent dans le lieu natal sont ordinairement des infirmes, impropres à toute autre fonction. Une revue générale de cette triste milice mettrait en ligne des légions de sourds, de boiteux, de manchots, de rachitiques. On y verrait des épileptiques et des nains. Un de ces maîtres, signalé par les rapports comme l'un des plus capables, est sans bras et écrit avec le pied.—“ Le cœur se soulève, dit M. Lorain, à la lecture de ce chaos de tous les métiers, de ce répertoire de *tous les vices*, de ce catalogue de toutes les infirmités humaines.”— Ces malheureux sont si faiblement rétribués, qu'il faut les excuser de joindre souvent un métier à leurs nobles fonctions. Quelquefois la leçon est récitée au bruit du marteau, ou bien la main calleuse d'un forgeron trace une exemple d'écriture; ou bien encore, le pédagogue s'interrompt pour faire une barbe, peser du tabac, ou partager une chopine en deux verres. Quelques communes, considérant la somme de deux cents francs, demandée par la nouvelle loi, comme un impôt vexatoire, se récupèrent en imposant à l'instituteur un service public, comme de balayer l'église, chanter au lutrin, sonner les cloches, particulièrement pendant les orages, suivant une coutume dont les dangers ont été souvent signalés. D'autres clauses assez ordinairement inscrites au contrat sont d'exercer, au besoin, le métier de fossoyeur et de battre le tambour pour les annonces et les convocations. Quels sont donc ceux qui se résignent à un esclavage aussi avilissant? Des gens affamés pour la plupart, et d'une ignorance telle, qu'ils sont rarement en état d'orthographe, que les inspecteurs en ont signalé plusieurs qui ne savent pas écrire, et que certains, vers les frontières, n'entendent pas même un mot de la langue nationale.’—*Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 15 Septembre, 1838.

This is a very curious passage. We have had much argument, both in and out of parliament, on the statistics of education; on the comparative extent to which it is carried in different countries, particularly in France and England; and some important conclusions

conclusions have been drawn on the results of education as compared with crime in France. Now what we would wish to know is this,—whether the pupils of this worshipful company of schoolmasters, the halt, the maimed, the deaf, and the blind, are set down to the educated or uneducated score of the account?

Among the remedies proposed by M. Girardin for this acknowledged deficiency both in the amount and quality of instruction are: 1. To make the elementary instruction a state affair, as the church is at present in France—to assimilate the schoolmaster to the minister of religion; 2 and 3. To determine the objects, and to improve the present imperfect and tardy methods, of instruction; 4. To deprive, from a fixed period, every voter of his suffrage who is unable to prove that he can read and write; from the same period to give the first numbers in drawing for recruits to those who are able to read and write; 7. To establish in every commune a school for girls,—if not a school, a separate class; 8. The encouragement of the publication of useful books and elementary journals at low prices.

As to the first of these divisions—the least sum, according to M. Girardin, which a schoolmaster should receive is 750 francs (£74. 10s.) per annum, ‘which is scarcely sufficient for a priest who lives by himself, without domestic establishment, and therefore is not more than sufficient for the maintenance of the family, often large, of a schoolmaster. His other advantages (casuel) may be the occasional instruction of pupils of a higher class, which will induce him to extend the range of his own studies.’ This, however, we would suggest, may possibly induce him to neglect his state charge for his wealthier class. The whole expense of this system of education throughout France is calculated at about thirty-two millions of francs, towards a million and a half sterling, which is proposed to include in the budget. Secondly—as to the objects of instruction. The law presented to the Chambers in 1833 divided the primary instruction into two degrees: 1st. Primary elementary instruction, moral and religious instruction, reading, writing, the elements of the French language, arithmetic, the legal system of weights and measures; 2nd. Superior primary instruction, as in the first degree, linear drawing, measuring, practical geometry, principles of the physical sciences, and natural history, singing, elements of national and foreign history and geography. M. Girardin proposes the following additions and transpositions: ‘1st degree. Moral and religious instruction, the art of reading and writing correctly, singing, arithmetic, and legal system of weights and measures; 2nd degree—*Writing from dictation, analysis, the art of expressing with facility, book-keeping, linear drawing, principles of mensuration and practical geometry, first principles*

principles of geography, *principles of agriculture and domestic economy*, first principles of industrial mechanics (the force and resistance of different materials), *first principles of chemistry*, first principles of physics and natural history, first principles of physiology and *hygiène*, *first principles of civil and public law*, first principles of national and foreign history and geography.' As to moral instruction, M. Girardin draws the proper distinction, which Rousseau had long ago pointed out, between instruction and education. The schoolmaster cannot supersede or supply the place of the parent, by whom all the early habits both of body and mind must be formed. In the school, the objects of chief importance are the choice of books, and a judicious plan of emulation and of punishment. The great principle of the latter is to avoid all discouraging and degrading punishments, which may harden the character, sear the heart, and give the child a dislike to his studies. It is of the first 'importance to make him like work, which is the main spring of public and private morality.' As to religious education, 'We consider,' says M. Girardin, 'that at the present day, with the prejudices which exist against the supposed encroaching spirit of the clergy, it must be separated from the functions of the schoolmaster. The liberty of worship having been recognised by the constitution, the necessary consequence of this is the obligation to leave to the ministers of each commune the duty of initiating the children in the belief of their parents.' On this subject we shall hereafter make some observations. Singing (*le chant*) M. Girardin has judiciously, we are of opinion, transferred from the second and superior to the first and more elementary part of popular instruction. It is of equal importance as a means and as an end. We have heard much of the extraordinary success of M. Wilhem, who is now appointed director and inspector-general of this science in the schools of France; and, by a simple instrument called a diapason, has introduced a taste and skill in music among adults as well as among the children of the schools, not less surprising from the feeling, or rather the passion, which it has excited, than from the remarkable fineness and accuracy of execution:—

'It is no longer (we are informed in a note by the editor of this volume) a few groups of children who come to catch the tone of this magic instrument, but multitudes, of which the number amounts in the schools of Paris alone to 2262; nor are they the children alone which this study attracts from all parts, but men of mature age, fathers of families, who come with their children, and are in turn their monitors or rivals; they are artisans who are not prevented by the fatigues of their daily labours, but with an incredible assiduity and perseverance qualify themselves to join in the crowded concerts which we have had the



the opportunity of applauding in the largest room in the Sorbonne. The number of adult pupils amounts to 1200, divided into eleven classes.'

Music, or rather singing, which has always been among the chief methods of teaching, or at least of influence and guidance, in our infant-schools, is now introduced very generally into our national and other schools for older children. A gentleman, named Turner, has, with a very liberal devotion of his time and talents, set the example in our national schools; and various other systems have been adopted, with greater or less success, in other parts of the country. Though, perhaps, we are not to expect the same sudden outbreak of musical ardour and feeling in our graver and less sensitive population, yet the extraordinary taste for music which now seems to pervade English society shows the importance and the practicability of cultivating it to a great extent among our lower orders. For this reason we should be glad to hear that the system and the instrument of M. Wilhem had received a fair trial among us.\* The improvement of our parochial psalmody would in itself be of inestimable value. Our cathedral churches in the metropolis, on the Sundays, are crowded beyond the means of accommodation, and even on the week-days there is a visible increase in the attendance, which may at least be ascribed in part to the greater taste for sacred music; and we cannot but see that, while our theatres are comparatively deserted, or, indeed, abandoned to a musical entertainment, the vast room of Exeter Hall is crowded with hundreds of all orders, listening with the most absorbed attention to the sublime oratorios of Handel. In a lower sphere, cheap musical entertainments are offered in what used to be the most shamelessly licentious and offensive part of the metropolis, and rooms crowded with casual visitors, among whom the most prudish and sanctimonious could not detect the least levity or impropriety of manner. It is indeed not merely a blameless, and therefore most desirable, popular amusement; but it may be made, as of old in Greece, and, as we conceive, in the present day in Germany, a legitimate and very powerful instrument of civilisation. It is the faithful ally of peace, of order, of religion. It becomes, then, those who take a lead in the important question of national education to try to improve and to perfect this powerful instrument of popular improvement to the utmost of their ability. The fewer Cassii we have in all orders the better. M. Wilhem's diapason, we trust,

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\* We understand that a class for the instruction of schoolmasters in music, upon the plan of M. Wilhem, has been opened at Exeter Hall by M. Hullah, under the patronage of the President of the Council, the Bishop of London, and many other prelates of the church, and distinguished laymen.



has not yet maddened to the Marseillaise; and even at any time, were England forced into a defensive and therefore necessary war, she would not be less formidable if she had learned to march, like the Lacædemonians of old,—

‘ In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders.’

M. Girardin places at the head of his superior kind of elementary instruction ‘writing from dictation, analysis, the art of expressing the thoughts with ease, and book-keeping.’ All these methods of teaching, except, we believe, the last, are now introduced, to a greater or less extent, in our better schools for the poor. They form part of what is called the Edinburgh system of Mr. Wood,—are partially and successfully practised, if we remember right, at Norwood; and indeed facility of expression is best gained from the system of clear and rapid questioning, by which a good teacher may in general be distinguished from a bad one, and which is the vital principle of all large and successful schools.

But by far the most important and peculiar part of M. Girardin’s system is the high place which he assigns to the first principles of husbandry and domestic economy. His theory is, that by nature France *was designed for a great agricultural country*. As yet she has not been true to her vocation: but, in raising agriculture to a science, and the cultivation of the soil to an honourable profession, in the elevation of the cultivators in intelligence, wealth, and virtue, he sees a counterpoise to the dominant influence of the great cities, and especially of the capital,—a check to the perpetual drain of the hardy and useful country labourers into towns where the arts and manufactures are already overloaded with workmen, and the higher professions and means of employment afford no fair avenue for exertion; he sees, in fact, a corrective of what we have ventured to call the dangerous barbarism of a large class, who are almost of necessity goaded into turbulence, and at war with all order and government,—the extension of a calm, peaceful, and happy civilisation, enriched by increased production, occupied by constant but not exhausting labour, content, though not without salutary emulation,—attached to the free institutions of the country, which give security to their property, their improvement, their domestic happiness.

‘The landed proprietors hold in their hands the destinies of France: for, by raising the lands which they possess to the value of which they are capable, they cannot fail to acquire a local influence, which, causing them to pass successively through the exercise of the elective franchise, the municipal councils, the office of mayor, the council of the arrondissement,

ment, the general council, must inevitably bring them at last to the representation of the interests of the country, and at the same time give them a real acquaintance with its wants.'—p. 186.

We must bear in mind, in any estimate of the future prospects of France, the subdivision of property, which is the natural effect of the present law of inheritance, equally among all the children. The result which might be expected from this law would be the gradual growth of a proprietary yeomanry, the cultivators of their own estates, a class to whom good education would be of the highest importance; but then, unless the law is in some way evaded or counteracted, this yeomanry must sink lower and lower, till we can scarcely understand how there could be sufficient capital to do justice to the land. The practical operation of the law, from what reasons we are unable clearly to explain, has been as yet by no means so extensive, nor the subdivisions of property by any means so minute, as might have been expected from the time at which it began to take effect. But M. Girardin founds his argument on the actual state of the cultivation and produce of France. The statistics we presume to be correct, as we are not aware that they have been controverted in France. We shall take them, as given in more full detail, from a memoir which he addressed, in 1834, to M. Thiers, then minister of commerce and public works:—

'The surface of France contains fifty-three millions of hectares of which twenty-five millions are of land capable of cultivation, and yet scarcely a *third* of the population eat (*qu.* wheaten?) bread; while four millions of hectares of good land, well cultivated and sowed with wheat, would be sufficient to feed, healthily and substantially, its thirty-three millions of inhabitants.\* In England, agriculture occupies 13,396 square leagues. In France, agriculture occupies 27,400 square leagues, and the produce is about (*à peu près*) a seventh less. In England, 13,396 square leagues, worked by 7,500,000 husbandmen, yield a gross produce of 5,480,000,000 francs, that is, 40,000 francs per square league, or 722 francs per head. In France, 27,400 square leagues, worked by 22,000,000 labourers, yield only a gross produce of 4,500,000,000 francs, that is 16,000 francs per square league, or 200 francs per head.

'Of 49,863,609 hectares of land liable to taxation in France,		
25,550,159	„	are devoted to the cultivation of the cerealia,
4,834,621	„	are in meadow,
2,134,822	„	are in vines,
7,412,314	„	are in wood,
7,799,672	„	are in commons, pastures, heaths ( <i>landes, pâtis, bruyères, etc.</i> )
48,705,514		

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\* A hectare of fertile land, well cultivated and sown with corn, produces easily 22 hectolitres, which weigh 1694 kilogrammes; while the average annual consumption of an individual may be estimated at 197 kilogrammes of wheat. The hectare 2.473614 acres.—*Note of the Author.*

‘ The remainder is in gardens and buildings. . . . .

‘ In England, the neat weight of bullocks for the slaughter-house is 554 lbs.; in France, 350 lbs. The same proportion holds good as to calves, sheep, and lambs consumed in the respective countries. England possesses 10,500,000 head of cattle; and France, with a territory much larger, and a population so much more considerable, reckons only 6,700,000. In England, the cultivation of the rutabaga, the Swedish turnip, has increased its territorial revenue a milliard (of livres); while France still pays annually forty millions for silk from Piedmont and Lombardy, which she might grow on her own soil.’—pp. 448, 449.

This unenterprising and unimproving routine of agriculture does not prevail uniformly throughout France. Some districts have set the example of a bolder and more skilful cultivation; and their success is so great as to afford the highest encouragement.

‘ If we would only go and see the degree of perfection to which agriculture has attained in the departments of the North, of the Drôme and the Isère, we should at once be convinced of the progress which still remains to be made, and the increase of produce of which it is capable; since the hectare of land, of prime quality, is worth, in certain parts of the Ardèche, for instance, 12,000 francs, in that of Morbihan 400 francs. However distressing, then, the condition of the cultivators may yet be, their sons ought to be very cautious how they abandon agriculture for any other employment, art, or profession; for the chances of profit are precisely in proportion to the progress which is still to be made.’—p. 167.

M. Girardin’s plan for the improvement of the agriculture of France embraces the instruction both of the labourer and the proprietor. He would make the first principles of agriculture, and of all the sciences which bear on agriculture, part of the primary education which is to be bestowed, at the cost of the state, on the whole labouring poor; he would raise agriculture to an honourable profession, and substitute, among the sons, at least, of the smaller farmers and proprietors, a strictly-professional education for that of the universities, which still retains, in his opinion, too much of the old classical system for this order.

‘ In my opinion,’ he observes, ‘ the government of France cannot occupy itself too actively in promoting a taste for agriculture; it cannot develop it too soon; the greater the general and manifest tendency to abandon husbandry for manufactures, on account of the higher wages of the latter, or even for the liberal professions, in order to the gratification of vanity; the greater the tendency to prefer a residence in towns to that of the rural communes—the higher is the importance of diverting and combating it by good books, placed in the hands of children, which will give them at once the desire of remaining in the condition in which they have been born, and of improving that condition; which will teach them very early how precarious are the wages of manufactures, how dangerous are the illusions held out by the liberal professions, and what  
horrible

the misery is concealed under the luxury of great cities ; which may be upon them most profoundly the true feeling of *conservatism and reaction* : for a horror of the wisest innovations, a contempt for the ridiculous methods of perfecting the ordinary processes, form, in fact, the agricultural creed of the labourers, and education alone can cure them.'—p. 46.

Those in our own country who interest themselves in the education of the poor may derive some useful suggestions from M. Girardin—(leaving entirely apart the question of classical education, which concerns our higher orders).—The education should, as far as possible, be adapted to the future prospects and situation of the people.

Whatever general knowledge is superadded to that moral and religious instruction, of which all alike stand in need, should be adapted according to local circumstances. While our manufacturing and commercial classes might be wisely taught the elements of mechanics, of chemistry, as applied to the arts, and other obvious branches of science, as well as, perhaps, a wider sphere of general information, including, in our opinion, the first principles of political economy, of prices, profits, capital—our peasantry would be more advantageously and more usefully taught all that relates to cottage industry, gardening, the keeping of domestic beasts and fowls, the first elements of botany and vegetable physiology, and other elementary parts of knowledge which our authors recommend for the villagers of France.

Girardin would of course give a much higher education, in various branches of knowledge, to the landed proprietors,—a system which, as it actually exists, may, we presume, be described as something between our resident country gentlemen and our country squire. The present system of university-education he considers altogether unsuited to their future, and, as he would wish, permanent occupation.

Among the sons of proprietors in easy circumstances that our present system of education makes, perhaps, the greatest number of victims ; it frequently happens that they are not sent hastily and without reflection to college, from which they come forth, without guide, without discipline, without superintendence, to follow, with the throng of youths of their own age, the course of a faculty, to run the risk of bad company in a populous city, to embarrass their fortune with debts, and to ruin their health with excess ; and that, instead of receiving a good education, from the age of fifteen to twenty, which would qualify them to become the bailiffs (*régisseurs*), or farmers of their parents, to manage their patrimony, to improve it, and to set the example of good husbandry and cultivation, applied with judgment to the land ; to place themselves, in short, at the head of a new generation, and of agricultural improvement, which can alone, in France, put an end to the general beggary (the *misère*), to the demoralisation of the people, to the disorganisation of

of classes, to the pernicious influence of Paris and the great cities, to political dissensions and social revolutions. When population is on the increase, and production is not, misery alone is making progress; when manufactures are embarrassed, and artisans are thrown out of work, revolutions are prepared by riots: for the power which represses them for a time, only suffers them to gather strength for a greater and more formidable outbreak. . . .

‘The proprietors,’ proceeds M. Girardin, in another eloquent passage, ‘who do not manage their own property, who abandon the labours of the field for the idleness of towns, are traitors to their own interests: they deprive the land, from which they live, of the capital which is necessary to render it fertile; they abandon the elections to intrigue; they isolate themselves from all improvements; they desert the liberties which they ought to defend; they compel the municipal councils to recruit themselves with none but men without instruction or intelligence, who, in their turn, exclude them, when, by accident, they are present to take a part in the business; they are canvassers for paid offices, and disdain those of mayors; they reach, at length, the legislative tribune without having formed themselves, by municipal discussions, for parliamentary debates; there, ignorant and mute, they listen to the speakers, and, without respect or influence, increase the number of passive members; they sit without being able to trace out with accuracy any abuse of the government; they vote the budget, which they disapprove, but know not how to reduce—and quit the chamber to accuse it of ignorance and incapacity.’—p. 187.

These are singular revelations of the present workings of French society: they are evidently from the pen of a clever and practised writer trained in the school of journalism—and therefore, perhaps, to be received with some caution: but if the statement be true, that four-fifths of the whole population, of thirty-three millions, are concerned in the cultivation of the soil (p. 45); if six millions of these are landed proprietors (p. 191); and if the more astounding assertion be correct, or approximate to the truth, that of these thirty-three millions scarcely a *thirtieth part can read* (p. 53), it is impossible to deny either the paramount importance of the subject to the interests of France, and through France to Europe, or the justice of the author’s principles,—the wisdom and necessity of elevating, by any means in the power of the government and of the Chambers, the agricultural part of the community. It is the old policy, in fact, as our author justly observes, of Sully himself. One, however, of the coactive measures of M. Girardin,—the disfranchisement of all voters, from a given period, who cannot read and write—whatever may be its expediency,—is, we suspect, far too wide and sweeping to be listened to with any favour by the imperfectly educated representatives of utterly uneducated constituents.

France already possesses a few establishments expressly designed

designed for agricultural instruction. We shall notice the most important of these when we arrive at that part of his work which treats on professional education. But before we leave altogether that which belongs to primary, and strictly popular education, we are inclined to make a few extracts from his chapter on schools for females, of which he estimates the importance very highly,—not too highly, in our opinion, in the present state of France, where everything which can give dignity and solidity to the female character is among those regenerating influences, to which alone we can look with rational and sober hope. We know not on what authority M. Girardin makes this striking assertion :—

‘ There is no instance of a mother who can read and write, whose children are not likewise able to read and write. If it is impossible for the mother to send them to school, however laborious her occupation, she always finds time to teach them herself. This is not the case with the fathers, who, whether educated themselves or not, are utterly indifferent to the education of their children, and very rarely take the trouble of instructing them themselves, or even of ascertaining what progress they make in the school.’

He adds, ‘ to give instruction to girls is to open a school in the bosom of every family ; open, then, a school, or at least a class, for them in every commune.’ We are sorry to inform Miss Martineau, that M. Girardin, with all his respect for the importance of the sex, protests against what is called the ‘ emancipation of women.’ In theory, at least, notwithstanding Lady Morgan, *Man* in France still aspires to be the *master*. Ridicule, our author does not scruple to assert, in utter condemnation of his countrymen for their levity and want of genuine philosophy, would be an insurmountable obstacle to all these lofty schemes of female independence : he uses even this gravely condescending tone, that the law of France, ‘ in harmony with nature and the advancement of civilisation, does not enslave women ; it respects and protects them.’ We proceed in his own words :

‘ Dans l’éducation des femmes, c’est moins encore le bonheur de leur existence que l’utilité de leur mission qu’il faut considérer : dans toutes les descriptions et les dissertations, la femme n’apparaît jamais qu’en second ordre : de là l’imperfection de l’instruction qu’elle reçoit, quelque poétique que soit le nom qu’on lui donne de “*douce compagne de l’homme*,” etc. Considérée sous ce point de vue, plus pastoral que social, l’instruction superficielle des femmes s’explique ; il n’est pas nécessaire, en effet, que leur instruction soit plus profonde, si leur destinée doit se borner à cette condition accessoire et passive. Mais si à l’idylle du poète vous substituez la pensée du législateur, si vous délaissiez le passé pour l’avenir, si à la place de l’épouse vous ne voyez plus que la mère, les rôles aussitôt changeront :—à la femme appartiendra le premier,—



mier,—à l'homme le second; dans ce dernier vos yeux ne verront plus que le fils élevé par sa mère.

'C'est alors que l'instruction des femmes vous paraîtra incomplète et superficielle, entièrement contraire au but qu'elle devrait se proposer; c'est alors qu'involontairement votre esprit se surprendra faisant justice de ces lieux communs qui étoient les sociétés, tels que ceux-ci: "*La femme est faite pour plaire et pour aimer—La femme, douce moitié de l'homme—compagne de sa vie, etc.*;" c'est alors que votre esprit s'empressera de reconnaître que des deux conditions de la femme celle de mère est la première, que celle d'épouse n'est que la seconde; la maternité est sa vocation, elle élève la femme au-dessus de l'homme; le mariage n'est qu'une fonction qui met au contraire la femme dans la dépendance de l'homme. Former des mères dignes de ce nom, capables d'exercer avec discernement cette première des fonctions sociales, tel doit être le but de l'instruction des filles; former des épouses qui soient des compagnes douces, agréables et fidèles, sera tout naturellement le résultat de la bonne éducation puisée au sein de la famille; cette éducation sera d'autant meilleure qu'elle sera plus commune, qu'elle aura pour rudiment des exemples plus souvent que des préceptes: sans y avoir été systématiquement préparée, soyez assuré que la fille sera toujours bonne épouse si l'éducation d'une bonne mère l'a faite à son image.

'Considérée sous ce point de vue tout maternel, quelle est l'instruction qu'il convient de donner aux filles? quelles connaissances leur faudrait-il acquérir?

'A toutes les questions qui peuvent être faites nous répondrons par une seule ligne qui renferme tout notre programme de l'éducation des filles:

"IL FAUT APPRENDRE AUX FEMMES CE QU'ELLES DOIVENT PLUS TARD ENSEIGNER AUX ENFANS QUI NAÎTENT D'ELLES."

'En d'autres termes: Il faut donner aux filles et aux garçons *nés dans la même condition*, la même instruction; afin que, dans l'avenir, les filles devenues mères accomplissent ce que l'Université ne fait qu'à demi, dispendieusement et révolutionnairement, et qu'ainsi soient assurées et l'éducation et l'instruction des enfans, sans nuire au bien-être de la famille et sans troubler la hiérarchie sociale telle que la comportent l'égalité civile et la liberté politique.'—pp. 60-63.

The second part of M. Girardin's work treats on a subject with which, we apprehend, the ordinary reader is but little acquainted—the secondary, supplementary, or university education of France. This is, to a certain extent, under the authority and influence of the central government; directly, or indirectly through the communes. We conceive that we shall render an acceptable service to our readers by giving a rapid survey of this subject. Our author includes under the general head of 'university education,' first, the secondary education (as contradistinguished from the primary or popular); and, secondly, the superior. The *secondary* education is that of the royal and communal colleges, who prepare for the *superior* education in the five faculties of theology, law, medicine,



cine, science, and letters. Both the royal and communal colleges, as we have said, are under the public authorities; but private establishments, distinguished by peculiar success in moral and religious training, or by the activity and solidity of their studies, may be converted into colleges 'de plein exercice.' They remain private establishments with the privileges of state institutions.

There are forty-two royal colleges, five in Paris, and one in each of the following cities:—Amiens, Angers, Auch, Avignon, Bastia, Besançon, Bordeaux, Bourges, Caen, Cahors, Clermont, Dijon, Douai, Grenoble, Le Puy, Limoges, Lyon, Marseille, Metz, Montpellier, Moulins, Nancy, Nantes, Nîmes, Orleans, Pau, Poitiers, Pontivy, Rennes, Reims, Rhodéz, Rouen, Strasbourg, Toulouse, Tournon, Tours, and Versailles. The communal colleges are 308 in number, all in connexion with the central academy of the department, but varying in number according to the extent and population of the department.

In the royal colleges the pupils receive the following religious instruction:—In the first year, the History of the Old Testament, in the second that of the New. Besides these, they learn the Catechism of the diocese, in which they are examined once a week by the almoner. The pupils of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and third classes receive instruction in the Catechism every Thursday before mass. In the second class, the rhetoric class, and the two classes of philosophy, a *Conference* on religion is substituted for the Catechism. All the classes learn some verses of the Scriptures every day in French, Latin, or Greek. They likewise learn, on Saturday, the Gospel for the following Sunday: the elementary classes in French, the sixth to the third in Latin, and the higher classes in Greek. In the elementary class, besides the sacred history, are taught French and Latin grammar, geography, arithmetic, and writing. In the classes of letters, the professor teaches to the sixth the sacred history, the *Selecta e Profanis ac de Viris illustribus urbis Romæ*, fables of Phædrus compared with La Fontaine, ancient geography, mythology—writing and arithmetic continued. Fifth class: selections from Justin and Cornelius Nepos, and of the *Epistolæ ad Familiares* of Cicero; the elements of Greek, fables of Æsop—ancient history, writing and arithmetic continued; living languages as determined by each college. Fourth class: in the morning, selections from Q. Curtius and Livy, Cicero's treatises *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, selections from the *Cyropædia*; in the evening, selections from the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and History of Rome. Linear drawing, and drawing the human figure, begin in this class, and are continued in the rest. Third class: selections from Sallust and Tacitus, the Latin and Greek moralists; in the evening, selections from

from the *Æneid* and the *Iliad*, History of the Middle Ages, Latin versification; French poetry illustrative of their studies is learned by heart. Second class: selections from Cicero's *Orations* and the *Iliad*; in the evening, selections from Horace and the *Æneid*, modern history (both this and the History of the Middle Ages with special reference to the History of France). Preparatory class of rhetoric: composition in French and Latin narrative. Class of rhetoric: morning class, *Conciones à Veteribus Historicis Excerptæ*, selections from the *Orations* of Cicero and Demosthenes; in the evening, *Conciones Poeticæ* and selections from the Greek tragedies, the principles of eloquence and the rules of composition; selections from French writers and dramatic poets learned by heart. Instruction in the sciences occupies the two last years. First year: the two first parts of philosophy, *vis.*, first, logic, and metaphysics; second, elements of mathematics, *i. e.*, higher arithmetic, geometry, rectilinear trigonometry, first notions of algebra. Second year: the last part of philosophy, a course of ethics, the law of nature and of nations; higher mathematics, comprehending statics, algebra, and its application to geometry; the physical sciences, chemistry, and the elements of astronomy. Every pupil must produce, before his admission, his register of birth, and of baptism, if he has not been confirmed, or received his first communion; *certificate of vaccination*; certificate of good conduct from the head of the school to which he has belonged before. The expenses are as follow:—The *pension* in the royal colleges of Paris is 1000 francs, including books as well as tuition, but there is an additional payment of 45 francs to the University. In the provinces, the pension is 750 francs in the royal colleges of the first class, 650 in the second, 600 in the third, but there is a further payment of 50 francs for books and expenses. Each royal college has thirty bursarships or scholarships, which are differently divided into whole, three-quarters, and half of the pension. They are usually given to the inhabitants of the department. The *trousseau*—the dress, linen, plate, and certain articles of furniture, with which each pupil is to provide himself—is regulated by a peremptory statute. The course of the studies in the communal colleges is very similar, though perhaps not quite equal to that in the royal colleges.

The books and editions used in all the colleges must be approved by the council of the University. These are selections from most of the classic authors, and *editiones expurgatæ* of some. The University has not given its sanction to any complete or methodical work, or course of moral or metaphysical theology, but the professors are recommended to select what may appear to them best and most suited to their purpose from the following writers:—

writers:—Among the ancients, the Dialogues of Plato, the Analytics of Aristotle, the philosophical works of Cicero. Among the moderns:—‘Bacon, *De Augmentis Scientiarum et Novum Organon*; la Méthode de Descartes—ses *Méditations*; le chapitre de Pascal sur la Manière de prouver la Vérité et de l’exposer aux Hommes; la Logique de Port-Royal; l’Essai sur l’Entendement Humain de Locke; les Nouveaux Essais sur l’Entendement Humain de Leibnitz—sa *Théodicée*; Recherche de la Vérité, par Mallebranche—ses *Entretiens Métaphysiques*; De l’Existence de Dieu, par Fénelon; De l’Existence de Dieu, par Clarke; la Logique de Wolf; l’Introduction de la Philosophie, de Gravesende; Principes du Droit Naturel, par Burlamaqui; Traité des Systèmes, l’Art de Penser, la Logique de Condillac; Lettres d’Euler à une Princesse d’Allemagne; Essai Analytique sur les Facultés de l’Ame, par Charles Bonnet.’

The *superior education* comprehends the five faculties in which are conferred the degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor—Theology, Law, Medicine, Letters, and Sciences. There are seven faculties of Theology established at Paris, Aix, Bordeaux, Lyons, Rouen, at Strasburg for the Protestants of the Confession of Augsburg (Lutherans), at Montauban for the Protestants of the Helvetic Confession (Calvinists). The following courses are given in the faculty of theology at Paris:—at the Sorbonne: Doctrine (dogme), morals, the Scriptures, ecclesiastical history and discipline, pulpit eloquence. Only a part of these courses are given at the provincial faculties. To be a bachelor in theology a man must be twenty years old, be a bachelor of letters, have attended the theological courses for three years, and maintained a thesis in a manner satisfactory to the faculty. The examination for a licentiate in theology is the same as for holy orders. For the doctor’s degree, dissertations, theses, and a public lecture are required. In the Protestant faculty of Strasburg are six professorships: doctrine, evangelic morals, exegesis, pulpit eloquence, ecclesiastical history, doctrines of the Helvetic (Augsburg?) Confession. It is among the regulations, that the knowledge of the language and literature of Germany becoming more and more necessary to the theologian, the scholars must prove that they have this qualification before they proceed to their degree. The examinations for degrees are public. In the Protestant faculty at Montauban are likewise six professorships of theology, properly so called: three, of evangelical morals, doctrine, ecclesiastical history, three, of philosophy, of Hebrew, of ‘haute Latinité’ and Greek.

There are nine faculties of Law: at Paris, Aix, Caen, Dijon, Grenoble,

Grenoble, Poitiers, Rennes, Strasburg, and Toulouse. The time of attendance is three years, with a further special course for the doctor's degree. The study of the first year is the Institutes of Justinian and the civil code; of the second, civil code, criminal legislation, code of civil and criminal proceedings, the Pandects; of the third, civil code, commercial code, code of magistracy (*droit administratif*). The special course for the doctor's degree is in the history of law, law of nations, constitutional law of France. Of Medicine there are three faculties: at Paris, Montpellier, and Strasburg. The departments are distributed into circles of faculties under these three centres. There are likewise secondary schools of medicine in many of the large cities. The lectures must be attended for four years; and there are five examinations, which include all the branches of medical science. The candidate may proceed as doctor in surgery or doctor in medicine, or, on certain conditions, in both. The pupil in the faculty of medicine must be a bachelor of letters; by a regulation of the year 1836, he must likewise be a bachelor of science. This regulation has had the remarkable effect of diminishing, in a very considerable degree, the number of students, which, in the three faculties and secondary schools, was 1522; in 1837, 744, and in 1838-9, 596. The respectability of the profession, justly observes M. Girardin, is likely to gain rather than lose by this defalcation in numbers. There are also schools for pharmacy established in the same cities as the three faculties.

There are *seven* (nine?) faculties of Sciences: at Paris, Bordeaux, Caen, Dijon, Grenoble, Lyons, Montpellier, Strasburg, Toulouse. The faculty of Sciences in Paris consists of two branches: mathematics and physics. The mathematical of three courses: the differential and integral calculus, mechanics, astronomy. The physical of four courses: chemistry, mineralogy and geology, botany and vegetable physiology, zoology and physiology. There is a further first course of general and experimental physics. The examination for the baccalauréat differs according as the student intends to follow the profession of medicine, or to confine himself to science. To be admitted into the faculty of Science it is necessary to be a bachelor of Letters. The payments, we should observe, for all these courses are strictly regulated by the ruling authorities.

Of Letters—which we see is considered the primary faculty, the study of which, and the degree, are necessary for admission into the others—there are faculties at Paris, Besançon, Bordeaux, Caen, Dijon, Strasburg, Toulouse. In the faculty at Paris there are nine courses: Greek literature, Latin eloquence,  
Latin

poetry, French eloquence, French poetry, Philosophy, History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern History, Ancient and Modern Geography. It is decided by chance in which of the branches the candidate for the bachelor's degree is to be examined. The nine branches are divided into three lists, and three are drawn from the urn, and the candidate examined in these subjects it contains. The examination lasts three hours of an hour. To be a bachelor in Letters the youth must be sixteen years old, and must have attended a certain number of courses. There is a normal school, it should be at Paris (Rue St. Jacques, 115), to provide instructors and professors for all academies connected with the University of Paris. It is under the especial control of the minister of instruction.

The *collegiate* education of France may thus, as to the age of pupils and the kind of instruction, correspond with our great *schools*. With the exception of the philosophical, and the rhetoric classes, if the programme is to be taken as the maximum of attainment, they would fall below our Eton, or Rugby. The national literature is made more dependent on a part of the system; but the classical, which, as with us, is the groundwork of the whole, does not appear to reach so high a standard. If indeed we may judge from their literature, the study of Greek is at a low ebb in France. Many of the most distinguished writers, we will not say condescend, but seem to quote the Latin translations of Greek authors. The Faculty of Letters ranks very high, and that of Boissonade is well known; but these scholars stand almost alone. The *Faculties* are considered in some respects to correspond with our *Universities*. But our schools and colleges are an inseparable part of the national institutions. They have grown out of, and tend to form, our national character almost as much as our laws and constitution; they are irregular, unsystematic, infinitely varied according to the impulses and necessities of the times; they conform to the more profound changes, while at the same time they resist the momentary fluctuations, of opinion; from a classical tone they descend, by successive gradations, till they are met by schools (in general private establishments, but now partially commenced in connexion with the state and public institutions) of a more mercantile and practical character. When they are private, the pupils are liable to be victims of shallow pretension, superficial show, and bold assertions, which impose upon fond and weak-minded parents; in general the practical good sense of the country refuses to be carried, to any great extent, on a subject of such vital importance.

ance. We have thus some of the dangers and inconveniences, but we have all the advantages of freedom—the constant self-adaptation to the habits and wants of the people.

But our Universities cannot be said *strictly* to correspond to the Faculties of France, as, though in theory we still grant degrees in law and medicine, as well as in arts and theology, the professional education in the two former departments is scarcely commenced in Oxford or Cambridge. It is another and most important intermediate step between the school and the world. But the inestimable privilege of our universities is their total independence of the government. It is right, it is the bounden duty of the French government to extend its authority over the higher as well as the lower branches of education, because without the impulse, and without the control of the government, it would scarcely exist; but for a community like that of England, where there is perfect freedom but no equality, richly-endowed universities are at once the consequence and the safeguard of our most important national institutions.

Our business, however, is not with the educational system of England, but with that of France. The two great evils which M. Girardin—and a much greater man than M. Girardin, M. Guizot himself—seems to have long ago apprehended with his calm sagacity, are the centralisation and the uniformity. This centralisation has arisen out of the necessity of the case. The uniformity of education has appeared perhaps, to the hasty and inexperienced observer, the best guarantee for political equality; but if it may produce political, it cannot produce social, equality. It may give to all an equal right, an equal desire, in a certain sense an equal chance, of fortune and distinction; but where there is not fortune and distinction for all, it cannot give them to all. It sends the whole youth forth on the same few narrow and crowded roads, and prevents them from forming new roads, which at least would advance many to the same end. Of the immense mass of persons in France, whether of proprietors—so much increased by the circumstances of the last half-century, by the division and subdivision of the large estates of the church and of the nobility—or of successful mercantile men who have made a certain fortune, and are able, either without any or at some sacrifice, to give their sons a collegiate education—the greater part either consider that they have done their duty, or are unable to do more. They cast them loose to follow one of the liberal professions, the law or medicine (the church, we fear, has few attractions for this class), or to gain a precarious livelihood by the public press, or to solicit (long, perhaps, and vainly) employment in a public office. Agriculture and commerce are repudiated as beneath young men who are at  
one



and to overleap many steps in the social scale—to start at eminence, perhaps to the foremost seats in the Chamber of Deputies, or the rank and emoluments of ministers—or at least to shine in the world of letters, and take rank among the *mil-lions* of ‘Journalism.’ As to those whose more easy circumstances enable them to give their sons the luxury of a classical education—a luxury, and indeed a generous and noble one, which, in our different social system, the larger numbers of persons of small fortune, the greater extent of our liberal professions, in our still richly-endowed and still daily expanding Church, among us, be far more general—they are too apt to leave their sons utterly ignorant of the management, at all events incapable of the improvement, of their estates and fortunes.

But if the sons of this wealthier class, thus altogether separated from parental control, are content to cast their lives away, to sacrifice the ease and respectability of their manhood to a wild youth of vanity and folly—this is but the temptation of rank and wealth committed to young and irresponsible hands—temptations perhaps more dangerous from the stronger tendency of the French to gather to one brilliant

Paris, where there must be more than an ordinary prodigality and excess to create that sensation which is the ambition of *la jeune France*. It is the far larger class of the children of parents by no means in easy circumstances, whose misjudging but natural tenderness, have spared no cost to give their sons a classical education, under the erroneous conviction that such an education must lead to fortune—it is these the victims of the present system.

When breakers make the approach to a coast or a harbour dangerous, a light-house sets up a beacon: here there is no warning to the parents of the dangers to which they expose the destiny of their children; no one claims to them that an education too much the same for all, imprudently and indiscriminately given, casts a vast number of youths upon society, and perpetuates, in the bosom of the country, the destructive of that well-being which arises out of peace and order. These youths! separated from the multitude by education, at a distance from the upper ranks by want of fortune, crushed in their intermediate position by countless competitors, and obliged, notwithstanding all this, to maintain the outward appearance of easy circumstances, from a lingering respect for the education they have received—these unhappy youths they are ambitious, of capacity, and courage, have no other resources but political convulsions; if they are laborious, modest, they are obliged to accept some small employment of clerks (commis)—worse paid than artisans or day-labourers, above which the hierarchy appears to place them, merely that it may be more exacting towards them.’

With



With the useful design of setting up a beacon not merely to warn the navigator of his danger, but to guide him into the port, M. Girardin has compiled his '*Guide des Familles*,' which fills one-half of the volume before us. The object is to substitute a good professional education for the more general system of instruction; to induce parents to consider the character and disposition of their children before they finally decide on their destination; to inform them what institutions actually exist in France, in which they may qualify their sons for their future course of life; and, by showing how insufficient these establishments are for the wants of the country, to induce the government and the legislature to engraft such institutions, on a much wider and more general scale, upon the education of the people.

In this part of the work a separate chapter is assigned to each profession or pursuit, and the institutions connected with it. M. Girardin states what he considers the natural qualifications requisite for success in each line, with the means which all may, or ought to be able to command for their improvement.

1. Agriculture.—The agriculturists are divided into two classes: husbandmen, and farmers of their own estates (*cultivateurs*, and *propriétaires agronomes*).

The natural qualifications for an agriculturist of the first class are strength, good sense, patience. The previous acquirements for this, as for all classes, are the primary education both of the lower and superior kind, which the state ought to furnish and enforce on all alike. Their professional education he would make to comprehend book-keeping—('A husbandman,' he observes, 'is a manufacturer of corn and of other commodities: a regular method of keeping accounts is as imperatively required of him as of a shopkeeper')—the elements of geometry, geology, physics, and chemistry; of mechanics, in order to judge of the comparative value of the instruments of agriculture; hydraulics, for purposes of irrigation; botany, vegetable physiology, zoology, as far as regards the habits and care of domestic animals; the veterinary art, domestic architecture, and every branch of domestic economy. If it be objected that all this knowledge may be, and in England is perhaps, to a certain extent, practically and experimentally learned, or taught by rural tradition, the vast tracts of productive but unimproved land in France prove that there they are neither so taught nor so learned there.

There are no institutions whatever in France accessible to the *husbandman*, where he may learn to become a scientific agriculturist. One, it seems, was established at Coëtbo in Morbihan, where both the board and instruction were gratuitous. It differed from Hoffwil in receiving only one class of pupils, who were to be

be instructed, both theoretically and practically, in all that related to rural concerns. It was also a kind of normal school for agricultural teachers. This establishment, however, has not succeeded. We do not quite understand the somewhat enigmatic causes of its failure. ‘ Il est à regretter qu’il n’ait pu se soutenir sur ses bases primitives, et qu’il ait rencontré pour obstacles des intérêts personnels irréconciliables avec la haute pensée de désintéressement et de bien public qui avait présidé à son établissement.’—p. 173. There is no other institution of the same nature, though M. Girardin mentions, under this head, the royal veterinary schools of Lyons, Alfort, and Toulouse.

For the agricultural *proprietors*, farmers of their own estates, M. Girardin would require as previous qualifications, a spirit of order and of observation, perseverance and foresight, and the art of management. Besides the primary education of the first and second class—they should receive a superior elementary instruction, in rural and commercial law, statistics, natural history, breeding and improvement of cattle, rural architecture and mechanics. There are three institutions of this nature in France—of course utterly inadequate to the wants of this large class—but furnishing, in some degree, a model for scientific and experimental schools of agriculture. One is at Grignon, near Néaulphe (Seine et Oise). It is a farm of 500 acres, of very various soil, with wood of different kinds, water-courses, a large lake or piece of water, irrigated water-meadows; all inventions in agricultural implements and machinery are brought to trial; the farm-yard contains every kind of cattle, teams of all sorts and breeds—Swiss, Norman, and cross-breeds of bulls and cows; 1000 head of sheep, Merinos, English, Artesian, Solognese, Vendome, with all the cross-breeds; swine of the English, Anglo-American, and Anglo-Chinese breeds; threshing-machines of the best kind, a cheese-dairy, a botanic garden, a nursery garden, an orchard, and mulberry plantations. The course of instruction lasts two years. In the first year are taught:—1. elementary mathematics applied to mensuration, taking plans and levels; 2. topography and drawing; 3. practical elementary physics and chemistry, practical botany and vegetable physiology, as applied to cultivation and planting; 4. first principles of the veterinary art; 5. rational principles of cultivation and farming; 6. principles of rural economy, employment of capital, and internal management of farms. In the second year are taught:—1. principles of husbandry in their application to the art of production and its employment; 2. mathematics, as applied to mechanics and hydraulics, and the elements of astronomy; 3. physics and chemistry applied to the analysis of earths, waters, manures, &c., distillation,  
and

and the economical employment of heat; 4. mineralogy and geology, applied to the use of various fossil substances, boring and sinking wells; 5. culture of the kitchen garden and orchard, woodman's craft, and the knowledge of useful or destructive insects; 6. rural architecture, as applied to buildings, roads, water-dams, and drains, &c., making of lime, mortar, cement, &c.; 7. law, as relates to property in land; 8. principles of *hygiène* for men and animals. All these courses are illustrated by practical experiments, in winter and in summer. The pupils are taught to guide the plough and to use other implements of husbandry, and to study all the details of the internal management. The pupils are free pupils or house-boarders: the first must be twenty, the latter fifteen years old. The *pension* for free pupils is 1500 francs; for house-boarders 1300, with 300 more for a separate apartment. There are twenty-five scholarships of 300 francs given for house-boarders. Each pupil brings his *trousseau*. The Institut Agricole of Roville appears to be a much smaller establishment. That of Grand Jouan (Loire Inférieure) is situated in a department which contains a vast deal of heath and shifting sand. It has a more extensive farm than Grignon; it has 500 hectares of land of every kind of quality: and the object is to bring this into cultivation. It professes to teach—1st, practical, 2d, theoretic agriculture. There are courses of lectures apparently as extensive, though differing in some parts from those of Grignon. The expense is 250 francs per quarter. The pupils remain two, three, or four years, according to their capacity and progress. There is also a course of agriculture in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris, and an Ecole Royale Forestière at Nancy.

We pass over the chapters on Arts et Métiers, or mechanics and artisans, that on Trading and Merchants, and the two professions of Law and Medicine, all of which contain much useful information and much sensible advice. We turned with curiosity to the head of Letters, and with anxiety to that of Theology—the Clergy. On the former, however, M. Girardin is unexpectedly brief; his advice is almost summed up in one old truism—*viz.*, that in this course of life 'mediocrity is synonymous with misery.' The great school for this class is the College of France in Paris, which unites names of the highest European fame both in science and literature:—In science—Binet, Lacroix, Biot, Savart, Majendie, Thenard, Elie de Beaumont; in Greek—Boissonade and Letronne; in Oriental Literature—Des Granges, Stanislas Julien and Bournouf; with Michelet on History, and Lherminier on Law.

M. Girardin appears deeply penetrated with the importance of

gion, and of the influence of the clergy on the general education and regeneration of France. But it is impossible not to feel as he writes in a tone of discouragement and despondency. 'he says, who estimate earthly enjoyments at their real value may render great service to their country by devoting great talents to the Christian ministry :—

*Une heureuse et rapide régénération n'opérerait pas chez un homme casé de vieillesse l'homme de talent qui, animé du zèle de la religion de Dieu, comprendrait ce que le Christianisme doit être à une époque où toutes les idées tendent à l'application des ces deux principes fondamentaux de notre religion selon l'Evangile—l'égalité et la fraternité des hommes ! Il aurait saisi le seul moyen d'assurer le triomphe de la religion et de lui rendre son premier éclat.'—p. 315.*

protest, as we have always protested, against this degradation of Christianity to a vulgar principle of democracy. The equality of man, it is true, is a fundamental principle of the religion ; but it is not a social, a worldly equality of rank, of position, of fortune, or even of political rights, with which it has nothing to do ; it is an equality in the sight of God, an equality in the rights and privileges of the gospel ; in the humanising and elevating graces of the Christian character, the true happiness on earth, the consolation in sorrow, the conscious immortality in the eternal life in Christ Jesus ; the redemption through the same Saviour, the sanctification by the same Spirit ; the ever-blessedness in the presence of the same Universal Father. It unites mankind indeed in one brotherhood, but by far finer and more subtle links than is implied by the tainted word *fraternity* ; it is the spirit of evangelic charity which blends into one the Church throughout the world ; of which the source and well-spring is common prayer, the action benevolence, the affection for all mankind.

For an Ecclesiastical ministry worthily filled, M. Girardin asserts it to be the noblest of professions ; yet it is not, he says, and in consequence he says truly, by any means lightly to be recommended to the laity. In his opinion it is peculiarly suited for those who, having been tried by the misfortunes of life, have been supported by a lively faith, who are no longer bound by any earthly tie, and who therefore prepare themselves by study and reflection for the beautiful mission of man, speaking to the people from the pulpit in the language of Christianity, without making it lose the simplicity with which it has been arrayed by the Fathers of the Church and the great Christian orators. But what hope is there that the 30,000 parishes of France will be supplied with men who have been disciplined in the chastening school of adversity, and at the same time elevated above the depression and despondency of that state

state by pure Christian faith? The mass of the clergy must be trained by education for their sublime, but, we fear, ill-rewarded, and as far as respects worldly distinction, inglorious career. The government appears in some degree sensible to the importance and the difficulty of the question. A million of livres is devoted to scholarships attached to the diocesan seminaries. But from what class are the candidates for the ministry to be sought? Where are to be found those high and precious qualifications which M. Girardin justly demands from those who aspire to this sacred office?—simplicity of tastes; humility of spirit; resignation and force of character; charity; the love of study and of truth. Our author has not been able to shrink from this unavoidable question. The immense spiritual militia necessary for all the parishes of the kingdom ‘can only be recruited from the same sources as the army;’ in other words, the lowest order of the community. In some respects, we agree with M. Girardin, this may be of direct advantage. The religious impulse once given, and given in the right direction, it will be desirable, and even necessary, that the clergy, who are to pass their days in a secluded hamlet, among rude and uninstructed peasants, performing very laborious and painful duties on a scanty stipend, should be taken from a class among whom ease and luxury are unknown; of simple and unambitious manners, and raised above the general level only by their sanctity of character and superior Christianity of mind and conversation. We shall not be suspected of disparaging those lowly men, who from the days of the Apostles have arisen in the Christian Church; some of whom have at once seized, as of undoubted right, the highest stations; or in a lower sphere have instinctively, as it were, displayed the purest gentility of manners, Christian courtesy, and dignity; and so have taken their place in the high and acknowledged aristocracy of virtue and benevolence. But—taking this portion of the population of France according to M. Girardin’s own description—it is no encouraging prospect that this class are to supply the mass of the clergy, who are to officiate in a community at once in a high state of civilisation, and, as regards peace and good order, in a semi-barbarous condition—a community either sunk in apathy or actuated by violent and uncontrolled passions. Religion itself, unless it becomes a passion, will scarcely find active or self-denying proselytes for its service; it will be a fierce, and probably an ignorant fanaticism, or nothing. The difficulty we fear is immeasurably increased by the political state of the country, and the apparent impracticability of dis severing religious from social passions and interests. There can be no doubt what would be the wise—the Christian course—for the clergy of France at the present juncture.

junction. To stand aloof in resolute dignity, and in secluded devotion to the purely spiritual part of their mission, and refuse to mingle with any of the contending factions of the state—to be neither Bourbonist nor Republican; to repudiate, with the same fixed determination, a La Mennais, with his turbulent (he calls it *Evangelical*) democracy, on the one hand, and on the other, a school whose leaders we respect too highly to name in connexion with that restless zealot; who themselves enamoured of the poetry—the poetry in stone and on canvass—of the thirteenth century, think it possible to reconstruct, in the present day, the vast and universal Cathedral of Romish worship—at the same time that they would bring back much of the power of the ancient monarchy. On one part of this great question, the events of the last twenty-five years, and the unpopular position in which the clergy of France now stand with a large and powerful part of the community, have read a painful but instructive lesson. Nothing can have been more unhappy or more fatal to the real interests of religion than the identification of the Church of France with the ultra-Royalist party. It was natural, perhaps, that those before whose memory still swam the remote but ineffaceable images of the Revolution—in whose ears were yet ringing the feeble cries of their brethren, plunged into the river—or who had hardly dared to avert their sight, in the days when the thousand eyes of suspicion catered for the guillotine, from the orgies of the goddess of Reason—it was natural for these to consider the only hope of religion as resting on the strength of the throne; it was natural, it was pardonable—but still, as a question not merely of common expediency, but of high Christian prudence, it was much to be regretted; and adversity, however sometimes, is not always the best school for wisdom.—And what were the measures adopted to win back to the ancient faith and its observances a people deeply tainted with irreligion, or trained in the reckless discipline of long and unrestrained military licence?

The better course would assuredly have been to have kept the ritual, as far as possible, within consecrated precincts; to have brought it into collision as seldom as might be with the angry passions and deep-rooted prejudices of the mass. It should have remained, where it was secure from insult, if not sure to command veneration. It should not have paraded itself through the streets, where its presence excited mockery, or led processions through a population in which scorn and hatred were but ill suppressed. Within the churches everything should have been done to preserve an impressive, and, as far as might be, an attractive majesty—all should have been studied which is so imposing in the Roman Catholic ceremonial, the habits, the gorgeous altar, the processionals,



sionals, the music, the preaching itself—the Masses, sometimes in the blaze of noonday, sometimes in the solemn twilight, sometimes at the deep and serious midnight. There Religion should have remained in its profound mystery, to which, at first, perhaps the few would slowly and timidly have gathered; but which would gradually have drawn within its sphere, and, what is still more important, have retained as serious and conscientious proselytes, all who in the trials of life could find no refuge but the altar—in its sorrows no consolations but from the Christian Gospel; all who, when the sublime truths of Christianity were thus divested of that which clashed with their blind, it is true, but deep-seated prejudices, would have rendered it their tardy, but not less sincere, homage. But this calm and dignified course was not that generally pursued. There was an attempt to awe the people into religion by ceremonies which had lost all their awfulness. No doubt, in countries still unshakenly Roman Catholic, the procession of the Host through the streets, the sudden cessation before its presence of all worldly business—the silence at once of the hum of traffic, the laugh of pleasure, the scream of contention—the whole multitude falling at once on their knees—must confirm the devotional feeling. Every act of faith increases the energy and intensity of faith. But when the Host was carried through ranks of soldiers, whose only principle of veneration was obedience to regimental orders; when it passed, as we have seen it, through file after file, some listlessly leaning on their muskets in undisguised weariness at the whole affair—some in whose eyes might be seen the twinkling, and on their lips the slight curl, of ill-suppressed scorn—some whose sullen aspect betrayed still moroser feelings;—while the general population, at least in Paris, stood looking on as they would at any other spectacle—this, instead of enforcing involuntary reverence from the hard and unbelieving, would at least have an unfavourable effect on the wavering, and would weaken rather than confirm the devotion of the believer. It was all too much an affair of government and police; and, where government was unpopular, and the police searching and oppressive, it could not but share in the unpopularity, and appear at best but as a solemn mockery.

The clergy themselves, in their outward approaches to a people thus in great degree alienated from them, should have confined themselves, as far as possible, to those gentle and well-timed ministrations of which the hardest heart cannot but feel the holiness, the sublimity, the Christianity. Of these blessed offices, such is the commanding sanctity of our religion, the worst, in the worst days of revolutionary madness, in theory at least, admitted the beauty; and when they would abandon themselves to the  
spontaneous



spontaneous and yet undistorted emotions of the heart, could not be witnesses without admiration. The ministers of Christ should have been by the bed of sickness, to soothe ; in the house of sorrow, in the dwelling of the orphan and the widow, at least (when in their poverty they could give no more) to give the sympathy, the consolation, the hope of faith. Their Gospel should, as of old, have been addressed to the poor ; and the blessedness promised to those that mourn should be turned to the account of Him who chastens us for our profit. They should have gone about not so much in authority as in love ; not evidently aiming at their lost power, but rather at the disinterested promotion of the pure evangelic spirit. We fear that the conduct especially of the missionaries, who were at one time spread in restless activity throughout France, was anything rather than in this winning and conciliatory spirit. Everywhere they set up, at every cross-road and turning, their flaring, new-painted crucifixes. Now, in a believing country, where such symbols have been of ancient and immemorial usage ; where the crucifixes themselves, overgrown perhaps with moss and weather-stained with age, have been hallowed by the reverence of successive generations ; where the pedestals have been worn by the genuflexions, the burning kisses, and the tears of true worshippers : all this, though to the sterner judgment but image-worship of the Redeemer, still, as in the former case, could not but deepen faith by its constant exercise, and make devotion more devout ; the very rudeness of the art speaks of antiquity, and shows that it is a venerable relic of the piety of former days. But when these images were all glaringly new, with every agonising circumstance aggravated by the very clumsiest hewer in wood, who, by the help of the brightest vermilion, and the prodigal use of all the highest and most strongly contrasted colours, contrived to unite only the painfulness of truth with the coarsest unreality, we may judge, by their distressing effect on a religious Protestant, what must have been their startling and revolting effect on men devoid of religion. We question whether the rudest peasant, who had passed through the fiery ordeal of these times with his faith unscathed, would behold such images without some revulsion—unless, indeed, he chanced to look at them with something of political rejoicing at the triumph of the old royalist party. And as if the people of France had not vices enough calmly to argue down, as if the stern spirit of indiscriminate anathema was the language best calculated to retrieve their lost influence, the missionaries chose as a chief subject of their condemnatory preaching the old, national, and, we believe, generally innocent, amusement of the people. If we are to trust Paul Louis Courier, which certainly we do not without much reservation, their most earnest

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endeavours.

endeavours were employed to suppress village dancing. Courier, of course, did not neglect the opportunity of cutting them to the quick with the sharp edge of his finely-polished satire.

However they may secretly deplore it, it is absolutely necessary that the clergy of France, to fulfil their beneficent mission with any hope of success, must acquiesce in the existing order of things. Without lowering themselves to a vulgar democratic tone, and speaking no language but that of a pure, earnest, enlightened Christianity, they may show that the blessings of their religion are entirely independent of and superior to political circumstances. By going back to the original and vital essence of Christianity, the establishment of principles, the forming dispositions, bridling passions, disciplining affections, without immediate regard to the circumstances of the times or the prevailing prejudices; by viewing their flocks as Christians and responsible beings before God rather than as royalists or republicans, they will, in fact, far better attain their worldly end—promote good order and law with more remote, perhaps, but surer efficacy. There is truth and wisdom in the following observations of M. Girardin. We leave them in the original language, as we would not, above all, weaken the remarkable statement as to the present condition and tenure of royalty in France:—

‘ En France, la souveraineté du peuple est un fait victorieux qu’il est infiniment moins dangereux de reconnaître que de méconnaître. Assurément la valeur du principe peut être discutée, contestée, mais non pas la réalité du fait. La société se gouverne, elle n’est plus gouvernée; le pouvoir monarchique n’a plus qu’un souffle; il n’existe plus que par une dernière prérogative, qu’il est constamment menacé de perdre, l’hérédité! A cet égard il ne faut donc plus se faire d’illusions; il ne reste à la royauté dépouillée du diadème qu’une couronne d’épines.

‘ Cet état de choses doit appeler toute l’attention du jeune clergé; il ne faut plus songer à contenir par la résistance matérielle le torrent démocratique; on s’épuiserait en vains efforts; il ne faut plus penser qu’à le diriger habilement par le développement du sentiment religieux, par l’ascendant de la raison, par la suprême loi du bien public. Puisque le pouvoir n’a plus à son service la force matérielle, que de moins il ait pour auxiliaire la force spirituelle!

‘ Un admirable avenir nous paraît réservé en France au clergé catholique, s’il sait le comprendre, s’il sait dignement s’y préparer, s’il sait s’élever par la science à la hauteur de la mission à laquelle il est appelé par le développement de la démocratie, s’il sait enfin apprendre à parler avec éloquence et simplicité le langage qui soumet la multitude en la relevant à ses propres yeux, en s’emparant de ses passions et en ennoblissant ses instincts.’—pp. 318, 319.

With regard to education, the course of the clergy appears perfectly clear—to befriend and advance it by all their influence. It is quite

quite manifest that in France it cannot and will not be placed altogether under their control ; as a body, we must acknowledge that we do not think that they are themselves sufficiently advanced to be entrusted with such a charge ; they have enough to do in their own more important department ; their position in the new order of society, their duties, their poverty, their yet suspected influence, must leave them no higher an office than auxiliaries, rather than directors, of the popular instruction ; but by becoming useful, zealous, and sincere auxiliaries, by maintaining not merely a good understanding, but a feeling of sympathy and concord with the schoolmaster, they will obtain a directing and controlling power, the more efficient because less felt ; by showing no unworthy jealousy, they will secure, in the schoolmaster, a friend instead of a rival, who, far from refusing them a share in the attention, and the respect, in the heart of his pupils, will perceive how his own lessons are elevated, improved, by being blended with religion.

But we must not pursue this subject : we will only add that M. Girardin's book likewise contains an account of the military schools of France, for the navy as well as the army, and the engineering. These, we doubt not, are excellent. He has one chapter devoted to the instruction of public men, from whom he demands qualifications which we fear might, if severely exacted, repel many who aspire to be statesmen in England as well as in France. The aptitude for this high mission is *only* 'esprit vaste—jugement sûr—présence d'esprit—volonté ferme—caractère conciliant—haute moralité.' What would be the effect of the application of this test to the cabinets of Europe ? M. Girardin considers that professional instruction for public life exists in Paris,—'à peu de chose près—mais rien n'est coordonné, rien n'est obligatoire.' The principal sources of instruction for his young statesman would be the higher lectures delivered in the College of France. In the following list there are some names which would command universal respect :—

'Ainsi l'Economie Politique, que devraient savoir également le chef de bureau, le sous-préfet, le préfet, le conseiller d'état, le professeur de l'université, le magistrat, l'officier, le marin, le diplomate, le ministre, tous les fonctionnaires publics enfin, à quelque branche de l'administration qu'ils appartiennent, est professée au Collège de France, les Mardi et Samedi, par M. Rossi ; et au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, par M. Blanqui, aîné.

'La Philosophie est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Valette, suppléant de M. Laromiguière ; par M. Poret, suppléant de M. Cousin ; et par M. Jouffroy, suppléant de M. Royer-Collard.

'L'Histoire est professée au Collège de France, les Lundi et Jeudi, par M. Michelet ; à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Lacretelle, et par M. Lenormant, suppléant de M. Guizot.

'L'Histoire

‘ L’Histoire des Législations comparées est professée au Collège de France, les Mardi et Samedi, par M. Lherminier.

‘ L’Histoire du Droit de la Nature et des Gens est professée, les Lundi et Vendredi, au Collège de France, par M. de Portetz, et à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. P. Royer-Collard.

‘ Le Droit Administratif est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. le Baron de Gérando, conseiller d’état.

‘ L’Histoire du Droit est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. Poncelet.

‘ Le Droit Constitutionnel Français est professée à la Faculté de Droit de Paris, par M. Rossi.

‘ L’Eloquence Française est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Gérusez, suppléant de M. Villemain.

‘ La Géographie est professée à la Faculté des Lettres, par M. Guignaut.’—pp. 397, 398.

M. Girardin and others would propose to erect a new faculty under the appellation of ‘ Faculté des Sciences Politiques et Administratives.’

We have thus laid before our readers the present state of education in France, with what appear to us, in many respects, wise and enlightened suggestions for its improvement. As to the exact truth of the statements of M. Girardin, and the practicability of his measures, we are content to wait the sounder and better informed judgment of that calm and sagacious statesman who now takes the lead in the administration of France. Often as the noble lines of Virgil have been cited, and sometimes on unworthy occasions, we are so struck with the justice of their application to M. Guizot at the present juncture that we cannot but recall them to the minds of our readers:—

‘ Ac veluti *magno* in populo quum sæpe coorta est  
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus ;  
Jamque faces et saxa volant ; furor arma ministrat :  
Tum, *pietate* gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem  
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant ;  
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.’

But the storm is lulled, not allayed : the depths of the ocean are yet, and must be still, we fear, for some time, in a state of angry and dangerous fermentation. The only permanent change in national character can be wrought by national education. To this subject the penetrating mind of M. Guizot, enlightened by the study of mankind in the pages of history, has been especially devoted. To him we look with confidence that all will be done, and well done, which the circumstances of the times, the national character, the condition of the people, permit to be achieved by an upright and patriotic minister.

ART. V.—*Fugitive Verses*. By Joanna Baillie. London. 1840.

**I**N a late article in this Journal on some of the most distinguished living authoresses of our country, we observed that the name of Mrs. Joanna Baillie was designedly omitted. She stood alone and aloof from the rest, and needed neither praise nor notice. The celebrity which fixed the attention of our boyhood—

*Cui nostra primo paruit auspici  
Ætas,—*

and which has long since ripened into an enduring fame, seemed to wave away the periodical critic from this venerable lady's retirement.

The publication, however, of the present volume is a direct address to us; and we would fain take the opportunity which it affords us to say a few general words on the writings of one whom, as a poet, we scruple not to oppose to every other woman of ancient or modern times, save only that immortal lyrist of the old Greece, whose words breathe and burn, and whose broken matches are the pulsations of a heroine's heart.

In that entire and wonderful revolution of the public taste in works of imagination, and indeed of literature generally, which contrasts this century with the whole or the latter half of the preceding, and which—while referring to Cowper, and not forgetting 'Lewesdon Hill,' or Mr. Bowles's first two or three publications—we must nevertheless principally, and in the foremost rank, ascribe to the example, the arguments, and the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge,—in this great movement Joanna Baillie bore a subordinate, but most useful and effective, part. Unversed in the ancient languages and literatures, by no means accomplished in those of her own age, or even her own country, this remarkable woman owed it partly to the simplicity of a Scotch education, partly to the influence of the better portions of Burns's poetry, but chiefly to the spontaneous action of her own forceful genius, that she was able at once, and apparently without effort, to come forth the mistress of a masculine style of thought and diction, which constituted then, as it still constitutes, the characteristic merit of her writings, and which at the time contributed most beneficially to the already commenced reformation of the literary principles of the country. Those only who can now remember the current literature of the end of the last and the beginning of this century; those only who have read Darwin, who have read Hayley, who have read—*divitias miseras*—or even looked over, or looked at, the mountain of vapid trash which, in  
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the shapes of epic and lyric, didactic and dramatic, poems, then papered the town, and was worshipped as Parnassus itself; such only can adequately conceive all the merit, or all the effect, of 'De Montfort,' 'Éthwald,' or 'Basil.' The 'Remorse,' though written before, was not given to the public till long afterwards; and Mr. Wordsworth's tragedy was, where it now is—and will, we fear, ever be—in the bottom of a box—

' where sweets compacted lie.'

It is true that these dramas have not succeeded on the stage; and the cause of their failure in that respect may be pointed out without much difficulty; but the good service they were to do upon the poetic criticism of the country depended infinitely more on the deliberate perusal of intelligent persons, especially the young, than on the transient and too frequently capricious approbation of a theatrical audience. The 'Plays on the Passions' were slowly, but in the end extensively, circulated. Many, whose yet unyielded prejudice made them neglect or even ridicule the 'Lyrical Ballads,' were unconsciously won over to the adoption of the essential principles of the literary reformation then in progress, by works in so different a form, and coming from so opposite a quarter. The very defects of the views and arguments with which the authoress—not herself fully sensible of the part she was in truth acting—accompanied her works, made her less an object of suspicion to those whose literary animosity had been provoked by the determined, unevadeable protest and manifesto of Wordsworth, in his celebrated Preface; and hundreds gradually learned to understand and appreciate the merit of unsophisticated expression and truthful thought and feeling from these entertaining Plays, whom that Preface and 'Alice Fell'—assumed to be an exemplification of its principles—had indisposed to the study and admiration of some of the finest poems in the English language, which were unluckily printed in the same volumes with it.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plays have not succeeded on the stage. They never will succeed there—except that perhaps one or two of her comedies, cut down to farces, might possibly pass current with good broad acting. Omitting some subordinate obstacles, we think the one, universal, and sufficient cause of this to be the singular want of skill with which she *conducts* the interest of the plot. You have little to expect and nothing to see grow in the progress of the action. Your tears flow in the first act, which is half a sign that they will not flow in the last. The cardinal secret of the play is invariably out in the very commencement, and the auxiliary secrets are accordingly deprived of their proper effect. This is a fault decisive on the stage. The most spirited dialogue, the most moving situations in particular parts, can  
never

! this is on the stage, where curiosity and a craving for are the almost exclusive emotions, it interferes in a very small degree with the calmer and better founded of the mere reader. He has time and attention for the parts, can feel the merit of lively dialogue, weigh of a general reflection, and muse on the beauty of single Who has ever witnessed the representation of those two *de force* of the master of the Gothic drama—the ‘*Mer-Venice*,’ and ‘*Henry VIII.*’—without experiencing a anguish during the last act of each? Yet who, again, ed the quiet perusal of those same acts without—espe- the latter instance—being steeped in deep, trance-like mind, through which the dark passions of the past tly appear like the distant skirts of a broken thunder- evening of June? Hence it is, that weak and point- se Plays on the Passions have appeared when tried on they are pre-eminently entertaining, if we may venture as it, to the leisurely student: the want of that unicity, d consummation of interest, which is essential to the na, is to the reader partly compensated by the diffusion : and more equal interest throughout all the parts, and he easy vigour and flowing originality of the dialogue. : the peculiar strength of Joanna Baillie; in this she is ionably superior to the present fashionable playwrights : to her in producing an effect by striking positions and levelopment. The colloquial inaccuracies omitted— survived a first edition we cannot conceive—the style ragedies is almost faultless. It is never affected, never er stuffed with purple patches of rhetoric: it has no



of any one passion or impression as that he can be truly taken to be a permanently embodied representation of it. Such a man, so actuated, is, and is known to be, a monomaniac. We suppose it is not necessary at this time of day to show that 'Othello' is not a play upon Jealousy any more than upon Slander; whereas 'Romero' strikes the reader as something like an *exercise* upon the given theme. No man that loved as Othello loved could, without miracle, have escaped the trap laid for his soul; whilst Romero's jealous fury is the self-emanating impotence of a mind that has no real reverence for the object of its affection, and is indeed, towards the conclusion, contemplated as a blind folly by all the other personages of the play. Another ill effect of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plan is that her principal characters have too much the air of puppets, predestined to a certain precise path of action, and yet undignified by any such dark incumbency of Fate as seems to brood over the noble struggles of the old Greek drama. You know that nothing will be allowed to save the victim in either case; but we are often tempted, in the modern instance, to throw the blame on the sufferer's own head, and exhale our sympathy with 'A wilful man will have his way!' It is indeed the crucial test of first-rate dramatic genius so to reciprocate the action of circumstance and mind, of force and will, as to present a conspicuous and an interesting picture of that which we every one of us exhibit day by day to our neighbours or ourselves in miniature; without which alternate, or rather co-instantaneous, interchange and counter-check, perpetually operating, man in real or scenic life loses the properties of manhood, and becomes an idiot or a maniac. We are far from meaning that Mrs. Joanna Baillie has always failed before this test; but we think she has often so failed, and that the plan upon which she wrote had a natural tendency to make her so fail.

Again, it appears to us that the exigency of her plan has in some instances induced her, for the sake of uniformity, to confound the materials and the limits of tragedy and comedy. It is not true that every passion becomes comic merely because you surround it with a comic apparatus. Farcical it may, perhaps, be—a grim grotesque of tragedy; but that is as alien from the genuine spirit of comedy as a dance of witches from the May-day sports of rustics on a village green. There was many a blood-besprinkled farce enacted within the shadow of the Paris guillotine, but not one of all who witnessed such, grin as he might, ever thought it comic. Virtue and wickedness are, *in eodem genere*, unfit for comedy; the mere absence of virtue is no deficiency. Hence vices belong to comedy, crimes to tragedy. It was Congreve's great fault that he introduced directly wicked

wicked characters into his plays. No wit could make Maskwell a fit subject for comedy. And the analogy to the passions is immediate and complete.

Anger may be highly comic; Resentment, also, may be so accompanied and contrasted as to be compatible with the spirit and object of comedy: but Hatred, the settled frame of the mind properly so called, is, if dramatic at all, taken singly by itself, endurable only on the dark background of the tragic scene. You cannot bring Baltimore in any shape nearer to comedy than as a very grave parody on De Montfort. So the mere weakness of the mind or the nerves, which induces overwhelming terror in the presence of danger to life, may be *arrayed* in circumstances of tragic interest: but the simple imbecility of nature, unaccompanied by any spurious pretensions to courage, is no more fit subject for comedy than epilepsy or the headache. Amorous and La Fool, Parolles, Bessus, and Acres are all, in their different species, highly comic; but Valdemere's boasting is so occasional, so purely defensive, that the mere physical failing is exposed without any of that relief, wanting which such an exhibition possesses no element of comedy in it. Valdemere is simply to be pitied as a weak man, upon whom his cruel friends have, as Antonio says, 'played an abominable trick.'

But, having freely made these general remarks, let us again express our admiration of the wonderful elasticity and masculine force of mind exhibited in this vast collection of dramas. Unequal as some of them are in merit, there is not one that will not well repay perusal. The writing is sometimes plain; but then we are spared the plaster and Dutch metal of our stage-favourites. Where the line is not poetic it is at least good sense; and the spirit breathing everywhere is a spirit of manly purity and moral uprightness. Few books of entertainment can be placed in the hands of the young so safely and profitably as Mrs. Joanna Baillie's plays, taken generally; and we should have said universally, were it not for the too plain implication in one of them, the Martyr, of the opinions entertained by this excellent lady on an equally awful and fundamental article of the Christian faith, as to which we deeply lament her dissent from the Catholic Church. We have already said that mere curiosity is the craving least gratified by the Plays on the Passions: they appeal to higher aspirations; and we can truly say that, great as our youthful admiration was, a critical re-perusal in middle life has deepened the impression we had always retained of their excellence. Let us, before we pass on, be permitted to quote a part of a scene in De Montfort—familiar to most, but possibly for the first time brought before the eyes of some of our younger readers.

‘De

' *De Mon.* No more, my sister, urge me not again ;  
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.  
From all participation of its thoughts  
My heart recoils: I pray thee be contented.

*Jane.* What! must I, like a distant humble friend,  
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed  
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart  
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!  
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;  
Thy true entrusted friend I still shall be.

*De Mon.* Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.

*Jane.* Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!  
There was a time when e'en with murder stain'd,  
Had it been possible that such dire deed  
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,  
Thou would'st have told it me.

*De Mon.* So would I now—but ask of this no more.  
All other troubles but the one I feel  
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.  
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

*Jane.* Then secret let it be: I urge no further.  
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,  
So sadly orphan'd: side by side we stood,  
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength  
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,  
And brave the storm together.—  
I have so long, as if by Nature's right,  
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,  
I thought thro' life I should have so remain'd,  
Nor ever known a change.—Forgive me, Montfort,  
A humbler station will I take by thee;  
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,  
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,  
The soother of those griefs I must not know.  
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

*De Mon.* Oh, Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—  
Would I could tell it thee!

*Jane.* Thou shalt not tell me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,  
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring  
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.  
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;  
Pursue with thee the study of some art,  
Or nobler science, that compels the mind  
To steady thought progressive, driving forth  
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,  
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;—  
Like one, who, from dark visions of the night,  
When the active soul within its lifeless cell  
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy press'd

I cannot—O that cursed villain!  
not let me be the man I would.

What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh! what words are these?  
ve awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.  
eech thee, speak!

affection thou did'st ever bear me;  
lear memory of our infant days;  
red living ties,—ay, and by those  
ep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,  
jure thee, speak!—

Ha! wilt thou not?

affection, most unwearied love,  
rly, long, and never wanting found,  
erous man hath more authority,  
ghtful power than crown or sceptre give,  
mand thee!—

tfort, do not thus resist my love.  
ntreat thee on my bended knees.  
y brother!

*Mon. (raising her, and kneeling.)*

him kneel who should the abused be,  
hine honour'd feet confession make.  
hee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.  
y breast a raging passion burns,  
h thy soul no sympathy will own—  
n which hath made my nightly couch  
of torment, and the light of day,  
e gay intercourse of social man,  
e the oppressive airless pestilence.

*Jane.* De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible !  
 What being, by the Almighty Father form'd  
 Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,  
 Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,  
 Who art thyself his fellow ?  
 Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clench'd hands.  
 Some sprite accurs'd within thy bosom mates  
 To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother !  
 Strive bravely with it ; drive it from thy heart ;  
 'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.  
 Curse it, and bid it part.

*De Mon.* It will not part.—I've lodged it here too long.  
 With my first cares I felt its rankling touch.  
 I loathed him when a boy.

*Jane.* Whom did'st thou say ?

*De Mon.* Detested Rezenvelt !  
 E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps  
 Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,  
 Each 'gainst the other pitch'd his ready pledge,  
 And frown'd defiance. As we onward pass'd  
 From youth to man's estate, his narrow art  
 And envious gibing malice, poorly veil'd  
 In the affected carelessness of mirth,  
 Still more detestable and odious grew.  
 There is no living being on this earth  
 Who can conceive the malice of his soul,  
 With all his gay and damned merriment,  
 To those by fortune or by merit placed  
 Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,  
 He look'd upon the state of prosperous men,  
 As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,  
 Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,  
 I could endure it ; even as we bear  
 The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,  
 I could endure it. But when honours came,  
 And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride ;  
 Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,  
 And groveling idiots grinn'd applauses on him ;  
 Oh ! then I could no longer suffer it !  
 It drove me frantic.—What, what would I give—  
 What would I give to crush the bloated toad,  
 So rankly do I loathe him !

*Jane.* And would thy hatred crush the very man  
 Who gave to thee that life he might have taken ?  
 That life which thou so rashly didst expose  
 To aim at his ? Oh, this is horrible !

*De Mon.* Ha ! thou hast heard it then ! From all the world,  
 But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

*Jane.* I heard a secret whisper, and resolv'd

Upon

ured him to the field ; both bravely fought ;  
 ore adroit, disarm'd you ; courteously  
 'd the forfeit sword, which, so returned,  
 d refuse to use against him more ;  
 en, as says report, you parted friends.  
*Mon.* When he disarm'd this curs'd, this worthless hand  
 most worthless weapon, he but spared  
 evilish pride, which now derives a bliss  
 ng me thus fettered, shamed, subjected  
 ie vile favour of his poor forbearance ;  
 he securely sits with gibing brow,  
 sely baits me like a muzzled cur,  
 unnot turn again.—  
 hat day, till that accursed day,  
 not half the torment of this hell,  
 burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him !  
 . O this is horrible ! Forbear, forbear !  
 eaven's vengeance light upon thy head  
 s most impious wish.  
*Mon.* Then let it light.  
 its more fell than I have known already  
 ot send. To be annihilated,  
 ll men shrink from ; to be dust, be nothing,  
 liss to me, compared to what I am !  
 . Oh ! wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words ?  
*Mon.* Let me but once upon his ruin look,  
 lose mine eyes for ever !——  
 ow is this ? Thou'rt ill ; thou'rt very pale ;  
 ave I done to thee ? Alas, alas !  
 t not to distress thee—O my sister !  
 . I cannot now speak to thee.  
 I have killed thee

He has spread misery o'er my fated life ;  
He will undo us all.

*Jane*. I've held my warfare thro' a troubled world,  
And borne with steady mind my share of ill ;  
For then the helpmate of my-toil wast thou.  
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,  
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,  
Blasting thy worth.—I cannot strive with this.

*De Mon*. What shall I do?' —(*Act ii. sc. 2.*)

The characteristic qualities of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's poetry in her Dramas are, to a considerable extent, to be found in the very charming collection of poems, which, under the title of '*Fugitive Verses*,' she has with equal good sense and modesty just given to the world. Many of these, it appears, have been printed before; but the collection is to us, and probably to the greater part of our readers, almost entirely new. It contains the productions of the poetess in her earliest and latest years, and in all of them we have the same healthful tone, the same abundance of thought, the same clear and forcible style, freckled with the same amount of petty inaccuracies of language. A summer's day would suffice for eradicating these teasing weeds, that seem left on purpose to worry the purist; and we heartily wish some poor scholar might be commissioned by Mrs. Joanna to do the work. It is a pity that there should be any drawback whatever to the praise with which this volume, and indeed the other poetical works of this excellent writer, might be accompanied.

We have already hinted our suspicion that Mrs. Joanna Baillie was not always conscious of what constituted her own peculiar merit as a poet, or, accordingly, of her literary affinity to some with whom she does not appear to suppose herself in the smallest degree connected. '*Modern poetry*,' she says, '*within these last thirty years, has become so imaginative, impassioned, and sentimental, that more homely subjects, in simple diction, are held in comparatively small estimation. This, however, is a natural progress of the art, and the obstacles it may cast in the path of a less gifted or less aspiring genius, must be submitted to with a good grace.*' (*Preface*, p. vi.) Surely Mrs. Joanna Baillie's reading, both before and since the era she assigns, must have been singularly circumstanced to justify to her own mind such a remark as this. We are disposed to state the reverse, or something near it, to be the fact. If '*homely*' (not meaning, we presume, vulgar) '*subjects in simple diction*' are holden in less estimation now than when many of the poems in this volume were composed, we must demand of all the Reviews and all the Magazines the meaning of their perpetual acknowledgments of the services rendered to the  
cause



and thought; when a *lingo grande*—made up no scholar  
how—usurped the place of English, and the dearest asso-  
ciations, and the most affecting images in man's daily life, could  
be mentioned in serious verse. Since that time, under the  
instances which we began by noticing, criticism has been  
needed; and in a sense—not apparently intended by Mrs.  
Barrow, because the very pieces which she excepts are for the  
part instances of it—the laws and scope of the imagination  
have been better understood, the sources of genuine passion  
discovered, and the *sentiment* of the last age—the unlaid ghost of  
egotism—has been frightened off. Necessarily coincident  
with this convalescent state of the public mind (for it is not a  
cure yet) has been an eager return to a wholesome diet in  
the use of language; and we think we can assure our authoress  
that the free, natural, and unsophisticated diction generally pre-  
sented throughout this present volume would not have earned for  
itself the 'Monthly Review,' or 'British Critic,' of 1800, the  
praise which the 'Quarterly Review' of 1841 now takes  
liberty of bestowing upon it. It is almost as true of her  
as it is untrue of Shakspeare, that she has grown 'immortal in  
her own despite.' She seems to regard as models writers to whom  
she is happily most unlike; and her plays are in general so much  
more legitimate than the principles of dramatic poetry laid down  
in various prefaces, that we wish for our own satisfaction the  
night henceforth be allowed to fight their way down the  
stream of time without the incumbrance of the other.  
The poems in this volume are in various styles, and in them  
the authoress seems to us successful, except in her Scotch  
poem, 'Hymn for the Kirk.' (If the former we should say

day—as mere English verses purposely dashed here and there with words only in use beyond the Tweed. They appear to us as stiff and uncouth as Burns's attempts in serious English. Indeed it would have been little less than a miracle if the writer of De Montfort had preserved or attained the spirit—the *knack*—of the genuine Scotch song;—a species of poetry unique, and not admitting exportation, having a simple point, a pathetic terseness, and a musical brilliancy of phrase, not imitable by dint of talent, and of which we see no traces in the attempts before us. Neither do we think the Hymns designed for the use of the Kirk at all calculated for such a purpose. Without subjecting them to the parallel of the Davidic Psalms, we think the Kirk had good grounds for not recommending them for general adoption. In fact, they are not composed with an insight into the peculiar nature and spirit of congregational singing, or, as we should venture to conjecture, with any knowledge of music on the part of the author. The Scotch, who are a brave and enterprising people, might sing them under command; and so they might 'Paradise Lost,' or even the late Speech from the Throne.

Where or what the fault precisely is, it may be difficult to say; but, as it is, the English seem to have less understanding of, or spirit for, congregational singing than any other people of Christendom. The Church of England, as such, has left this most important part of divine worship to be performed in the licensed strains of Sternhold or Tate, or according to the caprice of individual clergymen. We cannot be wrong in saying, that this is a flagrant abdication of duty. Not to insist that a very small portion of the Hebrew Psalter can possibly be an adequate or even fit exponent of the emotions of a Christian congregation, what will be said in respect of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity? Where is the Church's Hymn for the Nativity? For the Crucifixion? The Resurrection? The Ascension? The Descent of the Spirit? Is it not a strange thing to a reflective mind to enter a church full of Christians on Easter-day, and to hear some few of them only singing at all, and those few singing the balderdash version, in bad English, of a Jewish psalm, having no more reference to the resurrection of the Saviour than to the capture of Jerusalem? And this defect—a very grievous defect—one that has, perhaps more than any other single cause, contributed to that cold, indevout, drawing-room tone which prevails in our public worship—cannot be supplied by setting this or that eminent clergyman to translate the whole Psalter anew, or to compose an entire Hymnody. No man is sufficient for such a work. The last 300 years have produced in England about six good versions of a Hebrew psalm, and the same number of hymns. Bishop Ken  
alone,

pose as they might be made. It may be mentioned that the Dutch Reformed Church is provided with a singularly excellent collection of psalms and hymns, chiefly taken from the very good collection generally used by the French Protestants. The French 84th Psalm is a model of the way in which the Jewish psalm may be rendered fit for the purpose of Christian worship and praise. The collection of the German Lutheran hymns is also excellent. It is remarkable that the finest version of the psalm in existence is that by poor Camoens of the 137th. *The waters of Babylon, &c.* :—

*‘ De Babel sobre os rios nos sentamos,  
De nossa doce patria desterrados,  
As mãos na face, os olhos derribados,  
Com saudades de ti, Sion, choramos.’ &c.*

While he was sitting on the shore at Macao, his guitar by his side, his eye on the ocean, and his heart on the Tagus.

As to her return. Mrs. Joanna Baillie has, we think, succeeded very well in her ballads in a romantic and supernatural vein. They are all, more or less, good; especially the ‘Elden-Tree,’ ‘Lord John of the East,’ ‘Sir Maurice’ is not so clearly defined as it should be—but it is still a very striking poem; and the same great power of the same kind shown in ‘Malcolm’s Heir.’ Wish it were in our power to present one of these ballads to our readers; for the effect lies so much in the whole that we should do the author injustice by giving an extract.

Finally, however, as we estimate her ‘Ballads of Wonder,’ we must needs think them the best parts of this volume. She is impressive and original in passages of ordinary life, and in

is not necessary that the reader of this poem—to appreciate its beauty—should have enjoyed the privilege of seeing these two admirable ladies—models of that grace which survives youth—mutually supporting and supported—dignifying the simplest life and rendering lovely the unconcealed touches of a sacred old age—But we believe these lines are not more beautiful in themselves than they are precisely true in fact.

‘ Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears  
O’er us have glided almost sixty years,  
Since we on Bothwell’s bonny braes were seen,  
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been,  
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop’d to gather  
The slender hare-bell on the purple heather;  
No taller than the fox-glove’s spiky stem,  
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.  
Then every butterfly that crossed our view  
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,  
And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright  
In sheeny gold were each a wonderous sight.  
Then as we paddled bare-foot, side by side,  
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,\*  
Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin,  
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,  
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,  
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

‘ A long perspective to my mind appears,  
Looking behind me to that line of years,  
And yet through every stage I still can trace  
Thy visioned form, from childhood’s morning grace  
To woman’s early bloom, changing how soon!  
To the expressive glow of woman’s noon;  
And now to what thou art, in comely age,  
Active and ardent. Let what will engage  
Thy present moment, whether hopeful seeds  
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds  
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore  
In chronicle or legend rare explore,  
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,  
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way  
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,  
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—  
Active and ardent—to my fancy’s eye  
Thou still art young in spite of time gone by.  
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,  
Well may it please me in life’s latter scene,  
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

\* ‘The manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about.’

‘ ’Twas

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look  
 Upon the page of printed book,  
 That thing by me abhorred, and with address  
 Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,  
 When all too old become with bootless haste  
 In fitful sports the precious time to waste.  
 Thy love of tale and story was the stroke  
 At which my dormant fancy first awoke,  
 And ghosts and witches in my busy brain  
 Arose in sombre show, a motley train.  
 This new-found path attempting, proud was I,  
 Lurking approval on thy face to spy,  
 Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,  
 "What! is this story all thine own invention?"

' Then, as advancing through this mortal span,  
 Our intercourse with the mixed world began,  
 Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy  
 (A truth that from my youthful vanity  
 Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,  
 Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;  
 While, but for thee, vex'd with its tossing tide,  
 I from the busy world had shrunk aside;  
 And now in later years, with better grace,  
 Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place  
 With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made  
 The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

' With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,  
 Or gracious or untoward, have their way.  
 Silent if dull, oh precious privilege!  
 I sit by thee; or if, call'd from the page  
 Of some huge, ponderous tome which, but thyself,  
 None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf.  
 Thou read me curious passages to speed  
 The winter night, I take but little heed,  
 And thankless say, "I cannot listen now,"  
 'Tis no offence; albeit much do I owe  
 To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,  
 Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;  
 For still it seem'd in thee a natural gift,  
 The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.

' By daily use and circumstance endear'd,  
 Things are of value now that once appear'd  
 Of no account, and without notice past,  
 Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;  
 To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,  
 Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;  
 After each stated nightly absence met,  
 To see thee by the morning table set,

Pouring

Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream  
 Which sends from saucer'd cup its fragrant steam :  
 To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,  
 On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,  
 For garden-work prepared ; in winter's gloom,  
 From thy cold noon-day walk to see thee come,  
 In furry garment lapt, with spatter'd feet,  
 And by the fire resume thy wonted seat ;  
 Ay, even o'er things like these, sooth'd age has thrown  
 A sober charm they did not always own.  
 As winter hoar-frost makes minutest spray  
 Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day  
 In magnitude and beauty, which bereav'd  
 Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceiv'd.

' The change of good and evil to abide,  
 As partners link'd, long have we side by side  
 Our earthly journey held, and who can say  
 How near the end of our appointed way ?  
 By nature's course not distant :—sad and reft  
 Will she remain,—the lonely pilgrim left.  
 If thou art taken first, who can to me  
 Like sister, friend, and home-companion be ?  
 Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,  
 Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn ?  
 And if I should be fated first to leave  
 This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,  
 And he above them all, so truly proved  
 A friend and brother, long and justly loved,  
 There is no living wight, of woman born,  
 Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

' Thou ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling  
 The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing  
 With sorrow and distress, for ever sharing  
 The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—  
 Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,  
 An unadorn'd but not a careless lay,  
 Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid  
 From tardy love proceeds, though long delay'd.  
 Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,  
 The latest spoken still are deem'd the best :  
 Few are the measured rhymes I now may write ;  
 These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.'—pp. 219, 222.

With these most affecting verses we think it well to conclude these few remarks, trusting that nothing in them will be found inconsistent with the profound respect we feel for Mrs. Joanna Baillie's name, and that the freedom in which we have indulged will be accepted as a guarantee for the sincerity of our praise.

and the hospital—a sturdy, jovial, humorous little Irishman, skilful surgeon. *Puellis nuper idoneus*, he has recently to himself a Canadian wife and farm, and amused his leisure writing these ‘Trifles,’ which are, in fact, pretty copious memoirs of his adventurous campaigns in the fields of Venus as well as Mars. We have had of late so many ‘Military Recollections’ that the title did not particularly attract us; but, after the volumes have lain on our shelves for more than twelve months, we casually picked them down; and a perusal so amused us, that we must invite our readers to a participation in ‘the feast of reason.’

The early part, in which he records his boyhood, youth, and medical education, offers nothing worth dwelling upon; and his account of his experiences in the Peninsula contains so many lively passages, they relate to scenes which have engaged so many clever pens—from Gleig to Quillinan—that we think it better to step on to India—for which region the 66th regiment was sent exactly as the news of Bonaparte’s escape from Elba reached the Downs, March, 1815. As they started, our author writes of ‘a dinner that the Great Man would be caged again by the 1st of April’—a curious anticipation of Ney’s pledge to Napoleon on the 18th of April, 1815.—and a good dinner it must have been, since we are hinted that the bill cost the sanguine doctor nearly 100*l*. expensive Calcutta.’

The best of his Indian chapters is that describing a journey from Dinapore to Cawnpore:—

‘At the beginning of July we embarked on the Ganges, now full to



are in number at least thirty millions ; that the superstitious reverence for the sacred river induces every family who can possibly approach it to commit their dead to its waters ; and that for the greater part of the year the atmosphere 'is very hot,—we may form some notion of the multitude of human corpses, in every stage of dissolution, that must be perpetually mixed with or buoyant on the flood—the surface waters must be actually a decoction of putridity. It can be no wonder that infectious diseases, with cholera at the head, should eternally hover over this gigantic open sewer of Bengal, and diverge far and wide from its centre of corruption. Dr. Henry has a description of the scene too painful to be quoted. We can but allude to the enormous flocks of vultures and other birds of prey eternally flapping and screaming over the floating masses of decay, tearing and disembowelling naked carcasses of men, women, and children. But the horror of horrors is the fact that the voyager can never keep near the shore for an hour at a time without seeing some old, worn-out, decrepit grandfather or grandmother, carried to the verge of the stream by the hands of their own offspring, their mouths stuffed with the holy river-grass, and the yet gasping bodies tumbled into the flood. We are weary of hearing that such usages could not be interrupted without alienating the minds of the Hindoos. No superstition was supposed to be more deeply rooted than the horrid one of the Suttee—but a single rescript put that abomination down—and, except from certain sleek Brahmins interested in the matter of burning fees, not one voice has been heard to complain of the abolition. The same as to infanticide in some extensive districts, where it had prevailed from a remote antiquity. Who can doubt that all these diabolical atrocities have always been perpetrated amidst the secret loathing of the priest-ridden population of India? It is of the very essence of such tyranny that it succeeds in suppressing all outward show of aversion on the part of its victims :

‘ Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.’

The feelings of humankind are the same everywhere ; and we are well convinced that the authority of a civilised government could in no way be strengthened so effectually, as by making itself felt wherever it extends, to be the immitigable enemy of every usage that wars against the instincts of natural affection.

Nay more—we venture to say that the English government in India can never gain anything by authorising spontaneously any act that tends to compromise it in the eyes of the natives, as if it were, as a power, indifferent to the distinction between Idolatry and Christianity. The majority of the better educated natives are, we may rest assured, infidels to the creed of their ancestry.

These

and as yet that political state, the Congress, however late, must be discharged: but we should never step one word what the exact letter of the compact binds us to.

Suttee was in full vigour when Dr. Henry made the

We must quote one of his shortest descriptions of it:—

cruel scene took place close to the water's edge, near a huge tree, whose branches, spreading far and wide, were supported by numerous shoots they had sent down into the earth—now grown into pillars—like decrepit parents by the piety of their children. About ten o'clock at night, and, I suppose, two hundred people present. The victim was very young—not more than seventeen years—and though looking a little wild, yet she distributed the food and sweetmeats to her friends and relations with a certain composure; and then mounted the pyre with a firm step, kissed her husband's lips, and lay down beside him. Before this time fruitless attempts had been made by two of my brother officers to dissuade her from this terrible self-sacrifice—No, no—if she would be an outcast from society—forced to perform the duties—lose her high caste (she was a Brahmin) and be considered despised henceforward by all her acquaintances, friends, and relatives. Thus artfully have the Hindoo priests intertwined their religious rites with human pride and vanity, and made these cogent arguments subservient to their own ambitious and avaricious purposes.

When as this unfortunate woman had placed herself beside her husband a kind of cage, made of bamboos, was put over them, and smeared with ghee, or buffalo-butter, to make it more combustible, and the din of tom-toms, gongs and human voices was set up, evidently in the purpose of stifling the poor creature's cries. A quantity of dry sticks, &c., surrounded the funeral pile, and was now set fire to, and up fiercely at once, so as in all probability to save further trouble and suffocate the victim in a few seconds. In a short time there was one glowing flame which when moved to one side by

women, too, have been placed under a vast debt of gratitude to this benign religion. Its divine Founder raised them to an equality with the other sex, by his countenance and gracious society when he lived on earth, and by the ennobling influence of his doctrines ever since, and the tone of purity which they have shed over human relations. Fresh triumphs of Christianity in favour of the weaker, but more virtuous sex, are now passing daily before our eyes, amongst which the recent abolition of female infanticide and widow-burnings in the East stand out in strong relief. In the Polynesian Archipelago we also witness the progressive instruction, purification, and elevation of the female savage in the social scale—or rather, we see the elements of society created where all was dark, dismal, and bloody barbarism before.

‘ And well, and zealously, and affectionately, has woman paid her tribute of good works for the benefits her sex has received from Christianity, from the very times of its first promulgation till the present day. Indeed its propagation, under a superintending Providence, was much dependant on the ministry of women, and their powerful suasion with the rougher half of mankind; and amidst multiplied instances of early bad conduct and apostacy amongst men—there is only one solitary case of female guilt amongst the Apostolic converts; and she, Sapphira, acted plainly under the evil influence of her husband. No woman ever slighted, or neglected, or despised, or blasphemed, or betrayed the Author of Christianity, or any of his Apostles—No—no.

“ *She ne’er with treacherous kiss her Saviour stung—  
Nor e’er denied him with unholy tongue:  
She, when Apostles shrank, could danger brave—  
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!* ” ’

—vol. i. p. 190.

It is not often that our author rises from his easy sensible conversational tone; but passages like this *tell* all the better for their paucity. Turn a leaf and we find him in his usual vein—narrating how the commanding officer had two pretty maiden sisters on board, and how the surgeon acquitted himself as their courteous squire:—

‘ One calm and clear evening, when the fleet had *lagowed* for the night at a rich mango tope, with smooth velvet turf underfoot, the sisters, the colonel, and myself, strolled along the beautiful bank—the elder on his arm and the younger on mine. The pairs, however, soon separated, and my companion and I sauntered along, following a path through the trees, until sunset: we then discovered that we were two miles from the boats, and the short twilight of the East soon began to darken apace. Hastening home, we left the circuitous path we had come by and tried a near-cut through a field; but here an unforeseen obstacle interposed. A rivulet, which higher up we had crossed by a rustic bridge of a log thrown over it, had become wider and deeper as it approached the Ganges, and now required a good running leap. In this dilemma I proposed to go round by the bridge, but my young friend would not hear of it—“ You have no idea how active I am—jump first and

bet you a pair of gloves I'll follow." Then, after another glance, and the expression of a hope, as delicately as such an idea embodied in words, that her under-garments were sufficiently secure—I jumped over. Angela then took a running leap, following me; but, alas! the petticoats of those days were very cumbersome—the envious muslin clung around, and hampered the active of the unfortunate young lady; who, arrested in mid career, uttered a piercing shriek and plumped into the middle of the torrent. At first I could not help a slight laugh, but I soon perceived it was no laughing matter, as the stream was six or seven feet deep and running with great rapidity, and I knew not well what to do. Throwing myself on, however gallant and chivalrous, would be useless, as I should be borne away by the strong current. So, telling Angela there was no other way, I ran down the bank, parallel with the floating and screaming party, and waiting for a favourable opportunity to make a snatch. After one or two failures I caught her bonnet, but the riband under the pressure of the way, and down the torrent she went, with her loosened hair flying behind her on the water like a mermaid's. At last, when she had been carried down a hundred yards, I succeeded in seizing a handful of her humid tresses, and brought her safe to land. The young lady, she was sadly frightened; and as she clung to me more anxiously than was quite comfortable, considering the state of her dress, I heard such honeyed expressions as "guardian angel," "pre-serve my life," "debt of everlasting gratitude," uttered, *sotto voce*; however, I was not bound to hear. She deferred the hysterics till we reached the boat, but then we had them in abundance.—vol. i. p. 198.

There is a rather un-Hibernian touch of coldness in the surgeon's conduct here, or at least in his way of telling it; but we must leave fair readers not to be too hasty in their judgment. His apparent callousness to the grateful exclamations of the rescued damsel is sufficiently accounted for by an incident mentioned in the chapter immediately preceding. The staff-surgeon is represented throughout his book as one of the most susceptible of his nation; but on this occasion he was armed in proof. A part of the human fabric which does not in his case deserve to be considered as merely 'one of the larger viscera,' had just sustained a serious laceration, and the wound was now protected by the first hardness of *cicatrix formata*. In justice to the gentleman, we must turn back for a moment to his encampment at Dinahilly, which the regiment had reached on the 20th of March. Here our friend had suffered terribly from heat of the sun in the first instance; and secondly from the bright eyes of Miss S—— M. He describes very pleasantly both sorts of miseries.

There was no moving out of the house except for an hour in the morning

morning and evening; and all day within, existence was little better than a succession of gasps and gapes.

' Perhaps one's breakfast is the only meal *eaten* in India; all the rest are sad piddling work and merely a form. When I returned from my professional duty there was, *primo*, my shave—and I take some credit for having virtuously resisted all temptations here to soapy-sloth—for I was always my own barber. *Secundo*, my refreshing shower-bath. *Tertio*, a breakfast of the first order of merit; and *quarto*, my hookah. For, ever watchful at his post, behind my arm-chair, there stood Bhastee Rhamm waiting for the close of the meal to hand "Doctor Saahib" the incomparable chillum; and to retire, with the usual low salaam, to a reverential distance, until the nod of approbation from his master should make him happy. Then were the feet thrown carelessly upon the table—the odoriferous smoke was slowly inhaled, and the ample bowl of Mandarin tea, its morning accompaniment, sipped voluptuously.

' After an hour spent thus, the rest of the day, it must be confessed, was heavy in hand. There was no reading attentively without headach—writing involved perspiration to a dissolving extent. Playing backgammon—in addition to the necessity of dry linen every hit or two—burst the tympanum. Playing chess burst the brain. Playing billiard was a labour of Hercules. Thus, were there great difficulties in finding any rational mode of passing the day; and, for want of a better, I thought I might as well fall in love.

' I by no means wonder that this said inexplicable matter, love, has been so much and so universally lauded in all ages and nations. If it were for no nobler reason than the entire exemption from feeling the little ills and inconveniences of life which a true passion confers—the gilding which it sheds upon the homely landscapes around us—it would be deserving of all praise. Truly, as Wordsworth expresses it—who no doubt spoke from experience—

" There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would upset the brain."

When I fell in love, I suddenly found myself proof against all the *désagréments* of hot winds, mosquitoes, blue devils, and all that was diabolical in Dinapore. My passion was a conductor through which all atmospherical annoyances and disturbances passed without molestation or injury, after it was once set up. Independent of this subordinate and somewhat selfish consideration, there is no small delight in making yourself agreeable to a pleasing young woman; in discerning daily new chords and harmonies of feeling, and sentiment, and opinion between her and yourself; and in seeing with your own eyes the growing expansion of little buds of amiability into lovely flowers; not to mention the thought that the sweet bouquet they will make is to be worn in your own bosom.—vol. i. p. 179.

In a word, the Doctor amused himself charmingly during six weeks, and though nothing had ever been said about love, the gentleman had looked it in so many ways, without perceiving any symptoms

symptoms of displeasure, that at any given moment the fatal declaration might be very likely to escape from his lips. We gather that the thing occurred under very pretty circumstances—to wit, at the close of a ball, as he escorted his fair friend to her own door by moonlight. What he said, or what she answered, we are not told; but the lover passed a sleepless night until he had his couch conveyed out into his verandah:—

‘The graceful form of S—— was painted in my sleeping fancy, dressed in bridal white, and her fair countenance radiant with smiles. She presented me a letter with a myrtle-leaf for the device of the seal, and the words, “Je ne change qu’en mourant,” impressed upon the wax. I seized the letter and opened it. Then, awful sound, a loud clap of thunder awoke me at the instant; not visionary and unreal, but substantial, pealing, atmospheric thunder; accompanied by the most vivid and incessant lightning, and a deluge of rain, which soon dispelled the beautiful illusion, and sent me into the house wet to the skin.

‘Unfortunately this hot night, in which I had chosen to sleep *al fresco*, and to dream all manner of delightful things, was the breaking up of the monsoon, which is always terminated by a terrific storm. The elements continued to roar away without intermission for four or five hours; and the resplendent lightning, as it illuminated the big drops of rain with the brightest prismatic colours, appeared as playful as if it was the most harmless thing in nature.

‘The change in the aspect of the vegetable world next morning was most striking; the four months’ dust had been washed off the face of the earth; the grass had already begun to show its tender green; the air was cool, clear, and balmy, and the frame felt refreshed as the lungs gulped in the invigorating fluid; and the spirits, long depressed by heat, dust, and other discomforts, recovered their elasticity and cheerfulness.

‘I breakfasted with the M——s, but S—— did not make her appearance. There appeared a *géné* and singular air about the whole ménage, especially in the deportment of the host and his wife, much at variance with everything I had before witnessed in that happy and united family. After breakfast M—— requested me to walk into the library, and thus addressed me: “My dear fellow, I perceive there has been a sad mistake. We all esteem you highly, and wish for the continuance of your friendship; but—but—S—— has been for some months engaged to be married to a gentleman in Calcutta.”

‘When one cannot adequately express excited feelings on any subject it is wise to be silent; a line of conduct sanctioned by great examples, and convenient on the present occasion.

‘Crabbe’s graphic pen has described the different appearance of external nature under opposite moods of mind, in the case of a lover visiting his mistress, and returning from the interview.\* I cannot approach within a thousand leagues of his inimitable touches, but I can tell in my own homely way how miserable I felt that day. As I returned, the air, so deliciously pure in the morning, felt muggy and unrespirable; the

\* See the *Lover’s Journey*.

heat was intolerable; the mosquitoes atrociously sanguinary and numerous; nothing was as it ought, and everything as it ought not to be. The palanquin bearers jerked and shook me, as if on purpose. At my evening visit to the hospital several patients were worse that should have been better, and had evidently retrograded intentionally, as if to spite me. At dinner the punkahs did not move properly; the mullagatawny was cold, and the wine hot; even Bhastee Rhamm, the *nonpareil* of Hookabadars, failed to please. At last I went to bed thoroughly disgusted; but even there misfortune continued its persecutions; for two or three vagrant mosquitoes had slipped in when the servant was closing the gauze around me, and it was slap, slap, slap, buzz, buzz, buzz, all night.'—vol. i. p. 183.

This April story, then, must plead the Doctor's excuse for resisting as he did the drowning scene of July, 1816. And since we have introduced the earlier romance, let us now see its conclusion.

In January, 1817, the regiment is once more embarked on the Ganges. This time the voyage is down the river, and in the course of it he is once more, after the lapse of half a year, brought into contact with the family of Major M——. The friendship had not been broken off—how absurd that any friendship ever should be!—by an unsuccessful explanation with a young lady. The Major was now commandant at Allahabad: he invited the Doctor to spend a week or ten days with him in passing: *this* proposal was accepted, and a fortnight's leave obtained:—

'I found this amiable family well; and was not a little surprised to meet S—— still unmarried. She was in distress; for some unfavourable disclosures had been made respecting the character of her lover, and his honour was suspected relative to certain gambling transactions, in which he had been engaged at Calcutta. Besides all this, he had been dangerously ill; and was now cruising about in a pilot schooner off the Sunderbunds, by medical advice. I was received with the most affectionate cordiality by every member of the family.

'Lovely affianced girls should not be permitted to move about in society for any considerable time, breaking people's hearts hopelessly, and spreading distress and envy, and all kinds of bad feelings and sensations around. They ought to be made to marry within the month by act of parliament. Here, for instance, was myself brought once more within the circle of a very delightful young lady's charms; and under circumstances, too, that did not altogether preclude hope. Yet, though well aware of the danger of my position, I had neither the power nor wish to fly from the dangerous fascination. Even the confiding freedom of her manner, reposing trust in my sense of propriety, and the easy unreserve of our intercourse, whilst they showed the unaffected ingenuousness of her nature, excited distressing repinings at perceiving the full value of the prize allotted to another.

'Thus delicately circumstanced, I spent a fortnight at Allahabad; a golden time. The whole family, from some over-estimate they had formed



formed of certain professional services I had done one of them, considered themselves under obligations, when in truth I was the obliged party. They therefore, one and all, exerted themselves to crowd into this final visit, before we should part for a long separation, every *agrément* and pleasure possible: morning and evening drives on beautiful roads; dinners, dances, music, Waverley novels, then in full blow, and brought from Calcutta by *dawk*, or post. In short, whatever of agreeableness and enjoyment the kindest solicitude of refined minds could suggest, and ample means afford, were concentrated in that exquisite visit.'

This is only one of half-a-dozen tender mishaps which the staff-surgeon, now safely anchored in the harbour of Hymen, amuses himself and his readers by recording. On all such occasions he appears to have acted the part of a sensible as well as a sensitive man, and sought the cure of wounded affection where alone it can be found, in strenuous exertion of one kind or another. This, indeed, is the grand moral which he always delights to insist upon. The one secret of human happiness is occupation, or, as he phrases it, 'the experience of my life, as of all rational people, proves that the lazy Sybarite who first exclaimed *Dolce cosa far niente* told a gigantic fib.'

'Nature, ever wise and beneficent, intended there should be no idle people in the world, but that occupation and enjoyment should go hand in hand, mutually enhancing each other. Even the laziest people must find or make some employment; and the gross Yorkshire boor, whose *bona fide* ideal of happiness with 1000*l.* a-year, was to have nothing to do but "eat fat beecon," found it necessary to add, "and swing upon a gate."'"—vol. ii. p. 28.

Before the end of 1817 our author was torn unexpectedly, and very much to his disgust, from India, his regiment being ordered to strengthen the garrison at St. Helena. The voyage, however, seems to have been of use to him; at least we meet, after its commencement, with no more 'harpings on my daughter.' The new society, female as well as male, found favour in his eyes, and he made one—whenever wind and weather allowed—in the nightly dance upon deck. He is energetic in his commendations of this exercise on shipboard. There, at least, says the doctor, there is no truth in Petrarch's morose dictum, '*Chorea circulus ejus centrum Diabolus*;' for *Diabolus* he reads *Hygeia*.

The chapters on St. Helena are perhaps the most interesting in the book; and there is one much calumniated individual, whose reputation will be materially served by the extracts we are about to offer from them; for, as our readers will see, Dr. Henry entertained originally no favourable opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe, but on the contrary disliked his manner, undervalued

valued his capacity, and was pre-disposed to consider him in the wrong, and his unhappy prisoner in the right.

We can understand, and, we hope, appreciate the motives which induced Sir Hudson Lowe to submit in silence, at the time, to the charges made against him by Buonaparte and some of his French followers, so loudly re-echoed by our own liberals, and still, we need not add, in vogue among various classes not only on the continent, but in this country. The Governor of St. Helena had but one simple statement to offer in answer to all that was or could have been alleged against him—namely, that his treatment of Buonaparte was in strict accordance with his instructions. It was to his own government alone that he, their servant, owed an account of his conduct; and as they, after the death of Napoleon, appointed him chief of a colony infinitely more important than St. Helena, there could be no doubt, in any dispassionate mind, that his administration in the most difficult, delicate, and painful of tasks had fully satisfied the then authorities of Downing Street. But now that most of those authorities, and, among others, Earl Bathurst, Sir Hudson's immediate superior, have long since passed not only from power but from life, we cannot see on what sound principle the survivor acts in refusing to do himself justice with the world at large—as it is too clear that he still continues the subject of general prejudice—by producing to the light of day the very letter of the orders which he received from the colonial department on first accepting the care of Napoleon, and of the official decisions on all the questions which he must have submitted to that department while his office lasted. We are persuaded that it is in his power to set himself right in every the minutest point that has ever been fixed on by his enemies; we do not believe that in so doing he would leave the slightest spot on the fair fame of Lord Liverpool's cabinet, or any member of that cabinet, dead or living: and we must add, that we do not believe her majesty's present ministers would now have the least objection to his adopting the course which we have been taking the liberty to suggest. While Lord Holland was still among them, the case might have been different. That 'good easy man,' lax in principle but bigoted in prejudice, had allowed his *amour-propre* to be hopelessly mixed up with the cause of the French Revolution in all its phases and in all its consequences. He had, as the very last follies of his life showed, a French and not an English heart, whenever matters of that sort came into question. But now that he is gone, and Holland House closed, we apprehend there is no English minister, at least none of any substantial weight in or out of the cabinet, who would object to a final clearing-up of the St. Helena controversies

traversies, and (which we venture to consider as in that case inevitable) of the character of this most unfortunate officer of the British crown. Even in the pages with which we are now dealing, there occur various little insinuations, which—at the same time that they increase the value of the author's testimony by evincing that he *never* became Sir Hudson's partisan—must be viewed with pain by him as showing the extent to which the hostile prejudice still lingers even among persons compelled in the main to acquit and approve him. Nothing can be completely effectual but the publication *in extenso* of Sir Hudson Lowe's original instructions from, and subsequent correspondence with, Lord Bathurst—one of the most humane and amiable men of his time, as we firmly believe, and also one of the most prudent statesmen reared in the school of Mr. Pitt.

We must add that, if Sir Hudson Lowe's *pride* makes him turn a deaf ear to such hints as these, there is another and a far higher consideration behind—one to which we cannot believe him insensible. We are well satisfied that by doing what we propose he would be rendering most essential service to the character of his country. The whole transaction ought on every account, public and private, to be now at length laid bare and settled for ever.

In the mean time we proceed to our citations:—

The first excitement of being in the immediate neighbourhood of Napoleon having subsided, and himself and everything about him being invisible, we began to find our time very heavy in hand. To be sure we saw black balls hoisted, indicating that ships were in sight; which was the case almost every day in the year—the island being in the direct high road from India: we observed signals flying, and communicating from one hill to another, and R. O. B. telegraphed daily about two o'clock, from the post near our barracks to Plantation House, the Governor's residence, meaning, "All right at Longwood." We also had the advantage of surveying ships, from our high position, nearly thirty leagues off—like dots on the edge of the horizon; and of watching the cruisers attached to the station, hovering about the rock to windward and leeward. Vessels, too, when they could find or make any decent excuse, would touch at the island to get a chance of a glimpse at Buonaparte, and to carry home with them all the gossip they could collect. One very common trick of the masters was to start their water-casks on the run from the Cape; invent some plausible fib of a leak or something else, to tell the windward cruiser, and thus get permission to stop two or three days for a fresh supply.

About a month after our arrival the regiment was inspected by Sir Hudson Lowe, and afterwards we all dined at Plantation House. Two other officers and myself got beds. The style was good—the wines first-rate; and although the governor appeared somewhat reserved, and

a little absent at times, Lady Lowe kept the conversation from flagging—Nobody seemed disposed to like Sir Hudson, but we were all delighted with his wife. Lady Lowe was not a good figure, but she had a fine face, laughing eyes, much talking talent, a fair and beautiful neck, and a lovely arm. In short, she presided at her own table with much grace and brilliancy, and was altogether a very captivating woman. . . .

‘The governor appeared to be much occupied with the cares and duties of his important and responsible office; and looked very like a person who would not let his prisoner escape, if he could help it. His countenance was unpleasing, and from first impressions, I entertained an opinion of him far from favourable. If, therefore, notwithstanding this prepossession, my testimony should incline to the other side, I can truly state that the change took place from the weight of evidence, and in consequence of what came under my own observation in St. Helena. Poor man, he has since that time encountered a storm of obloquy and reproach enough to bow any person to the earth. Yet I firmly believe that the talent he exerted in unravelling the intricate plotting constantly going on at Longwood, and the firmness in tearing it to pieces, with the unceasing vigilance he displayed in the discharge of his arduous duties, made him more enemies than any hastiness of temper, uncourteousness of demeanour, and severity in his measures, of which the world believed him guilty.’—vol. i. pp. 210-212.

We infer from this passage that Dr. Henry still imputes to Sir Hudson Lowe some exhibitions of ‘hasty temper and uncourteous demeanour’ in his intercourse with Napoleon—and some *not necessary* ‘severity’ in his official measures. It is exactly from these charges that we are anxious to see Sir Hudson cleared. He now must perceive that even persons who do him justice in the main, cling to the belief that there was some ground for such imputations.

Dr. Henry happened to be called in when one of the Bertrand children met with some accident, and after this he seems to have been occasionally consulted by various members of the establishment at Longwood. Their representations, it would appear, served to propitiate in some measure Buonaparte himself; and the Doctor had, with some of his brother-officers of the 66th, at length the honour of a presentation:—

‘Napoleon always appeared to me a being of an unique character—isolated—unapproachable—*sui generis*, or rather a genus in himself. Possessing a daring and comprehensive mind, which could at the same time conceive the most magnificent schemes and designs, and embrace all the prospective steps and minute details necessary for their accomplishment, he found himself at once pushed on by fortune into an elevated station, and then raised himself to the highest by consummate political talent and military skill, directing the chivalrous devotion of masses of enthusiastic soldiers. But, as has been well said, lord though he was of France, and almost of Europe, he was never thoroughly master

naster of the little world within ; for the fierce Italian passions would boil up in his bosom, and often overboil, without effectual constraint. At length rendered giddy by the immense elevation he had attained, and the constant whirl of his perilous prosperity, he yet soared higher ; but the ascent could not always last, and he began to totter to his fall. One fatal false step was on the towers of the Escorial, and another, still more fatal, on the domes of the Kremlin. Long and bravely, and tenaciously, notwithstanding, did he cling to his lofty position ; and when he found himself falling, attempt to regain it with astonishing power of resilience ; but the fiat had gone forth against him, and it was all in vain. At length he tumbled down hopelessly and for ever, without the smallest sympathy from mankind to soften his fall.

‘ As to his moral character, I believe his warmest advocates can say little in his favour. He was utterly devoid of any honest ethical principle, reckless as to right and wrong—conscienceless—remorseless. His uniform rule through life was—the end justifies the means.

‘ On the afternoon of the 1st of September, 1817, we called at Marshal Bertrand’s house, fifty or sixty yards from the residence of Napoleon, to pick up the Marshal, who accompanied us to the billiard-room, where we found Counts Montholon and Gourgaud. After waiting five or six minutes, the folding-doors of the ante-chamber were thrown open ; we entered, formed a ring round the room, and in about a minute Napoleon walked into the circle.

‘ He was dressed in a plain dark green uniform coat, without epaulettes or anything equivalent, but with a large star on the breast, which had an eagle in the centre. The buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon, in high relief. He had on white breeches with silk stockings, and oval gold buckles in his shoes, with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon’s first appearance was far from imposing—the stature was short and thick—head sunk into his shoulders—his face fat, with large folds under the chin—the limbs appeared to be stout, but well proportioned—complexion olive—expression sinister, and rather scowling. On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar than the hero of modern times. Buonaparte walked round the room, with an attempt (as it seemed) at the old dignity, and addressed a few words to most of the officers.’—vol. i. pp. 214, 215.

Nothing could less deserve quoting than the Doctor’s notes of the conversation that ensued—the most commonplace of questions and replies—slightly seasoned now and then by impertinence on the one side—awkward, stammering stupidity on the other. One trait alone seems worth picking out :—

‘ He then passed to Lieut.-Colonel Dodgin, C.B., who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was, besides, a remarkably fine military-looking man, and when walking with me in London had been more than once mistaken for the Duke of York. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal ;

medal; but as soon as he read "that word of fear," he dropped it instantly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot. . . .

'As we walked home to Deadwood, and calmly reviewed what had passed; and compared the appearance, manner, and conversation of Buonaparte with our preconceived ideas, prepossessions, and expectations, the general feeling and result was disappointment; but this might have been reasonably anticipated. Without reference to the usual sobering effect of vicinity and contact in dissipating the gilded halos with which a sanguine fancy invests distant and remarkable objects, the interview with Napoleon had dissolved a glory, *par excellence*. A fascinating prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Emperor Napoleon, the hero of modern times, had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination. At our mess-dinner the same evening our illustrious neighbour had evidently fallen off by one half from our notions concerning him, of the day before.'—vol. i. p. 221.

Our author, indulging in no second-hand tattle, but simply noting down what occurred to himself from day to day, between 1817 and 1821, throws a good deal of light on the character and conduct of almost every personage mixed up in the Longwood melodrama. O'Meara's manners and conversation interested and pleased his by no means fastidious countryman; and he remained, in spite of many odd symptoms, a firm believer in his integrity, until the following incidents at last forced conviction upon him. In February, 1818, Buonaparte's *maître-d'hôtel*, Cypriani, a faithful servant, who had followed all the vicissitudes of his fortunes from the time when he was a lieutenant of artillery, in 1794, was seized with an inflammatory disorder, and O'Meara requested Dr. Henry's assistance, which was promptly given and continued till the death of the patient.

'I am obliged to tell that, in the course of my attendance at Longwood, I was not a little surprised to find that Napoleon had never visited his devoted servant during his last illness. No doubt but this piece of Imperial condescension would have been highly gratifying to the patient; yet it is a fact that no visit ever took place, although the sick man's chamber was under the Emperor's roof, and not twenty feet distant from his bath. I have reason to believe, however, that during the last evening of Cypriani's malady, and when he was in a state of delirious insensibility, his master proposed to see him, but was dissuaded by Mr. O'Meara, on the ground that the patient would not then be in a state to recognise the Emperor. With no small degree of absurd *charlatanerie*—if I may be forgiven for using the word with reference to such  
a man —



a man—Napoleon, on that occasion, expressed an opinion that his presence might re-animate the expiring efforts of nature, as it had, he said, under desperate circumstances, retrieved the almost fatal disorder of his army at Marengo, and some other of his battle-fields.

‘Some time after Cypriani’s death Mr. O’Meara called on me at Deadwood, with a smiling countenance, to tell me he was the bearer of good news, on which he offered me his congratulations. The Emperor, it appeared, had consulted him as to the propriety of giving a fee or a present to the English physician who had attended his servant; and the result was that a present had been preferred,—an order having been given for a breakfast-service of plate to be sent out by Rundell and Bridge.

‘This was all very pleasing information; and it was not unnatural for me to felicitate myself on the prospect of such a present, coming from such a quarter. Waking visions, too, of the pride I should hereafter feel in exhibiting my tea-service, or in asking my friends to the *first déjeuner*, where it would be sported—might be forgiven; mixed with speculations, also, as to the probable pattern of the plate. Unfortunately the sequel proved that, as there are many “slips between the cup and the lip,” so an accident may occur sometimes between the teapot and the cup.

‘A few days after this communication Mr. O’Meara again called; but this time his countenance had no such *riant* expression as on the former occasion. A difficulty had occurred. A statute had passed in England lately, constituting the acceptance of any gift from Napoleon, or any of his suite in St. Helena, a criminal act. It was therefore necessary, previous to any further step, to ascertain how I felt disposed, and whether I would consent to accept the Emperor’s present clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the Governor. This, it was now the object of Mr. O’Meara’s visit to ascertain,—the Emperor, he assured me, having an invincible repugnance to hold any conversation whatever with Sir Hudson Lowe; or, as he expressed it, to permit any part from himself to be contaminated by passing through the hands of “Cain,” as was his favourite nickname for the Governor.

‘I took a little time to consult with my friends; more, indeed, as a thing usual in such cases, than from any doubt as to what was proper to be done. Two hours after Mr. O’Meara returned to Longwood, with the information that all must be above board, and nothing done illegally or clandestinely. I heard no more of my plate.

‘The thing was plain enough—a palpable attempt at a bribe, to enlist even so humble an individual as myself, “*l’homme d’Empereur*,” and to bind him down to future obedience by making him first commit himself in a wrong action.

‘This did not altogether rest on Mr. O’Meara’s assertion, as afterwards, in returning from St. Helena, General Montholon assured me that the present was, *bond fide*, intended for me, and would have been sent if the above-mentioned difficulty had not come in the way.’—  
vol. i. pp. 232-234.

Notwithstanding all this, Dr. Henry expresses his opinion that  
Sir



Sir Hudson Lowe was not justified in requesting the officers of the 66th, as he soon did, to expel O'Meara from their mess, of which, on his arrival, he had been admitted an honorary member. He thinks the mess 'ought not to have been implicated in the quarrel so long as Mr. O'Meara conducted himself among them *comme il faut*, and nothing affecting his character as an officer and gentleman could be substantiated.' We perfectly agree in *this* opinion. But what if Sir Hudson Lowe had been distinctly informed of, not one, but several repeated attempts of O'Meara to bribe British officers to become 'the men of the Emperor'? The worthy Surgeon of the 66th, we *may* suppose, kept his own secret, except to a few friends;—but we have been grossly misinformed, if others, similarly tampered with, had not considered it their duty to reveal all the circumstances to the Governor.

As to the final ejection

'Of the stiff surgeon, faithful to his cause,  
Who lost his place, and won the world's applause,'

Dr. Henry uses tender enough language—but we apprehend the real truth of the case is sufficiently indicated:—

'With regard to Mr. O'Meara himself, I have no doubt, and I think no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that he suffered himself to be cajoled and fascinated—I will not say corrupted—into the admirer, adherent, agent, and tool of Napoleon.'—vol. i. p. 234.

We like the delicate distinction between a British officer's being 'fascinated,' but not 'corrupted,' into the 'agent and tool of Napoleon,'—diligently employing himself in the attempt to 'corrupt' other British officers,—'*palpable attempts at bribery.*' But, to resume:—

'Mr. O'Meara was dismissed from the British service for having officially stated, or insinuated, that Sir Hudson Lowe had suborned him to poison Buonaparte, or sounded him respecting such a crime, nine or ten months before he made the communication to government. The Secretary of the Admiralty said, "You have either fabricated this most grave accusation, or it is a true bill. If it is false, you are unworthy to remain for a moment in the service: if, on the other hand, the horrid and improbable charge is true, you have grossly violated your duty in concealing such an atrocity so long." Now I do not perceive any way of escape from this dilemma.

'That a young major-general, appointed to one of the most important and lucrative commands in the gift of the Crown, should have lost sight of his own interest so far as to desire to shorten the existence of the life of his lease carries absurdity on the face of it, even putting out of sight any moral consideration of the question. If, as I believe was the case, Mr. O'Meara wilfully misconceived some peevish expression of the Governor, in a moment of irritation at some *tracasserie* going on at Longwood, and construed it into this horrid design or desire,—then, after

after brooding over it nine or ten months, made it the subject of an official charge,—I dispassionately think his conduct was vile, and that he richly merited dismissal from the service.’—vol. i. p. 235.

On O’Meara’s removal, Buonaparte, as is well known, declined to allow the attendance of any medical man appointed by Sir Hudson Lowe, distinctly insinuating his suspicion of poison. Antommarchi came by and by ; but in the mean time the Governor ordered Dr. Verling, of the artillery, to take up his abode at Longwood, in a separate part of the building. What followed ?

‘ Dr. Verling is an esteemed friend of mine ; and I know that he was well qualified in every respect for the duty on which he was employed, being a clever and well-educated man, of gentlemanly and prepossessing manners, and long military experience. After he had been four or five months resident at Longwood, overtures were one day submitted to his consideration by Count Montholon, of a very delicate nature ; and after some preliminary matter, a formal proposal was made to him of a sum of money, equivalent to the principal of which his British pay was the interest, if he would agree, *sub rosa*, to be the friend of Napoleon, or, as Montholon expressed it, “ l’homme d’Empereur.” This was indignantly rejected, and the fact reported immediately to Sir Hudson Lowe, accompanied by a request from Dr. Verling to be relieved from a post where he was subject to such an insult. The governor, however, would not accede to my friend’s request, and Dr. Verling remained at Longwood till the arrival of Dr. Antommarchi.’—vol. i. p. 239.

In the next page we have a pleasant little anecdote of the illustrious captive himself. Our Doctor one morning found the usually gay and flirty Madame Bertrand in a very sulky mood :—

‘ It appeared that her two white kids, great pets of the children—particularly of Hortense, her beautiful little girl—having unfortunately trespassed on the Emperor’s little Chinese garden, were slain by his own hand. The *on dit* was that he had become very irascible lately, from the circumstance of a bullock belonging to the East India Company having broken into this private spot. On this invasion of the “ sacred territory,” (poor man—his France was now reduced to narrow limits,) he called lustily for a gun, and wounded the intruder severely. Not long after, the innocent kids jumped over the boundary ; and a fit of the Corsican again coming on Napoleon—he shot them both.’—vol. i. p. 241.

A few more extracts will bring us to the close of this chapter.

‘ In February, 1821, it began to be known that Napoleon was seriously ill ; and, in addition to his bodily sufferings, had lately undergone much mental distress from certain reports of the infidelity of the Empress Maria Louisa, that had found their way to Longwood. He complained of constant pain at the pit of the stomach, with sickness and total loss of appetite ; and suffered great agony from two or three emetics in succession, which Antommarchi prescribed. At length he declined all medicine, and flung the last potion that was offered out of the window.

‘ The

‘The state and ceremony which the Great Man still maintained amongst his dependants were sometimes carried to a ridiculous extent. No one was ever allowed to be covered in his presence in the garden or about the premises; nor even in his blindest mood, when conversing in great good humour with his suite, was any of the highest rank—even the Grand Marshal Bertrand—permitted to be seated. Up to the last hour of consciousness this etiquette was preserved, and Antommarchi more than once alluded to this in conversation; declaring that he had been often exhausted to the verge of fainting, by preserving a standing posture during his long attendances in the dying chamber.

‘From the first, Napoleon appeared to be aware of the nature of his malady; referring it to disease of the stomach, of which his father died, and with which the Princess Borghese was threatened. Arnott assured me at the time that his patient would often put his hand on the pit of his stomach and exclaim—“*Ah! mon pylore—mon pylore!*”

‘The 4th of May was an unusually stormy day in St. Helena, where the wind not only always blows from the same quarter, but is also for the most part of uniform strength. During the night it increased to a strong gale; and although the barracks at Francis’ Plain were much sheltered, our little wooden houses shook as with an earthquake, and we were in momentary expectation of being blown into the neighbouring ravine. At two o’clock in the morning an officer of ours, who had slept at Plantation-House the night before, came galloping to my door, bare-headed, and only half-dressed, with a summons for me to go instantly to the Governor’s—his youngest child being taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

‘I found the little patient apparently gasping its last under a terrible attack of croup; and the peculiarly distressing sound of the spasmodic and stridulous breathing audible over half the house. “The child must instantly be bled,” I said. “Good G——, Sir,” said Sir Hudson, “bleed an infant of this age!” “Yes,” was the reply; “else the child will be dead in ten minutes.” “But, Doctor, you won’t be able to find a vein.” “We’ll try.” So the little sufferer’s arm was bandaged—a tiny vein opened, and when three ounces of blood had flowed, the breathing became comparatively quiet and easy; and after some medicine had been given, the child fell into a sound sleep.

‘During my residence in St. Helena, opportunities of observing minutely the character of Sir Hudson Lowe were not wanting; and I believe nobody could fill all the ordinary relations of domestic life and of society better than this much calumniated man. *He was, to my certain knowledge, a kind husband and father, and, I believe, an excellent magistrate and civil governor. He obtained the consent of the slave-proprietors in the island, with some difficulty, to abolish slavery prospectively in 1818, without receiving any compensation; and carried the humane instructions of the British Government into effect on this delicate question with much address and talent.* The abolition was dated, with grace and propriety, from Christmas-day; after which doubly-auspicious day for the blacks, no slave could be born in the island,

island, and the supply by importation had long been stopped. *Perhaps this cautious and judicious disenthralment would have been a good model to follow in the great change that has lately been effected in the West Indies; and might have prevented some of the evils that have already ensued, and more that are yet to result, from a sweeping and premature emancipation.*

The very weighty statements in favour of the governor, which we have underlined in the preceding extract, seem to us to acquire additional value from the obviously artless way in which the writer introduces them; and we may say the same as to what follows:—

‘ The morning of the 5th of May continued very blustery and stormy, and, according to the old notion already alluded to, the conflict of the elements was symbolical of the violent struggle of a master-spirit with the last enemy that was then going on at Longwood; for Buonaparte was dying.

‘ I remained at Plantation-House with my little convalescent patient. The Governor went early to Longwood, staid there the whole day, and did not return until all was over. The important event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation in the evening, as Sir Hudson took a hurried dinner previous to writing his despatches; and, in bare justice to an ill-used man, I can testify that, notwithstanding the bitter passages between the great departed and himself, the Governor spoke of him in a respectful, feeling, and every way proper manner. Major Gorregeur, I think, observed that the deceased was the most formidable enemy England ever had; and the writer, that Providence appeared to have taken that favoured country under its special guardianship, and covered the island for many centuries with a shield of adamant, against which all hostile potentates, from Philip of Spain to Napoleon, had shivered themselves to pieces. “ Well, gentlemen,” said the Governor, “ he *was* England’s greatest enemy, and mine too; but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him we should only feel deep concern and regret.” ’—vol. ii. p. 5-7.

We cannot pass on without recalling to our readers’ notice *one* article in the last will and testament of Napoleon. The document is now at Doctors’ Commons, and contains a codicil to the following effect:—

‘ 24th April, 1821.—Item. I bequeath ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington—of which he was pronounced innocent. *Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena !!!*

Dr. Henry was present at the *post mortem* examination, and at the request of Dr. Shortt he penned the bulletin on this occasion, although, from some rule of etiquette, his name was not affixed to it. He now says:

‘ Death

‘ Death had marvellously improved the appearance of Napoleon, and every one exclaimed when the face was exposed, “ How very beautiful !” for all present acknowledged they had never seen a finer or more regular and placid countenance. The beauty of the delicate Italian features was of the highest kind ; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life.

‘ As during his eventful career there was much of the mysterious and inscrutable about him, so, even after death, Buonaparte’s inanimate remains continued a puzzle and a mystery ; for, notwithstanding his great sufferings and the usual emaciating effects of the malady that destroyed him, the body was found enormously fat. The frame was as unsusceptible of material disintegration as the spirit had been indomitable. Over the sternum, or breast-bone, which is generally only thinly covered, there was a coat of fat an inch and a half thick ; and on the abdomen two inches ; whilst the omentum, kidneys, and heart were loaded with fat. The last organ was remarkably small, and the muscle flabby ; in contradiction to our ideal associations, and in proof of the seeming paradox, that it is possible to be a very great man with a very little heart.

‘ Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at some time to have had an issue opened in the arm, and there was a slight mark like a wound in the leg, but which might have been caused by a suppurating boil.\* The chest was not ample, and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the phrenologists.’

O’Meara had always insisted that the disease was in the liver ; and Antommarchi had echoed his assertion. Dr. Henry continues :—

‘ The diseased state of the stomach was palpably and demonstrably the cause of death ; and how Napoleon could have existed for any time with such an organ was wonderful, for there was not an inch of it sound.

‘ Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin, with the English medical gentlemen, when he was called aside by Bertrand and

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\* Buonaparte received a bayonet-thrust during the siege of Toulon. The writer of certain ‘ Confessions of a Spy ’ in the *United Service Journal* for October, 1840, says (p. 211), ‘ We entered the first dwelling we came to, where we found a surgeon dressing a wound in the arm of General O’Hara, who, it appeared, had sunk exhausted by the side of the house. And in another apartment of the same building was Napoleon Buonaparte, waiting for surgical attendance to bandage a rather severe bayonet-thrust in his right thigh. The medico would have waited upon him first, but he gallantly yielded the priority to the British chief, who, I was informed, was in a great measure indebted to him for his life, as he was found fainting from the loss of blood, and the exasperated soldiers were about to put him to death, when Buonaparte came up and prevented it.’—These ‘ Confessions ’ contain some most curious revelations. We cannot suppose that the distinguished conductor of the *Journal* would have printed them without previous inquiry.

Montholon, and after this conference declined signing. The reason was, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict the diagnosis of Mr. O'Meara.'—vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

'The island appeared relieved from an incubus by the death of Napoleon; and that disagreeable state of watchfulness, restraint, and coercion, under which all had felt themselves so long, was at once relaxed. The sentries were withdrawn from the numerous commanding points about the rock—the cruisers ceased to interfere with strange vessels—the fishermen resumed their labours without police surveillance; and the *taboo* was everywhere taken off. Yet St. Helena, on the whole, had been much benefited by the presence of Buonaparte—great sums of money had been disbursed by the garrison and the fleet; an improved tone had been communicated to the insular society—the blot of slavery removed—agriculture stimulated; and the wretched goat-paths turned into good roads by military labour; to say nothing of prospective advantages from future visitors, attracted to the rock by the celebrity it had now obtained.

'When about to quit St. Helena, some of the foreigners were found to be considerably in debt to the shopkeepers in James's Town, and one of the highest rank amongst them owed no less a sum than between nine hundred and one thousand pounds. Payment being delayed, legal measures were threatened, and all was consternation at Longwood. In this dilemma application was made to the governor, who handsomely guaranteed payment of the debt; thus removing the principal difficulty in the way of their embarkation. I have heard that the amount was paid soon after their arrival in Europe, and I should expect nothing else from the high character of the distinguished debtor. This generous behaviour of the governor, together with other acts of kindness to the exiles after Napoleon's death, notwithstanding the abuse they had all, publicly and privately, showered upon his character, show that Sir Hudson Lowe was a very different man from what he was represented by his enemies at the time, and what the world still believes him to be.'—vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

Before we quit the island with our Doctor, we must let him be heard as to the commissioners of the other allied powers:—

'We had three Commissioners in Saint Helena; from Austria, France, and Russia, viz.: Baron Sturmer, Le Marquis de Montchenu, and Count B——. These gentlemen were never recognised by Napoleon, who would not see or hold any intercourse with them. Perceiving after a short time that the illustrious captive was quite safe in the vigilant custody of Sir Hudson Lowe, their station became altogether a sinecure—they enjoyed themselves as they might, and gave themselves no concern about him.

'The Baron was a very pleasing gentlemanly person, with a pretty Parisian wife, but no family, to their great regret. The Count was also a gentlemanly man, but somewhat eccentric, nevertheless very social and amusing.

'Foreigners laugh at our English modesty and delicacy, particularly in love matters. We generally choose seclusion and privacy when making



making tender avowals, and shrink from obtruding any of the little manœuvres of *la belle passion* on the gaze of a third party. Effect and display and *eclat* are, however, so necessary to social enjoyment on the continent, that even a *tête-à-tête* with one's mistress requires a certain *quantum* of publicity to give it the proper zest. When Count B—— was making love to Miss Johnstone, Lady Lowe's daughter, we used to meet him at dinner at Plantation House, and when the gentlemen left their wine to join the ladies in the drawing-room, the Count, another officer of our regiment, and myself, generally retired together. On seeing Miss Johnstone sitting between her mother and Lady Bingham, the enraptured Commissioner would give his arm to each of us and saunter in front of the ladies—nudging us every minute or two, gazing on the betrothed, and pointing out her various charms, *en connoisseur*, with the greatest enthusiasm, “Look, my dear friend—*O ciel!* what a neck—*Dieu d'Amour!* what an exquisite bust—what a profile—what an expression—what an *ensemble* of charms!” Of course, as in duty bound, we could only acquiesce. “Look at that attitude,” he would resume—“how delightfully easy—how graceful!” “Happy Count,” we would reply—“happy Count, with such a prospect—but you will be *furieusement jaloux*—you will let nobody speak to your wife—*n'est-ce pas vrai?*” “*O que non—pas du tout je vous jure*—but see, Lady Bingham rises—*il faut me nicher—il faut me nicher—Adieu.*”

‘Count B—— married the lady after a long courtship. She was young and handsome, and the gentleman neither the one nor the other. There was a gay wedding at Plantation House, and great mirth and enjoyment. At dawn the next morning a disconsolate individual was noticed wandering alone through the grounds, and the gossip of the island amused itself for a week with various stories of some trick that had been played, and of shut doors and barricaded bed-chambers. But whatever truth there might be in these reports, it is certain that I met the Count and his fair bride riding out three days after, happy and glorious, that I felicitated the parties, and got cake and gloves.

‘But, my old patient Montchenu, thou art, alas, no longer in the land of the living. I do therefore feel no delicacy in praising thee as thou deservest to be praised.’

The sum of these praises comes to this—that the Marquis was one of the oldest of the French nobility—had been pronounced by Napoleon to be the greatest fool in France—was a prodigious *gourmand*—a great admirer of Buchan's Domestic Medicine—and excessively reluctant to call in Dr. Henry in a case of inveterate dyspepsy; which, however, he at length did.

‘I attended the Marquis for several months, and finding his recovery was slow in the valley, he was recommended change of air to the higher part of the island. As soon as Sir Hudson Lowe heard this, he invited him to Plantation House, and I rode there to see him two or three times a week until his health became perfectly established. As I had had a good deal of trouble and many hot rides in the course of his illness, and did not conceive myself called upon to attend him on any score of duty,  
charity,



charity, or friendship, I had a right to expect, if not a handsome fee, at least an acknowledgment of my services in the shape of a trinket, however inconsiderable in value. But the excellent Marquis, who prided himself on being a good scholar—that is to say, on writing French grammatically and orthographically—a quality by no means common even among persons of the highest rank in France—no doubt considered that he gave me something a great deal more valuable; for on leaving the island he sent me the following note, which is so good that I shall give it an honourable place in my humble history:

Monsieur le Docteur,

‘ Ce 21 Mai, 1821.

‘ Je ne sais pas si j’aurai le plaisir de vous voir avant votre embarquement, pour vous renouveler tous mes remerciemens des soins que vous avez bien voulu prendre de moi pendant ma maladie. ils m’ont été bien utiles, ainsi mon estime, ma reconnoissance, et mon eternel attachement sont ils si bien gravés dans mon cœur qu’ils sont ineffaçables.

‘ C’est pénétré de ces sentimens que j’ai

‘ l’honneur d’être, Monsieur le Docteur,

‘ Vous devez voir

‘ Votre humble et

par mon

‘ tres reconnaissant serviteur

écriture que j’ai toujours  
mes tremblemens.

‘ MONTCHENU.’

‘ A.M. le Docteur H———.’

‘ Who would exchange such a letter for a gold snuff-box?’  
—vol. i. pp. 248—251.

Dr. Henry came home in the same vessel with Buonaparte’s suite; and his account of the voyage contains some curious enough anecdotes of them: but we must pass over these; nor can we afford much space to the sequel of his adventures.

The regiment was stationed for the next four or five years in his dear native island; and first at Enniskillen barracks, under which date we find this entry in his diary:—

‘ Beneficent nature has kindly accommodated animals in all countries to the necessities of climate, or other imperious external circumstances. She turns wool into hair within the tropics, and hair into wool, besides making a present of an additional blanket, towards the poles. She provides white dresses and cloaks for creatures that require such covering, to screen them from notice that might end in their destruction, and for other good reasons. It would be hard, therefore, if she were not correspondingly indulgent to the necessities of the Hibernians, since to the inhabitants of hyperborean regions she is so lavish in her gifts. Accordingly, we find the important physiological fact demonstrated by Cuvier in his last great work, intituled, “*Recherches Physiologiques Nationaux*,” that the crania of Irishmen, or at least of 311 which he had examined and carefully compared with others, are nearly double as thick as those of the Celtic tribes generally, and excel those of the other European races in a somewhat larger proportion. It is remarkable that this is more noticeable about the frontal and parietal bones, and particularly along the course of the sagittal suture, than anywhere else. Nature has thus, in beautiful accordance with her operations

operations in hyperbrumal countries, fortified and defended the skulls of her favourites of the "first flower of the earth," and enabled them to stand, without serious inconvenience, the manifold beatings and belabourings to which she foresaw they would be liable.

'We had the pleasure of witnessing one very respectable fight on a fair-day at Enniskillen, about three o'clock, when the whiskey was beginning to develop the pugnacious qualities of the crowd. It was very confined in its origin, being only a simple duel between two men with shillelahs at the door of a public-house, but the quarrel extended like wildfire, and soon pervaded the whole multitude. Thump! crack! crack! whack! thwack! crack! went the sticks on the heads and shoulders of his Majesty's liege subjects; but in consequence of the beautiful endowment discovered by Cuvier, the thwacks and the thumps produced no more effect than a racket-ball against the wall of the Court. In the very height of the battle we saw a stout man, riding on a strong punch, threading his way amidst the infernal tumult, regardless of the din of oaths and execrations and wood of sticks—knocking at the sconces right and left, and everybody shrinking and ducking when they saw him. In five minutes he had cleared the street of the combatants, and restored peace by his sole exertions. It was impossible to see the "*argumentum baculinum*" more energetically or more successfully used. "He floored the fight in a crack," as my servant had it. This vigorous peacemaker was Lord Enniskillen.'—vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.

From Enniskillen the 66th removed in 1824 to Sligo; and here also we give a bit of the diary, over which 'Cupid, god of soft persuasion,' must be content to smile; at least it is not the worst story of the kind that we have heard of him:—

'Lord Palmerston has estates in the county of Sligo, and in September 1824 he paid the town the honour of a visit to inspect their condition, when a large dinner-party was got up for him by Mr. Abraham Martin, a gentleman of wealth and enterprise residing in Sligo. The hour was seven o'clock; we came a quarter after and found the company assembled, but his Lordship had not yet arrived. Half-past seven, three-quarters, eight o'clock struck; still no Lord Palmerston. Then commenced a new quarterly series and went on to nine, but still no Lord. By this time we were all in abominable humour, and I, for one, was ravenous; but the appetite of many of the party had gone off, leaving behind disgust and lassitude and a sense of personal insult. Cake and wine were now handed round, and our sufferings were thus made endurable for another hour: but at the horrid sound of ten o'clock, the whole party rose in open rebellion, took the law in their own hands, and rushed down stairs to what should have been dinner.

'Half an hour after, when some signs of returning animation had become visible under the champagne, in marched Lord Palmerston, and shuffling up to the head of the table, apologised to the hostess for his want of punctuality—his hacks had knocked up—and then—putting on one of his blindest smiles, sat down, saying, "But I'm glad you didn't wait!"'—vol. ii. p. 38.

In 1827 Dr. Henry accompanied his regiment to Canada, and the

this long and laboured production, every public abuse that had for scores of years antecedent to his government was minutely laid, although most had been corrected or were in process of correction, in every good quality or official virtue on the part of the English or British Government was denied, underrated, or slurred over; what was, had been wrong; whereinsoever the people had complained, he was right. Every governor, except himself, had misruled; and all governments before his advent had been shamefully conducted. All political errors, crimes, and blunders, real or imaginary, were viewed over with morbid satisfaction, and placed in strong contrast, the case admitted, with the admirable arrangements in the United States respecting analogous matters: receiving deeper shade from this position. All was represented as the perfection of human wisdom in the great republic; all the quintessence of asinine folly in the moral colonies; and the noble painter appears to have felt strange repentance in daubing thick black on everything British, and glaring white over all that was American.

Notwithstanding, let us see how stands the case in reality, compared with the actual advance of the five British Provinces with that of the United States during the last forty years. In a work like this I cannot go into long statistical tables of population, and revenue, and imports and exports: I can merely glance at the result of an examination of authentic documents of this description. From these data, then, it appears that notwithstanding the Utopian perfection on one side, assisted by free emigration and borrowing of English money, and the awful mismanagement on the other, these British Provinces, since 1791, have advanced in external and internal trade, shipping, revenue, population, and consequent prosperity, as fairly inferred therefrom, in a ratio of five to four over the simultaneous advance in trade, shipping, revenue, and population of the United States, on a general average of the whole.

It is true this rapid progress has received a check lately; not from

again. As no exultation is felt in their success, so no regret is expressed for their hardships, privations, and sufferings, or those of their families. The tears of wives and children separated from their husbands, fathers, and brothers; who in the midst of the dismal winter had left them unprotected at the call of government—the harassing march—the exhausting vigil—the waste of property, and the actual loss of life, elicit not a syllable of praise or sympathy in this ungenerous and unworthy Report No. Mr. Buller's and Lord Durham's sympathies are all on the other side; reserved for bloody-minded felons and incendiaries, taken in the fact, fairly tried, and most justly punished. By a strange and lamentable moral perversion, their feelings only harmonise with what is evil and revolt from what is good; and whilst no tear is shed for Colonel Moodie or Captain Ussher and their distracted families, the noble Commissioner's pity overflows for Lount and Mathews, convicted traitors and murderers.'

This 'Report,' Dr. Henry concludes,—

'has unquestionably re-animated the drooping courage of the traitors and of the exiles in the States, and kindled anew the almost extinct sympathies of their American friends, *who have engraved the name of Lord Durham on the blades of their bowie-knives.*'—vol. ii. p. 213.

Then comes a long *note*—occupied with small enough matters—but still not insignificant in their way. *E. g.*—

'With his immediate suite Lord Durham maintained the etiquette of ultra-regal state; even making them perform those menial offices which are usually discharged by domestic servants, such as waiting on his company at their arrival, to doff and receive the ladies' wrappings, fetching his hat or cloak when he wanted it; and it is averred, even on one occasion, holding his stirrup. He appeared to consider his *aide-de-camp* as so many slaves; and certainly kept them in as much awe as any planter ever inspired into a gang of negroes. Once at a ball on board the *Hastings*, a young lady, who was dancing with Captain Compton, was horrified at finding her partner called off to get the Governor his hat when he wanted to retire. He was heard and seen in his own drawing-room rating Mr. Buller soundly for the *gaucherie* of spilling some coffee on a *Westminster Review*, probably containing a panegyric on himself; and not content with inflicting this public reprimand for so grave an offence, the Governor called his chief secretary into an ante-room, and was heard continuing the jobation. A key of one of his cabinets had been lost, unknown to him, and, fearing his temper, some of the family sent for a smith to pick the lock and make a new one. Unluckily his Lordship chanced to come into the room when the man was busy, and, without giving him a moment's time for explanation, he pounced on him like a tiger, dragged him through the door, and gave him a good kicking: but a subsequent *douceur* to the astonished mechanic hushed the matter up.

'Previous governors, comparatively poor men, and Lord Gosford in particular, had been charitable to the needy to the extent of their means: but Lord Durham hated the sight of a beggar. The ancient usage of associating contributions for the poor with religious worship—so becoming

occasion and so venerable for its antiquity, reaching even to the  
 lic times—was apparently deemed an obsolete absurdity by his  
 ship; for, after putting in his sovereign once or twice, when the  
 warden on a subsequent occasion approached his pew with the  
 ox, he repelled him with a forbidding gesture; consequently  
 far a thing was never again intruded “between the wind and his  
 y.”

His Excellency was very indignant at the Rev. Mr. Mackie, the Bishop  
 Montreal's curate, a pious and *talented* [vile word] ‘young man, for  
 allusions to the theatre and race-course in one of his sermons;  
 ely construing the latter reference into a personal insult to himself,  
 sinuating that, as the Queen and Lord Durham patronised racing, it  
 e height of presumption in any clergyman to open his lips against  
 is presence. Although in this case no personality was intended,  
 propriety of this specific preaching against amusements, such as  
 g and the like, which are not in themselves morally evil, and  
 many excellent men enjoy with a pure conscience, may be fairly  
 med. However this may be, when we know that the admonition  
 tes from the best motives, although we may conceive it to be a  
*ultra*, if we are reasonable people we listen to it with respect.  
 did Lord Durham. In the spirit of an inquisitor he complained  
 bishop, and insisted on his outraging the liberty of a Protestant  
 by silencing his exemplary chaplain. This, of course, was  
 ed; and the result was that the Governor-General absented him-  
 er after from church, and commanded the military chaplain to  
 e every Sunday at his residence.’

e Doctor is particularly rich upon this potentate's brief ex-  
 n to the Upper Province:—

Kingston he was very wroth because there was no guard of  
 : to receive him in the middle of the night, and, I believe, never  
 : the commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Dundas, of the 83rd, nor that  
 own, for this and one or two other ideal slights. He absolutely  
 : all smoking on board the steam-boat in Lake Ontario, and sent  
 tain to hunt out an audacious offender once when he perceived  
 ell of a cigar. The search was unsuccessful, and a report, accord-  
 was made to his Excellency. “Go back, sir, and discover who  
 king, instantly, at your peril.” A second time the captain went  
 st of the caitiff, and at length found Admiral Sir Charles Paget  
 g himself in some remote corner with his accustomed enjoyment.  
 ph,” said the great man—“I suppose we must let *him* smoke.”  
 lmiral took good care not to come back in the same boat with the  
 ior.

his return the steam-boat Neptune was engaged for his Lord-  
 sole use, to take him and his family and suite from Cornwall to  
 du Lac. Lord Durham arrived at Cornwall on Saturday, and  
 iately embarked. There chanced to be a Presbyterian clergyman,  
 v. Mr. McNaughten, a man of great respectability and superior  
 nents, at Cornwall, who was in the habit of visiting Lancaster, a  
 . LXVII. NO. CXXXIV. 21 village

village half-way down Lake St. Francis, to preach there on certain Sundays. Next day being one of the stated periods of his ministry, he asked permission from an aide-de-camp to take a passage—the boat always touching at Lancaster to drop the mail. Leave was courteously given, but Mr. McNaughten was cautioned to keep out of his Excellency's sight. During the voyage Lord Durham discovered that the minister was on board, and got into a great passion—rebuking the captain of the boat, and the clergyman himself, in no measured terms, for this intrusion on his privacy. When the boat approached Lancaster the captain wished to stop for five minutes, as usual, to drop his mail-bag, but was sternly forbidden by the great little man, who, as a punishment, carried off Mr. McNaughten to Côteau, at the lower end of the lake, some forty miles out of his way; and, as no boat returned till Monday, altogether defeating his object.'—vol. ii. pp. 214-217.

We really do not think a more perfect picture ever was drawn of your *Noble Radical*. How good it would be to have close by the Doctor's note a similarly faithful view of His Excellency's bearing when at St. Petersburg!

Dr. Henry, after a full and particular account of his own final courtship and fortunate wedding, winds up with a strong and yet temperate address to all classes of the Canadians, urging *pro virili* the wisdom and necessity of giving a fair trial to the plan recommended by the present Governor-general, and now sanctioned by Parliament. We must not go again into these serious topics, at the end of such a gossiping paper as this; but we willingly copy what the Staff-Surgeon says of the first appearance of Lord Sydenham at Quebec in October, 1839:—

'His Excellency landed, proceeded to the old château, and took the usual oaths, in the presence of the executive council, a large number of military officers, with Sir J. Colborne, Sir R. Jackson, and Sir J. Macdonnell at their head, and a great concourse of respectable civilians. The new Governor's appearance and demeanour on this occasion made a favourable impression. His physiognomy evinced benevolence and intelligence;—and he went through the inaugural ceremonies in a quiet gentlemanly manner, in pleasing contrast with the pompous harlequinades of one of his immediate predecessors, whose scowl at the abjuration oath, and the indignant toss of the book that followed, are not yet forgotten.'—vol. ii. p. 229.

On the whole we fancy our readers will not regret the extent to which we have drawn on this production of the Quebec press. The author is evidently a worthy as well as a clever man, and we rather think that, with some omissions, his work might be advantageously reprinted in England.

ART. VII.—*La Révolution telle qu'elle est ; ou Correspondance inédite du Comité de Salut public avec les Généraux et les Représentans du Peuple en Mission près les armées et dans les départements pendant les années 1793, 4, et 5. Mis en ordre par M. Legros. 2 vols. Paris. 1837.*

WE are always so glad to meet with anything concerning the French Revolution that looks like truth, that we shall dedicate a few pages to the examination of this work, because—though its title is an impudent exaggeration of the value of its contents—the contents themselves are, we are satisfied, genuine. The editor's preface complains very justly of the way in which what are complaisantly called *Histories* of the Revolution' have been hitherto manufactured by authors who, taking the broad facts from public notoriety, deduce the causes and motives—not from a careful and critical examination of the contemporary evidence, but—from their own inferences and conjectures, always uncertain, and generally prejudiced. We had already made a similar complaint in our article on Robespierre,\* in which we showed that many, even the most important circumstances of his career—and, consequently, the interesting period which he influenced—have been by successive historians left wholly unexplained, or flippantly accounted for by contradictory and often impossible suppositions. The same observation may be made of almost every other remarkable personage or event of that great drama:—the part played on the public stage is generally (though not always) sufficiently told—but as to what was done behind the scenes little inquiry was made, and little insight has been given.

Much of this superficial style of history has arisen from an opinion which has of late prevailed, that the public *Journals*, and especially the *Moniteur*, supply not merely copious, but *all-sufficient* sources of historical information; and a gentleman, who is said to possess the best library of revolutionary publications in the world—M. Deschiens, of Versailles—has, in a published catalogue of his collection, incidentally given additional weight to this, we think, very erroneous opinion, by the great and almost exclusive importance which he appears to assign to his *Journals*. Deschiens' collection being peculiarly rich in journals, it is natural that he should be disposed to think them the most valuable class of publications; and so undoubtedly they are as to *dates* and generally as to *facts*, but by no means so as to *causes* and *motives*; which, after all, are the soul of history, while the naked facts are, as it were, but the skeleton.

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\* Quarterly Review, No. CVIII., Art. II.



But moreover; from 10th August, 1792, till the autumn of 1795, the three most interesting years in French history—we might almost say in the annals of mankind—the journals were either paralysed by terror, or *gagged* by force, and tell nothing more than the Jacobin Club, or the Committee of Public Safety were pleased to permit, or ‘thought it expedient to direct.’\* One may read the best newspapers of the day without finding a trace of the most important and exciting events. Let us give one or two instances. The *Journal de Paris* of the 7th October, 1789, took no notice whatsoever of the formidable and fatal insurrection of the 5th and 6th; but filled its pages with a critique on the annual Exhibition of pictures;—and when—three days after the event—it ventured to give a short and slight account of it, it introduced it by this apologetical preface:—‘*The circumspection and prudence which have been our constant guides have not allowed us to give an account of the various popular movements, which have lately succeeded each other so rapidly in this capital.*’ The *Moniteur* of the 22d January, 1793—the day after the *King’s murder*—does not even allude to that event, and ekes out its columns with a critique on ‘*Ambroise—a comic opera—words by Monvel—music by Daleyrac.*’ The 10th of August—the *Massacres of September*—and other great events—are scarcely mentioned in the newspapers; never on the day, nor even on the day after they happened; nor until the victorious party had decided what colour to give to the affair: and on the whole, therefore, we confess that we attach very little historical importance to the mere series of daily Journals. We do not, however, include under these observations several literary and political journals, or rather periodical pamphlets, such as those of Brissot, Condorcet, Robespierre, Marat, Hébert, Carra, Desmoulins, and, above all, *Les Révolutions de Paris par Prudhomme*; which, for as long as they were permitted to exist, are curious evidences of the spirit of the men, the parties, and the times; but these all vanished before the Reign of Terror. The press had a *kind* of freedom in the early days of the Directory, but on the 18 Fructidor V. (4th September, 1797), *forty-two* journals were actually suppressed without form of trial, and their ‘proprietors, directors, authors, contributors, and editors’ were condemned by a decree of the Councils, to transportation for life and confiscation of property, while twenty-four others were denounced, and only *reprieved* during good behaviour. But even in the days of the least restraint the newspaper press was *never* allowed to *criticise*

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\* ‘*La liberté de la presse*’—said Robespierre with almost Hibernian *naïveté*, when, after the fall of the Girondins, he had got the upper hand—‘*La liberté de la presse doit être ENTIERE sans doute; MAIS ne pas être employée à perdre la liberté.*’

*Revolution*; and even the actors of the Théâtre Français were once (3rd September, 1793) all put into prison for acting a play in which there was this revolutionary truism—

*‘Le parti qui triomphe est le seul légitime!’*

Imagine in what a state of freedom the press must then have been. The preface to the work before us also observes that another cause by which the secret motives of action are concealed is, that governments are not communicative.’ This is true enough—but the real difficulty on this point lies deeper. The Public Offices themselves, even if open to inquirers, have frequently, and on the most important subjects, nothing to ‘communicate.’ The lightest measures are often adopted on verbal consultations of which no record remains—often on the advice of those who do not assign their real motives—and often again, the measures, though proposed in one sense, take, by accident or design, a different, or even an opposite turn. If this be, as it certainly is, true, even as to regular governments, how much more so must it be of *anarchy* composed of bad men who had no habits of business whose principle it was to act on the sudden, and by impulses—whose real motives and objects were such as even the most audacious amongst them would not have dared to confess even to an accomplice, much less to commit to paper—and who, amidst the constant struggles and frequent vicissitudes of faction, were always careful to leave no record that could compromise them on a turn of fortune! No one who has not looked closely into the matter can have any idea of the mixture of temerity and terror—of *bravery* and cowardice—by which almost all the actors in the revolution were guided. Danton—the loud, the audacious, the brazen rascal—lost himself, as he was told on the verge of the scaffold, in the arms of one of his fellow-sufferers—lost himself and them by indolence and poltroonery. These men were all giants in pulling down, but pigmies when they came to rebuild; and, in either case, had probably very vague and very wavering conceptions even of their own motives. We, therefore, doubt that a full or even tolerable history of the convulsive periods of the Revolution can ever be written; many of the main-springs of action are, we fear, irrevocably lost, or rather we should say, never had a material existence, having been only the thoughts and counsels of the actors and having perished with them. Can we ever hope to know the real history of the immolation of the Hébertistes, or of the Dantonistes, or the secret counsels of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just during that awful and purgatorial period between the 22d Prairial and the 9th Thermidor (10th July, 1794)? Robespierre himself, had he had, like Carnot, survived that bloody intoxication, would have been as much puzzled as Carnot was, or affected to be,

to

to account for all the extravagant and almost incredible atrocities to which they had given their imperative signatures. They were all drunk or mad—with vanity and ambition at first, and afterwards with blood and personal terror!

But there are still two large fields of information which have been very imperfectly explored. The Revolution produced a most enormous quantity of *pamphlet* publication—of party controversy—of personal attack and apology, crimination and recrimination. From an extensive and diligent collation and comparison of these ephemeral and now forgotten productions, there might be derived a great deal of information relative to individual character, and not a little with respect to public events. We know of no historian who has so much as *looked* through one of these collections; of which, however, several have been made: that of M. Deschiens is, as we have said, supposed to be the most valuable extant, but there is also one—or rather a combination of two very extensive collections—in the British Museum, which, however, when we last visited the Museum, was wholly useless for want of a catalogue, or even arrangement. They might as well be sold to a cheesemonger as kept in the state in which we last endeavoured to consult them. M. Thiers is the only historian of the Revolution who seems to have even thought of these temporary publications as a source of information—and he, though he has made a ready, and even too confident use of some that *happened* to fall in his way, seems not to have taken much trouble in working the *veins* of ore thus accidentally opened to him.

We will give an example, and merely as an example. The *10th of August* was, take it for all in all, the most important day of the whole Revolution; and the immediate causes of that explosion have been the subject of the most contradictory assertions and the most general controversy. It was at first charged upon the Court as an attempt at a counter-Revolution; when the abolition of royalty and the death of the King had rendered that calumny no longer serviceable, the truth came out that it was the result of a patriot conspiracy—a more decisive repetition of the 20th June; and the revolutionary factions, by this time divided into Jacobins and Girondins, began to squabble for the honour of having each exclusively planned and executed an event which constituted one of the articles of charge on which they had condemned the King. Neither Lacretelle, Pagès, nor Alison take any notice of this part of the case. Mignet alludes slightly (and without naming him) to Barbaroux' revelations of the preparatory meetings at Charenton; but some documents of infinitely greater consequence—a printed speech, and a letter of Petion's to the Jacobins (Nov. 1792), and the clever and important answer by Robespierre, which

which contain the most complete exculpation of the Court and the most complete conviction both of the Girondins and Jacobins—never once, that we have been able to trace, alluded to by any of these writers.\*

M. Thiers, however, found in some periodical magazine a *quotation* from a pamphlet of Carra, a Jacobin-Girondin journalist, which he, Carra, claims for himself, and half-a-dozen other needless names, the glory of having concocted that insurrection. This version of the affair M. Thiers unscrupulously, and without reference to the other statements and authorities, admits into his work, and in his appendix of *pièces justificatives* he gives, at second hand, the *quotation* from Carra, without, as it seems, having even the trouble of ever looking at the original publication, which in fact differs in more than one important point from his representation of it. ‘Such,’ to use the words of the preface, ‘is the history of the Revolution, and such the *light manner* in which it has been treated.’

But there is also another source of information—that from which this publication before us professes, and we repeat, truly, to be derived—the original and hitherto unprinted and unknown *correspondence* of the actors in the great tragedy. Large quantities of correspondence, both public and private, have been negligently or wilfully destroyed—by accident, by carelessness, or, in various fluctuations of opinion, by prudence and *by shame*; but a great deal still remains. We have ourselves seen many—purchased, almost as waste paper, some—documents which must have belonged to the offices of government; and there can be no doubt that there is still a vast quantity of the original correspondence of the revolutionary actors in the public offices and in private hands. The passion for collecting *autographs* has caught, and is daily bringing, to light many portions of private correspondence; and as the events become more remote and the personal motives for concealment grow weaker, we shall undoubtedly have more and more of such revelations; and we cannot but be that, as the *printed* papers have found so many collectors, the *written* documents may also be looked after with equal curiosity and industry. It is, however, unlucky for the cause of truth, that just now, when such materials are beginning to find their way into the world, the government of France is chiefly in the hands of the children and other near connexions of the *Septembriseurs* and regicides, who of course will use their best endeavours to smother all disagreeable truths, and there is no portion of the truth which can be agreeable to them. From King Louis

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We have already said that Mr. Adolphus, in Biographical Memoirs on the French Revolution, printed in 1799, notices in his Appendix these important documents.

Philippe himself down to the smallest son or grandson of a conventionalist, there is hardly one man in authority in France who would not tremble at the production of his own, or his father's, or grandfather's correspondence. Louis Philippe has, at the moment that we write, three or four prosecutions pending, against the editors of newspapers, for the publication of letters, *some\** of which we are satisfied are authentic, for they are conceived in the same spirit as his celebrated letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, of the 28th July, 1804, which will be found in our 61st vol. p. 35, and which, *under existing circumstances*, we think our readers will be glad to read again:—

‘ Twickenham, 28th July (!), 1804.

‘ My dear Lord,—I was certain that your elevated soul would feel a just indignation at this atrocious murder of my unfortunate cousin [the Duke d’Enghien]. His mother was my aunt: after my brother, he himself was my nearest relation. We were companions together in our earlier days, and you may well believe that this event has been a severe blow to me.

‘ His fate, too, is a notice to all of us. It is a warning that the **CORSICAN USURPER** will never be at rest till he shall have effaced our whole family from the list of the living.

‘ This makes me feel still more sensibly, though indeed that is hardly possible, the value of the generous protection which your magnanimous country grants us. I quitted my own country so early that *I have scarcely any of the habits of a Frenchman; and I can say with truth that I am attached to ENGLAND, not only by gratitude, but by taste and inclination.* It is, therefore, in all the sincerity of my heart that I wish that I may never leave this hospitable land.

‘ But it is not from mere personal feeling that I take a lively interest in the welfare and success of England—it is as a man! The safety of Europe—of the world itself—the happiness and future independence of the human race depend on the safety and independence of England, and that is the honourable cause of the hatred of Buonaparte and all his followers against you. *May Providence defeat his iniquitous projects,* and maintain this country in its happy and prosperous state! It is the wish of my heart, the object of my most ardent prayers.

‘ I am, &c. &c.

‘ **LOUIS PHILIPPE D’ORLEANS.**’

With the opinions and feelings which we have thus expressed as to the state of the historical evidence concerning the French Revolution, our readers will not be surprised that we take every opportunity of recording anything that tends, or even pretends, to throw any new light on that gigantic mystery; and with that

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\* We venture to prejudge, from their internal evidence, that the letters published by the *Gazette de France*, and dated during Louis Philippe’s emigration, are genuine. Not so those published by *La France*, dated since his accession to the throne, which are, we are sure, foolish forgeries, and will help Louis Philippe to get over what might be offensive to the French people in the authentic correspondence.

object,

...in the volume—it is something much more trustworthy. Fate chance (*heureux hasard*) has put us in possession of the and confidential correspondence of the founders of the republic. They themselves who explain their views, develop their intentions, the obstacles which they met, and confess the violent measures which they were enabled to surmount them.’—*Preface*, p. vii.

It would have been all very well, if the papers were really of the number or importance anything like what this pompous announcement would lead one—not prepared for the impudence of an old French title-page—to expect: but the truth is, that it is hardly possible to imagine anything less like the description of the documents turn out to be. Genuine we believe them to be, though the editor does not say one syllable beyond what he has quoted, to prove their authority, or to explain by what ‘chance’ he got possession of documents of so strictly confidential a character. But we are satisfied that they are genuine; from the internal evidence of *all*; and next, because we find some of them as having been published so long ago as 1793, by order of the Convention. Authentic, therefore, we deem them to be, and we suspect that they have been either abstracted from the public offices, or, as we rather believe, copied from copies or originals of despatches which at the time fell into the possession of some public functionary, and have since been preserved amongst his private papers. It is quite clear that they do not form a complete and consecutive collection (such as might have been expected if they had been abstracted from a public office), but they are—at least so much as we have before us—by no means in such a quantity, nor of such a character, as to afford any ground for the lofty pretension of exhibiting the *whole Revolution as it was*. They relate, in the first place, almost exclusively

to the Minister of War, and to each other—by the Members of the Convention attached to the armies—by the generals and by some inferior public functionaries. The second volume contains a similar but somewhat more numerous collection of pieces relating to the Armies of the North, and of the *Ardennes*, between the 6th April and 17th December, 1793: and two other volumes are *announced* on the Campaign of the Rhine, under Moreau, Dessaix, Kleber, &c.

Now, though it is hardly possible that any letters of *Tallien*, *Fouché*, and *Carrier*, concerning the romantic contest in La Vendée—written on the spot and at the moment—can be wholly devoid of interest; yet certainly these do possess less than we should have thought possible. In the first place, they are almost without exception, merely and drily, official; in the next, being but a few *stray* pieces out of an extensive correspondence, there is no continuity of objects or interests, and they really give one no more idea of the general state of affairs than a brick did of the *Pedant's* house; and, thirdly, because they have little or no novelty—all, or nearly all, they contain having been already published—sometimes identically, but more frequently in other letters, of the same period, from the same persons, and on the same topics which, at the time, were printed by order of the Convention.

There have been so many and such copious accounts of the war in La Vendée, that we can select nothing from these scattered documents that would throw any new light on the *facts* of the struggle; but as the *style* of the public functionaries of the republic may not be quite so fresh in the memory of our readers, we shall give two or three specimens of its mingled absurdity and atrocity.

CARRIER, *Representative of the People, to* BOUCHOTTE, *Minister of War.*

‘ *Ministre Sans-culotte.*

‘ Rennes, 5th Oct., 1793.

‘ I am setting out for Nantes, where they have allowed treason to organise itself, and the counter-revolution to make the most alarming progress. You may reckon upon my proving myself an active *disorganiser* (*désorganisateur*) to re-establish the triumph of *sans-culotterie* &c.

‘ Health and fraternity,

‘ CARRIER.’—vol. i. p. 292.

‘ CARRIER, *Representative of the People, with the Army of the West,* to the COMMITTEE of Public Safety.

‘ Nantes, 11th Dec., 1793.

‘ ——— You see that my measures agree entirely with yours; in fact, I only anticipate them. I am as much interested as you can be in the speedy extermination of these *brigands*. I think that you may, you ought to reckon on me. I may now say that *I understand*—yes, understand



so have caused our unfortunate prisoners to be shot; who have  
throats of many: it is they who fight by the side of the men,  
o put to death without mercy any of our straggling volunteers  
hey may meet in the villages: in short, THEY [*the women—*  
*women—M. Thiers!*] are a perverse and devoted breed, as well  
whole peasantry; for there is not one who has not borne arms  
the republic, and we must absolutely and *totally sweep them*  
*face of the earth.*—vol. i. p. 422.

r an episode, describing his activity in getting shoes made  
army, he returns to the scent of blood, but this time it is  
murder of the royalists that he requires, but of some of the  
can generals, whose proceedings had not satisfied this great  
*in the art of war, Citoyen Carrier.*

ry expressly recommend to the national *vengeance* the counter-  
onary villains, Beysser, Baco, Beaufrancher, and Letourneur.  
ads of these four scoundrels will never heal the deep wounds  
ve inflicted on their country [*strange if they did*]. It would be  
e—nay it is absolutely necessary—that the Revolutionary Tri-  
hould speedily condemn all four to death, and should send them  
me for execution. At Paris the exhibition will be useless—at  
it will do the greatest good; send us, then, the four conspirators  
d I promise you I shall soon have their heads off.

stant, late captain of artillery at Rennes, and who commanded  
llery of the department at Vernon, deserves the same fate; but i  
h to make his punishment sure, send him to me. When *I have*  
*condemned*, I shall send him to be executed at Rennes. It is  
ly necessary that the death of these great villains should terrify  
smaller fry who might escape our vigilance.

‘HEALTH and FRATERNITY!!!

‘CARRIER.’—vol. i. p. 243.

- was the style and the spirit of the Founders of the Re-

a good deal of scattered information concerning the state and movement of the armies, and are of some value as exhibiting (however imperfectly) details of the system of interference both on the part of the Committee in Paris, and of the Representatives on the spot, with the discipline of the troops and the plans of the commanders, which under less extraordinary circumstances must have insured general defeat, but which, by the absurdities of the assailants from without, and the wild insanity of the anarchists within, produced ultimate and incalculable successes.

The most interesting of these letters are *Carnot's*\* first appearance in the character of the military Mentor of the Revolution. He had been sent, like so many other deputies, on a mission to the army of the North, whence his reports were so satisfactory to the Committee of Public Safety, that they soon recalled him to the Convention, elected him—at the same time as *Robespierre*—into their own body, and intrusted him with the principal direction of the military service. He was, in fact, the real minister of the war department. We are well aware that Carnot's merits in this matter have been very much over-rated, and we hope on another occasion to give our readers some true account of this man, whose fame has been exaggerated, and whose crimes extenuated, with more industry than those of any other member of that atrocious Committee of *Salut Public*. But though we rate Carnot's military merit infinitely lower than it has of late been a fashion to do, it is beyond doubt that he had no inconsiderable share and influence in the first campaigns of the republic, and our readers will therefore be not unwilling to see one or two of his earlier reports on the state of the army. Some of those reports, detailing *occurrences*, were read at the time in the Convention. We select one which has not been, that we know of, before published, and which opens more general views. Though professing to be the joint composition of him and a colleague (such a colleague!), we presume that it was altogether composed by Carnot.

' L. CARNOT *et* DUQUESNOY, *Representatives of the People*  
to the NATIONAL CONVENTION.

' Dunkirk, 16th April, 1793.

' We have just returned from inspecting the frontiers from Lille to Dunkirk, where we now are. This space, you are aware, has no fortresses in the first line, unless Bergues be an exception, which, however,

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\* There were two Carnots in the Legislative Assembly; the elder brother, *the* Carnot, *Lazare*, was re-elected into the Convention; the second, sometimes called *Claud*, and sometimes *Charles*, also a distinguished officer, was employed in 1793 as commissioner of the Executive Council with the army of the North, and a clever report from him on the state of the fortresses on that frontier is to be found in this volume. There were two or three other brothers, all, we believe, lawyers.

one, but amidst the enemies' preparations are not wanting. plenty of artillery and provisions. General Pascal, who commands Dunkirk, is, they say, a good officer. O'Moran, who commands Cassel, is still better [*he was guillotined soon after*]. The colonel of the first battalion *de l'Orne*, whom the Minister of War lately appointed to command in Bergues, is extremely fit for service; but it is odious that this venerable soldier, who, counting 87 years, has eighty-seven years of service, has not been made a general in the last promotion.

Must not conceal from you that there is a great deal of lassitude amongst the troops—that the army is infested with plunder to destroy the villages; and that the indifference, cowardice, of republican spirit, give us considerable uneasiness.

A terrible scourge destroys our armies—the flocks of women and children follow them. You may reckon that there are as many of these as of soldiers. The barracks and quarters are overflowing with them. The profligacy of manners is at the height. They enervate, and destroy by disease ten times as many as the sword of the Republic. We do not doubt that this is the chief cause which lowers the morale of the troops. It is urgent that you should pass a law of the same severity on this point. The abuse is difficult to eradicate.

The deputies cannot do it without the sanction of a new law, which will be severe and very strong. The existing law is on their side—it gives to the wives of soldiers; of course, if you believe them, the army is married. At Douai, where we once saw the garrison

350 men, there were no less than 3000 women in the barracks—that, in fact, there was no room for a corps of the army of the North, which marched in. We insist on this point, because the Republic will perish if you do not apply an immediate and effective remedy to this plague of dissolution.

Another abuse is the constant creation of new corps, when we cannot complete the old ones. The recruits of the new contingents

We are tempted by the celebrity of the writer to give another letter, in the same style, and in his single name.

‘ CARNOT to the Committee of PUBLIC SAFETY.

‘ St. Omer, 22 Mai, 1793.

‘ We acquainted you, dear colleagues, with the project we had formed of an expedition on Furnes and Nieuport. The execution of it was preparing when we were informed by General Lamarlière that 10,000 Dutch had just arrived at Menin, and in consequence there was another deliberation yesterday at Cassel between the four generals, Stettenhoffen, Champion, O’Moran, and Richardot, and at which I was present (my colleague, Duquesnoy, being at Douai). It was there decided that next Sunday the expedition on Furnes and Nieuport should take place, but that, instead of going from the camp of La Madelaine to Ypres, as had been at first agreed on, they should go to Menin, where the Dutch are, in order to draw the garrison of Ypres, which is of 3000 men, the way, or at least to keep it in check, and prevent its coming to the succour of Furnes and Nieuport.

‘ I have been preaching this expedition for six weeks past, but General O’Moran, who is very circumspect, always feared to compromise himself; and it must be confessed that we are in want of many essential articles, and that the enemy, who—I know not how—is acquainted with all our resolutions, are considerably reinforced; I therefore think there would now be great imprudence in attempting to take Ostend. However, when we have reached Nieuport, if we see any means of advancing farther, we shall not stop short.

‘ I am told that you have had under consideration the question whether the great inundation of the country round Condé ought to be tried. You are imposed on when you are told that the loss would be 14,000,000 frs. [about 560,000*l.*];—it is at the most of three to four millions, [120,000*l.* to 130,000*l.*];—but even that loss would be lamentable, and I think it ought not to be done, unless we were certain, by the means, of relieving the place, or drowning the enemy in their positions. In truth, ignorant people are always great destroyers of suburbs—great drowners of countries,—whilst well-informed men are great preservers [*conservateurs*]; these, instead of destroying suburbs, make them advantageous posts for the defence of the town; instead of inundating beforehand, they wait till the enemy surround the town, to drown them in their camps.

‘ The proposition for ravaging the country can only be made for the purpose of turning the inhabitants against us. Be on your guard against all such suggestions. I have seen with a great deal of pain the frightful inundations at Lille and Douai carried to their fullest extent, when it would have been sufficient to have prepared for them; and I am absolutely opposed to their being extended to Dunkirk, in spite of the threats of the enemy.

‘ It is right to inform you that the supplies lately furnished by the commissaries are detestable; the wine is the very worst sort: I shall draw up a *procès verbal* on that subject. The materials for the clothing of the soldiers are as bad as those last year; those only which are made in

: expedition thus suggested against Furnes, whatever it  
ave been in the conception,—of which we are not now to  
—was, though temporarily successful, a lamentable failure  
results, and was altogether so small a matter that it would  
be remembered if it had not been the *coup d'essai*  
of whom it is now the fashion to talk as a gigantic mili-  
enius. It appears from the London Gazette (8th June,  
and the Moniteur (of the 6th), which, strange to say,  
almost verbatim in all the details of the action, that the  
force, of about 1200 men, were driven out of the place by  
4000 and 5000 French under the command of General  
an and the direction of Carnot. The French, after a short  
Furnes, pursued the road to Nieuport with the *avowed*  
e of trying a *coup de main* on that place—but there ends all  
e have hitherto known of the affair. This volume gives us  
t's confidential report to the Committee of Public Safety.  
ally a curious, and we dare say a tolerably accurate narrative,  
e regret that it is too long to be extracted, but the sum-  
t the French were so undisciplined and disorderly, and  
e so disorganised by their first success in taking Furnes,  
was equally impossible to keep them in the place, or  
them well out of it;—that an attempt was made to make a  
from Furnes on Nieuport;—but they were unable even to  
and were at length forced to retreat in extreme confusion,  
ting, after having shamefully plundered the town, and getting  
as well as they could, to their original positions: while the  
had been so energetic in their retreat that they never dis-  
l the enemy's confusion and distress, and marched quietly  
Furnes, when they heard next day—(God knows how)—  
French to be driven out. This is an acute and remarkable

the English, could have been so blinded and paralysed as to have done so little at a moment when it appears the French were really incapable of making any serious resistance. We say nothing of the strange neglect of La Vendée, or the still stranger blunder of the allies which sent the garrisons of the captured fortresses on the frontier\* to fight against the royalists of the interior. But the actual conduct of the armies in Flanders seems to us to have been in every possible point—except perhaps personal courage—most lamentable. The smaller and more immediate causes of individual events we perhaps shall never know; but there are two main and cardinal points in the system of operations sufficient to account for the general result—first, the independency of the several armies, with the inevitable jealousies and *mal-entendus* of their commanders—and secondly, the old system of never advancing till you had taken all the fortresses. It seems to us that, if the allies had acted with common firmness and activity, the French armies—along the whole line from Strasbourg to Dunkirk—must have been annihilated;—a catastrophe to which, *as armies*, they themselves would not have been at all averse. It has been said, cleverly but falsely, that during this Reign of Terror all the virtue and honour of France took refuge in the army. We must, on the contrary, say that everything we have seen or read upon this subject, and more especially in the book before us, convinces us that it was impossible that anything could be less inspired by a true military spirit, or more degraded, both in morals and technicalities, than these armies. Offensive courage—which is the instinct of any body of human creatures—they had—and nothing else; and if their antagonists—the allies—had not been paralysed—both in counsel and in action—by *politics* or something worse at head-quarters, the result must have been entirely different.†

But this would be too wide a discussion to pursue by means of these fragments of correspondence. We therefore pass on to the only question on which the publication has afforded any new light, and that seems to emerge without the editor's participation or knowledge; at least he gives no sign or note that the letters which he copies are in any way connected with the melancholy and hitherto unaccountable catastrophe which, in our opinion, they, mainly, if not, alone, produced. We mean the fate of General Custine, who, our readers will recollect, after having enjoyed great Jacobin popularity, and been intrusted, on the flight of Dumouriez, with the chief command of the army of the North,

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\* For instance, the garrison of Mentz—20,000 men, and that of Valenciennes 7000—were immediately conveyed by post-horses into La Vendée, where their services were fatal to the royal cause.—Thiers, iii., 93-95.

† This opinion is singularly confirmed by the late debates in the French Chamber on the fortifications of Paris.

was *within one month* cashiered, arrested, tried, imprisoned, and guillotined.

This happened at the dawn of the Reign of Terror, when the Revolutionary Tribunal still affected to hear evidence—and we have a tolerably minute report of his trial; but the charges, even if proved, were so distant from treason, and were in fact so far from being proved, that we, as well as the rest of the world, have always considered Custine's affair as one of the darkest mysteries of the Revolution. The historians in general—*serrum pecus*—represent his fate as the mere consequence of popular exasperation at the reverses which the army had suffered; but this opinion cannot be supported by a reference to the facts. M. Thiers (iii. 202) more acutely imagines that it was rather the wreaking on Custine of the vengeance from which Dumouriez had escaped, and intended probably as a broad and bloody hint to the other Generals to look to their heads. The first of these opinions receives some colour from the unjustifiable use of Dumouriez' name made during the trial; and the latter suspicion had occurred to ourselves, and had been communicated to our readers (Q. R., vol. liv. p. 556), before we had read M. Thiers' suggestion, as the least improbable motive which we could assign. Yet neither of these reasons, nor even both together—and they are by no means incompatible—can be thought quite adequate to the effect; for General Miaczinski had been previously executed as an accomplice of Dumouriez and *in terrorem* to his class—and there was really, at the particular moment, more likelihood of revolting the army by Custine's death than of intimidating it. These volumes open a new and much more rational view of the matter; and we see good reason to suppose that this crime, like so many others, was committed by personal vengeance under a public mask.

It is true that Custine was suspected of favouring the Girondins, and would thus be odious to the Jacobins, who were also jealous, not to say alarmed, at a kind of popularity which he enjoyed, and which they perhaps feared he might turn against them; but his more immediate persecutors were Danton and his section of the Mountain, called the *Cordeliers*. The cause of their peculiar enmity may now be traced. We find that, on the 2nd of July, Custine, at his head-quarters of Cambrai, was so imprudent as to complain to the Committee of Public Safety

' of two persons calling themselves agents of the executive power, and commissioned to preach order and discipline to the army.—I leave you to judge whether they could perform this duty better than by distributing, as they did in commendable profusion, Number 28 of the *Journal de la Montagne*, and of the publication called *Le Père Duchesne*. It



required all the prudence of the officers to save those men from the indignation of the soldiers. They were conducted to the Representatives of the People, who have put them under arrest.

CUSTINE.'—vol. ii. p. 19.

General Tourville writes by the same post to the Minister of War, Bouchotte (a tool of Danton), to complain of the same fact. He states distinctly that the distributors of these incendiary papers are his (Bouchotte's) official agents, and he requests the Minister to recall them, or at least to employ them elsewhere, and not to impose on the General the double duty of fighting at once external and *internal enemies* (p. 88). After this outbreak, the violence of the Jacobins, and particularly of Hébert (the *Père Duchesne*) against Custine knew no bounds; and considering that Bouchotte, and, above all, his secretary, the notorious Vincent—whom M. Thiers, who loves to be dramatic, calls the '*terrible Vincent*'—were intimately connected with Danton, Hébert, and the Cordeliers, we get a clue to the peculiar personal antipathy of that faction to Custine; and even if there had been no personal feeling in the matter, the audacity of a General who should dare to interfere with the distribution of the Jacobin journals would require a speedy and bloody expiation: Custine must perish!

But this was not all. There was a still nearer personal animosity between Bouchotte and the unlucky and too candid Custine. The following is an extract of one of the General's letters to the Minister:—

' CUSTINE to BOUCHOTTE.

' I am often obliged to remind you that you seem to fancy yourself a Minister of the old régime. They thought themselves infallible; but be at length persuaded that in a Republic, with a *Minister so ignorant as you are of all that you ought to know*, you must, since you have taken this office upon you, listen not only to a General, but to every citizen who can give you information; and it is especially my duty—to whom the safety of this army is confided—to take every means to assure it. Instead of making me lose the time which I ought only to employ in calculating the movements of our enemies, and in combining those whom I am to oppose to them, you ought much rather to send to Quesnoy 30,000 pounds weight of powder,' &c. &c.—vol. ii. p. 44.

This is pretty sharp; but a subsequent letter is still more severe on the minister and his *adjoint*.

' CUSTINE to BOUCHOTTE.

' *Cambrai, 6th June, 1793.*

' Yes, Citizen Minister, it was my duty to alter the arrangements of your *adjoint*, because the service of the republic required it. That citizen might have convinced himself of this, if he would have taken the trouble of looking at the documents in your own office, and of throwing even a cursory glance on the calculations which are the basis  
of

of the demands I before made, and which are in the War-office. The interest which I take in the success of the army of the Rhine, although I no longer command it, obliges me to correct your errors. Citizen Minister, you have set out with a false supposition; it is not therefore surprising that you have been grossly mistaken.'—vol. ii. p. 46.

He then enters into several historical details, which he says the Minister *ought* to understand, and of which he *is* entirely ignorant. He then proceeds with increased bitterness:—

'I must thank you, moreover, for the indulgence with which you touch so lightly on some parts of my letter, which it seems are "trifling and beside the question." You say that "*you look only to reason and the interests of the Republic, and that you are far from supposing that I can have been intentionally disrespectful to one of its Ministers.*" I, also, Citizen Minister, look only to the Republic; but when the success of its arms requires that I should reproach a Minister with his *ignorance* or his *unfitness* for the very difficult duties that have been confided to him, I do not think that I am wanting in respect *to the Republic*, by pronouncing very strongly my opinion against *him*. The time is past when Generals worshipped a Minister, even if he were a *blockhead*. I never was one of that contemptible class. I was a Republican even before the Republic; and whenever I have met such ministerial idols, I have treated them with contempt. I think, like every friend of liberty, that nothing is more advantageous to the public service than giving publicity to official correspondence. Such a system brings all public men under public observation and criticism, and serves alike to prove which of the functionaries deserve the confidence of the country, and which, on the other hand, have forfeited it by their *utter imbecility*. If I am of this latter class—denounce me!

'CUSTINE,

'Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North  
and the Ardennes.'—vol. ii. p. 49.

After reading these letters we have no longer any difficulty in understanding Custine's fate; can it be reasonably doubted that the peculiar and hitherto unaccountable virulence with which he was persecuted by the War-Office arose from the private vengeance of the Minister and his Secretary, and the faction to which they belonged. But the matter was delicate—Custine was highly popular in the army, and his adversaries were afraid to take any step against him while he remained among his troops. The Committee of Public Safety, therefore, *under the pretence of consulting him on the measures of the campaign, and by expressions of unlimited confidence*, inveigled Custine to Paris—where he arrived about the 18th July, and gave his adversaries much uneasiness for three or four days, by parading himself in a kind of triumph about the Palais-Royal, and other public places, where he was much followed and even applauded; but on the 22nd he was

arrested and sent to the Abbaye. The revolutionary tribunal, which as yet showed some decency, seemed reluctant to try, and still more so to condemn him ; but the implacable *Père Duchesne* denounced even the revolutionary tribunal for being too scrupulous, and under this pressure Custine was at length condemned on the 27th August, and executed next day.

With what we now see, we are no longer surprised, as M. Thiers seems to have been, at the appearance on the trial of the Secretary-General of the War Department, the '*terrible Vincent*,' bringing from the archives of the War-office a mass of letters and documents, which, though he explained and commented upon them with malignant zeal, are admitted even by the '*Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*'\* to have had little or nothing to do with Custine. The *Bulletin* talks of a *number* of letters produced by Vincent, but does not detail them. M. Thiers, in his usual fashion, repeats the observation of the *Bulletin* as to the *number* of the letters, but he seems to have taken no trouble to inquire what they really were ; though we suppose they must be in the public archives. Of one thing we may be tolerably certain, that amongst them were *not* the two letters to the Minister which we have above quoted, and which were probably the most unpardonable offence of the unfortunate General.

The rest of the volume is occupied by desultory letters from and to the army of the North during the short command of Houchard and the beginning of that of Jourdan. Houchard's fate—like so many other obscure episodes of the great tragedy—is, when closely looked at, very remarkable and exemplary. He had been originally brought forward by Custine, but, on the turn of the tide, Houchard deserted and even denounced his friend and patron ; and he was *duly* rewarded—by succeeding him—first, in the chief command of the army ; and secondly, the very same day three months—*on the scaffold* ! These papers throw no light whatsoever on the real causes of Houchard's fate—those alleged in the indictment are even more absurdly false than the charges against Custine. If ever the truth should be known, we have no doubt it will appear that he was the victim of the same detestable arts that he himself had so basely employed against Custine—indeed *arte perire suâ* is the device of the whole revolution. It has been said that, as Custine had been denounced by Houchard, so Houchard himself was denounced by Hoche, then an ambitious

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\* This *Bulletin* was published in loose sheets, day by day—very hastily done—but it is the *first*, and, therefore, the *best* authority for all the proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal. M. Thiers has copied from it his account of Custine's execution. A complete set seems to be very rare, since one in the sale of the library of the unfortunate Labedoyère, in April 1837, brought 361 francs.

young soldier: but we have nothing in these volumes either to contradict or to authenticate that suspicion. We have read that the son of Houchard published at Strasburg, in 1809, a pamphlet on his father, '*in which the real causes of his death are revealed*,' but we have not been able to see this pamphlet. It is worthy of notice that these legal murders had now become so common, that several *historians* do not think it worth while to mention so small a fact as the execution of this Commander-in-Chief, on a charge of being in alliance with the enemy he had beaten, and of having betrayed the country by the very victory which had saved it.

Indeed, nothing could be more deplorable than the situation of the general officers at this particular period—made responsible for armies which they were not allowed to command, and for events which they were not permitted to direct—insulted by every petty emissary of the clubs, and holding their stations almost at the will and pleasure of the proconsular tyrants. We shall conclude our extracts with a letter of Carnot's colleague, Duquesnoy, which will exhibit this system in a forcible light—premising that where we have put asterisks there are in the original the vulgarest terms of obscenity:—

‘ DUQUESNOY to the COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

‘ Avesnes, 18th Oct., 1793.

‘ Citizen Colleagues,—I send you herewith, *to be shortened by the head*, four \* \* \* officers. The first is Gratien, a general of brigade, who formally disobeyed the orders of his general of division to attack the enemy in the village of Watignies. If he had executed that order the battle would have been won three hours sooner, and we should have had more time to take advantage of our victory. The 12,000 or 15,000 men who were on the heights of Watignies would have been surrounded, and not one would have escaped; but this traitor or coward, far from executing his order, beat a retreat, caused us a great loss of men, and nearly the loss of the battle.

‘ The second is the commander of the 25th regiment of cavalry. He also disobeyed the orders of General Fromentin to charge the enemy: instead of obeying, he wheeled to the left and \* \* \* ran away, which embarrassed our arrangements and cost us many brave republicans.

‘ The third is the governor of this town, who is full of respect for Cobourg and his agents. The proof is the attention he showed the Prince de ———, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Cobourg, whom he had carefully removed to a lodging in the town to have his wounds dressed, while our own brethren were lying in a church as if it had been a barn. I visited them all this morning, and they complained of this indecent partiality. How is it that one of our enemies should receive more attention than our own soldiers?

‘ The fourth is an Irishman, named Mandeville. I this morning  
heard

heard him called "*M. le Marquis.*" Now, as I don't love marquises, I send him to you.

' Health and Fraternity !

' DUQUESNOY.'—vol. ii. p. 323.

We believe that in all the annals of this bloody period there are not to be found two more frivolous reasons for *shortening by the head* the leaders of a victorious army, than that one showed humanity to a wounded prisoner, and that the other was *called* 'marquis'—probably in derision: but on the other two cases, in which Duquesnoy sends two officers of high rank to be guillotined for *cowardice*, we must direct the notice of our readers to the prodigious effect on individual conduct that the despotic power of these proconsuls must have had. Every officer was fighting with, as it were, a halter round his neck, and found it safer to rush on the *enemy* in front than to retire on his *friend* in the rear—in the former case death was only a chance, and if it came it was glorious—in the latter it was certain and ignominious. General Gratien, however, though broke on the field of battle for cowardice, and thus sent off to be *shortened*, escaped, by the favour, it is said, of Robespierre, and was reinstated in his rank. He afterwards served under Buonaparte—was the commandant of the corps that beat Schill at Stralsund (for which the King of Denmark was so base as to send him the order of Dannebrog)—and he died, in 1814, a commander of the Legion of Honour, and a Baron of the Empire!

But who was this colleague of Carnot?—this terrible Duquesnoy? and what became of him? His history may be told in three awful and instructive words—Duquesnoy was an apostate monk, an atheist, and a regicide. Taking a part in the Jacobin insurrection of *Prairial* (May, 1795), he was arrested, and perished miserably, in prison, by his own bloody hand! The comparison of the foregoing letter with the fate of this wretch affords a valuable addition to the great chapter of revolutionary retribution!

We regret that the promised continuation of this work has not yet reached us. It is probable that the documents (of the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained) were irregularly obtained, and that some public authority or private arrangement may have arrested the publication.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Correspondence relating to the North American Boundary.* Presented by command of her Majesty. A and B. 1838.
2. *Report of the British Commissioners appointed to survey the Territory in dispute between Great Britain and the United States of America on the North-Eastern Boundary of the United States; with an Appendix.* Presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1840.
3. *The Right of the United States of America to the North-Eastern Boundary claimed by them.* Principally extracted from the Statements laid before the King of the Netherlands, and revised by Albert Gallatin; with an Appendix and eight Maps. New York. 1840.
4. *A Brief History of the United States' Boundary Question.* Drawn up from Official Papers, by G. P. R. James, Esq. London. 1839.

THE spirit in which we undertake the examination of the important and interesting question discussed in these publications, will be best indicated by an early expression of our sincere and cordial concurrence in the sentiments with which Mr. Gallatin prefaces his argument:—

‘ In the various negotiations with Great Britain in which I\* have been employed, there was always an earnest desire to remove subjects of contention, and to promote friendly relations; on almost all questions a conciliatory disposition; nothing at any time that could shake my confidence in the sincerity and good faith of that government. And I do believe that it would do justice, if it was once satisfied that justice was due. . . . But under any circumstances whatever, the question must be settled. *It would be the height of madness and of wickedness to come to a rupture, and for such an object.* Both governments are animated by a sincere and earnest desire to preserve peace. It is not believed that the English nation wishes a war with the United States. It may be confidently asserted that, with an entire conviction of their right to the territory in question, there is not a more universal feeling amongst the people of America, everywhere and without distinction of political parties, than that of the preservation of peace, above all, of peace with Great Britain. *It is the duty of the two governments speedily to devise and to adopt the means necessary for effecting the object; and I believe that means may be found.*’—Preface, pp. ix, x.

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\* Mr. Gallatin, now, we believe, in his eighty-first year, has filled with distinction many important offices and embassies:—he was one of the American negociators of the treaty of Ghent, and afterwards (and pending these boundary discussions) minister of the United States in London.



We believe and hope so too; and our humble efforts, *valeant quantum*, will be directed towards that conciliatory conclusion; but we must, at the same time, confess that our hopes would not be so confident as Mr. Gallatin's seem to be, if they did not rest on very different grounds from those on which Mr. Gallatin informs us that he has built *his* expectations.

Untaught by the experience of fifty years of fruitless discussion—undismayed by the failure of so many former negotiators (*himself included!*)—unembarrassed by the decision of the King of the Netherlands, who declared the terms of the treaty of 1783 to be inexplicable—*Mr. Gallatin finds no difficulty at all in the case*:—In his view there is neither obscurity nor doubt; he suggests that the only impediment to an arrangement has been that no English cabinet minister has ever yet 'taken the trouble to examine the question thoroughly.' (*Pref.* p. ix.) Mr. Gallatin thinks that 'the *fact* of Lord Palmerston's laying the *Report of the Commissioners* before parliament affords *strong proof* that that *distinguished statesman*' [*soft sawder*, Mr. Slick!], 'amidst his more important and overwhelming avocations, had not found time to investigate the case, and *judge for himself*.' (*ib.*) Mr. Gallatin is perfectly satisfied that 'there is no *British jury* nor *British chancellor* who would not, on hearing the cause, decide in favour of America;' (*ib.*) and Mr. Gallatin, therefore, does not see why 'the enlightened British cabinet,' [*soft sawder* again] if they could find time to make 'an attentive ministerial inquiry into the *tedious details* of this vexed question,' should not arrive at a similar result. (*ib.*)

Now, the grounds of Mr. Gallatin's hope of arriving at 'a satisfactory settlement' being thus, *in limine*, pronounced to be the *indisputable and irresistible justice and reason of the whole American claim*—which needs only to be thoroughly understood to be, even by the British cabinet, immediately admitted—we confess we receive no great comfort from his flattering prognostics;—nor do we think that this wholesale style of *begging his question* and *jumping to his conclusion* even before he has begun his argument, would add much to Mr. Gallatin's reputation as either a logician or practical statesman.

But the truth is, that Mr. Gallatin comes before us on this occasion neither as a logician nor statesman, but as an *advocate*:—and pledged as an advocate, to maintain his whole case, he *presumes* that there can be no demur to his conclusion, but from imperfect knowledge.

This drives Mr. Gallatin to misrepresent the very first aspect of the case: he finds the chief obstacle to a settlement in its  
' tedious



*tedious* details'—but *tedious* is not the word—he should have rather said, *obscure, intricate, contradictory, unintelligible*. It was not been the mere spirit of chicanery (though that has not been wanting), nor the ignorance or negligence of secretaries of state (though they may have helped to prolong and embarrass the discussion), that have kept this matter in suspense for half a century:—it has been, we believe, its innate and intrinsic complexity—the extreme difficulty of reconciling the vague and ambiguous terms of a clumsy description, to the unknown or disputed features of an unexplored tract of country. This, and not the want of time or diligence for the inquiry, has been the real impediment. We have no doubt of the *general meaning* of the parties to the original negotiations, and we think it can be shown *aliundè* in what direction they intended the boundary line should run; but unhappily the terms of the treaty were in themselves so unfortunately chosen and so loosely applied, as to be hardly reconcileable with any possible boundary, or indeed with any reasonable interpretation; and we seriously incline to think that the most rational way of dealing with the subject would have been, in the very first stages of the discussion, to have rejected the whole of the disputed passage of the Boundary clause as nonsense, and to have negotiated—not for a new basis—for the basis was, we believe, clear enough, and the ambiguity wholly verbal—but for an intelligible and practicable definition of what were really the object and intention of the contracting parties. Mr. Gallatin and most of the other American advocates profess to see their way clear through the labyrinth; we do not pretend to such bold perspicacity:—all that we see quite clearly is this—that *their* construction is directly contrary to the *spirit* of the treaty, and *more* at variance with its *letter* than any of the other interpretations. We will not take upon ourselves to say that any other construction is clearly and indisputably right; but we will venture boldly to assert—and so far we have the concurrent opinion of the Umpire—that *theirs* is clearly wrong; and that no wrenching of the words of the treaty, and no distorting the features of the country, can produce even an equitable case for their alleged boundary. It may be *hard*—the Umpire thought it *impossible*—to make *any sense* of the treaty; but it is not hard to show *their* construction to be *nonsense*.

We must begin by a short historical recapitulation of the affair, and for the better understanding the geographical details upon which the whole question turns, we subjoin a slight sketch of the disputed territory and the adjacent regions.

On



On this sketch we request our readers to observe—

1. That the whole shaded part is the disputed territory ; and the northern part, more lightly shaded, is that which the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands would have assigned to England.

2. That we have placed the *names* of the provinces so as not to prejudice any question as to their *boundaries*.

3. That the former *Province of Quebec* is now styled *Lower Canada*, and that the former *Province of Nova Scotia* has been divided into two—the peninsula only being now called *Nova Scotia*, while the rest is called *New Brunswick*—so that in this discussion, when the names *Lower Canada* and *New Brunswick* are introduced, they may be considered as equivalent, respectively, to the former denominations of *Quebec* and *Nova Scotia*.

4. That the former Province or State of *Massachusetts* comprised the district of *Maine*—since erected into a separate State—so that for the territorial purposes of this discussion, *Massachusetts* and *Maine* may be considered as synonymous.

5. All other boundaries being, *by us*, considered as settled, and those of the shaded part being alone in question, the main point of the discussion is whether the *north-eastern angle of Maine* is to be placed at B, as claimed by the United States, or at A, as contended by Great Britain.

The

The following are the terms of the treaty of 1783, on which the difference has arisen:—

‘ARTICLE 1. *His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz.: New Hampshire, Massachusetts' Bay, &c., to be free, sovereign, and independent states: that he treats with them as such, and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquishes all claims to the government, property, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof.*

‘ARTICLE 2. *And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States may be prevented, (!) it is hereby agreed and declared, that the following are and shall be their boundaries, viz.: from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz.: that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River, to the Highlands, along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River*—

and then after a long description of the western boundary, which, as it is not at all in question, we need not quote, it ends with the southern and eastern boundaries as follow:—

‘South—by a line to be drawn due east, &c. to the head of the St. Mary's river [in East Florida], and thence down along the middle of the St. Mary's river to the ATLANTIC OCEAN:—East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix from its mouth in the BAY OF FUNDY to its source directly north to the aforesaid Highlands which divide the rivers that fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN from those which fall into the RIVER ST. LAWRENCE; comprehending all islands lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries of Nova Scotia on the one part and East Florida on the other shall RESPECTIVELY touch the BAY OF FUNDY and the ATLANTIC OCEAN.’

Upon this article several questions arose:—first, which was the river St. Croix intended by the treaty? second, as the river so designated had a western and a northern source considerably distant, which source should be adopted? These two questions were decided (for reasons that will appear hereafter, we can hardly say settled) by an explanatory article, arranged in 1798 by special commissioners of both parties, and added to the general treaty of amity of 1794. But other and more difficult questions remained: where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia?—what is to be understood by the term Highlands?—which are the rivers falling into the Atlantic, as contradistinguished from those emptying themselves into the river of St. Lawrence, or the bay of Fundy?

All these questions must hereafter be separately treated: in *this* narrative stage of our observations it is enough to say that, after forty years of fruitless discussion, they were, in 1833, referred to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands, who found it impossible to reconcile either the claims of the parties or the features of the country with the terms of the treaty; and he therefore rejected both claims, and proposed, by way of expedient, another line—differing from both—which he *recommended* the parties to adopt, as a *mezzo termine* and substitute for the impracticable provisions of the treaty.

In this recommendation Great Britain would, it seems, have acquiesced; but the United States rejected it, on the ground that the Umpire, having been only empowered to decide *which* was the true boundary under the treaty, and not having been able to decide *that*, had surpassed his powers in recommending another and purely arbitrary line. We confess that we are equally surprised at the British acceptance and the American rejection of this award; and, much as we desire a settlement of the question, we are sincerely glad that this arrangement was not concluded; for it seems to us that it would have been almost as injurious to England as the whole American pretension, and a fruitful source of future quarrel. The recent survey, moreover, has ascertained that the statements on which the royal Arbiter proceeded were erroneous in point of *fact*.

During all these discussions, the British colonial governments of Lower Canada and New Brunswick had maintained over the disputed ground such a degree of possession and jurisdiction as was necessary or applicable to a wilderness of forests and waters, uncultivated and uninhabited except by occasional sojourners: but of late certain of the citizens of Maine—either desirous of new settlements, or wanting timber, which is beginning to grow scarce about their ancient seats, or impelled by a restless enmity against England—have taken the decision into their own hands, and have actually possessed themselves, in a hostile manner, and formed establishments on almost the extreme verge of the American claim. These encroachments have been, of course, resisted by our colonial governments, who have had, *from all time, exclusive* authority over the very spots where the people of Maine have lately, for the first time, personally intruded:—this excites, of course, a great ferment in both parties—hostile collision between individuals may any day produce irretrievable hostilities between the public servants of the two countries, and of course between the countries. It becomes, therefore, the *first* and *immediate* duty of the Federal Government of the United States to take decisive measures for keeping this inter-  
national

onal discussion in its own, the proper hands, and not to mit any individual State, and still less any individual citizens a State, to attempt to decide by force a question so doubtful : even the King of the Netherlands, a disinterested arbiter, ld not venture to determine it: and it behoves both the go- uments to use their utmost diligence in finding and arrang- some mode for terminating this condition of disorder and ger.

But though the award of the King of the Netherlands has been aside, for the reason before stated, and is therefore of no al obligation, yet it appears to us to possess a certain degree moral force which ought not to be without its effect on the ds of both parties, and which should direct their attention to e new mode (all the old ones having failed) of settling the iculty. The royal Umpire has pronounced the *treaty to be applicable and impracticable*. Without adopting all his majesty's ions for coming to this conclusion, and thinking, as we do, that *might*—and if the result of the recent survey could have been ore him, certainly would—have made a positive award, yet we fess that we think the adverse parties ought to be so far in- nced by his opinion as to try whether they cannot agree on e new proposition. America made, some years since, over- es of that tendency, which seem to us to have been very con- tory—equitable in their principles, and practicable in their ils. This is a point that seems to us of such vast importance, e we hope our readers will excuse the length of the following act from the proposition of Mr. Livingston, the American retary of State, to Sir Charles Vaughan, then British Minister.

‘ *Washington, 30th April, 1833.*

The arbitrator selected having declared himself unable to perform trust, it is as if none had been selected, and it would seem as if the ies to the submission were bound by their contract to select another ; this would be useless, if the position assumed by the Government is Britannic Majesty be correct, “ that it would be utterly hopeless his time of day to attempt to find out, by means of a new negoci- n, an assumed line of boundary, which successive negociators, and ch commissioners employed on the spot have, during so many years, d to discover.” The American Government, however, while they nowledge that the task is not without its difficulties, do not consider execution as hopeless. They still trust that a negotiation opened conducted in a spirit of frankness, and with a sincere desire to put end to one of the few questions which divide two nations, whose ual interest it will always be to cultivate the relations of amity, and ordial good understanding with each other, may, contrary to the ipications of his Britannic Majesty's Government, yet have a happy ult ; but if this should unfortunately fail, *other means, still untried remain.*

remain. It was, perhaps, natural to suppose, that negociators of the two powers coming to the discussion with honest prejudices, each in favour of the construction adopted by his own nation, on a matter of great import to both, should separate without coming to a decision. The same observations may apply to commissioners, citizens, or subjects of the contending parties, not having an impartial umpire to decide between them: and, although the selection of a sovereign arbiter would seem to have avoided these difficulties, yet this advantage may have been more than counterbalanced by the want of local knowledge. All the disadvantages of these modes of settlement, heretofore adopted, might, as it appears to the American Government, be avoided, *by appointing a new commission, consisting of an equal number of commissioners, with an umpire selected by some friendly Sovereign, from among the most skilful men in Europe, to decide on all points on which they disagree; or by a commission entirely composed of such men, so selected, to be attended, in the survey and view of the country, by agents appointed by the parties.* Impartiality, local knowledge, and high professional skill would thus be employed, which, although heretofore separately called into the service, have never before been combined for the solution of the question. *This is one mode; and perhaps others might occur in the course of the discussion, should the negociators fail in agreeing on the true boundary.* An opinion, however, is entertained, and has been hereinbefore expressed, that a *view of the subject, not hitherto taken, might lead to another and more favourable result.*

‘A free disclosure of this view might, according to the dictates of ordinary diplomacy, with more propriety, perhaps, be deferred until those of his Britannic Majesty’s Government should be more fully known, or, at least, until that Government had consented to open a negociation for determining the boundary; but the plain dealing with which the President [GENERAL JACKSON] desires this and all his other communications with foreign governments to be conducted, has induced a development of the principle for the consideration of his Britannic Majesty’s Government.

‘Boundaries of tracts and countries, where the region, through which the line is to pass, is unexplored, are frequently designated by natural objects, the precise situation of which is not known, but which are supposed to be in the direction of a particular point of the compass. Where the natural object is found in the designated direction, no question can arise. Where the course will not touch the natural boundary, the rule universally adopted is, not to consider the boundary as one impossible to be traced; but to preserve the natural boundary, and to reach it by the nearest direct course. Thus, if after more accurate surveys shall have been made, *it should be found that the north course from the head of the St. Croix should not reach the Highlands, which answer the description of those designated in the Treaty of 1783,—then a direct line from the head of the St. Croix, whatever may be its direction to such High lands, ought to be adopted, and the line would still be conformable to the Treaty.*

‘As this principle does not seem hitherto to have been adopted, it appears

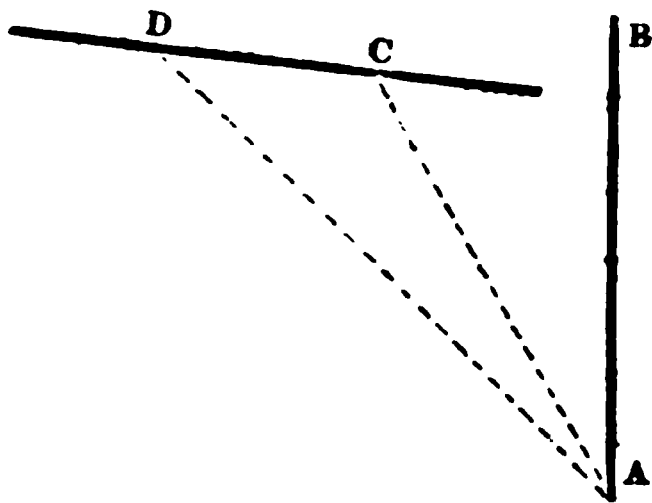
appears to the Government of the United States to offer to the commissioners, who may be appointed, the means of an amicable adjustment.'—*Correspondence A*, pp. 23, 24.

Sir Charles Vaughan was at first afraid that this proposition for a new line *northwards* instead of *due north* might be carried to the *eastward*, but Mr. Livingston in a subsequent communication cleared away this apprehension.

' *Washington, May 28, 1833.*

'The United States,' he says, 'make no pretensions farther east than the north line; but if, on a more accurate survey, it should be found that the north line mentioned in the Treaty should pass east of the Highlands therein described, and that they should be found *at some point further west*, then the principle to which I refer would apply, to wit, that the *direction of the line* to connect the *two natural boundaries* must be *altered* so as to suit their ascertained positions.

'Thus in the annexed diagram, suppose A. the monument at the head of the St. Croix, A.B. the north line drawn from thence. If the Highlands described in the treaty should be found in the course of that line, both the descriptions in the treaty would be found to coincide, and the question would be at an end. If, on the contrary, those Highlands should be found at C. or D., or at any other point west of that line, then the eastern boundary of the United States would be the line A. C., or A. D., or any other line drawn directly from the point A. to the place which should be found to answer the description of the Highlands mentioned in the treaty.



'This being fully understood, the President is willing, in order to simplify the operation, that the commission shall be restricted to the simple question of determining the point designated by the treaty as the Highlands which divide the waters, to which point a straight line shall be drawn from the monument: and that this line shall, as far as it extends, form part of the boundary in question. That they shall then designate the course of the line along the Highlands, and fix on the point designated as the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.'—*Correspondence A*, pp. 28, 29.

This, we presume, is the proposition concerning which Mr. Gallatin



Gallatin has thrown out a strong insinuation of censure against 'an American Secretary of State'—

who, on this very question, did, subsequent to the award, propose to substitute, for the due north line, another which would have given to Great Britain the greater part, if not the whole of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and why it was not at once accepted, cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a *complete ignorance* of the whole subject.'—p. ix.

We do not find in the Correspondence Lord Palmerston's reason for having thrown away this favourable opportunity of arrangement—and we fear that it was rejected, as Mr. Gallatin insinuates, by *complete ignorance*. From the result of the recent survey we may venture to concur with Mr. Gallatin in saying that this proposition, while it satisfied the American Government, would have given Great Britain as much as she can fairly claim; but even as matters stood in 1833, it could not, on the one hand, have possibly damaged the British position, while on the other it afforded (besides many local advantages) a better chance of finding—earlier in time, nearer in distance, and more marked in character—the Highlands in question; and, at all events, a much better prospect of an arrangement in 1833, than, after eight years of protracted and exasperating discussion, we have in 1841. The naked facts are no doubt still the same; but the temper and other circumstances of the discussion are, we fear, widely and inauspiciously different.

We hope, however, that this, as it seems to us, unfortunate determination of our ministers may not be irretrievable, and that the American Government may be still disposed to adopt the principles of arrangement proffered by General Jackson and Mr. Livingston. This hope is, we confess, somewhat enfeebled by the tone of Mr. Gallatin's book, which not only censures Mr. Livingston's overture, but proceeds on the broad contrary assumption that there is no room for either doubt or difficulty, and that the American claim can be, and therefore *must be*, established by a *strict* interpretation of the treaty:—an assumption, in our opinion, utterly untenable, and of which we shall now proceed to show the absolute futility.

In addition to the King of Holland's difficulties in making sense of the boundary clause, we have, on a close examination of the subject, discovered one which has not been, that we are aware of, before distinctly noticed, but which, if we do not deceive ourselves, is of considerable weight. It is this:—

The clause begins by establishing, as the first and main point of the boundary,

—the north-west angle of Nova Scotia:

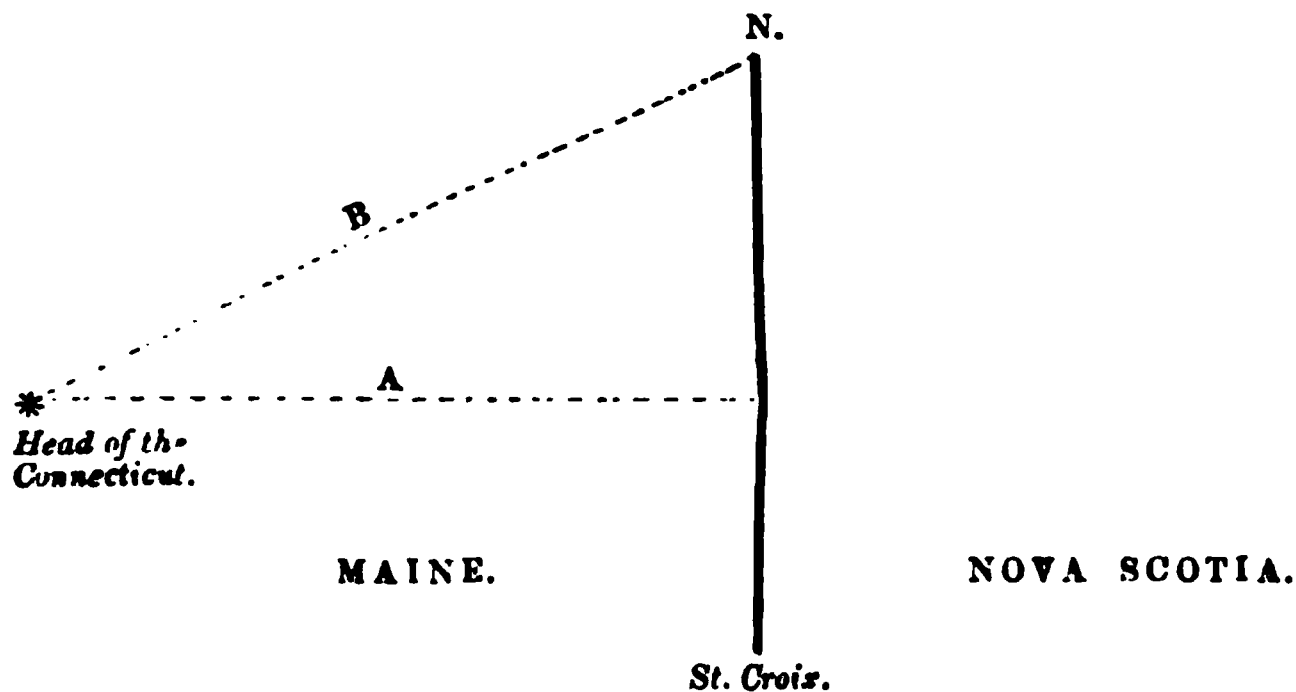
and

and it proceeds to direct how that *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* is to be formed, namely:—

'viz., by a line drawn due north from the source of the river *St. Croix* to certain *Highlands*, and along the said *Highlands*, &c., to the *north-western head of the Connecticut river* ;'

which head of the Connecticut is above three degrees westward of the said *due-north line*.

We here make no difficulty about *Highlands*—nor discuss on what point of the *due north* line the western line is to branch off,—nor at what angle, whether acute, right, or obtuse—all that would be superfluous ; for we assert that no line branching off from the *due-north* line, and tending in any way towards the *head of the Connecticut*, can, by any possibility, form the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, nor *any angle of Nova Scotia* at all. Observe this diagram:—



It is clear that, whether the line be drawn at B, as the Americans, or at A, as the British contend—whether it goes over *highlands* or *lowlands*—the *angle* thereby made with the *due-north* line can be *no angle* of NOVA SCOTIA. There are, it is said, mathematical limits even to Omnipotence—Omnipotence cannot, for instance, make a *square circle*, nor a *round triangle*: nor could Omnipotence cause the angle made by *any* line running from the *due-north* line to the *head of the Connecticut* to be an angle of NOVA SCOTIA. We may understand what the parties meant—as we may also understand what they meant in those other parts of the clause where the words are ambiguous—but if, as the Americans contend, we are to stick by the words—the *ipsissima verba*—of the treaty, then we say that this clause, which rests on the definition of the *north-west angle* of NOVA SCOTIA, is an entire nullity, there being *no angle of Nova Scotia*—east, west,

west, north, or south—to be either found or formed by the specified line.

We shall be told that this new discovery, made at the eleventh hour, has been left for our *ultra*-ingenuity, only because every body else saw clearly and indisputably what was meant—the negociators had eyes in their heads, and they must have therefore *intended* to say—

*which (western) line, if produced eastward across the due-north line, would form the north-west angle of Nova Scotia.*

Our answer is, first, that though this may have been meant, there is no indication of it in the terms of the treaty, which does not even talk of two lines intersecting one another and so forming angles on both sides, but is really worded as if it meant to exclude that idea—by mentioning only *one* line, which is first to run due north, and then, at a certain (or rather uncertain) place, is to trend away to the westward, leaving not only no angle, but no *possibility* of an angle, on the other or Nova Scotian side of the said line.

But it may be asked, can we not supply a few words to restore the obvious sense of the passage?—or may we not begin the description of the western line at the other end, and say,—

*a line proceeding from the Head of the Connecticut along the Highlands, &c. would cross the north line, and of course run into the Nova Scotia branch of the Highlands, and so constitute a north-west angle for Nova Scotia?*

This, to be sure, would answer the purpose, and make sense not only of the passage in question, but of the whole clause: and the British commissioner under the treaty of Ghent proposed to relieve the British claim from all objections by just a similar process—by merely inverting, *without altering a single word*, the *course* of the description—beginning with the head of the Connecticut and proceeding along the Highlands towards Nova Scotia; which, as we shall see (when we come to those details), would have reconciled the British claim with the exact words of the treaty. But this expedient the Americans utterly rejected; and that rejection Mr. Gallatin confirms (p. 24), not without some expression of contempt at such a futile attempt at evading the *text* of the treaty. If, then, we are to abide by that text, we are bound to say that all that therein relates to the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*—the *key-stone* of the whole system—is mere nonsense; that nothing hanging on that definition of the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* can be valid; and, as everything does confessedly hang on that definition, the whole is morally and physically null and void; and the parties must look out for some new basis of  
agreement,

agreement, or, if they are so bent, of disagreement—for the words of the present treaty, being, on this point, sheer nonsense, will serve for neither.

One further and important observation we must add, that, though both the parties affect to consider this *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* as an indispensable termination of their respective western lines, our readers, by looking at the sketch, will see that neither of those lines do in fact reach, nor even pretend to reach, *any* ANGLE *whatsoever* of NOVA SCOTIA. The American line (B) ends in the province of Quebec, or Lower Canada; and the English line (A) ends about the middle of the right line which forms the western boundary of *Nova Scotia*, or *New Brunswick*, where there is no angle at all.

What effect this failure in the very first condition of the boundary clause may have on the rest of its provisions—it is not for us to decide;—the basis is assuredly gone—and whatever may be supposed to have been founded upon it is, *strictly speaking*, null and void: but, if we are allowed to depart from the strict letter, and to consider the meaning and intent of the parties, we will then admit that this failure (although in a point that professed to be *essential*) seems to us of no great importance; for we cannot (nor could the King of the Netherlands) understand why such prominent mention, or indeed any mention at all, should have been made of the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, which never had been ascertained, and which, even if ascertained, could by no possibility answer the description given in the treaty. But if we cannot discover why the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* was so superfluously and absurdly introduced, still more extraordinary does it, at first sight, seem why the angle *really required*, viz.—the *north-east angle of Massachusetts*—was not taken as the point of departure. That angle, we admit, had not been much (though it was a little) better defined than the other; but to attempt to find it by means of the '*north-west angle of Nova Scotia*,' was as gross a case of seeking to discover *ignotum per ignotius*, as we have ever seen. We shall find in the sequel that at one time American authorities placed the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* as far westward as the head of the river St. John, and at another, admitted that the *north-east angle of Massachusetts* must be within the line of the river Penobscot; it is therefore possible that the American negociators foresaw something like the difficulty which has arisen; and after a direct attempt—which was as directly rejected—to fix a boundary considerably in advance of anything like the then understood boundary of Massachusetts—namely, along the river St. John—they preferred a vague and undefined line, which, though it could not reach the St. John—(all pretence to

which they had distinctly abandoned)—was yet certain to carry them a good deal beyond any boundary that Massachusetts could then allege.

But, whatever the motives may have been, assuredly a more clumsy mode of obviating 'future disputes,' or a more astute device for creating them, never before disgraced the annals of diplomacy.

If, therefore, we are to adhere to the basis designated by the *strict words* of the treaty, we may as well abandon the discussion at once—for they are nonsense: but if we are to follow the *meaning* of the parties, we must wholly reject the words '*north-west angle of Nova Scotia*,' and only consider the subsequent words, which, though professing to be explanatory, are in reality the substance of the matter.

We must begin by noticing a slight inaccuracy which has hitherto pervaded all the discussions on the subject—even the late report of our commissioners (p. 26 *et passim*). Everybody has argued as if the words

'*line drawn DUE NORTH from the source of the St. Croix*,' used in the *beginning* of the article, were the definition of the eastern boundary of the United States: this is not so—those words are not, *in that place*, used to define the eastern, or indeed any boundary, but only to guide to a point through which the *western* line, constituting the *northern* boundary, is to pass; but the *proper* definition of the *eastern* boundary is given at the *end* of the article where the words are repeated with, however, a noticeable variation.

'East; by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source *directly north* to the aforesaid Highlands, &c.'

Now, a line to be drawn '*due north*,' and a line to be drawn '*directly north*,' may mean the same thing; but it is curious, if so meant, that the negociators should have, within so short a space, varied their terms; that in other parts of the article they should have said *due north*, *due east*, *due west*; but that in defining this boundary they should have substituted '*directly north*' for their former expression '*due north*.' If the variation has no meaning, it is an additional blunder, and must throw additional suspicion on the adequacy of the negociators to convey their own meaning. But if the variation had a meaning, it could only be this:—the boundary described consisting of three parts—a *tortuous* or *waving* line along the centre of the St. Croix—a *direct* line north to the Highlands—and *another waving or tortuous line* along the Highlands—'*direct*'—might mean the *straight* line, in contradistinction to the other *irregular* lines which complete the boundary;

boundary; then also '*north*' would mean not *due-north*, but in a *northern direction*; and under this interpretation, Mr. Livingston's proposition would be in exact accordance with the *strict* words of the treaty. We know not whether this observation be of any value; but we have thought it worth while to make it for greater accuracy, as the case has been hitherto generally argued on the wrong clause—the *first* instead of the *last*—of the boundary article.

Having noticed this distinction, we shall proceed to a detailed examination of the words prescribing the *northern* boundary, and incidentally anticipating, as we have just said, the *eastern* one.

1.—'*that ANGLE which is formed by a line drawn due north*

2.—'*from the source of the RIVER ST. CROIX*

3.—'*to the HIGHLANDS—*

4.—'*ALONG the said HIGHLANDS,*

5.—'*which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. LAWRENCE from those which fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN, to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.*'

We have divided this enunciation into paragraphs—each of which has been the subject of difference—and we shall proceed to consider them in their order—always requesting our readers to recur frequently to our sketch, which, slight as it is, will enable them, we hope, to distinguish the main points of the discussion.

1. '*That angle—which is formed by a line drawn due north*'—

We have just shown that *such* an angle must be—not any angle of *Nova Scotia*, but the *north-eastern angle of Massachusetts or Maine*—to be found as follows:—

2. '*— by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix.*'

The French, who first explored this part of the coast and named the rivers, were in the habit of erecting crosses at the prominent points—such as the mouths of rivers; and it was long doubted which was the inlet especially designated as *the St. Croix*—though all parties were agreed that the *St. Croix* must be the boundary. And why? Because in the first grant of *Nova Scotia* by James I. to Sir W. Alexander, in 1623, it was stated that the boundary of that province should be '*a line drawn from Cape Sable across the Bay of Fundy to the river St. Croix, and up the said river to its most western source, and from that source towards the north (versus septentrionem), to the nearest ship-station [probably Quebec roads], river, or source [scaturigo] falling into the great river of Canada [the St. Lawrence].*'

This grant was a nullity as to its northern regions; for they had been many years previously in possession of the French, and the

the charter had an express exception of any land previously occupied—*si vel ipsa regna cultoribus prius vacua*; but it served to ascertain, at least, the original boundaries of Nova Scotia to the southward. The convention of 1798, therefore, very naturally and properly decided that the real St. Croix was the river since always called by that name, and so marked in our sketch; and that is a *fact* which may be now taken as conceded, though it extends, by implication, the limits of Massachusetts beyond the Penobscot, which had theretofore been the extreme limit of that province. For this we have the distinct and conclusive evidence of Mr. Gallatin himself, while commissioner of the United States employed in negotiating the treaty of Ghent—who in a letter to his own Secretary of State, 25th Dec. 1814, states:—

‘*Massachusetts has not the shadow of a claim to any land North of latitude 45°, to the eastward of the Penobscot, as you may easily convince yourself by recurring to her charters.*’—*Report 17.*

We entreat our readers to look again to the little map—to trace the latitude 45°—the only one with which we have thought it necessary to mark our sketch—to the line of the *Penobscot*—and then to conjecture how the statesman, who wrote officially the foregoing emphatic opinion, can advocate a claim, which the people of Maine now so strenuously rest on the original and indefeasible right of Massachusetts over the disputed territory—all of which lies *north of latitude 45°, and north-eastward of the Penobscot!*

The St. Croix then is the adopted boundary:—but the St. Croix has two branches—a *western* and a *northern*; which was meant?—King James’s grant of Nova Scotia, which first established the St. Croix as a boundary, says distinctly—along its ‘*most western waters*’—but the British Commissioner of 1798 having unhappily concurred with the American Commissioner in naming an American gentleman for *umpire*—the American umpire decided—that, after adopting King James’s river St. Croix, they should reject his express stipulation of its *most western source!* The *northern* branch was therefore determined to be the true St. Croix; and accordingly at the northern source of the St. Croix—(about 40 miles to the north-east of King James’s boundary—the western source)—a kind of *Monument* was erected, from which the due *north line* was to proceed. This rash decision had, besides the loss of so much territory, still more serious consequences.

In the first place, the *western* branch of the St. Croix approaches within 15 miles of the Penobscot, and within 2 miles of one of its tributaries, and is only 13 miles north of the 45th degree of latitude



latitude (*Official Map*); so that it would have afforded a boundary nearly in accordance with Mr. Gallatin's own admission, that 'Massachusetts had *not a shadow* of a claim to the eastward of the Penobscot and the northward of  $45^{\circ}$ ;' and in the second place, the due north line from the *western* source would have fallen in with *Highlands* of so decided a character that no controversy could have arisen about *them*, while the due north line from the *northern* source fell in with the *Highlands* at a point where their character was long thought to be disputable, and where even the recent survey has not, it seems, quite satisfied Mr. Gallatin that they exist.

The British Commissioners of Survey, Mr. Featherstonehaugh and Colonel Mudge, observing these serious incongruities and errors flowing from the decision of 1798, seem to recommend that it should be absolutely rescinded; and we are not sure that they may not be justified in doing so; not because there is manifest error—for nations must be bound even by the blunders of their ministers: but because the treaty of 1794, to which the convention of 1798 was *added* as a component part, was annulled by the hostilities in 1812; and as its provisions were not renewed by the treaty of Ghent, it is at least a question whether they have not become entirely abrogated.

But under the present circumstances, we think—speaking our own private opinion—that our government may not unwisely show its desire of arriving at an amicable adjustment, by waiving this question, and consenting, as a pledge of its conciliatory disposition, to abide by the expired convention of 1798, and to acknowledge the erroneous *Monument* as the practical point of departure;—a concession, we admit; but one which, rather than raise new questions in a matter already so intricate, we think it would be prudent as well as honourable to make. This erroneous or *eastern* line has also an advantage which we have not yet seen noticed: it leaves to the Americans some important tributary waters of the Penobscot, which the true or *western* line would cut off; and though it does on the other side intercept some of the smaller tributaries of the St. John's, it is on the whole a better approach than the western line would make, to the principle of leaving each party the uninterrupted course of its own waters. Mr. Livingstone's proposition of a *north-westward* line would in this point fully satisfy that principle, as it would completely divide the British and American waters.

This leads us to remark that the original boundary in this direction was a north-west line; and that the admitting that the line should be carried *due north* from the St. Croix, was another extraordinary blunder made by the British negotiator of the treaty

treaty of 1783. King James's boundary, which had up to that point been followed, says '*versus septentrionem ad proximam navium stationem, fluvium, vel scaturiginem in magno fluxu de Canada sese exonerantem*'—that is—TOWARDS the north to the nearest naval station, river, or source, discharging itself into the great river of Canada. Now the nearest naval station or ship-road to either, but particularly to the western source of the St. Croix, is Quebec—and the nearest river, or head of river, discharging itself into the St. Lawrence, lies about *north-west* of the St. Croix—that is, *versus septentrionem, towards the north*;—but instead of saying *towards the north*, the treaty of 1783 says *due north*—a deviation from the original line which obviously gave up an additional portion of territory that could not have been disputed, and incidentally increased the difficulty of completing the rest of the boundary. This is an additional reason for regretting the rejection of Mr. Livingstone's overture of 1833, which was not only fair in itself, but would, it now appears, have followed the *direction* of the original boundary, would have satisfied the principle of dividing the waters, and would have nearly met the views of the last British commissioners.

But all these are become, we fear, extraneous considerations; and we now must approach the *actual* difficulties—those on which the affair has latterly turned.

'3.—to the Highlands.'

Every one of these three words is ambiguous. Does '*to*' mean to the edge or to the ridge of the mountains?—'*the*' seems to designate Highlands—specific and well known—though it now seems, that no one knew anything about the real face of the country; but the grand difficulty is on the word '*Highlands*.' The first and, till the recent survey, general opinion was, that there was nothing like '*Highlands*' to be found in the specified direction of due north—(and thence Mr. Livingston's equitable, or at least plausible proposition to look for them to the *north-westwards*). The diplomatists on both sides, instead of looking out for *the Highlands*, took for granted that there were none, in the ordinary and plain sense of the term, and set about finding a meaning for the word that should suit the supposed nature of the country. We have not the statements of the two parties, laid before the King of the Netherlands; they have never, we believe, been published: they are known, indeed, to Mr. Gallatin, but the discretion of Downing Street conceals them from us:—we therefore cannot imagine by what arguments two nations, to whom the *English* tongue is native, persuaded a *Dutch* umpire to decide

'that according to the instances which are adduced, the term *Highlands*

ing to Christchurch. The plateau of the department of  
et Loir, in France, is *Highlands*, because it supplies the  
which runs north, and the Loir which runs south.

though we are not permitted to see the respective state-  
s, we are glad to learn from Mr. Gallatin (p. 30) that the  
sh government did not adopt this new system of philology,  
bat the Americans did; and have even gone so far as to state  
the word "Highlands" was judiciously (*eugenically*) selected, as ap-  
le to any ground, *whatever might be its nature or elevation*, along  
a line dividing rivers should be found to pass."—*Gallatin, ib.*

this Mr. Gallatin defends and supports by asserting that  
*lands* (sic) which divide rivers, and *height of land*, are synony-  
—*ib.*

. Gallatin endeavours to prove his philological position by  
ng, what is quite true, that a portion of the country admitted  
th sides to be part of *the Highlands* had been called, in  
is maps and topographical writings, 'height of land,' 'height  
'land,' 'land's height;' and gives two instances of other  
in North America, whence rivers flow opposite ways, being  
wellers called 'high lands.' We admit all this; but what  
it prove?—only this, that one may reasonably apply the term  
*ht of land* to Highlands; but by no means that you may  
'the generic description of 'Highlands' to a 'height of land:'  
ountainous region involves the idea of a *height of land*, but  
*ht of land* does not involve the necessity of a mountainous

iffing as the observation may at first appear, we cannot pass  
iced a little typographical artifice on the part of Mr. Gal-  
in stating the several words which use the term *High*

words of the treaty had been '*height of land*,' or if it had appeared thus—'*high lands*'—Mr. Gallatin's construction would have had some colour; the words '*high lands*,' thus exhibited, would not indeed have excluded the British claim—which having, according to the recent survey, found actual '*Highlands*,' has, *à fortiori*, found '*high lands*;' but it would have relieved either party from the necessity of looking for *Highlands*, and would have authorised them to say that the letter of the treaty would be satisfied by—any land higher than the adjoining country, from which the water ran different ways.

But the fact is not so; the word is printed in the official and indeed all other copies of the treaty that we have been able to see,\* and we presume it was so written in the original document—*Highlands*—one word, with a capital letter. We need not waste time in explaining to any English or American reader the difference between '*Highlands*' and '*high lands*:'—'*Cela*,' as the French say, '*saute aux yeux*.' We therefore assert that, according to all practice in writing and printing and the technical rules of grammar (see, if it is thought worth while, Murray's Grammar, p. 273, ed. 12mo), the word '*Highlands*' in the treaty must be understood in its special, distinguishing, and emphatic sense; and that, even if no such Highlands were to be found, you could only add it to the long list of the blunders and inconsistencies of the treaty, and not imagine that you solve the problem by construing *Highlands* to mean *lowlands*.

Suppose the words of the treaty had been '*a line drawn due north till it fell in with the lake Medousa*'—as by Mitchell's† map it would—and supposing, as the case also is, that the true north line falls in with neither the lake Medousa nor any other lake, would you be justified in saying, that, not being able to find a lake, you would content yourself with some rivulet which the north line might happen to cross? Would you not rather say, that (as Mr. Livingston's principle admits) the error was from the defect of information in the direction of the line, and that it

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\* We must, in candour, add that, in the Report of Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge, printed *by command of Her Majesty*, though the article of the treaty is at first printed (p. 20) as it has been invariably printed—'*Highlands*;' yet, when the commissioners quote the same passage subsequently, it is printed '*highlands*.' Such variances ought not to be permitted in official documents, however venial or indifferent they may be in ordinary matters. *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala*.

† Mitchell's map is an old map of the year 1755, compiled in the office of the Board of Trade, and extremely defective and erroneous in its details as to the relative position of places. We really know not in whose favour the balance of advantage from its errors would be—but it exhibits the river St. John's so very prominently, that we can hardly suppose that, if the negociators had intended that the north line should have crossed that great feature, they should have omitted all mention of it. *Medousa* seems to be Mitchell's euphonous version of *Madawaska*: but the lake is called in the modern maps *Temiscouta*.

should be therefore drawn north-westward so as to meet, as it would do, the intended lake? The common sense, then, of the matter obviously is that you should deal with the '*Highlands*' of the treaty as you would with the Medousa Lake in the supposed case.

4. '*—along the said Highlands.*'

What means the word *along*? Is the line to be drawn straight from the extreme points? or is it to follow the summit of the ridge? or is it to wind round the heads of the rivers which it may meet flowing different ways? Is it to run along the first Highlands it may meet, or in the centre of the Highland regions? All these apparently trivial niceties have been brought into discussion, and elaborately argued, and have only helped to perplex the question still further. The obvious meaning seems to us to be, that the northward line should end at the first Highlands, and thence run along the general summit direction of the ridge it had so met.\*

But the next step raises a much more important difficulty—indeed, as it seems to us, the important of all.

5.—'*along the said Highlands—which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, from those which fall into the ATLANTIC OCEAN—to the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river.*'

Here the question becomes much more complex. The Americans say, and, as it may at first sight seem, very justly, that we have here a *definition* of the *Highlands* intended—namely, *those*

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\* A very ingenious idea was produced in the Westminster Review of last June, signed C. B.: meaning, we believe, Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., late secretary of Lord Durham's Canadian mission. His theory is founded on the indisputable position, that *Highlands* do not necessarily, nor even commonly, mean a single ridge, but a *mountainous region*; and that, in this sense, the American line, along the St. Lawrence, and the British line, south of the St. John, would be the two faces of an intermediate tract of Highlands which would then *literally* fulfil all the conditions of the treaty, by throwing off their external waters into the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, respectively; though their internal waters ran into the Bay of Fundy. This is really the case with most Highlands. The Alpine region throws off the Rhine and its tributaries, northward, to the German Ocean—and the Po and its tributaries, southward, to the Adriatic—though its internal streams are westward, and ultimately fall into the Mediterranean. So also the Scottish Highlands send off their external streams north and south, though their internal waters run generally eastward. If the natural features of the British and American lines, and of the country between them, were such as to justify the designation of *Highlands*, Mr. Buller's idea would be conclusive; though we do not see why he should in that case determine (as he did) his boundary by a *straight line* through the *centre* of the region, since the treaty specifies that the boundary should commence at the southern elevation of the Highlands, and follows their course. The theory, we say, was both ingenious and, from all analogy, very probable; but the report of the recent *survey*, promulgated since Mr. Buller's paper was published, negatives the *Highland* character of the *tract between* the two lines, and of the American line itself: and so, we fear, Mr. Buller's clever theory will not solve our difficulty, though Mr. Gallatin has considered it deserving a very elaborate answer (Gallatin, p. 127-136)—an answer, however, which would have been *very insufficient* if the survey had corroborated the theory.

that divide the waters of the *river St. Lawrence* from the waters falling into the *Atlantic ocean*, and that therefore they are entitled to protract the *north line* till it shall meet *Highlands dividing such waters*;—that in order to do this, their line crosses the great river *St. Johns*, which flows into the Bay of Fundy, and some branches of the *Restigouche*, which falls into the gulf of *St. Lawrence* through the Bay of Chaleurs; and thus the *north line*, and of course the *north-east angle of Maine*, and the north-west angle of *Nova Scotia*, would be carried up to the point marked A in the sketch, about thirty-five miles from the shores of the river *St. Lawrence*.

But this apparently clear construction is liable to many—some of them *utterly insurmountable*—objections.

1. One that we shall not here dwell upon, but which must be noticed *en passant*. We beg the reader, any reader, even Mr. Gallatin, to look at the sketch—and we then ask him (and the King of the Netherlands suggests the same difficulty) whether it is credible that Great Britain could by any possibility have *intended* to run the adverse angle so deep into her own possessions, and to interpose such a mass of territory between her own provinces, and particularly between her colonial capitals of Halifax, Fredericton, and Quebec?—and this too after she had rejected, and America had acquiesced in the rejection of, the line of the river *St. John*—and when, as Mr. Gallatin, the American Commissioner at Ghent, admits, ‘Massachusetts had not a shadow of right east of the Penobscot and north of latitude 45°.’ But as we admit that the alleged blunders of a negociator would be an inconclusive argument against the *clear and explicit*\* provisions of a treaty, we shall not, in this stage of the discussion, insist on this question of probability; but,

2. This pretension would carry the imaginary *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* far beyond any limits which can possibly be assigned to that province—in short, that angle would be in the heart of Lower Canada, and is, *in point of fact*, within its ancient

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\* But if there be any question, ‘the party,’ say all writers on public law, ‘which cedes a territory shall, in case of doubt, be supposed to have ceded as little as possible.’ It is exceedingly curious that Vattel supports this doctrine by an example from the very territory now in dispute:—‘S’il est vrai que les limites de l’*Acadie* [Nova Scotia] aient toujours été incertaines, et que les Français en aient été les maîtres légitimes, cette nation sera fondée en prétendant qu’elle n’a cédé l’*Acadie* aux Anglais par le traité d’*Utrecht* que suivant les limites les plus étroites.’ (*Vol. l. ii. c. xvii.*) Which being translated, *mutatis mutandis*, for the present case is—‘If it be true that the boundaries of Acadia [Nova Scotia] have been always uncertain, and that the English were legitimate possessors, England will be justified in asserting that she ceded Acadia to the Americans by the treaty of Paris, according to the *most restricted boundary*.’ In other words, the boundary which gives least to America is, in case of doubt, the most consistent with the laws of nations.



and legally exercised jurisdiction. But again on this circumstance, though of some *practical* value, we rest but little of our argument, because the ancient, or, indeed, modern limits assigned by ourselves to our provinces,—not having been recognised by the treaty, but, on the contrary, studiously omitted, though it seems indubitable that they would have supplied the easiest and most obvious mode of designating the new boundary of the United States—those limits, we say, being thus repudiated, we agree with the Umpire, that no argument drawn from them can be conclusive on either side. We must endeavour to understand the treaty, and to abide by it where intelligible—and on those points where no rational meaning can be extracted, it will remain for the parties to devise some ulterior mode of settlement.

3. But the chief and most important question of the whole discussion is, what is meant by rivers emptying themselves into the *river St. Lawrence*, as contradistinguished from those running into the *Atlantic Ocean*? If the bay of Chaleurs, which receives the Restigouche—and the Bay of Fundy, which receives the St. John's, were meant to be included in the *Atlantic Ocean*, the American boundary is certainly right; but we think it is perfectly clear that such is not either the letter or intention of the treaty—though we are again forced to admit the extreme stupidity or carelessness of the negociators, who ought not to have left any shadow of doubt on so plain and so important a point.

Connected with this disputed boundary there are three classes of rivers—

1. The *Kennebec*, the *Penobscot*, and their tributaries, which run into the *Atlantic Ocean*, south of the Bay of Fundy,

2. The *St. John's* and its tributaries, which fall into the *Bay of Fundy*, and

3. The *Chaudiere*, *Etechemins*, and several smaller rivers, which empty themselves into the *river St. Lawrence*.

About the first and last classes there can be no question; and as the river (the St. John's), falling into the Bay of Fundy, is not otherwise designated, one would say *primâ facie* that it was included in the description of rivers falling into the Atlantic; but it certainly is not so included either in the intent or in the words of the treaty, which very studiously negative that interpretation.

We shall not rely on geographical analogies such as the *Irish Sea*, or the *British Channel*, or the *Bay of Biscay*, or the *Gulf of Mexico*, which are at least as much portions of the Atlantic Ocean as the *Bay of Fundy*, though, when used contradistinctively, they can never be confounded with the *Atlantic Ocean*; but we shall solely rely on the express words of the official documents in the particular case.

We



We shall first quote the secret instructions of Congress to their own ministers at Paris, conveying the *ultimatum* of the United States on their future boundaries.

The American negociator is instructed to insist—as an *ultimatum*—on these boundaries—

‘ On the *north*, the Highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the *river St. Lawrence*, from those which fall into the *Atlantic Ocean*, to the north-westernmost head of the river Connecticut: and *east* by a line drawn along the river St. John’s, *from its source to its mouth* in the BAY OF FUNDY; or by a line to be settled or adjusted between that part of the State of Massachusetts Bay, formerly called the province of Maine, and the colony of Nova Scotia, *agreeably to their respective rights* [which would have limited Maine to the Penobscot at farthest], comprehending all islands lying between lines to be drawn due east, as the aforesaid boundaries of Nova Scotia on one part, and East Florida on the other part, shall *respectively* touch the BAY OF FUNDY—AND—the ATLANTIC OCEAN.’

Here we have recorded a most important distinction as to the extent of the individual rights of the state of Maine, which we shall revert to by and by; but for our present purpose here are *two* distinct admissions by Congress in their secret instructions to their ministers, that in this question of boundaries, the ‘*Bay of Fundy*’ is entirely distinct from ‘*the Atlantic Ocean* ;’ and we find the treaty accurately following and *consecrating*, as it were, the same distinction; it recapitulates the *very words* of the instructions, as our readers will see by turning back to the article in p. 505.

This is conclusive—for the distinction between the *Atlantic Ocean* AND the *Bay of Fundy* is made *in rem*, as the logicians say—in the authoritative clause and for the special purpose—and repeated twice over—and no sophistry can defeat the conclusion.

But there is still an important confirmation, if confirmation could be needed. The Americans say that the specification of this north boundary is copied from the old British boundary of the province of Quebec;—and so it is—all but *one important word*:—the boundary of Quebec, as against *our own* province of Nova Scotia, contradistinguishes the rivers which fall into the *St. Lawrence* from those, the Restigouche and St. John, which fall into *the sea*—the word *sea* might have included the bays of Chaleurs and Fundy; but when the *treaty* comes to distinguish between our provinces and the United States, it changes *one* word, and one word only—‘*the sea*’—for which it substitutes the term ‘*Atlantic Ocean*,’ for the express purpose of distinguishing *it* from the *Bay of Fundy*.

But this is not all; in another clause of the treaty, where the rights of fishing are granted to the United States, the gulf of  
the

the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy are called *the Sea*—thereby further marking the distinction between them as particular portions of the sea and that wider portion of the sea *distinguished* in the treaty as *the Atlantic Ocean*. In fine, by the repeated terms of the treaty it is as clear as any words can be that *the BAY OF FUNDY* was contra-distinguished *throughout, and repeatedly, and advisedly*, from *the ATLANTIC OCEAN*.

This decides the largest and most important branch of the discussion against the American claim; for their objection to the English line—we beg our readers to turn back to the sketch—is this: that it divides the *Atlantic waters* from the *St. Lawrence waters* only during part of its course—that is, towards its western extremity—but that to the eastward, it divides the *Atlantic waters* from those of the *Bay of Fundy*. But it turns out that exactly the same objection lies to the American line; for it also only divides the *St. Lawrence waters* from the *Atlantic waters* for part of its course—that is, at its western end—but at its eastern end only divides the *St. Lawrence waters* from those of the *Bay of Fundy*—and the *Bay of Fundy* being, in this very boundary clause, carefully and repeatedly contradistinguished from the *Atlantic Ocean*, the American line labours under exactly the very same objection which the Americans have advanced against the British line.

This is undeniable; and this portion of the American argument, if admitted to its fullest possible extent, could only show that neither line was right.

But we think we can carry the British argument an important, and conclusive step further.

The difficulty, be it remembered, is this—that the treaty, in talking of the rivers which run off on opposite sides, mentions only those of the *St. Lawrence* and *Atlantic*; why is it silent as to those which flow into the *Bay of Fundy*? For this, as the negotiators may have thought, sufficient reason—that the business was to trace a line of boundary between the *two nations*, and that the St. John's being altogether *within* the British territory, the *national* boundary could have no concern with it:—and the exact site and courses of its various branches being very imperfectly or in fact wholly unknown, it would have been imprudent to employ them in the description of such a boundary. Knowing what we *now* know of the course of the St. John, and the difficulties which have since arisen in tracing the *Highlands*, it is obvious that it would have been better if the treaty had specified that the line should have '*divided the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean from those falling into the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy.*' 'Yes,' the American advocates will answer; 'the

'the addition of those latter words would certainly have clearly established the British claim—but their omission as clearly confirms ours.' Not so!—for to establish their claim the self-same words should have been equally added, and the treaty should have said, '*dividing the waters flowing into the Atlantic Ocean and the bay of Fundy from those falling into the river St. Lawrence.*' So that, in this respect, the two lines are just in the same condition; and if, as the King of the Netherlands most justly observes, the two lines have equal claims, the decision, of course, must be in favour of *that* one of the two, *otherwise equal*, lines, which the *line proceeding due north* would *first* meet—that is, the British line.

Upon the whole, therefore, of the considerations arising out of the *strict words of the treaty*—to which we have hitherto confined ourselves—we are decidedly of opinion that the nearest approach to its exact terms would be, that the direct line drawn north from the St. Croix should terminate at the rise of the Highlands in the neighbourhood of Mars Hill, south of the Restook, a main tributary of the river St. John's—and thence the boundary should run westward along those Highlands towards the head of the Connecticut:—in short—the *British line*; but which is the British line only because the various British officers and statesmen, who have examined the question, have, like ourselves (if we may venture to allude to ourselves on such an occasion), arrived honestly and sincerely at the conclusion, that it is the line *least inconsistent* with the specific terms of the treaty.

Even at the expense of what may seem a tedious repetition, we think it both fair and convenient to restate the three chief and, as *they* think, conclusive objections which the Americans make to the assumption of this point near Mars Hill as their *north-east angle*; to which we shall annex a summary of the answers to which we conceive those objections are liable.

*Objection I.* There are no such *Highlands* at that spot.

*Answer.* The exact character of the country at this point is a question of *fact* which must be determined by survey and evidence. The recent report of the British commissioners, indeed, gives that survey and evidence, but it is *ex parte*, and we therefore shall not, in this place, rely upon it; nor is it essential to this point, because there is, on the admitted evidence, a conclusive answer to the American objection: namely, that *they* argue that Highlands mean only such a *height of land* as throws off water, and that in this sense the British point is *confessedly* as much *Highlands* as the American point on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

*Objection*

*Objection II.* It does not correspond with the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* prescribed in the treaty.

*Answer.* It certainly does not; but we have already shown that there is a physical impossibility that the *north-west angle of NOVA SCOTIA* can ever be found or formed by the terms of the treaty—that the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* has never yet been defined—and that, as the Umpire has truly said, Nova Scotia might have, for aught we know, several north-west angles—but the angle adopted by England does give, what it is admitted was *intended* to be defined by the treaty, a *north-east angle of the United States*, and thus affords a perfect meaning and the *nearest approach* to the strict terms of the clause.

*Objection III.* That even if there be *Highlands* at this point, they are not *Highlands* which divide the waters falling into the *St. Lawrence* from those falling into the *Atlantic Ocean*, because the waters which fall into the *Bay of Fundy* intervene, which *Bay of Fundy* is the *Atlantic Ocean*.

*Answer.* As this objection comprises two heads, so must the answer. First, the very boundary clause of the treaty carefully distinguishes the *Atlantic Ocean* from the *Bay of Fundy* as different and distinct portions of *the sea*; and things which the clause *distinguishes* as *different* cannot, in interpreting the same clause, be *confounded* as the *same*. Secondly,—the American point is liable to *exactly* the same objection; namely, that *it* divides the waters of the *St. Lawrence*—not from the waters of the *Atlantic Ocean*, but—from the waters of that separate portion of *the sea* distinguished in the treaty as the *Bay of Fundy*.

Here we conclude our observations founded on the *terms of the treaty*.

Three other points remain to be disposed of. I. The natural *facts* of the case, as proved by surveys. II. The evidence as to the general *intentions* of the parties when they made the original treaty; and, III. The right of the *individual State of Maine* to control the decision of the Federal Government in this matter.

As to the natural features of the country, it is obvious that it would be quite impossible for us to bring into any manageable *shape* the vast and complex details of territorial surveys, and *scientific*, and often *unscientific*, observations which have been made; we shall, however, endeavour to give a summary of the *main points*, and of the general result.

We must begin by stating that it was not till the publication of the Report of Featherstonhaugh and Mudge, so lately as last July, that we, or anybody else, possessed anything like an *accurate view* of the case. We shall see presently that Mr. Gallatin is forced to admit that the best and latest American surveys

were only '*conjectural*;' and it is clear that all that has hitherto taken place on *conjectural*, and, as we shall also show, on *fictitious* evidence, is good for nothing, and that the authentication of the facts of the case must be the foundation of a new discussion. The survey by Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge is the first that ever has been made by actual observation and scientific professors. It is, we admit, *ex parte*—and it would be certainly most desirable, and indeed is absolutely necessary, that the American government should either accept its conclusions, or should consent to a conjoint *scientific* survey, which should now do what ought to have been done in the beginning, and what Mr. Livingston proposed in 1833—ascertain the *natural* facts as the basis of the *political* discussion.

But in the mean time we must be permitted to put our trust in the good faith and skill of the British commissioners: to the precision of their observations, the accuracy of their results, and the truth and clearness of their statements of facts, Mr. Gallatin bears full and honourable testimony (p. 150); though he adds, that to those facts '*the United States attach no importance*'—a singular admission—the true interpretation of which is that the facts are all against the pretensions of the United States, as we shall soon see.

We are sorry to be obliged to say that this very able Report too clearly proves that the extreme negligence or ignorance which characterised the British negociators in the earlier stages of the transaction were even, if possible, surpassed by those of British agents employed in the subsequent examination of the features of the country. The proceedings and reports of the American agents have been indeed equally erroneous; but it is very remarkable that all the mistakes of the British were made against themselves, and all the misstatements of the Americans were made in their own favour. Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Col. Mudge do not hesitate to attribute the former to '*inadvertence*,' '*indiscretion*,' or '*delusion*;' while the latter are characterised as '*management*' and '*manœuvre*.' Our readers will see presently some of these instances, and will form their own judgment.

We have already observed how, under the treaty of 1783, the line was to be drawn *due north* instead of *north-westward*, and how, under the Convention of 1798, the *Monument* was erected at the *eastern*, instead, as it ought to have been, at the *western* source of the St. Croix. Under the treaty of Ghent, another joint commission was employed to trace the *due north* line from this Monument to the Highlands:—

'It appears that the surveyors of the two governments were directed by the joint commissioners to "proceed upon an exploring survey, upon

upon a line due north from the lake at the source of the river St. Croix, —until they should arrive at some one of the streams or waters which are connected with the River St. Lawrence."

' It is alleged in the British Commissioner's Report that this (latter) direction " was framed and inserted in the draft of the original instructions to the surveyors by the *agent of the United States*; and this fact is not denied by him."

' The sanctioning of this instruction was no doubt indiscreet on the part of the British commissioner. The terms of the treaty were not ambiguous; they enjoined the parties to run the due north line to the *Highlands*, and not to *STREAMS RUNNING INTO THE ST. LAWRENCE*. But the joint instruction to the surveyors to carry the due north line to the waters of the St. Lawrence was virtually a direction to extend the line to the Metis; and hence the inadvertent concurrence of the British commissioner in this instruction was made to carry along with it an implied sanction, on his part, of the gratuitous assumption that the Metis flowed from the Highlands of the treaty.

' The American agent was not slow to avail himself of the success of his manœuvre, and at the close of that survey of the *due north line*, he produced a map, exhibiting a chain of " Highlands " running *uninterrupted by any gap or depression whatever*, from the source of the Metis, in west longitude  $67^{\circ} 55'$ , to the sources of the Ouelle, in west longitude  $70^{\circ}$ ;—[this is the northern edge of the shaded part of our sketch]—writing in conspicuous characters over them these words:—*The Highlands which divide the rivers emptying into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean.*"

' At the meeting of the commissioners in 1819, the American agent had the address to procure that fictitious map to be filed in the joint proceedings; so that when the misrepresentation in this map had attracted the attention of the British party in the joint commission, and motion was made to take the map off the files, the American commissioner refused his consent to the proposition, and it thus became a part of the records of the joint commission.'—*Report*, pp. 42, 43.

At this time it was supposed that the country in the neighbourhood of Mars Hill afforded no Highlands, and the American Commissioner, under the treaty of Ghent, concluded that the British Commissioner would therefore be compelled to contend that the *Highlands* of the treaty did not mean any *visible elevation*, but only such a height of land as would throw off waters. The American therefore assumed that *great visible elevation* was *indispensably necessary*, and accordingly a range of mountains '*entirely fictitious*,' as it has turned out) were inserted on the map of the American surveyor, who solemnly stated that he *had himself seen* them. (*ib.*)

This surveyor, Mr. Johnson, was soon after withdrawn from the survey, and a Mr. Burnham appointed to pursue the inquiry in America, with Dr. Tiarks on the part of England. These gentlemen proceeded together satisfactorily, and concurred in re-



porting that no such Highlands as those seen and delineated by Mr. Johnson were to be found:—

‘and that so far from there being in these places a ridge separating the waters running in opposite directions, they found insulated point without the least chain of connexion.’—*Rep.*, p. 43.

The American *agent*, who had (on the faith of Johnson) taken his stand on *visible Highlands*, finding that his point had no such character, now turned sharp round, and discovered that the real meaning of the term was not a *visible elevation*, but any ‘land which should separate rivers running in contrary directions.’

But though the new American *surveyor* had thus agreed with Dr. Tiarks in levelling Mr. Johnson’s mountains, yet when the American *agent* came to present his map, the mountains were again erected and replaced on it, ‘with a *further spurious addition*, about *eighty miles in extent*, up to the head waters of the Chaudiere;’ the object of which was to connect by means of this new fiction the former fictitious range of Mr. Johnson with the real high lands which actually do separate the heads of the Chaudiere and Connecticut. The British Commissioners, of course, objected to this map, and desired that the American *surveyor* should attest its accuracy, on oath, offering that the British *surveyor* should do the like by his own map. This was refused; and the American *agent* then objected to the British map, because it had *not* the Highlands, which both parties had previously reported to be fictitious. The offers of the British agent and the refusal of the American to have the correctness of these maps attested by the oaths of the surveyors would lead us to guess which of the two was right; but we need not *guess*, when we have the authority of Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Colonel Mudge, who have since been over the same ground, and

‘after a careful survey of all that part of the country, unhesitatingly declare that the ridge inserted in the American map is *entirely fictitious*, and that there is no foundation in the natural appearance of the country for any such invention.’—*Rep.*, p. 45.

This is an entirely new and very curious feature in the case, and not less curious is Mr. Gallatin’s mode of dealing with it.

‘The report dwells,’ he says, ‘on some *controversies* which took place under the Ghent commission, respecting certain *conjectural* maps; and in the opinion and acts of the American Commissioners and agent, which *most certainly cannot affect any question in issue*.’—*Gall.*, p. 148.

Not one jot of the facts is denied or even questioned; on the contrary, Mr. Gallatin admits the accuracy of our late Commissioners; and the whole of Mr. Gallatin’s defence is comprised within the word ‘*conjectural*,’ now applied to maps originally offered on official responsibility as the result of actual survey: to which however he adds, that ‘the facts do not affect the question’—



tion'—a convenient mode of disposing of adverse facts! We however must express our doubts whether, if these 'conjectural' mountains had not been thus demolished, Mr. Gallatin would have been so indifferent about the facts, and have had recourse to the pleasant discovery, so elaborately worked out in his argument, that *Highlands* mean *Lowlands*.

Indeed, we find that up to the recent survey, which Mr. Gallatin does not venture to gainsay on any one point of fact, and which had thus levelled Mr. Johnson's *conjectural* mountains, the American authorities persisted in giving this ridge a very lofty character. Certain commissioners, appointed in 1838 by the State of Maine to survey the line, reported to the governor (Kent), and the governor stated, in his annual address to the convened Legislature of the State, so lately as 2nd January, 1839—

'that the base of the country *rises constantly and regularly*, from the monument to the [American] angle; which is from *two to three thousand feet* above the level of the sea; and that the country is *high and even mountainous about this spot*. And there is no difficulty in tracing a line *westwardly,—of long, distinct, and well-defined Highlands*, dividing waters according to the treaty.'—*Rep.*, p. 46.

So late, therefore, as the 2nd of January, 1839, Governor Kent had no idea that *Highlands* meant *Lowlands*, and he officially stated to the legislature that their commissioners had found a *distinct and well-defined* [not 'conjectural,'] *line of Highlands*, and that B, the American angle, was between *two and three thousand feet above the level of the sea*.

We have just seen that these *distinct and well-defined Highlands* vanished into flat swamps; but will not our readers (even after all they have seen) be startled to find that the point thus officially stated as being between *two and three thousand*—or, as it is elsewhere more minutely given, [Report, p. 49] 2581 feet—above the level of the sea, was found by Mr. Featherstonhaugh and Col. Mudge, after a series of scientific observations and actual admeasurements, to be just 400 feet and no more! Exactly 2181 feet lower than the official American statement—and 50 feet lower than the *Monument*—the point of departure; from which the ground, said the Maine commissioners, had (for a course of 170 miles) '*constantly and regularly risen*.'

Was there ever before, in the intercourse of nations, anything like this?

But we must do justice to these American governors and commissioners:—they were certainly very indiscreet—very wrong to promulgate, on their own authority, and as the result of their own observations, statements about which, it now appears, they knew nothing;—but we are bound to add that they may have borrowed a part of their erroneous structure from what they thought sufficient

cient authority. Col. Bouchette, the British Surveyor General of Lower Canada, had, it seems, put forth, as the fruit of his own personal observation and research, a section of the ground from the Monument to one of the branches of the Restigouche—in which—by the same ill luck which seems to have attended all former British agents, and under what Messrs. Featherstonhaugh and Mudge characterise as a '*delusion*'—he had, it is not stated by what process, added some seventeen or eighteen hundred feet to the real elevation; \*—for instance, he doubled the height of the monument, the point of departure, from 450 to 850—the ridge near the St. John's, which is 980, he raised to 2240—and the extremity of his survey, which is really 400 feet above the sea, he represented as 2065—to which the Maine commissioners thought, it is supposed, that they were quite safe in adding 516 for the rest of 'the constant and regular rise' not surveyed by Col. Bouchette—and so the commissioners and governor of Maine contrived to find 2581 feet of elevation, when in fact there are but 400.

We fearlessly appeal to Europe and to America—sure of the verdict of every honest man—to compare these continuous and pertinacious attempts to exhibit a fraudulent mountainous elevation, with Mr. Gallatin's recent assertion that the American claim needs no elevation at all—and that a flat swampy tract of morasses, from which creeps a river of 36 miles long, falling into the sea by so very small a declivity, and so slowly as '*scarcely to move a feather on its surface*'—that these boggy savannahs are the range of HIGHLANDS designated by the treaty.

This, we admit, is but one point of the discussion; but there is no juster maxim of general law than *falsum in uno falsum in omni*. The rule applies to any discrepancy in evidence:—but it is proportionably stronger when, as here, it applies to a falsification in the very most essential point of the transaction—for it then proves the admitted importance of the object which the falsification attempts to supply.

Let us now pursue the new survey of the British line—which gives so clear and distinct a range of Highlands, from the heads of the Connecticut to the Bay of Chaleurs, crossing the north line near Mars Hill, as to justify a suspicion that the framers of the

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\* This is the more extraordinary because we see that Col. Bouchette has published in his large work on 'The British Dominions in North America,' long and minute tables of his barometrical observations during the whole course of his survey, which, though given in the volume merely as general information, were taken by him 'with Inglefield's mountain barometer for the purpose of ascertaining the heights.' This extraordinary discrepancy ought surely to have been long before this inquired into and explained to parliament and the country. While such enormous discrepancies between the results of their own surveyor-general for Canada and their own boundary commissioners remain unexplained, how can Her Majesty's Ministers expect the rest of the world to give any credit to their professions of diligence and candour—nay, to their most official assertions?

and the Connecticut river; it there branches off into two—one of which runs northward in the direction of Quebec, hence, in a line nearly parallel to the shores of the St. Lawrence, till it dies away in the insulated peaks and intermingled peaks where Mr. Johnson placed his imaginary mountains—where, a higher and continuous ridge, runs in a westerly direction from 50 to 60 miles southward of the former, and rounding the heads of the Connecticut, forms those Highlands, *about which is no dispute*, between the sources of the rivers Chaudière and Etchemins running northward into the St. Lawrence, and the Connecticut, Kennebec, and Penobscot flowing southward to the Atlantic. These Highlands form for about 100 miles an *undisputed* boundary, and proceeding continuously and of the same character, along the line claimed by England, they follow the due-north line (at A on our sketch) and terminate in higher elevations on the coast of the Bay of Chaleurs. These, then, are clearly the Highlands which divided the St. Lawrence rivers—the Chaudière and the Etchemins—from the Atlantic rivers—the Connecticut, Kennebec, and Penobscot—after they have proceeded, as we have said, about 100 miles, along those rivers, they begin to throw off on their north face tributaries of the St. John's; and thenceforward the Americans find (although the *chain* is continuous) that they cease to be the dividing waters of the St. Lawrence from the Atlantic. That is true: but they are the *same* Highlands which have for 100 miles divided those waters; and which, therefore, are entitled to the designation given them by the treaty: and surely not be rationally contended that their *identity* is changed when they, in a subsequent part of their course, throw off waters

ers answers that description—they are Highlands, and the only Highlands; and they are the same continued chain of Highlands which divide the waters of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic—nor can they be said to forfeit that character because they also divide, in a subsequent portion of their continuous extent, waters of the Atlantic from those of the Bay of Fundy. We are quite aware that the foregoing statement cannot be clearly understood without reference to maps, but we still hope that our sketch may enable the reader to follow the general reasoning:—the English line exhibiting the Highlands found by the British Commissioners; the American line the '*fictional ranges invented*' by the American surveyors.

On the whole, we confidently believe that if the British agents employed in the early stages of the discussion had been sufficiently alert, or if the real character of the country, as determined by the recent survey, had been known, there never would or could have arisen, under the strictest interpretation of the treaty, any serious opposition to the line now claimed by Great Britain, or some line of the same general character.

II. But there is another, and what to many judgments will appear the most important, part of the whole question, at which we now arrive—and which admits, we think, of neither doubt nor difficulty—we mean the *intention* of the parties as to the general direction and effect of the indicated boundary.

We here reproduce our sketch.



And

And we ask, can any man in his senses believe that it could be the intention of England to consent—without any visible reason—without object—without equivalent—where there was no claim, not even a demand—to the intrusion of such an amorphous horn into the heart of her provinces, disuniting as well as absorbing her territory, intercepting her rivers and her roads, and cutting off her communications between her colonial capitals? Look, we say, at our sketch and judge whether such an intention was possible: but look beyond our little map to the larger maps which exhibit the lines of boundaries which prevail in the adjoining regions; you will find that wherever there was not some great natural division, the boundaries were mostly formed by *right lines*—the States themselves are generally bounded by *right lines*—the part of the boundary we are discussing, west of the Connecticut, is a right line, running along the  $45^{\circ}$  parallel. Look at the cause of deviation from this *right line* from the Connecticut eastward:—was it not the obvious advantage of giving to each party the whole course of its own waters? The line along the parallel  $45^{\circ}$  would have cut off from the United States the upper waters of the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot—the negociators saw that such an interception of rivers would be a cause of endless squabble and local contention, and they very wisely deviated from the line of the parallel and carried the boundary round the heads of the Connecticut, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot, to the head of the British river St. Croix,—thus leaving to each party the continuous and exclusive jurisdiction of its own waters. Now, who can believe that this prudent and liberal principle was departed from (after it had been carried out for 100 miles beyond the Connecticut) on purpose to cut off the upper waters of the St. John and give them to the United States, while the main body, the navigable parts, and the mouth of the river, were to continue within the British territory—to give to the Americans waters, from which they had no outlet, and which could be and can be of little value to them, except as a means of annoyance to England—while to England they were vitally essential for her internal communications and government? Look, we say, at the maps, and decide whether any one can believe in such a preposterous *intention*.

But though no evidence could be better than the mere common sense of mankind on such a proposition, we have collateral testimony, and this of the most conclusive kind, that such was not the design of the parties.

In the first place, there was no pressure upon England to have committed so suicidal an act. By the first article of the treaty, as we have seen,

but

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'His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz. New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, &c., to be free, sovereign, and independent states; and relinquishes all claims to the government, property, and territorial rights of the SAME, and every part thereof.'

Now Mr. Gallatin admits that Massachusetts had at that time not a shadow of a right beyond the Penobscot, and what the treaty did grant between the Penobscot and St. Croix was a new concession, which went beyond the ancient limits of the State, and of course became the *national* property of the Federation. It is true that Massachusetts had claimed this territory between the Penobscot and the St. Croix—we shall leave Mr. Gallatin to discuss that claim with the men of Maine. But it leads us to an indication of what are likely to have been the objects and intentions of the treaty of 1783.

When France, at the peace of Paris in 1762, had ceded Canada and Nova Scotia, and that the whole of North America had thus become British, the province of Massachusetts attempted to get a share of the spoil by claiming, in virtue of some old charter, (which had been, of course, annulled by the French possession of the country,) the territories between the Penobscot and St. Croix on the east, and up to the river St. Lawrence on the north; and they sent, in 1764, two agents, Mr. Mauduit and Mr. Jackson, to London, to negotiate those demands with the Colonial Office of that day—the Board of Trade and Plantations. Mr. Mauduit writes to his constituents, the General Court of Massachusetts, that he had made an arrangement with the Board by which Massachusetts was, on the one hand, to relinquish all claim to run up to the St. Lawrence, and on the other to receive the accession of the lands between the Penobscot and St. Croix—

'Mr. Jackson and I were both of us of opinion that the narrow tract of land which lies *beyond the sources of all your rivers could not be an object of any great importance to you*, though it is absolutely necessary to the Crown, to preserve the continuity of the province of Quebec.'—*Rep.*, p. 18.

This passage, conveying the advice and opinion of two official advocates of the rights of Massachusetts, and which was obviously in the thoughts of the negociators of 1783, the treaty being framed in strict accordance with it, is remarkably applicable to the present discussion in three important points: first, it explains the true principle of boundary by a division of waters, namely, to give each party the continuous course of its own rivers; next, that Massachusetts had no *right* to the lands to the northward of her own rivers, and, if she had, was ready to concede it for the lands between the Penobscot and St. Croix which the United States did obtain by the treaty; and lastly,—it shows the reason why  
England

England finds it necessary to be so pertinacious in maintaining her right to this territory—because, if it was necessary to the Crown to maintain its communications when all the provinces belonged to the Crown, how much more so is it under present circumstances?

But what follows is more authoritative.

In 1779, when the revolutionary war was obviously drawing to a close, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution, declaring the boundary for which they should contend in the treaty of peace—

‘That the thirteen United States are bounded north by a line to be drawn from the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, along the Highlands which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the *Atlantic Ocean*, to the north-easternmost head of Connecticut River. And east, by a line to be drawn *along the middle of St. John's, from its source to its mouth in the Bay of Fundy*, or by a line to be settled and adjusted between that part of the State of Massachusetts Bay, formerly called the Province of Maine, and the Colony of Nova Scotia, *agreeably to their respective rights*, comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries, between Nova Scotia on the one part, and East Florida on the other part, shall respectively *touch the Bay of Fundy, and the Atlantic Ocean.*’

‘This passage is,’ add the late Commissioners, ‘significant, inasmuch as it not only fixes the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* to be at the source of the St. John, but especially states the mouth of that river to be, not in the *Atlantic Ocean*, but in the *Bay of Fundy.*’ (Rep., p. 19.)

When the treaty of 1783 came to be actually negotiated, the American plenipotentiaries endeavoured to establish the boundary of the river St. John as stated in the foregoing resolution, but *it was peremptorily rejected by the English Government;* and Mr. John Adams, one of those plenipotentiaries, when examined on oath before the commission under the treaty of amity of 1794, deposed that—

‘One of the American commissioners at first proposed the river St. John, as marked on Mitchell's map; but his colleagues observing that, the St. Croix was the river mentioned in the charter of Massachusetts Bay, *they could not justify insisting on the St. John as an ultimatum*, and agreed with them to adhere to the charter of Massachusetts Bay.’—(Rep., p. 20.)

Here then we find that the line of the St. John was proposed—peremptorily rejected—and abandoned, and the treaty was concluded in that understanding and intent; and yet it is now pretended that this same treaty is to carry the boundary not only



up to the St. John (a proposition which had been peremptorily rejected and entirely abandoned) but into a large tract of country *far beyond that river*. The Americans say indeed that they abandoned the line of the St. John from '*its source to its mouth*,' and that they now do not claim so much, for they give up the lower portion of the St. John and the lands lying between it and the St. Croix. But can any one believe, after America had admitted that the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* was to be found at the *head of the River St. John*, that Great Britain, which peremptorily rejected their *coming up* to the line of the St. John at all, would or could consent to their thus running so *far beyond it*? Nor can it be alleged that there was any compromise or exchange of the territory between the St. John and the St. Croix on the eastern boundary, for that beyond the St. John now claimed as within the northern boundary; because the claim to the land between the St. John and St. Croix was abandoned by the Americans, not by way of compromise, but on the distinct admission that the St. Croix was the known existing boundary between Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, and that they could not '*justify*' the claim of the St. John.

Can anybody doubt then that the whole line of the St. John was abandoned by the United States, and that common sense, mutual convenience—the documents—the negotiations, and the words of the treaty, all concur to show that it was intended by both parties to adopt the rational and equitable principle of leaving to each government the whole course of their respective rivers and the territories watered by them—the Penobscot and all its tributaries to the United States—the St. John to England?

These last arguments seem to us so cogent that we really believe that the state and *scope* of this boundary question must be as little understood in America as it has been with us. We cannot persuade ourselves that any man in any part of the United States, whose candour and good sense is not obscured by some party or local interest, can look at the shape—position—and nature of the disputed territory—at the circuitous and extravagant extent of the American line, which seems to be more than twice as long as the comparatively straight and simple boundary offered by England—and above all, at the relative convenience and value of the disputed territory to the respective countries—without feeling the strongest conviction that the British line is that which must best express the original *intentions* of the parties. We go further—we hope, nay we believe, that, if the question were *now* to be negotiated *ab integro* (clear of the adverse feelings which the long discussion may have generated), there is no American citizen, or at least statesman, who would not admit

admit that the British boundary is the most natural and the most convenient—the least likely to lead to adverse pretensions on its borders—essentially necessary to England—not as to the mere territory, which is of small comparative value—but for the internal communications and the administration of her provinces—while to America it is little more than a naked question of so much swamp and forest, involving no great public convenience nor any serious or national interest whatsoever beyond its mere extent.

We do most respectfully, but most earnestly, implore the Anglo-American nation—by all those principles of amity and equity which should influence the intercourse of friendly powers, and particularly—if they will allow us to say so—by all those peculiar feelings which *ought* to connect the English and the Americans—whose interests, let us both be well assured, are more closely identified than those of any other two nations in the world—we implore, we say, the Anglo-American people to look at this question in a large and liberal spirit of conciliation and equity as well as of strict justice, and to take into their calm consideration the emphatic opinion and advice given—before any national rivalry existed—by the agents of Massachusetts in 1764, that ‘*the tract of land which lies beyond the sources of all your rivers cannot be an object of any great consequence to you, though it is absolutely necessary to England to preserve the continuity of her colonial government.*’

III. We shall not run the risk of impairing whatever effect such an appeal may have, by any observations on the spirit which appears to have actuated the State of Maine in these discussions. We make great allowances for the peculiar position of the people of that State. In the first place, the State, and, therefore, every individual of it, have a general pecuniary interest in having so much additional territory to dispose of. Secondly—many, perhaps the most influential, persons have, no doubt, acquired personal rights, or entered into what may have been expected to be lucrative speculations in the disputed territory. Again, those who are clear of any interested motives may have a patriotic disposition to aggrandise both their State and their nation; and, finally, the long disputes and many collisions on the frontier cannot but have created, in addition to any national feeling, a peculiar exasperation in the immediate districts of Maine; and in a popular government all those feelings are necessarily, and generally too zealously, expressed by the governing body. We may regret, therefore, but we will not permit ourselves to complain of the temper and conduct of the people of Maine; and we will abstain from any examination of their detailed proceedings; for, however easy it might be to show them to be, in many instances, very unreasonable and very wrong-headed,

headed, and more than uncourteous, the doing so would not tend to remedy the mischief. But we may express a confident opinion and hope that the Federal Government and the nation at large must be satisfied that this is not a question for the decision of the individual State—the State can have no claim beyond the ancient limits of the province of Massachusetts, and no one, we believe, beyond the limits of Maine, seriously contends that old Massachusetts had a right to any portion of the disputed territory—that territory is not and never was claimed under the *first* article of the treaty as part of the then existing Massachusetts, but as the result of the boundaries created by the *second* article; and any additional territory ceded by that article would constitutionally, as we apprehend, belong to the United States as a nation, and not to the state of Maine. Hear, again, what Mr. Gallatin said at Ghent:—  
*'That northern boundary is of no importance to us, and belongs to the United States and not to Massachusetts, which has not the shadow of a claim to any land north of 45° to the eastward of the Penobscot.'*

But this, however it may be, is really an *internal* question, with which we have nothing to do—our discussion is *international*: and the Federal Government—whether it has an inherent right to decide the question, as we, on American evidence, believe, or whether it is bound to obtain the assent of the State of Maine—is, in any case, the only authority with which the British nation has to negotiate. And though the General Government seems to have, on particular occasions, shifted its ground, or, at least, varied its opinions, on this point, we gather from the general tone of Mr. Gallatin's pamphlet, as well as from other circumstances, that no further objections of this captious and untenable nature will be countenanced; and believing, as we have said and, we hope, proved, that—in the strictest construction of which this clumsy treaty admits—the *balance* of strict interpretation is in our favour, while all the equity and probable intention of the negociators is clearly with us—believing this, we say, to be the real state of the case, we cannot but hope that the General Government will consent to some modification of their claims, which, without abandoning any real and valuable interests of the United States, may leave to England the course of the river St. John, which is essential not only to the administrative communications and territorial unity of the British colonies, but still more seriously important to the *future tranquillity* of those regions, and to the *permanence of the amicable relations* between the two countries.

But whatever may be the ulterior views and arrangements of the governments, there is one object of the most pressing emergency

gency which ought to be *immediately* provided for—we mean the daily and hourly risk of *hostile collision* between the subjects and citizens of the two countries on the disputed territory. Let a convention be forthwith concluded, forbidding either party, *pendente lite*, to pass the St. John; and—*saving, in the fullest manner, all public and private rights*—let the *temporary* jurisdiction of the territories on the *right* bank of the St. John, down to the *north line*, be administered by the American authorities, and on the *left* by the British. This would make, *for the moment*, a pretty nearly equal division of the disputed ground, and would, *without in any way prejudicing existing rights or compromising eventual interests*, avert the risk of that enormous calamity—hostile collision—and keep the question safely open for a mature examination, and, it may be hoped, a satisfactory, and final settlement. Either of the nations (if such a result can be imagined) which should reject so equitable, so conciliatory and so just a provisional arrangement, would stand responsible to the world for all the consequences of such unreasonable conduct, and would enlist against herself the feelings as well as the judgment of mankind.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Columbanus ad Hibernos, or Letters from Columban to his Friend in Ireland.* London. 8vo. 1810.
2. *The Case of the Church of Ireland, stated in a Letter to the Marquess Wellesley.* By Declan. Dublin. 8vo. 1828.
3. *National Schools of Ireland Defended.* By Francis Sadleir, S.F.T.C.D. Dublin. 8vo. 1835.
4. *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Christopher Anderson. Edinburgh. 12mo. 1830.
5. *Ireland: its Evils traced to their Source.* By the Rev. J. R. Page, A.B. London. 12mo. 1836.
6. *A Plea for the Protestants of Ireland, in a Letter to Lord Morpeth.* By a Witness before the Committee on Education. Dublin. 8vo. 1840.
7. *Impartial View of Maynooth College.* By Eugene Francis O'Beirne, late Student of Maynooth. Dublin. 12mo. 1835.
8. *Holy Wells of Ireland.* By Philip Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A. Second Edition. Dublin. 8vo. 1830.
9. *Irish Tranquillity.* By Anthony Meyler, M.D. Dublin. 12mo. 1838.
10. *Ireland: the Policy of Reducing the Established Church.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. Glasgow. 1836.
11. *Maynooth College; or, the Law affecting the Grant to Maynooth.* 8vo. 1841.

**I**N resuming the task, which was commenced in our last Number, of drawing attention to the real condition of Ireland—there are two points which we must entreat our readers to bear in mind. First, that the facts alleged are perfectly distinct from the hypothesis suggested to account for them. There may be no such thing as a Jesuitical influence in Ireland—the notion may be a wild fancy, and nothing more; and yet it will still be true that Popery lies at the root of the evils of that unhappy country—that it has been for generations busy in instigating rebellion—that outrages to an enormous extent are yearly perpetrated—that they are directly connected with religion—that their effect is to weaken and intimidate the Established Church, and all who would support it—that features in the conspiracy by which they are instigated bear a remarkable resemblance to Jesuitism—and that Jesuitism has in all preceding times been the arm employed by Popery for the restoration of its influence in Ireland.

Secondly, it should be remembered that the object we have in view is, principally, inquiry. Evidence, wholly insufficient for a jury, may be more than adequate as given to a magistrate of police. To draw out the whole proof of the workings of Romanism must require time and space, and a multitude of hands and heads, far beyond the command of any but the Government itself. But the sources have been suggested from which information is to be derived, and from which our own conclusions have been drawn. It has been explained why more direct evidence cannot be obtained: why names cannot be published: why witnesses will not come forward: why any statement made, even on the highest authority, will be exposed to direct contradiction; and that, although every reader may be wise in suspending his judgment on such statements, no one has a right to pronounce them false until he has examined their foundation.

To resume then—we spoke, in our last Number, of a body, little known in England, called ‘The Christian Brothers.’ An effort has been recently made to draw a favourable attention to them by one of the chief organs of the Romish press.\* In Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Dublin, and in some of the manufacturing towns in England, these very interesting institutions have spread rapidly within about twenty-five years. They consist of small monastic bodies, devoting themselves to the education of the poor. And a stranger, who passes cursorily through their large and well-arranged schools, and sees the simple, zealous, paternal devotion to their work which characterises especially the younger portion of the members, will be struck with the contrast between these estab-

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\* Dublin Review.

ishments and our own ill-regulated national schools, ruled only under one paid master; nor will he be surprised to hear '*that is to these bodies, multiplied and extended, that Romanism is now looking for the conversion of the lower orders in England.*' There are in Ireland about eighty of these Brothers, dispersed in various houses; not wholly dependent on charity (as has recently been asserted), for in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, they seem to possess some property of their own: but they educate, except under certain conditions, gratuitously. Now if these excellent men (and we really believe them to be such) were taken from the entire seclusion, ignorance of the world, and habits of blind obedience in which they are trained up, and were placed before a committee of the House of Lords, we should like to ask a simple question:—How many of them are aware that they are in nothing but tools in the hands of the Jesuits?—How many of them know that any connexion whatever exists between them and the Jesuits? Out of the whole eighty, about ten or twelve only, we believe, and those the Superiors, are acquainted with this remarkable fact. And we are quite sure that the question here put will not be allowed to reach them, for they are not permitted to read anything which does not come to them through the hands of the Superiors.

Now may we be allowed to connect with these hints a few suggestions—and questions, it must be added, not to be met by mere denials and violent abuse? We ask what influence produced the brief from the Pope establishing the Order in Ireland? Was it Dr. Kenny, the present Jesuit head of Clongowes—a person, it may be suggested, to whom the minute and very vigilant attention of government might have been wisely directed many years, and may be directed with advantage now? Was the brief obtained on a statement, that the majority of the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland recommended the institute, while only a very small minority was in its favour?

Were the 'Christian Brothers' at first averse to the system proposed to them by the Jesuits? At a general meeting of the body, was a protest about to be entered into? and did Dr. Kenny persuade Mr. Rice, the nominal founder, to dismiss the meeting, on the ground of its being too numerous to be canonical? Was subsequently a smaller meeting brought together, where the influence of the Jesuits prevailed, and the Brothers were induced to adopt the Jesuit system? Did they vainly endeavour, again and again, at angry meetings, to shake off the yoke, till, overcome by artifice, terrified by the threats of the Romish Church, and exhausted by their attempts, they at last succumbed, and have ever since been so—unconsciously, except in the case of the Superiors—in



the hands of the Jesuits; the General of the Jesuits moving Dr. Kenny, Dr. Kenny commanding the Superior of the Order, the Superior nominating the Directors, and all the other Brethren being bound to yield to them the most implicit obedience, as one of the chief virtues of their religious calling? Again, it has been distinctly stated that the Christian Brothers in Ireland have no connexion with those in France. We ask, when, fifteen years ago, an attempt was made to organise the system more perfectly, did Ignatius Barry, and Bernard Dunphy (a name known to parliamentary committees), go to France? Did they spend six months in visiting the houses of the Brethren in France? Did they remain for some time in the principal training-house in France? Did they bring back with them, for the institution, books written by Jesuits—religious devotions peculiarly characteristic of the Jesuits—works kept in manuscript, and not printed? Especially are the decrees by which the body is secretly governed carefully kept from the knowledge of the Brethren until they have taken the vows for life, in the presence of those only who have professed for life themselves? Are these decrees of such a nature as to shock even those who find that they are bound by them? We would suggest also that some inquiries might be made as to exposures which have lately been made in France on the subject of these Christian Brothers. Lastly, how is this profession for life, or the evasive profession of vows for terms of years, to be reconciled with the so-called Emancipation Act, which, under a fear of Jesuitism, whether visionary and delusive or not, did prohibit everything of the kind, under the penalty of banishment from the United Kingdom for life? \*

Let us turn to another institution—the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. And here also we wish distinctly to be understood as speaking upon information on which we have every reason to rely; but as suggesting subjects for inquiry, without which, and without further information, statements like these must fairly be open to distrust.

This Society has been spreading in Ireland and in England about two years;—its name perfectly innocent of Jesuitism—and nothing to excite observation but that natural zeal for proselytism, at which, when exhibited within our own Church, Dr. Doyle was so shocked and scandalised. It has now, we believe, extended through the greater number of the Romish dioceses, and includes most of their bishops. Its object appears to be fourfold. One is, to raise by a very curious decimal organization subscriptions of a halfpenny a week, for the purpose of propagating the faith. These are collected

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\* 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, sec. 34.



by monks, nuns, friars, pious laymen, and priests, who are enjoined it by their bishops. From one town, of about 10,000 inhabitants, is collected about 150*l.* a-year; from another, much larger, about 840*l.* These sums are regularly forwarded to a committee in Dublin, embracing the principal ecclesiastics in the country: they correspond with a committee in Lyons, and the committee at Lyons with the central committee in Rome; and a letter a few months back was addressed to them by the Pope, thanking them for their efficient exertions, and entreating the continuance of them. Another object is to disseminate books, especially the missionary tracts of the Jesuits: a third, to procure masses and indulgences for the members: a fourth—perhaps the most important of all—to carry out an established principle of Jesuitism, and enroll a very large number within the outward pale of the society; holding them in solution, as it were, by some slight, and to common eyes imperceptible, link of affinity, and yet in a state ready to be precipitated into the inner body, and to co-operate with its movements, whenever this is required. The government of this body, there is reason to believe, is entirely under the hands of the Jesuits, and Dr. Kenny, here again, is the principal manager. Here, again, though rules are published for Irish eyes, the secret rules of the committee, which are those of the committee in Lyons, are not allowed to transpire; and the secret link of Jesuitism is to be found in the promise of 200 days' indulgence each time that a member repeats 'St. Francis Xavier pray for us,' and in the solemn celebration of the feast of the same St. Francis, with high mass and other ceremonies, to commemorate the establishment of the society, and to stimulate its exertions.

The 'Sodality of the Heart,' as has been abundantly proved, is another form of Jesuitism, established with the same object of attaching, unconsciously, to that Society, by some secret symbol, numbers who would never be drawn directly into its arms; and the zeal with which it is propagated through the houses of the Christian Brothers, and other monasteries, and even into schools, must satisfy any inquirer that it has a meaning and a purpose far deeper than meets the eye.

Here, then, if these facts are true—without alluding to the known connexion of the Jesuits with other monastic bodies in Ireland, both male and female—are distinct proofs of a secret, extensive, mysterious action of Jesuitism upon the Roman Catholic population of Ireland—operating at the present day, as it has operated from its first establishment, with a craft and artifice which almost baffles detection and eludes opposition. And—once more to return to those secret conspiracies for outrage, which

offer such a perplexing problem to the observer of Irish affairs. Let it be remembered that, like Jesuitism, they have for their object the extirpation of the Protestant Church; like Jesuitism, they connect their religion with a democratical fanaticism; like Jesuitism, they involve in their trammels immense numbers, who are bound by a power which they cannot see, but dare not disobey like Jesuitism, they are held together by the abject surrender of the will to the commands of an invisible superior; like Jesuitism, they have secret signs, which no member will resist, and a variety of names to disguise the real membership with it; like Jesuitism, they terrify traitors to the cause, and punish them by outrage and assassination; like Jesuitism, they cease to regard as crime whatever contributes to the interest of the body; like Jesuitism, they employ all kinds of temporal weapons to secure temporal ends, under the pretence of a spiritual obligation; like Jesuitism, they have continued under various disguises, but exhibiting the same features, for years.—Sir Richard Musgrave's account of Defenderism, in his *History of the Rebellion*, is the same in all essential points as that of Ribbonism at this day.—Like Jesuitism, they are in the habit of raising large sums by subscriptions of a halfpenny and a penny a week, for which there is no obvious\* necessity; as, when murders are to be perpetrated, the usual remuneration to the unhappy man who is summoned to perpetrate it is scarcely more than a supper—or, as Mr. Rowan states, fifteen shillings.† And, like Jesuitism, they stand in a most peculiar relation to the Romish priesthood, in which no other body ever stood before. Let this be remembered, and let the history of Jesuitism be studied, and we ask, is it irrational fanaticism to suggest that the Government, when inquiring into the precise nature and origin of the agrarian outrages of Ireland, should bethink themselves that there is in Ireland such a thing as Jesuitism? And that although it does not appear on the face of registers, it may act not the less powerfully from the mystery in which it is hidden?

We must now, however, turn to another part of this painful subject,—the nature of that second branch of the organised force wielded by Popery in Ireland, which is reposed in the hands of the *Parochial Priests*, and in which a decided change, not without its significance and connexion with the preceding remarks, has taken place since the beginning of this century.

Our readers must forgive us if we are tedious; but the subject is too large to be treated briefly, even in a sketch.

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\* One fact, indeed, has recently come to our knowledge, of a parish-master of Ribbonism, who had no apparent means of support, being in the receipt of 30*l.* a year from this fund.

† Report on Crime.

It is evident that Popery, being Christian, though a perversion of Catholic Christianity, and under the appearance of rigid inflexibility, leaving much of its practice to be modified by individual character, may assume not only a decent, and quiet, but even spiritual form, when the turbulent, avaricious, and ambitious spirit, by which it is too often possessed, is lulled for a time by circumstances. It does assume this form in the many great, and good, and holy men, who have lived within the Romish Communion, and especially in the parochial clergy of Roman Catholic countries, as, for instance, at some periods, in France; and, as was stated before, there is reason to believe that towards the end of the last century this was, to a certain degree, the case in Ireland. Priests appear to have been men of education, gentlemanly habits and associations, loyal, orderly, and benevolent. Few obstacles were offered to attendance on Protestant schools; servants were permitted to attend family prayers; acts of courtesy and kindness, and even more, were exchanged between themselves and the clergy of the Church. The Protestants subscribed largely, in fact almost built for them their chapels; and the landlords and tenants appear not to have been hostilely separated, notwithstanding the mischievous system which prevailed of middlemen. There seems to have been even some disposition to modify the Papal part of the system, and to introduce something of the Gallican Liberties—the first step towards the cure of Popery. An illustration of this may be found in the history of the *reto*. ‘In 1791,’ says Mr. Wyse,\* ‘the English Roman Catholics, anxious for immediate admission into the pale of the constitution, attempted to establish a church *à la Utrecht*, independent of the Roman see, but preserving the old dogmas; and adopted as their designation the significant name of Protestant Catholic Dissenters. These opinions were embodied in an oath, which they offered to take in lieu of the oath of supremacy.’ Sir John Cox Hippisley seized these suggestions and matured them into the project of a *reto*; the plan was adopted by Mr. Pitt; and in 1799 the Romish bishops of Ireland were induced to acquiesce in it. They agreed that ‘a provision from government for the clergy ought to be thankfully accepted;’ and the proposal ‘that the crown might be allowed such an interference with the appointment of bishops as might enable it to be satisfied with the loyalty of the person appointed,’ they allowed was ‘just, and ought to be agreed to.’† In 1808, Lord Fingal, according to Mr. Wyse, ‘the sole delegate of the [Roman] Catholics of Ireland,’ and Dr. Milner, ‘the accredited agent of the Irish [Roman] Catholic bishops, gave substantially (at least) their assent to the proposition of vesting a

\* Page 166.

† Resolution of Roman Catholic Prelates, 1790.

negative on the nomination of [Roman] Catholic bishops in the crown.' The whole 'history of this proceeding,' says Mr. Wyse, 'is still involved in much obscurity.' But one thing is certain, that some influence, of what kind no one pretends to explain, compelled Dr. Milner to retract his concession, roused a popular movement in Ireland to condemn the proposal, induced all but three of the bishops, originally subscribers to the resolutions of 1799, to meet in September, 1808, and condemn them formally—('whether,' says Mr. Wyse, 'they directed or followed the people is not quite clear,' nor does it matter)—and induced them again, in 1810, to pass six formal resolutions—the direct contradictories of those which had been subscribed in 1799.

This sudden alteration of sentiment is in itself remarkable, and it might be interesting to inquire if any of the parties who were employed in rousing the popular feeling against the veto—(the well-known Dr. England for instance in Cork)—were connected either directly or indirectly with any secret influence from another quarter. It is equally remarkable, but less inexplicable, if we turn to some other changes, which had during that time taken place in the Irish priesthood. '*Maynooth*,' says Mr. Wyse, '*began to be felt* :'\*—Maynooth, the curse of Ireland—and when will Englishmen learn that nothing but a curse can spring from an abandonment of principle? This college, which is allowed on all hands to be the seat and fountain-head of the mischief, was founded, in 1795, under 'an Act for the better Education of Persons professing the Papist or Roman Catholic Religion.' Its real object was to take the Romish priests out of the hands of foreign influence. Its profession was to give them a better education, as if it were possible for any religion, least of all for Popery, to allow of, so-called, heretical interference with the education of its priesthood.

At its commencement, we learn from the evidence of the Rev. John Cousins, one of the first pupils, that it was conducted on Gallican principles; but the Jesuits, through the first Principal, Dr. Hussey,† Dr. Troy, Father Betagh, Dr. Murray, and Mr. Kenny, soon procured access to it; and that it then by degrees passed entirely into their hands, or under their influence, can no

\* Vol. i. p. 203.

† The Digest will supply some information on the subject of Dr. Hussey. See especially p. 313, vol. i. Father Betagh seems to have been the principal reviver of Jesuitism in Ireland, by the school which he opened in Dublin. Mr. Kenny, we believe, who had been found by him in a coachmaker's employment, was educated there and afterwards sent abroad. Mr. Betagh is also supposed to have been intrusted with the funds of the Jesuits, from which Clongowes was purchased; and it has been also asserted, with what truth we do not venture to say, that he had no little influence in the elevation of Dr. Murray.

longer be doubted. Any one the least conversant with the nature of an Ecclesiastical establishment must know that the directing power of it will ultimately be traced to the great schools from which the clergy are supplied; and no one can know anything of Jesuitism, and suppose that such a place as Maynooth would long escape from their intrigues. By what steps this change was effected—who Dr. Hussey was, who Mr. Kenny was—what connexion exists between Maynooth and Clongowes—and what kind of books are and have been studied at Maynooth—will be well worth inquiry from the legislature. The inquiry which has been instituted before this was perfectly nugatory;—and the regular visitation of the college is, as might naturally be supposed, a farce. But just after the foundation of Maynooth and the consequent formation of a nucleus for an ecclesiastical movement, distinct from the parochial clergy, a very singular change comes over the Romish bishops. Dr. O'Connor\* himself, the same learned Roman Catholic clergyman to whom we have so often been indebted, traces it again and again to ‘the private consistory of Maynooth.’ The first indication of it is a singular expression in the Resolutions of 1799—when, as Dr. O'Connor states,† ‘the Irish government made a private proposal to the trustees of Maynooth for an independent provision’ for the Romish priests. One of the proposals which the bishops suggested in return was, that in the vacancy of a see, the ‘clergy of the diocese should—not elect according to the canonical authorised practice, but *recommend* a candidate to the prelates of the ecclesiastical province, who *elect him or any other they may think worthy.*’ These resolutions were ‘kept a profound secret;’ and it seems probable that the hope of obtaining some such advantage was the inducement which operated with the bishops to recommend the *veto*. By these few words the power of nominating bishops was to be transferred into the hands of the then bishops; and the first step was taken to placing the whole parochial system under the hands of the purely Popish and Jesuit body, and eradicating the Gallican spirit, which was found to be so unfavourable for the purposes of agitation. About the same time we find the Irish bishops coming forward against the Gallican clergy in the midst of their greatest trials and noblest conduct, and supporting the concordatum of Pius VII. with Buonaparte. In 1804 a *public* avowal is made in Lord Redesdale’s correspondence with Lord Fingal, ‘that the recommendation of successors to Catholic bishoprics in Ireland, is in the bishops of the province.’ In 1808, Sept. 14, the Romish bishops resolve, that it is inexpedient to make any alteration in this practice. In 1809, a proposal is made through Dr. Moylan

\* Columbanus, *passim*.

† P. 5. 190.

to Sir John Hippisley, that 'the Pope will engage that no person shall be named to any Roman Catholic vacant see in this country (Ireland) but such as shall be elected and presented by the Roman Catholic bishops,' who 'will engage' not to elect or present 'any but loyal persons.' In November, 1809, an appeal was made to the Pope by the bishops of Connaught against Dr. Troy and Dr. Reily, for 'supporting the last will of Dr. Dillon, [so-called] Archbishop of Tuam, who bequeathed his diocese, without consulting them, to Dr. Kelly.' In 1810, the bishops pass another resolution, that 'the recommendation of us bishops when concurring had been progressively advancing in weight and authority with the Roman see;' and they recognise this new practice of confining the election of bishops to themselves, as 'being in progress to become a part of the ecclesiastical system;' they add that the choice of bishops '*thus effectively originated and was circumscribed* by them, so far as at least to make it inaccessible (*except by their permission*) to foreign temporal influence.' And thus it appears that to obtain this power, taken from the lower orders of the clergy, and contrary to the canons of the Romish Church, they were first willing to admit the *veto* from the Crown, and when that was inadmissible, they threw themselves on the Pope, and abandoned all their Gallican and canonical principles, receiving in return the Pope's full licence for all their proceedings.

'The truth is,' says Dr. O'Connor, 'that twenty-one suffragan bishops have entered into a solemn compact with the four archbishops of Ireland, that they the suffragans shall be allowed to bequeath their respective dioceses to whomsoever they please, provided the archbishops are allowed to do the same; and so Dr. Troy has bequeathed Dublin to a Mr. Murray, Dr. Dillon has bequeathed Tuam to a Mr. Kelly. Other bishops also have already elected their own successors, without the least reference to the feelings of the subordinate clergy, gentry, or nobility; and this is styled canonical election. This is the boasted, this the glorious spiritual independence of the Irish Church!'

The names of Dr. Troy and Dr. Murray have been already alluded to. As connected with them the inquirer might be recommended to ask—Who was Dr. Troy? Was he, as Dr. O'Connor says, 'a Dominican friar, of the order of the Holy Inquisition, and connected with Spain?'† Who was Dr. Kelly? Mr. Wyse, for one, will answer that he was the most active of political agitators—the Romish bishops of Connaught will add another character of him, which our readers may see in their Appeal against his Election.‡ Of Dr. Murray we have heard

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\* Vol. i. p. 12.

† Columbanus, No. 7, p. 23.

‡ See it in Columb. p. 5. 209.



nothing already. His connexion with Mr. Peter Kenny, at that time his assistant at Maynooth, and subsequently president of the United College at Clongowes, is not to be overlooked. And this may be a clue may be obtained to the origin of this remarkable movement, the end of which naturally would be to place the priests at the mercy of the Bishops, and the Bishops at the disposal of the Pope, or rather of that secret influence by which the Pope is both supported and controlled.

Notwithstanding this act of the bishops, in 1814 a very active movement seems to have been made by the priests in several dioceses—Dublin, for instance, Ossory, Cloyne and Ross, Cork, Drogheda, Meath, Clonfert, Limerick, and Derry—against this usurpation, and against the veto as *tolerated* (the word, to ears familiar to Popish principles; is very significant) by the well-known letter of Quarantotti. Quarantotti was at the head of the Propaganda, and during the captivity of the Pope, assumed the management of its affairs, and seems to have acted cordially with the Irish bishops; Irish bishops, on many other occasions, have been found to act in maintaining a similar close correspondence with the agitating party at Rome, while the clergy and nobility kept aloof and maintained their loyalty and Gallican principles. But the release of the Pope seems to have extorted a new movement from the bishops. On the 27th May, 1814, they resolved that ‘Quarantotti’s Rescript is not mandatory,’ and renounced altogether any notion of a veto connected with the concession of the Relief Bill. This change is evidently produced by the restoration of the Pope and the changed aspect of things. While he was in captivity, they were willing to make as good a bargain with government as possible. When he was restored to freedom, they resolved to take higher ground. The bishops also are in a great degree dependent for their incomes on the priests, and this consideration too may have had its weight.

At some subsequent period—(when, precisely, we are not able to say, and the whole proceedings of the Romish system are so hidden from sight, that, except on the authority of their own writers, it is dangerous to speak positively)—the usurped power of nominating to bishoprics seems to have reverted again from the bishops to the clergy; and these now, *we believe*, nominate three persons, of whom one is selected by the Pope, and generally the best on the list.

Still, it might seem, attempts were to be made, and they were unsuccessful, to obtain, through some other means, the command over the parochial priests, without whose co-operation no Jesuitism could hope for little. Now, during the above negotiations with the crown, was it one of the objects secretly settled



settled at Rome, 'that, whilst with one hand concessions were made to the English government, the Inquisition should be introduced into Ireland in favour of absolute vicarial authority?' or, in words more intelligible to readers not familiar with the policy of Rome, was it now resolved, as a part of that policy, to break up the parochial system of Popery in Ireland; to bring the parish priests under the *absolute control* of their bishops; to place the bishops themselves under Vicars Apostolic, as 'Delegates of the Pope:' so that the Romish Church in Ireland might be converted from a quiet, well-disposed, religious community into an active, turbulent, overwhelming force, in the hands of the moving power of the Propaganda? And was this to be effected by introducing a branch of the Inquisition; such a branch as could be secretly established without attracting observation?

In 1816, Dr. O'Connor positively affirms such to be the fact.\* His own excommunication is a sufficient indication of something of the kind. In 1814, in a letter from a Roman Catholic priest on the subject of the election of bishops, many hints may be found of intentions to degrade the parish priests; of 'unsuccessful appeals from curates who had incurred bishops' displeasure, to the meeting of bishops at Maynooth;' of their being forbidden, under pain of canonical censure, to prosecute such appeals; of a random '*ad libitum*' power of suspension; of meetings of clergy on the veto being discouraged, whereas on the same subject in 1799 they had been recommended '*permissu superiorum.*' In 1821, Mr. Morrissy, a Roman Catholic priest, publishes an express declaration to the same effect;—exposing, in his own case, the existence of a secret tribunal, before which he was accused, and punished, according to the method of the Inquisition, without being confronted with witnesses, or allowed to make his defence; his real crime being, that he had come forward to maintain the laws, and reprobate the 'rebellious dispositions' of a body of '*agrarian outragists,*' called 'Caravats.' His statement is entitled 'A Development of the Cruel and Dangerous Inquisitorial System of the Court of Rome in Ireland,' and is well worth studying. In a work before referred to,† it is distinctly proved that the Appendix to Dens, circulated under the authority of Dr. Murray, recognises the existence of an Inquisition in Ireland. Dr. Doyle acknowledges the fact that Ireland is 'partly a *mission*, and partly an establishment;' a condition of things totally different from the Gallican view of the state of Ireland.‡ With this we would couple the changes

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\* Part. vii. p. 8.

† Romanism as it Rules in Ireland, vol. ii. p. 250.

‡ See Fleury, '*Discours sur les Libertés de l'Eglise Gallicane.*'

which have been made in the appointment to curacies, by which the whole body of curates are placed at the disposal of the bishop, to shift about from place to place as he chooses; the arbitrary withdrawal of faculties; the refusal to collate priests to parishes, as before—holding them, as it were, suspended, with a power of dismissal at pleasure; a plan which, it is stated in the Evidence before the Tithe Committee, had been adopted by Dr. Doyle, and which is also understood to be practised by Dr. Mac Hale, if not by other bishops. We will add another question. Were there not secret bodies, especially one called ‘Thrashers,’ who rose up about this time—when the parochial priests, as it would seem, required coercion—not, as usual, against the landlords, *but against the priests*, threatening to reduce their dues, and often venturing on violence to them:—have *they* been heard of since?

The inquirers may then proceed to ask a few more questions. Is it the present practice,\* when the old priest is unwilling to agitate, to attach to him a coadjutor of a more violent character, with a greater or less amount of salary;—and to what extent does this prevail? Have these coadjutors been multiplied to the number of two, three, or even four, in one parish? How are the present priests selected? Are they drawn from respectable, independent families, or from the lowest part of the population; picked out by the priests from the cleverest boys in the parish-schools, and recommended to the bishops; by the bishops placed at

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\* Another series of circumstances has been traced by the diligent and acute authors of the ‘Digest of Evidence:’—

1. In the year 1795, they say (vol. i. p. 314) the ‘Treatise on Theology’ ‘was published for the use of the Maynooth students under the presidency of Dr. Hussey.’ Of this treatise it is unnecessary here to give any account.

2. In the year 1797 appeared the ‘Pastoral Address’ of Dr. Hussey, then Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford, suggesting the tampering with the soldiery.

3. In the years 1800 and 1804, societies of humble persons for the education of the Roman Catholic poor were instituted, and taken under the protection of the Pope. The nature of the education which these societies imparted may be inferred from Mr. Dunphy’s evidence (or rather his extreme unwillingness to give any evidence at all).

4. In 1814 the Jesuit college of Clongowes was established for the instruction of the gentry; and thus the education of the Irish Roman Catholics of the higher and the poorer classes was to become subservient to the designs or wishes of the Pope.

5. In 1816 tracts exciting to sedition, and containing sentiments of religious bigotry and superstition, were widely circulated; and the Rhemish Testament was published with Dr. Troy’s approbation.

6. In the year 1822 Friar Hayes was permitted to preach and publish his ‘incitatives to blood;’ and when the nature and extent of the Ribbon Conspiracy had been fully disclosed to government, Dr. Doyle published a pastoral address, *advising* the discovered conspirators to desist from their attempts, but not *commanding* them to desist, nor threatening them with an anathema if they persevered, and concluding with wishing them, whatever their determination may be, ‘peace and benediction.’

7. And in 1824 the same Dr. Doyle informed the Government in a published letter, that they ought not to depend on the Roman Catholic prelates or clergy; because, if a rebellion ‘were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no prelate would fulminate an excommunication.’

Maynooth,

Maynooth, and there educated almost, if not wholly, gratuitously—that is, at the expense of *the English Protestant government*? Is the system at Maynooth enlarged, elevated, capable of expanding the mind, and softening the heart—or the very reverse? What has been, and must be, the result of training up a body of ecclesiastics under the influence of Popery in a preparatory course of education, without association with laymen? Compare the system at Carlow, and other private institutions, and at Maynooth. Is the system at Maynooth one of severe coercion by espionage, by the dread of expulsion without appeal, and without any check on the arbitrary proceedings of the governor? As the whole future prospects of the student depend on his admission to orders, is this dependence sufficient to maintain implicit obedience, with scarcely any other punishment? What is the course of their studies? Is it confined to the lowest classical authors; to tracts on science written by professors of the college, who were never heard of beyond its walls; and to a system of polemical theology, in which *Dr. Dens*, even if they dare not avow it, is the standard book of reference?

Are they trained up in feelings of hostility to Protestants and to Englishmen, and imbued with all the falsehoods respecting the English Church, which are subsequently found to be disseminated by them among the unhappy peasantry? Are their habits of life such as would form a body of men who might occupy that station among gentlemen, which, both for the peace and cementing of society, and for their own just influence over their flock, they ought to maintain? We are not speaking of false refinement, of luxuries, or comforts, but of those habits of general decency, of manly quietness, of a just appreciation of their own position—elevated as Christian ministers, lowly as citizens—of respect without servility, of self-confidence without arrogance, and of benevolence without weakness, which constitute the character of an English or Irish gentleman, whether of the laity or the clergy. Can, in fact, the Irish gentry admit them generally to their society—as they did admit the generation before them? Above all, what hold have the Jesuits on Maynooth? To what extent prevails the *Sodality of the Heart*, or of the *Propagation of the Faith* among them? Are habits of truth carefully inculcated there? Is *Dr. Dens* the rule of their morals? If not, who is?

These are questions bearing not only on the acknowledged fact that an extraordinary change has, by some instrument or another, been effected in the character of the parochial priests of Ireland—but also on the suggestion, that this instrument may perhaps be no other than what *Dr. O'Connor* asserts—viz., the same intriguing power which is now effectually swaying the  
general

general machinery of Popery. Perhaps in this place the following fact may not be without its weight.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the history of Jesuitism, that, among other means of working on the mind and rousing it to the necessary pitch of fanaticism, the Jesuits lay much stress on the practice (invented by themselves) of *retreats*. These retreats take place annually. They continue for eight or ten days, during which the devotee is placed under a system of discipline, comprising meditation, self-examination, retirement from the world, profound silence, repeated devotional exercises: and the mind is heated and excited till it becomes a plastic and willing tool in the hands of its spiritual directors. These retreats, to which the Jesuits attach 'a value inferior only to the gospel,' used to be confined to monks, friars, and a few of the most enthusiastic of the laity. But within the last few years they have, we understand, been *extended to the parochial priests*, and the management of them has been especially committed by several of the Romish bishops to the Jesuits. Not two years ago, in one of the principal monasteries in Ireland, were the whole body of priests in two dioceses received for one week, and their coadjutors for the next—and did Dr. Kenny, the head of the Jesuits, the same who has been so often alluded to before, come down for the express purpose of superintending their spiritual exercises? When it is understood that these include not only direct instruction from the superintendents, but a confession on the 5th day, extending to the whole life from the earliest infancy, and at the close a communication to the confessor of the resolutions formed during the retreat; that the books used are written by Jesuits; that the confessors are either Jesuits themselves, or persons appointed at their suggestion; and that there are reasons for supposing it possible that the confidential secrecy of the confessional is not held binding upon priests in their conferences on church matters; it will not be thought strange that the influence exercised by the Jesuits upon the pupils at Maynooth should extend over them when located in parishes; and that, even with the enormous power possessed by these parish priests, they should still feel another influence above them, checking and overruling their movements.

And now it might be asked, what kind of parochial clergy would be required for the service of the Romish Church in Ireland, under its present circumstances? Let us pause a moment here.

That Church is now, as it always has been since the invasion of Henry II., struggling to obtain an entire dominion over Ireland. It cannot abandon this claim without forfeiting the charter of its existence. It never has abandoned it: it never will. It was the  
*hierocracy*

*hierocracy* of Popery in Ireland—we thank Dr. Phelan for the term—which brought over Henry to support its own usurpations;—which, instead of assisting the crown in civilising the country, impeded all its plans, rather than strengthen the government;\*—which made the accumulation of enormous revenues the price of treason to its country, and wasted them, not as ecclesiastics, but as the worst species of temporal barons.† From jealousy against the old Irish Church, it refused to co-operate with Edward I. in admitting the Irish within the pale to the benefit of English laws, even when most humbly petitioned for.‡ Though the spiritual peers in parliament outnumbered all the temporal peers, and constituted, in fact, the chief power in the realm, they did nothing for its good. To shake off the yoke of England, they rebelled for Bruce, and were only checked by the influence of the English, who occupied the archiepiscopal sees. They ‘crossed and bearded Edward III.’§ They sanctioned, by their votes and anathemas, the notorious statute of Kilkenny, in which the very dress, name, language, poetry, even animals, belonging to a race deeply religious, and attached to their ancestors and their country, were denounced as objects of abhorrence both to God and man; and, again, their motive was|| jealousy against the ancient Irish Church, which refused to recognise the supremacy of Rome. They refused taxes, indulged in outrages, till, in a general privilege of pardon, granted to the Earl of Ormond, 1376, we find them excluded from it.¶ In Henry V.’s reign they are named as ‘rebels.’\*\* In Edward IV.’s reign more symptoms are found of their disobedience, and at the same time of their habits of ruling—as they now rule—the unhappy people, by *their curse*.†† Against Henry VII. they openly rebelled, to place Simnel on the throne. During all this time we are told by their own writers that the Irish had been living in the most loyal submissiveness to their Church (it is their constant boast); and, as the same writers, among them Dr. Doyle, confess, they had beneath this rule become ‘ferocious, cowardly, cunning, astute, cruel, strangers to honesty and truth.’

That it was not so much the religious spirit of the laity—a false assumption common to all periods of Irish history—but the ambition of the hierocracy, which roused Ireland so often to rebellion, is proved by the readiness with which the Irish chieftains took the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII., and promised to ‘annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the bishop of Rome,’ in

\* Leland, vol. ii. p. 56. † Phelan’s *Policy of the Church of Rome*, p. 72.

‡ Phelan, p. 84. § Spenser, *State of Ireland*. || Cox, p. 210. ¶ *Ib.* p. 132.

\*\* ‘All archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors of the Irish nation, *rebels* to the King.’—Cox, p. 151. †† Leland, vol. ii. p. 56.

defiance of the utmost efforts made by the Roman pontiff to hold them in obedience. Under Elizabeth, at the very time when the great body of Roman Catholics was submitting willingly to the changes introduced ; when multitudes of the priests and even the majority of the bishops exercised their functions according to the reformed ritual ; at that very time the Queen was excommunicated, her life exposed to conspiracies, her kingdoms made over to Spain ; every inflammatory engine applied to rouse Ireland to rebellion ; and all the ‘dismal and horrible effects’ developed—to use the language of Cox—of that mission by which, as the greatest and worst of curses, Robert Wauchope, one of the three contemporary archbishops of Armagh, brought in the Jesuits. If the nobles joined in the rebellion, it was, says Sir John Carew,\* not from religion :—‘Let no man be deceived, for ambition is the true and undoubted cause.’ In James I.’s time there was the same rebellious spirit, though, under the tutoring of the Jesuits, it worked secretly, and made its way by taking advantage of the liberality of the crown, by establishing itself insensibly in the kingdom, and by parliamentary manœuvres, ‘supported by a Catholic association, and a Catholic rent.’ Then came the Great Rebellion ; the conduct of the priests under Rinuncini ; the movement subsequently stirring whenever there were hopes of a foreign war,—the overtures to a connexion with America, and France,—in all, the separation from England, and the establishment of the supremacy of the Romish hierocracy, as independent masters of Ireland,—being the real and only object : now suspended, according to the bull of Gregory XIII., ‘till the public execution may be had or made ;’ now openly avowed ; now prosecuted by violence ; now by the stratagems of Jesuitism ; now under the mask of liberality ; now with barefaced persecution ; now in connexion with turbulent nobles ; now with Presbyterian demagogues ; now with the Irish as their soldiers ; now with foreign invaders ; now through the perjuries of clients ; now by the sword of an O’Neil ;—abandoned at once the moment law was enforced, and justice exerted against it ; raised up with increased arrogance and clamour at every concession and indulgence. Such has been the uniform history, not of the Roman Catholics in Ireland—for we are not speaking of the laity—but of the leaders of the Popish priesthood in Ireland, when fitting opportunities occurred, especially since the management of the Jesuits began ; and as, in all other periods, to gain one and the same end, they have adopted various means most fitting for their purpose, so they have now invented a most efficient instrument for the times out of a parochial clergy.

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\* *Desiderata Curiosa Hiberniæ*, vol. i. p. vi.



To understand this, let us consider the position which this papal hierocracy now occupies. It has, on the one side, a vast, untutored, impoverished, depressed population—inflamable, gregarious, ‘easily following the religion of their lords;’\* full of natural intelligence, inquisitive, deeply religious—imbued with good prejudices, easily led by kindness, and thirsting for education. On the other side is an active, zealous, pure, simple-minded Church, which, though persecuted, has not been weakened; and which is actively engaged in its duty—in doing what it was placed to do both by God and its country, and endeavouring to win over the nation to truth from what Englishmen will not venture to deny is a lamentable and fatal error. With this Church are now beginning to co-operate a considerable body of landlords—it may be slowly indeed and partially—it may be with their eyes just awakening to the folly of encouraging, as their fathers did, the growth of a hostile religion in order to swell their rents or their votes; but inspired with a spirit of loyalty and benevolence, and we really believe, to no little extent with the piety which they witness in their clergy. Once let the landlords and the clergy combine, and if this be an enlightened age, and Popery is error, neither of which will be denied by the advocates of a liberal policy, Popery must fall—and Ireland be converted. Landlords therefore must be thwarted, and intimidated—and the Church, either by assassination, or terror, or starvation, or a legislative process, be crippled and silenced. But this is not all! Two other bodies are still standing almost neutral—but either of them, by joining the Church and the landlords, would effectually give them the victory. The government of the empire is one, and the public opinion of Protestants the other;—terrify or cajole the one, and *blind the other*—and the triumph of Popery will be comparatively easy.

Now every one of these purposes is to be attained by raising up a body of priests who will hold the population in their hands to be swayed to and fro as a sort of political bludgeon, ready for outrage and murder at the will of that hidden power which is struggling to reconquer Ireland—who will goad the peasantry into hatred and fear against their landlords, the clergy, and the Sassenach—who will now parade them in vast tumultuous masses, or organised as in the ‘Temperance’ processions—now herd them under the horsewhip to the hustings and registration courts—now marshal them in secret conspiracies—now keep them restless and excited by rumours of massacres, and rebellions, and the recovery of confiscated lands—and, lastly, let us remember,

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\* *Strafford's Letter.*



while one hand secretly organises and infuriates them to outrage, will with the other ostentatiously soothe and affect to restrain them ; commanding them to evade, but forbidding them to violate the law ; that the eyes of the Government may be blinded—and ends may be gained by threats which never could be gained by open force—or, if attempted by force, would hazard not only the lives of the people, to which demagogues seem wonderfully indifferent, but the lives of the demagogues, of which they are pre-eminently and most discreetly careful.

This is the use and object of the present race of Popish priests in Ireland. Terror—terror in every part—terror over the landlord, terror over the clergy, terror over the Government, terror over England, and terror over the Irish peasantry. *It is the reign of terror in Ireland into which the English people are bound to inquire ;* and here commences the chief difficulty.

If Englishmen once understood the real nature of the influence by which the Popish priest of this day rules his flock, the rest would be easily seen. But those who best know the truth despair of bringing this home to the understanding and conviction of any who have not personally visited Ireland. That it is affection, veneration, moral influence, the sympathy of birth, personal kindness, constant association, is the prevailing opinion in England ;—and witnesses will not be believed who set these aside at once, and give a very different answer,—*Fear*. But witnesses who describe Ireland as it really exists must expect to meet with incredulity, and must patiently submit to it.

That the people are bound to their priests by some extraordinary *fascination*—no one denies. But let us consider for a moment. It cannot be an intellectual conviction of the doctrines of their religion, for that they are deeply in want of instruction is sufficiently attested by the avowed need of a national education. Neither is it the moral influence of character. Let impartial inquirers examine what is the character of the priests in general, and what the opinion entertained of them by the people.

For instance, have the people confidence in their honesty? When they send money from abroad, when they receive their pensions, when they appoint executors to their wills, when they deposit money in the care of others, when they wish to have matters settled by arbitration—*Do they trust their priest? Do they not with wonderful unanimity distrust him? Do they not recur ordinarily, as a matter of course, to their Protestant clergyman and their Protestant landlord?*—(we speak of the general feeling throughout Ireland)—and when asked why they do not have recourse to their priest—is it not the answer, that the priest would cheat them ; or, more delicately, that they cannot trust him?

Will persons familiar with Ireland, and unbiassed by party, question the accuracy of this statement?

Upon the same principle, the influence exerted by the priest is not, as M. de Beaumont has so strangely found persons to assure him, and has so infelicitously published,—the influence of charity. That it was so in the last century is highly probable; but if one fact is more notorious than another in Ireland, it is that the present race of priests take everything they can, and give nothing.

Will Parliament inquire whether any change has taken place in the priest's dues since the tithes were taken off the occupier? Does the priest in many parts now exact two flukes, or twenty sheaves, from each head of a family, instead of ten? Have active agents of noblemen been compelled to resist this, and at the risk of their lives? What is the price at which extreme unction and other rites of the Church are now sold? Is it customary to administer them without their being sold? Are the Irish peasants afraid to improve their external condition from fear of additional extortions? What are *stations*, and why has Dr. Ryan, the Romish bishop in Limerick, just now prohibited the feastings which took place in them? What are now the fees for marriages? Is such a fact as this common, that a priest will separate a married couple on the plea of one of the parties being either a Protestant, or having been seduced, or being too nearly related according to the Romish canons, and will then engage to remarry them on the payment of a heavy fine—*eight guineas, for instance*? Will they ask, if it is not a proverb in Ireland that 'there is no luck in a priest's money?'—and whether a dress like a priest's be not the best of all preservatives against the importunity of beggars? And then it should also be asked what is the conduct of the landlords and the clergy, whose doors, M. de Beaumont asserts, can never be approached by the poor, while travellers who are staying within those doors will scarcely be able to come out without meeting some miserable object waiting to be relieved?

But, we are told, this influence of the priest is the result of social and religious communication!—Undoubtedly, as to the *social* point, the priest has access to the cabins of the peasants at all hours. Undoubtedly he does mix with them upon terms of more intimacy than the clergy of the Church. He is one of themselves: sprung from them, bred up in the same habits—very often (O, when will the Irish Church and the English government understand the value of this!) speaking the Irish language!—and the first to undertake their cause, and identify himself with their views, whenever a landlord is to be thwarted—or a magistrate bearded on the bench—or a criminal to be extricated from the law—or a tenant to be kept in possession of his land—or a clergyman to be resisted—or any other

other work to be done in which the spiritual power can safely be brought to bear against the Sassenach or the Church. So also—for facts must be stated plainly, however certain to be regarded as caricatures and exaggerations—if by *religious communication* is meant the performance by them at stated times of the rites of their Church in an unknown tongue—the delivery of a short address (called a *sermon*), enforcing the payment of dues, or denouncing individuals—the celebration of mass—the confession—extreme unction—the blessing the holy clay to be put into the coffins of the dead, that their souls may not be risked by their bodies lying in ground polluted with the corpses of Protestants;—if it means the saying masses not only for the dead, but in boats when first launched, for a good take of herrings—for sick cows and horses and pigs!—to prevent the fish from forsaking a bay over which a Protestant corpse had been carried;—if it means blessing a house to drive away fairies and goblins—writing orations or verses from St. John's Gospel to hang round the neck of children, as a charm—drawing up amulets as protections for cattle—hearing confessions, and pronouncing absolution at the rate of ten minutes for each case—(Mr. Mathison gives this calculation from their own statements)—then indeed, we freely confess, that *religious communication* has very much to do with the influence of the priests. But by religious communication, we mean the watchful, anxious solicitude of a clergyman for the real spiritual interest of souls committed to his care—the fatherly correction, the gradual development of principles and feelings, the consolation, encouragement, enlightenment of the conscience, the reading by sick beds, the prayers in the hour of death, the seizure of every occasion to put the truth of God into men's minds, and the love of God into their hearts. And once again, we intreat the English public—on whom, humanly speaking, the question now rests, whether the unhappy peasantry of Ireland shall be rescued to the Church or be abandoned to Popery—to inquire how much of this is to be found in the ministrations of the Romish priests, as they at present exist? We do not say there are not many, very many exceptions; God forbid that any body of men should so utterly have fallen!—but we speak of them generally. And when such a suggestion is met by the pathetic and imposing descriptions of the nightly journey of priests in cold and darkness, at all seasons, and on every call, to administer the consolations of religion to the sick and the dying—let it be understood that this consolation is simply the rite of extreme unction, which is never performed till hope has vanished—that it is rarely performed, even in the poorest case, without either money in hand or a pledge of payment—(2s., 6s., 10s., 15s., 20s., 30s., occur in

cases now before us)—that the priest dare not withhold it, because the people, *believing that salvation depends\* on it*, will not tolerate a denial, and Dr. Dens himself allows it to them ‘as a right.’ These things are hard to speak of—they are very painful to hear, painful to believe. But again and again it must be repeated, that, unless the eyes of the English public are opened to the truth, the Church of Ireland, and Ireland itself, and with Ireland the English empire, and with the English empire all the great interests of mankind, spiritual as well as political, which are dependent on it, will be sacrificed to that abused delicacy with which Popery is now treated and described.

Where then, if neither in the intellect nor the heart, does the influence of the priest rule?

First of all, in that deep, secret, mysterious dread of supernatural agency which penetrates the Irish character. In England—civilised, reformed, enlightened England—from which railways, and newspapers, and spinning-jennies have banished ghosts, goblins, fairies, and the belief of everything unseen by sense—we cannot comprehend the hold which superstition (we call it superstition, not as if its root did not lie deep in truth and good affection) possesses over the Irish peasant.† A curse with him is now, and has been from the very beginning, the most powerful of charms. Tara 1100 years ago was rendered the waste it now is by a priest’s curse, and every page of their history is full of similar facts. It has a living power with the Irishman, and a blessing even from the beggar is worth the risk of starvation.‡ He

\* ‘What did you believe in’ (said a friend to an intelligent young convert), ‘before you were converted to the Church?’ ‘I believed in my priest.’—‘What did you believe he could do?’ ‘Save me.’—‘How?’ ‘By anointing me.’ A better summary of the state of Popery in Ireland could scarcely be given. The necessity of extreme unction is so keenly felt, that in islands where ordinarily the priest never comes but twice a year to receive his dues, when, in consequence of the surf, he cannot land to administer the rite, they put the dying man into a boat, and carry him ten miles to the main land. The operation is called preparing them for death. An omission of it even from accident plunges the surviving family in the deepest affliction. Its performance quiets the conscience of the most guilty criminal. ‘Lie still, or how can I save you?’ was the angry expression of a priest to a poor dying man, whose convulsive movement interrupted the operation. And the threat of withholding the rite and permitting them to ‘die like dogs’ is one of the most ordinary influences exercised over the unhappy peasant.

† We cannot speak of the Irish peasant without alluding to the many lighter works of literature which have recently portrayed his character. But we hope to return to this more agreeable part of the subject, and devote some space to it. Two of the most pleasing are entitled ‘Rambles in the South of Ireland by Lady Chatterton’ (2 vols. 1839); and ‘Home Sketches,’ &c., by the same Lady, (3 vols. 1841); and it is no little satisfaction, that volumes marked at once by so much talent and refinement, and by so much kind and affectionate interest for Ireland, should have been written by, we believe, an Englishwoman. But Lady Chatterton must not hope to escape from us in a note.

‡ This popular feeling will in fact completely neutralise the action of the poor-laws,

He bows down willingly to man as the minister of God. He sees a supernatural agency and a sacramental meaning in every thing. He has never yet been raised to know and exercise an independent strength either of intellect or of arm, and he throws himself willingly and gladly, and with all the warmth and confidence, and cowardice, and thoughtlessness of a child, under any one who professes to be his master. Would our readers believe that, among the great mass of the Irish peasantry, they would find such a creed as this:—that the priest, when IN HIS VESTMENTS AT THE ALTAR—(this must be remembered)—can bless and curse as God;—that he can work miracles, and does work miracles, as in healing the sick—(hundreds of such cases are circulated through the country, and believed, though the parties healed do not appear);—that he can turn *men into animals, birds, asses, and serpents*—can fix them to the spot;—‘can make horns grow out of their heads;’—that Father Mathew also works miracles—that his medal is a remedy against sickness; that it drives away ill-luck; that it rescues persons ‘even from the doors of hell:’—that their bishops individually, in the words of their catechisms, are not only what bishops are, ambassadors of God, ‘but personate God himself on earth, and are worthily called not only angels, but gods also;’\*—and that, when the priest is in the confessional, ‘he is, as it were, God;’ ‘what he hears, he hears not as man but God,’—and therefore he ‘knows it only *as God*,’ and may swear, without perjury, ‘I know nothing,’ ‘because the word I,’ as Dr. Dens explains it, (vol. vi. p. 219) ‘restricts to knowledge acquired by him *as man*’!!!

Is in fact Popery in Ireland the adoration of a priest? And is this the answer frequently given by the unhappy people when asked whom they worship, ‘My priest is my God?’

Now let such notions as these be supported by the principle of ‘implicit faith;’ by the fundamental doctrine of transubstantiation, which attributes to the priest a complete miraculous power, subversive of all the evidence of the senses; by the mystery of the confessional generally, which places any man, but especially an Irishman, completely at the mercy of his priest.† Let such notions,

so little do our present legislators understand the materials with which they propose to deal. Without vagrancy-laws workhouses are useless. But vagrancy-laws cannot be enforced when the people will not refuse to give—and the Irish will not refuse their potato so long as the beggar has a blessing to give in return, or a *curse* to denounce on the refusal.

\* We are quoting from the Catechism set forth by the Council of Trent, and acknowledged by the Romish bishops to be a decisive authority, without appeal.

† It is a remarkable peculiarity in their character that they ‘become perfect slaves to a person who is acquainted with their guilt.’ We have heard a clergyman of our own Church assert that an Irishman, who had once in confidence confessed a crime to him, never came into his presence afterwards without trembling from head to foot.

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in place of being discouraged and combated, he studiously encouraged by the priest, and pushed to the utmost extravagance. Let the poor peasantry hear every Sunday of the power of the priest's curse! Let a mark be set upon the man who offends a priest—so that he becomes an outcast from society; that the most tremendous civil consequences of spiritual excommunication are brought down upon him for the most trivial act—precisely such as are enforced upon heretics by the authorised formularies of popery; \* that his neighbours refuse to speak to him; that his property is left exposed to all kinds of injury, because there is no wrong in wronging a man who is a rebel against the Pope; that even *just debts are refused to be paid on the same ground*;—that wives will be brought to curse their husbands, on their bare knees, as devils, and worse than devils; that parents will, at the command of the priest, turn their children out of doors to starve; husbands separate from their wives—brothers hire ruffians to assault their brothers; buying and selling be interdicted, and the victim be abandoned to starvation. Let the injunction of the Achill priest—whom Dr. Mac Hale, with thirteen other priests, came over to the island to support—be recommended, and the Irish peasants be ordered, ‘if such condemned persons come to them in the field, whatever they would have in their hand, if it was a spade, to strike them with it,’ and ‘if it was a pitchfork, to stick them.’† Let there be a body of ruffians, such as Dr. Doyle describes them to be in his Pastoral Letters to *them*, capable of any crime, secretly moving about the country in all places of public resort, ready to fall on any one thus pointed out for punishment. Let there be few gradations of the poorer orders to check such persecution by a moral influence. Let the victim be completely dependent on his little holding of land, and no refuge be opened to him elsewhere. Let the landlord, if a Romanist, be under the influence of the priest; and if a Protestant, be indifferent to the persecution of a Protestant. Let the magistrate have no access to the chapel where these interdicts are fulminated; or be remiss in taking proceedings against the priests *who provide the members who form the majority which supports the government*; or else let him be utterly baffled in his inquiries by the impossibility of obtaining information under this reign of terror, by the notorious perjury which such cases generate, by the violence of the priests, and by the combination of the priest-ruled peasantry. Let *these facts* be realised in the mind, as they may be substantiated by proof—

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\* If any one wishes to see these he may find them, under the hand of a Roman Catholic priest, who had ascertained them at Rome, in 1821, in Mr. Morrissey's Development, p. 9, &c.

† Extracts from Evidence before the Lords on the Achill Mission, p. 101.



not in one part of Ireland, nor of one priest, but as the general character of the system—and Englishmen will then form some notion of our meaning, when we hinted that the *rule of the priest was a reign of terror*.

But this is not all. We have supposed hitherto that this spiritual tyranny is confined to purely spiritual offences. It is one of the delusions of the day that a determinate line can be drawn between spiritual things and temporal; and this delusion of ours enables the Pope to tolerate the Romish priests in taking the oath of allegiance. Their line is very different from ours. But even were it otherwise, it would be a question for a government whether it is not bound to interfere, as Christian states have interfered before, to prevent the abuse of such denunciations and excommunications, by confining them to cases where, in some legitimate court, some *spiritual and sufficient offence* had been proved.

‘I know,’ says Lord Grenville, arguing on the Roman Catholic Question, May 27, 1808, ‘that the Catholic practice of excommunication is objected. But this practice can be applied to spiritual matters only. Have there been attempts to extend it further? Permit no such interference with the temporal interests of your people: prohibit it by your laws; and if prohibition be found ineffectual, *punish it*.’

What would Lord Grenville have said if he could have known the use made, every Sunday, in Ireland, not perhaps of absolute excommunication—for this curse is felt to be too awful to be generally tolerated by the people\* as a common thing—but by threats  
and

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\* We have before us one instance in which, when the priest was about to commence the ceremony by ringing the bell, the congregation protested against it, because (we are quoting the words) ‘the harvest was not gathered; and ringing the bell would bring bad luck on the parish.’ In others, to show that it is considered not as a spiritual discipline, but a curse, it is practised on Protestants. In another case before us, the victim was a poor woman excommunicated for allowing her children to go to a Scripture School. The examination was taken down in order to be laid before the Committee of the House of Lords, on oath. We will give a part of it, as illustrative of the state of things.—  
‘Q. Were you in the chapel on the day of the cursing? A. I was.—Q. Did you hear it? A. I did.—Q. What did the priest say? A. *I’ll be bound he cursed her well*. “I asked,” says the writer, “some more questions, but the man seemed disinclined to answer, and I did not press him.” The next witness came, promising to tell all about it, to oblige Mr. —; but evincing the greatest dislike to be known to have done so.  
‘Q. Were you in — chapel the day the woman was cursed? A. I was.—Q. Did you hear it? A. I did.—Q. At what mass? A. At second mass.—Q. Did the priest give a reason for cursing the woman? A. He said it was for going here and there.—Q. What did he mean by that? A. Because he said she was to and fro, going sometimes to mass and sometimes to church.—Q. What did he say to her? A. He said enough, *I’ll be bound*.—Q. What did he say? A. *He cursed every inch of her carcass*.—Q. Did he bid the people not to speak to her? A. He desired them not to speak to her, or deal with her, or have anything to do with her.—Q. Did he curse her child? [the poor creature was pregnant at the time.] A. He cursed everything that would spring from her.—Q. Did he say anything about the child she was carrying—did he curse the fruit of her womb? A. I did not hear him say *that*: he cursed everything that would spring from her.—Q. How was he dressed? A. He threw off the  
clothes



and denunciations, in which individuals are either mentioned by name\* or accurately pointed out; appeals are made to the people as the proper executioners of the threat; and a social persecution is set on foot, which scarcely any one, least of all an Irishman, with his gregarious habits and dependence upon others, can resist.

And here let us pause again.

How are statements like these, which unsubstantiated by facts are valueless, to be brought home to the minds of Englishmen? It must be by an accumulation of them in every shape and from every part of Ireland. And it would be well if those who are most interested in opening the eyes of the country would take steps to place on record, upon authentic information, and supported by such witnesses as *can* be procured under this system of intimidation, every occurrence of the kind—and to preserve them ready when called for—if not from time to time to lay them before the public through some regular channels. Something at least may be done in this way to overcome the almost hopeless apathy and incredulity which at present prevails. Mr. Colquhoun has made one collection from the *Reports of Parliamentary Com-*

clothes he had on, and put on a black dress.—Q. Did he do anything with candles? A. 'Tis the way: the clerk quenched all the candles but one, and himself put out that, and said, "So the light of heaven was quenched upon her soul;" and he shut a book, and said, the gates of heaven were shut upon her that day.—Q. What do you mean by saying "he cursed every inch of her carcass?" A. He cursed her eyes, and her ears, and her legs, and so on every bit of her.—Q. What did you think of such doings? A. I wished myself at Carmimole—[a proverbial expression].—Q. What do you mean by that? A. I wished myself a thousand miles off from such a thing.—Q. Did the rest of the people in the chapel seem to like it? A. How could they like it? They all disliked it: some were crying, some women fainted.—Q. Did any one speak to the priest about it? A. I'll be bound they did not; they left him to himself—they would be in dread of their lives to stir.—Another witness, having deposed to the same effect, used these remarkable expressions, to be borne in mind when a demand is made for the names of witnesses, and such evidence as in England would be required before a jury. "Now, sir," said the man, after stating these circumstances, "I would go up to my neck in that sea there to serve the gentleman you are with—I would do anything short of my life, in fact—but it would be better for me to be dead a thousand times than to have my name brought in question about this business. Five hundred could tell you the same story, but what could a man do standing alone? for God's sake don't expose me." The whole examination is too long to extract. It may be enough to add, that the neighbours of the poor woman withdrew from intercourse with her. Shopkeepers refused to sell even bread to her. Her own children were included in the curse, except one, who was in the service of a Roman Catholic lady, and was prohibited from speaking to his mother. The poor woman with whom they lodged was so tormented by the neighbours that they were obliged to quit the house, and must have perished in the street had they not been received into the house of a Protestant: and when the poor creature's confinement approached, a *Roman Catholic lady* prohibited the usual person from attending her, under threat of losing her support; and no one could be found to attend until the wife of the clergyman of the parish (from whom we heard this ourselves) interested herself to obtain from the priest a reluctant permission.

\* The evidence bearing on the fact that Lord Norbury was denounced, or held up to popular indignation, before he was murdered, may be found in the Report of the Committee on Crime: 3671 to 3703: 6539 to 6553: 10155: 14180 to 14192.

*mittes,*

*mittees*, chiefly that on *Intimidation at Elections*—and we pause to extract a portion of it, not as the foundation of our own statements, which were made before we met with his volume, but as specimens and illustrations only which may help to awaken attention.

And as the eye runs over them, we entreat the reader to transfer them for a moment to England—to imagine the English clergy, the natural ministers of loyalty, and order, and peace, coming forward simultaneously at elections, under the sanction of their bishops, to co-operate with the most turbulent and seditious demagogues—standing at the communion-table, and prohibiting from approach all who did not vote as they directed—denouncing them by name or description to a ferocious mob, as enemies and traitors—themselves heading that mob in acts of violence and outrage—enjoining exclusive dealing—allowing the walls of their churches to be placarded with incentives to murder, and turning their pulpits, and altars, and churchyards, into political platforms. Imagine *them* prostituting the most solemn mysteries of religion, the sanctity of the sacraments, and the awful threat of a *sinner's death-bed*, to the extortion of votes. Let *them* know that on every word of encouragement they uttered blood has flowed already, and will flow again; and let them still speak on! Let all this be done to exasperate the people against their natural superiors—tenants against landlords, and subjects against governors. Let it break forth not at a time of persecution, when past sufferings might be thought some extenuation for revenge, but in profound peace, when every day was heaping on them fresh acts of conciliation and kindness. Let these acts be known and proved, and the parties named, and yet let the heads of the English Church take no cognisance of such offences. Would it be a calumny to say that such acts might fairly be assumed as a representation of a general system; or, as in the real instance of Ireland, to assert that what takes place during an election will take place whenever it is the interest of the priests to employ similar instruments of power; and that their interest is inseparably connected, by their own confession, with the principles which in England are acknowledged to be destructive of law and of the country?

For what purposes then is this spiritual power exercised?

‘Priest Falvery threatened that he would neither baptize, nor christen, nor perform the rites of the church to a man named Connor, who had promised to vote for the Knight of Kerry. (11852.) Father Walsh said at Borris chapel, “that any one who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen should be refused all religious rites, and so run the risk of everlasting punishment.” (11094.) Father John O’Sullivan said at the altar “that any one who would vote for the Knight of Kerry he would not prepare him for death, but *he would let him die like a beast*, neither would

would he baptize his children. (11990.) In every chapel in County Kerry, *except three*, the priests warned the people to vote for the popular candidate, *on pain of being held as enemies to their religion.* (4659.) At Cashel the priest threatened Mr. Pennefather's tenants "with the deprivation of the rites of their religion; that he would melt them off the face of the earth; that he would put the sickness on them; that they should not dare to vote as they liked, but as he liked—that if they did, the grass should grow at their door—wiping his boots there at the same time." (5451.) At Clonmel, "not only," says Mr. Willcock, "did the priests of the town interfere, but all the priests from the adjacent parishes—one of them stated that he would turn any of his flock who voted for Mr. Bagwell into a serpent." (5525.) Priest Kehoe addressed the people from the altar of his chapel—said every man who did not vote with them he should denounce "as a renegade and apostate"—held up one who voted against them as a "hypocritical apostate seduced by Satan, who had bartered his soul, his country, and his God for money—told them not to do this, but to be true to their souls, their country, and their God." (11315.) In Kilkenny the constable of Bown-yarrow reports to Mr. Green "that on the 18th of January, 1835, (Sunday,) Mr. —, priest of —, stated to his congregation in the chapel that he would give his curse to any one that would vote against his country—that any one that would give his vote should be *marked*, and that he would mark them himself." "The parish priest of Y—, County Kerry, (4877,) told his parishioners in the chapel that every one who voted against his country should be marked out of the flock." (p. 282.) In County Carlow Father Maher said "he and the priest would mark them to their graves." "

But with this spiritual denunciation is coupled something of a more temporal nature.

'In Borris chapel a meeting took place, with Father Walsh in the chair. Father Walsh said "that any person who voted for Mr. Kavanagh had ceased to be a member of his church, and was delivered over to Satan. Such as were present he called on them to quit the chapel, for fear of polluting the people, who should not eat, drink, or sleep with them. The curse of the Almighty would fall on them in this world, while, with the mark of Cain on their foreheads, they would go down to the grave, for betraying their religion and country. Any man who voted for Kavanagh and Bruen should be refused all religious rites, and would run the risk of everlasting punishment."

'In Tipperary, Mr. Fitzgerald states (6219) that "the priests declared, with respect to two tradesmen, that a cross should be placed opposite their doors, and that neither of them should sell a bit of bread." At Tralee a proprietor of public cars between Tralee and Dingle was informed that if he voted for Mr. Denny he should be compelled to take his cars off the road. (p. 282.) Another person dissolved his partnership immediately with a *marked man* who had agreed to vote for Mr. Denny. (p. 282.) After the elections the usual course was to make up a list of those who voted against the priest's order, printed and headed

as follows—we take the case of Queen's County—"The List of the Tithe Supporters who voted for Coote and Vesey, and against the people; for the sake of your country forget not your friends, but particularly *remember your foes.*" The object of this, lest any should misunderstand it, Mr. O'Connell explained in a placard issued in Kerry: "Let them take down, and publish in their parishes, the names of any traitors to Ireland—put up the names of the traitors—*let no man deal with them*—let no woman speak to them—let the children laugh them to scorn." (4379.)

'At Navan the notices were more pointed. "Take notice not to deal with your enemy, while you can either buy or sell with your friends. James Morgan voted for Randall Plunket; the shoemaker did the same; J—— Y——, M—— N——, sell bread, who would eat it? J—— Y——, M—— N——, sell boots and shoes, who would wear them?" (5882.) Lest these should be called idle threats, we turn to their application. Here is Mr. Coghlan's report from Navan. "Yesterday, and until late last night, a number of the peasantry congregated in front of ——'s shop, threatening persons not to dare to purchase bread or meat from him. Two women, Protestants, who purchased flour in ——'s shop, were severely beaten on their way home." (5888.) From Stradbally, Queen's county, the official report is, "such freeholders as did not vote by the direction of the priests, for Messrs. Cassidy and Lalor, are in the utmost state of fear, and no means are left to hold them up to the odium of the people throughout the country. In addition to their names having been posted and the lists printed, I send you the Maryborough Independent newspaper, which publishes their names, and calls on the public not to hold intercourse with them." (4861.) At Rosenallis the constable took down two notices on the chapel walls "threatening severe punishment on any who should deal with ——, of Rosenallis, shopkeeper, because he refused to vote for Mr. Lalor." (4871.)

'At Kells, County Meath, there was a little relaxing in the popular feeling. Out came, on the 16th February, a notice warning all to avoid the *marked shops*, and if they did not know them to ask others:—"They put up hand-bills begging of you to go back to them; but who dare attempt to cross their door, let them mark the consequences." (5916.) In the country, near Kells, some persons had taken conacres from a *marked* proprietor; they were immediately visited by a party of men, "who told them if they did not give them up, they would be under the clay before the corn could be over it; and in consequence each of these persons gave up the acres." (5916.) Nay, so late as the middle of April, long after the election heats were over, at Kilshier, a person intended to take some potato-ground from a marked proprietor; he found on the chapel wall a notice addressed to him, warning him that he should do so at the peril of his life. (5916.) At Kells, in July, the exclusive dealing is still continued, and "no Protestant whatever is dealt with there." (5919.) One placard is mentioned, "H——, you are a Rathcormac supporter—exclusive dealing will totter your establishment to the ground." (5830.) On the 11th of May a notice was  
served

served on a man of the name of ———, threatening him with the fate of another who was murdered in daylight, if he did not withdraw his cattle from the farm of a man who had been marked. (5883-4.) In Stradbally, after such a notice to a voter, a witness observes, "He remained some days after giving his vote, and *no single person entered his shop.*" (4856.) At Clonmel, a man was obliged to remove his name from the door (as all custom had left him), "that people might not know he resided there." (5269.) But the strongest case, and the best illustration of the system of the priests, is that of a man who was offered as a witness to the Committee, being then in London on his way to America. It appeared that, because this man *had presumed, some time before, to vote contrary to his priest's wish*, he was marked, stripped of his business, excluded from work, and obliged, in utter destitution, to flee from his country. (5203.)

Lest this should prove inadequate, ministers of Christ in Ireland have recourse to still more stringent suggestions:—

' Father O'Sullivan said "that those who voted for the Knight of Kerry deserved *to be pelted* as they went along." (11990.) At Cashel the priest M'Donnell held *stations* at the houses of those who were opposed to Mr. Perrin—"said he kept a list of all who would vote against them, which should lie on his chimney-piece, open for public inspection; and in one of his speeches he said, that any one who would vote for Pennefather, would be guilty of the blood of those who died at Rathcormac," &c. (5451.) One priest in Tipperary said, "he saw no difference between the head of a fox and the head of a fox-hunter; *in consequence of which* the gentlemen of the hunt were pelted—they were not allowed to go through the country." (5538.) At Trim, the parish priest addressed the people in the chapel, advised them to go round all the freeholders in immense numbers, coerce them to vote, and, if they would not, *mark their doors with blood.* (5806.) In Meath a priest recommended them to get a coffin, and put four persons under the pall, to represent the Conservatives, and then throw the coffin into the Boyne. (5845.) On the hustings in Carlow in June, Father Maher addressed the people thus—and we have this on *his own testimony* before the Committee: "All who vote at the election, of the Roman Catholic religion, shall vote for Wallace and Blackney. We will take our stand here daily, in our capacity as priests, and we will know the name of the man who will vote against us, *we will watch the recreant till he goes to the grave.* Yes, upon the Catholic slave we will set a mark, who will vote against God and his country." (p. 595.) In Carlow chapel a witness tells us, he heard Priest O'Connell, *the parish priest*, tell the people on a Sunday, "that, as they were seeking for their rights, they could not do better than *employ themselves in hunting the freeholders on that day*"—and they went round in large bodies to the freeholders' houses. (11084.) If any one would more clearly understand the character of the priests' addresses, we refer him to that of Father Kehoe, *from the altar of his chapel*, at Leighlin-bridge on Sunday 14th June. He held out a man, Pat. Neil, to the abhorrence of his people, for voting for Col. Bruen—called him by every abusive name,

to strike fear and terror into the hearts of the Conservatives :—  
“ *if it will not be necessary to draw the sword, the very sight of the  
sword will be enough to terrify them ; but if they gain this election  
they did the last, more blood will flow than there is water in the  
Barrow.*” (11315.)

At least even such suggestions should be insufficient, the same  
ill-educated ministers of the gospel advance still farther :—  
In New Ross, Father Barry, parish priest, put himself at the head  
of a large mob, armed with bludgeons, who went round in the night to  
persuade the voters to join them (4310), and scoured the neighbourhood  
of Wexford town and the Barony of Shelburne. How they proceeded,  
we have an instance from the sworn testimony of Michael Kenaught,  
a farmer, to whose door they came, called to him to get up, and go with them,  
threatened to break in his door ; but his door proving too strong for  
them they moved off. He went next day to Wexford, to vote for the Con-  
servatives, but “ was forcibly driven back by a riotous mob,” and could  
not give his vote. (4312.) Instances of twenty-two parish priests in the  
County of Kerry are given, who put themselves at the head of mobs, paraded  
the town and roads, with threats and clamour, entered houses, dragged out  
the voters, pursued them, when they fled, from house to house, and instigated  
the mob to acts of violence—led up the voters to the poll, stood in the  
way and dragged up unwilling freeholders. (p. 2812.) At Clonmel, a  
Protestant Catholic tradesman was visited by the parish priest at the head of a  
mob. The priest insisted upon his going with him—he refused—the  
priest became abusive—the priest encouraged them, saying, “ that’s  
boys.” “ In the evening another mob came, and wanted to force  
the man to get the man out, *but he had a gun and kept them off.*”  
3.) In Tipperary the priests went at the head of large mobs, round  
the voters’ houses, with crucifixes in their hands, and forced the electors to



Kehoe, priest of Leighlin-bridge, county Carlow, who, last June, drove round several parishes with men who acted under his orders, and forced no less than forty voters into gigs and carts—drove them to his house on Sunday and Monday, and kept them in durance there till Wednesday, when they were conveyed to Carlow. These men “wished to get away,” —“were very uneasy,”—and the threat which terrified them was, that they would be held out as *marked*—separated from the church, and *published from the altar*; and then, says the witness, “*they would have their houses burnt at night.*” (pp. 465-9.)

‘There was scarce any part of county Kerry—says a witness friendly to the priests (12187)—in which the priests did not take an active part, telling the freeholders that to vote for the knight of Kerry would be to vote against their religion (p. 686); terrifying them by threats to break their pledges; holding them up, if they resisted, as perjured apostates; letting loose mobs upon them; marking them out by going to their houses; forbidding all dealing with them (11782); collecting the freeholders, marching at their head, and conducting them to the poll (p. 687); employing their agents to put up the emblems of death over their doors (11708):—so that well might Lord Kenmare, a Roman Catholic, write to his agent (11720): “We are now arrived at a point beyond which forbearance is no longer possible. The question at issue is, whether we are to bow our heads to a system of insolent dictation and intimidation; whether those freeholders who will not submit to be used as puppets by Mr. O’Connell are to be pointed at as objects of insult and assassination; when the mob in Tralee is told that those who will not vote as he dictates are to be dragged from the hustings, and trampled under foot.” A witness says “that he could not trust the friendly voters without protection, in consequence of the *frightful intimidation of the priests.*” ’ (12114.)

The enslaved people, as might be anticipated, are not slow in receiving these hints, and executing them as desired.

‘At Caherciveen they turned out, and refused to allow any of Mr. Fitzgerald’s voters to go up to Tralee. “One who attempted it was severely beaten; others were told their coffins would be ready for them. None dare vote from terror of their lives.” (4586.) This is taken from a sworn deposition. Carroll, who voted for the Knight, had one of his houses burnt down. (4605.) Many were beaten, but did not prosecute, lest a worse thing should befall them. (4623.) Various injuries on property were inflicted. (4640.) Two tenants said, “That if they voted *against the priests’ wishes*, they were in danger of *being murdered by night.*” (4701.) To a respectable Roman Catholic in another parish, a notice, with a coffin and a man’s head, was served, telling him, if he voted for Coote and Vesey, his life would be the forfeit; (4850;) and Mr. Singleton said, if he had not lived in a town, that this man dared not to have voted. One of Sir Charles Coote’s tenants was returning from Ballyfin House to his own, when he was knocked down by two armed men, beat, and his head cut in five places. (4874.) If a man is neutral, he equally suffers. In one chapel a voter’s son was hooted and kicked out, because his father did not vote for Lalor and Cassidy. “The Roman Catholic suffers



was carried by the priests; and had it not been for the presence of the military and police, no one at Clonmel could have voted." and -41.) At Trim, houses were attacked. At Navan, seveholders had figures of death's heads and cross bones painted on their door. (5817.) Near Kells, notices were served warning them with murder. (5833.) In Trim, thousands of Catholics assembled to destroy the Protestants; and were only prevented by Despard and a large force. (5860.) In Slane, the houses of Protestants were attacked. (5879.) At Navan attacks were on the Protestants. (5888.) In Meath, says Mr. Despard, voting for the Protestant candidate can do so without danger. ) The same witness refers the violence to the intimidation of voters. (5978.) In Carlow, many of the tenantry "were taken away; and a large party of men came from *the county of Wexford* seized on them, and took them away." (11077.) Another letter sent him to say, "that if he voted for Kavanagh and his life would be endangered." (11132). The Rev. Mr. delivered, in the chapel at Bagnalstown, a sermon, such as those have been quoted; *in consequence*, this practical execution of his followed. Mr. Malcomson, a respectable apothecary in Bagnalstown returning from the house of Mr. Hogg, "was knocked down by a man—a pistol placed to his head—the trigger pulled—but it missed and they were proceeding to murder him when the noise of a cart startled them. They then took and threw him into the river." A proclamation, offering a reward, was issued. Q. Any notice from Mr. Despard, condemning this atrocity? A. None. (p. 639.) Violence pursued voters everywhere. "John Dowling, a respectable Roman Catholic, came up to the table at Carlow to vote. One of Mr. Vigors' friends seized him by the skirt of the coat, and was going to pull him off the table. It was dusk in the evening—a simultaneous rush took place

down under the feet of the horses." (11352.) Respectable men could not venture out. One, for five days, dared not approach his office.' (p. 661-2.)

In the following passage of Mr. Colquhoun's summary we are enabled to trace the ulterior fate of various victims:—

' In county Wexford the terrors on the part of the freeholders were extreme, of what they should suffer after the election (p. 251). In Queen's County men were afraid to return to their houses (4845). Women related to the voters dared not go to the chapel; and when asked to sign their deposition stating this before a magistrate, they refused, saying that if they did so, "they dared not go out of their houses." (4861.) Men were visited in their houses and stabbed, because they had refused to vote for the priest. (Cases in Queen's County, 4871.) Others who voted were attacked and beaten in fairs and markets; and *this was a common practice*. Strangers were brought and employed to do this. (4887—4895.) Men were attacked in the chapel, dragged out, and thrown into the river; and when their family complained to the priest of the outrage, it was inflicted on themselves. (Case at Maryborough, 4902.) Others had their seats in the chapel torn up; were struck, and pelted, and abused. (4906.) The doorkeepers at the chapel instigated the very girls to outrage against those who had supported the Protestants. (Case at Raheen, 9387.) Others were debarred from the chapel, turned out of it with fury: *these cases we have sworn to by priests*, and they occurred in no less than four chapels. (pp. 600-602, and p. 653.) Others had their cars broken, and were pelted at the chapel-doors; others were dragged out of their pews, thrown down in the mud, pursued to their houses;—women were abused;—and these cases are proved in several chapels in Carlow alone, whose names are given. (pp. 645, 6.) Another man said he was hunted out of his chapel *like a dog*. (11573.) Others were attacked in their shops, knocked down in the streets (p. 1655), forced to have a guard of police in their houses at night. (Cases at Clonmel, 5562.) Others had their stables and horses destroyed by incendiaries. (Case at Bagnalstown, 10381.) Others were taken out of their houses and beaten. Others knocked off their horses. (p. 670.) Farmers had their ploughs and cattle destroyed. (11568.) Lists were posted up, giving in black the names of all who voted for the Protestant; and this struck the utmost terror, as they were certain preludes to injuries. Of this we have instances over all Queen's County (4861); at Clonmel. (5247.) In County Carlow these lists were put up on all the chapels (6645), "for the purpose," says a witness, "of holding out to vengeance the persons and properties of those Roman Catholics who dared to exercise their elective franchise free from the control of the priest and the mob." (5247.) To show how this practice was set on foot by the priests, we have evidence in pp. 666-7. To show how the priests hallooed on the rabble, I give one case at Borris chapel, on Sunday, the 1st of February. The priest Kehoe said, from the altar, "that there were many persons in the chapel who had voted for Kavanagh and Bruen; and he thought if the people *threw mud at them, pushed, hooted, or threw gravel at them,*

So established is the reign of terror everywhere—I quote the words of a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant (5196)—“that, however sorely a man suffers, he dare not complain.” “It is nearly impossible,” says Mr. Fitzgerald, “to procure evidence even of *what is passing before our eyes*, so great is the prevailing intimidation.” (5243.) “It is very hard,” says Mr. Willcock, “to get one of the flock of a parish to make affidavit of a fact which has occurred.” (5525.) “Though I could mention numerous cases,” says another, “it would be quite impossible to get anything satisfactorily proved of this nature.” (5196.) The witnesses, after stating facts of personal outrage, when asked to give their names, refused, because they said they dared not. A third witness, Priest Kehoe’s gardener, when asked, if he went back to Ireland (after giving the evidence he had done before the Committee against the priest), “Should you feel yourself safe?” answers, “I would not be safe; they would put me to death.” (8110.) Another, a magistrate, says, respecting facts which occurred at Mountmellick, that there was only one man who could give information, and he was then in London. And why was he in London? He had been seized by Father ———, priest of Mountmellick, carried in his gig, and kept a prisoner in his house, that he might not vote for the Conservative candidate; but he would not vote for the Catholic, the priest “has since persecuted this individual,” and so successfully that the man was at last “driven to emigration,” and fled from Ireland. Mr. Singleton was asked what would happen to this man, if, after giving evidence respecting the conduct of the priest, he were to return to Ireland? “*His life would not be safe for twenty-four hours after he returned.*” “What!—if his evidence was in obedience to an order of the Committee and the Speaker’s command?” “*He would be assassinated if he gave his evidence against the priest.*” (pp. 30-34.)

Even on matters not avowedly connected with politics, if any man favours the administration of justice, and prosecutes or gives evidence against those who commit outrages, his life is forfeited.

fused to serve as *jurors*, because they dared not follow their consciences and convict; and others were found who were summoned as jurors, who had actually subscribed to the funds of the confederate body which had effected this wholesale massacre. In the trials of those who were the chief actors in the tragedy, *the juries, all without exception, acquitted the murderers*. Nor is this a solitary case, though, if it stood alone, it were enough. At the Borrisokane trials, Dr. Heisse, a resident physician in Borrisokane, where he had lived ten years, gave his evidence in court of that which fell before his eyes. It was a simple statement of facts; but facts which convicted the populace. Another witness gave evidence which exculpated the police. Mark the results. *The latter witness was murdered after the trial* (p. 127); *Dr. Heisse found his life in danger and was obliged to leave the country*. And what part did the priest, Mr. Spain, take in this? An attack was concerted by the Roman Catholics upon the house of John Ledger, a Protestant, because he assisted the police in their defence, which had led to Smith being shot. The priest, instead of allaying the excitement of the populace, infuriated them by placing Smith's body in the chapel, and allowing it to *lie naked there, which, he says, was never done except in the case of a priest*.'

Let us stop one moment more to contemplate the machinery with which this reign of terror is supported:—

'“In every parish,” says Mr. Singleton, “a complete political organization exists.” In Meath, for instance, its nature was laid bare in 1831, “for there was then an effort made to see how soon the people could be raised and organised over different parishes of the county, and at different places. *There were bodies of 20,000 men assembled here this day—twenty miles off the next—ten miles off the next*.” These were all confederated on oath; all Catholic Ribbonmen; they paid large salaries to their leaders. (6144.) Whatever were their objects they could accomplish them. (6135.) “So tremendous was their power,” says another witness, “that in Queen's County, though the farmers and peasants hated the association, they submitted to it through fear.” In Galway, “a most respectable man, a large farmer, made application to be admitted into this association *in order to preserve his life and property*.” “Of this organization,” says Mr. Singleton, “the priests are avowedly the movers: they touch the spring over the whole country, and they are all linked together, receiving their suggestions from the central political body in Dublin (of which Mr. O'Connell is the chief agent at present); they direct the mass of savage forces to the object selected—tithes to-day—church to-morrow—elections—repeal.” “So perfect is the system,” says Mr. Singleton, “*that they can raise the whole of Ireland in three weeks*.”

'In Queen's County, at the last election, the passes of the country were, by their command, occupied, so that even *large bodies* of freeholders could not enter or approach the poll, and Mr. Singleton was obliged to call out the military in order to open a passage.'

Let

were sent to attack him), thirty men came to his house—awaked from his sleep, by knocking at his window—forced open the door—d him upon his knees—shot him, and then struck him with their to finish the work of slaughter. “I saw them,” says the mother of the victim, “dragging my son in his shirt from the bed-room into the parlour; they were kicking him about. My daughter lit a candle; was with my son about a moment before I found him in the hall. He was so heavy that we could not raise him—we dragged him as well as we could—we got pillows—he was cold and quite pale—I held him in my arms, endeavouring to stop the blood—he was speechless—we threw bricks to his feet.” Asked in court about the murder of a man, she answered, “Was it a dog I was minding, when I saw my son bleeding to death?”

Now turn from this humble cabin plunged in blood to the dark way by which this murder was produced. The family assailed were Catholics. One of them, the sister of the victim, Ellen Magee, was (though a Protestant) in the habit of attending the Catholic chapel. When asked in court why she did this? if she liked the Catholics? she said, O no, she always said her own in the chapel. Then why did she go there? She went to look about her. But why go to look about her? The reason at last came out: it was thought by her and her friends that if she professed herself a Catholic she would be safe herself, and a means of safety to her family. Her uncle and all her friends urged her to go; and “I told my uncle,” says the girl, “that there was no fear of us, as they thought that I was a Catholic.” When asked the witnesses, she said there was a priest, Father Tyrrell (p. 176), who told her “that the place was full of Whitefeet,” full of those secret associations, “*and he desired me go to Father Kelly, and in consequence of that I did go to Father Kelly.*” Thus we are at last led to the man who wove the toils round the victim. Q. “What was your object in going to Father Kelly? A. I thought the people there would be civil to everybody that the priest would like. Q. You had no religious feeling

wards appears, know *this fact*—"the priest must have told the White feet," she says. He then lulled her fears by assuring her that they had no need of arms—that he would take care they were not attacked—"that I need not be afraid of the Whitefeet, *he had them at his command, and that they would not meddle with me.*"—"Then he bid me often go and see him at his house, and come to confession; and he said, that he expected he would make a Christian of me." *But as to her uncle, whose house was the one attacked,* the priest told her "*he did not like him, because he was hindering me from going to mass.*" And as to the Protestants, he said, "that this day twelvemonth there would be no Protestants left alive in Ireland; that they had beat the Catholics out and robbed them, when they had established their own religion, but that the people were ready to lay down their lives to have their rights again; and that he would shortly have his own religion established again."—"He told me that I would be damned if I would go to church; and that none of my blood would have any chance of being saved but myself."—From the words of Nash, one of the assassins, we find how well the priest's denunciations on the Protestants were understood. In the attacks, when one of the men was about to assail Ellen Magee, the others interfered and said *she* was not to be touched, *Father Kelly* had said they would not meddle with her.

This, we presume, is the English translation of Mr. Wyse's phrase that 'Maynooth began to be felt:—

'The clergy,' Mr. Wyse says elsewhere, 'had been roused to a spirit of combination by the necessities of *self-defence*. Their *repugnance* to public exhibition was overcome; they stepped out beyond the *modesty* of their habitual functions into the activity of public life—they began to feel the usual excitement of such scenes, to acknowledge the *gaudia certaminis* of such a warfare: the Church became gradually militant, and the weak inventions of the enemy recoiled in front and in flank upon themselves. The priesthood no longer refused co-operation in every expedient of *constitutional annoyance*—they seized with alacrity every opportunity of *legitimate attack*; they joined every meeting, they seconded every proposition, they lent their aid to the execution of every project. . . . It cannot be denied,' the Romish historian proceeds in this very remarkable confession, 'that the priesthood, though they may have lost in some particulars, in others gained materially by this active union!' [*i. e.* with political agitators.] 'The doctrines of passive obedience, once so popular in the Irish Catholic Church, and in so many other churches on the Continent, have altogether disappeared from the political creed of the modern ecclesiastic. No disciple of Locke or Blackstone can now speak with more fervent conviction of the great principle of *civil and religious freedom* than the Irish Catholic priest. A revolution not less miraculous than that which occurred amongst the peasantry spread upwards through every order of the clergy. The *rights of conscience* were solemnly placed beyond all human interference in this new profession of faith; the sanguinary usurpations of *inquisitorial power*, under whatever form they had appeared, were anathematised. The *encroachments of the spiritual power* on the civil were not less reprobated than the encroachments

encroachments of the civil on the spiritual.'—*History of Catholic Association*, vol. i. p. 231.

Now, setting aside the political conduct of the priests, of which something has been seen already, let us confine ourselves to the spiritual proceedings of this *anti-inquisitorial power*. May we ask Mr. Wyse what is the meaning in Ireland of 'rights of conscience?' In England (whether right or wrong we are not here called on to say) the phrase is commonly assumed to mean the privilege of reading the Bible, of listening to instruction as we choose, of judging for ourselves on all points of religion, the casting off all interference of the clergy, the following any teacher we like, the bringing any truth or falsehood before the world without fear of molestation. In Ireland it takes a different shape. The chief energy of these 'rights of conscience' priests, according to Mr. Wyse, was directed—against what? Against the reading of the Bible—against the Kildare Place schools, which had been filled willingly with Romanist children—and against the efforts of the Protestant clergy, efforts to which the people when left to themselves made no objection, to set the truth before them. And it took a singular direction for the men who repudiated the inquisition.

'The war,' continues Mr. Wyse, 'raged long and loudly, and in some places the spiritual brought the fleshly arm to its aid. Teachers were sometimes burnt out of their schools by nightly marauders—flourishing Kildare-street colonies were in a moment annihilated by a single anathema from the popish altar; every man took part in the insurrection; children were withdrawn from the hostile establishments, and were forced by their parents to give up their reading and writing, rather than run the risk of reading or writing in the wrong way.'

May we ask Mr. Wyse who are the parties here indulged with this *right of conscience*—the children forced away from school, or the parents who had sent them there willingly in numbers till the anathema was fulminated from the altars, and who, as Mr. Wyse informs us in the next page, had no other schools to recur to, because their priest, who prohibited Protestant, had himself established no Romanist education? Is it part of the *right of conscience* to be excluded from reading the Bible? Is it *civil and religious liberty* to bring in 'the fleshly arm in aid of the spiritual'—to burn out from their houses teachers who were bringing instruction in its most simple and least offensive form to a people left in darkness by their spiritual guides, and thirsting for education? Will Mr. Wyse propose a parliamentary committee to inquire of the converts from Popery, in Ireland, what they have been made to suffer in escaping from that Egyptian bondage? Curses, ejection, scorn, the malediction of friends,  
banishment



banishment from society, loss of livelihood, starvation, personal outrage, stoning, assassination, and death, and the most *horrible insults* even on dead bodies, and in the grave—this is the civil and religious liberty now enjoined by the priests from Maynooth! Let candid men deliberately examine on the spot the great centres from which conversion is now spreading in Ireland—and they will tell the English public that persecution is at this moment as rife in Ireland as in the most palmy days of Popery—that there are martyrs in Ireland in the nineteenth century under the eye of a liberal and Protestant government—that Irish farmers and shopkeepers who dare think for themselves, if not burnt, are stoned—if not confined in the cells of the Inquisition, are turned out of house and home—if not broken on the rack, are tortured by the still worse rack of public scorn and detestation—if not delivered over to the tender mercies of the secular arm, are abandoned to the insults and violence of the most brutal of ruffians; and purchase their reception into the English church, and even the simple reading of their Irish Bible, as our ancestors did of old—with their blood.

They will tell the English people further, that these crimes do not originate spontaneously in the Irish peasantry. The Irish peasantry are a kind, affectionate, grateful race—most anxious to read their Bible, most desirous to obtain instruction, willing to have their minds enlightened, contented to hear their errors pointed out, wonderfully quick in discerning and abandoning them; *naturally* full, until their minds are poisoned, of confidence in their Protestant landlords and Protestant clergy; convinced of the superiority of Protestants; dissatisfied with the darkness, coldness, and fearfulness of their own creed of purgatory, and penances, and prayers in an unknown tongue, and the ‘opus operatum’ of unction and confession, without any spiritual communion of the heart; disgusted with the curses of their priest, wearied with his extortions, smarting under his horsewhip and his fist, irritated by his vexatious interference between the tenant and the landlord, and ready to cast off the yoke, if they dared to risk certainly their livelihood, perhaps their life. This is the condition of the Irish peasantry at this moment, when left to themselves. But, partly, to use the proverb of the country, ‘*the priest’s curse is on them*’—partly they have been filled by their priests with the most false alarms and jealousies of Protestants, and the Sassenach, and the tyranny and hatred of Englishmen, against which their native good sense, notwithstanding their experience of the contrary, finds it hard to struggle—and partly from the same mouths they have been taught from their childhood to believe of the Church of England as follows:—We are speaking deliberately

deliberately, and from evidence :—They are taught that its religion is the ‘religion of the devil ;’ that the clergy of that church are ‘ devils’ and ‘ priests of the devil ;’ that our Bible is the ‘ devil’s manual ;’ ‘ that there is not a word of truth in it,’ (we are quoting words from the mouths of priests) ; that it was ‘ invented by Luther with the assistance of the devil ;’ ‘ that it is bad luck to have it in the house ;’ that it is not safe to touch it, without making the sign of the cross to drive away evil spirits ; and that, rather than read it, it is better to burn it, or take it out with a pair of tongs, as Dr. Doyle recommended, and bury it in a hole ; that our creed is Atheistic or Socinian ; that our baptism is worse than invalid—(and therefore, in direct contradiction to the canons of their own church, they contrive, under certain evasions, to re-baptise a convert to Popery) ; that our marriages are so many adulteries ; that our faith is drawn not from the apostles, but from Luther, and Calvin, and Henry VIII. ; that our souls can never be saved ; and that our very bodies pollute the cemeteries in which they are permitted to lie. This is the explanation of the persecution with which the priests stimulate the peasant to revenge conversion. Address truth to the poor, simple Irishman in the *Irish language*,\* which with a most touching and generous affection he believes is a holy language, and cannot be spoken by evil beings, and his hostility drops in a moment. Let the work of conversion commence in a parish gently and yet firmly, and *the priest*† not denounce it, and no persecution breaks out. Let

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\* One instance out of a hundred. In one of those frightful tumults instigated by the priests at the funerals of converts, and in some of which they head the mob, when the infuriated people were about to throw the officiating clergyman into the grave and trample on him, the clergyman had the presence of mind to commence the Lord’s Prayer in Irish ; instantly the whole tumult ceased, spades and pitchforks were dropped, the ceremony was allowed to be performed with perfect quiet, and a few days afterwards, when the clergyman was walking, a peasant came up to him almost in tears, and ready to kneel down before him. He had been on the point of striking the clergyman down with a cleaver, at the very moment when he heard the sound of the Irish—and now came to ask forgiveness. When will England learn, that to make Ireland English, England must first become Irish, and identify itself with all the good, simple, patriotic prejudices of a people worthy to be loved, because they love so much which good men ought to love ? When will the Church of Ireland make it a condition with her ministers, that in the Irish-speaking districts they shall speak the Irish language ; and render this possible by providing means for teaching it to them when young ?

† A priest in one of the islands denounces an Irish reader, and forbids the people to sell him any food or speak to him. They comply rigidly—refuse to speak to him—but flock to him to hear the Scriptures read—and sell him nothing, but lay every night at the door of his cabin all the little luxuries they can procure. We mention this as a specimen. What follows is from the Report on National Education—‘ I never gave but one shout after Mr. Nangle’ [the clergyman at Achill], said a poor man, ‘ and I only gave that shout in order that I might not have the priest’s curse lying on me ; for he prayed in the chapel that the tongue might drop out of any one that did not shout ; and as soon as I got the priest’s curse removed from me by giving that one shout, I shouted no more.’

him

him curse the converts, instantly they are attacked. When his curse is found from experience to have no supernatural efficacy, everything becomes quiet again. The schools, as Mr. Wyse has said, are emptied by his anathemas; but in a few days the children steal back again 'by back gates and lanes.' Let them have intercourse with the persons whom they are taught to abhor, and their abhorrence turns into confidence. 'Do you remember, sir,' said a poor old woman to a clergyman who was attending her on her death-bed, 'the first time you came to see me before I became a Protestant? Yes.—Do you know when you came into the room I fell into such a trembling, and was so frightened?—Why?—Sir, I believed you were the devil.—Who had taught you that?—The priest, sir; and when you began to talk good words to me, sir, I thought it so strange that the devil should speak about God.'—We cannot leave our statement better summed up than in this anecdote, which we received from the clergyman himself; and which is a very fair representation, not only of the harangues of the priests, but of the *authorised doctrines* of Popery on the subject of the English church; and which we beg to put side by side with Mr. Wyse's panegyric on the code of *civil and religious liberty and rights of conscience*, promulgated by the 'highly-educated' disciples of the Jesuits of Maynooth.

And now—after all these melancholy details of facts—is it necessary to point out the use, to which that dark, mysterious hand that wields the destinies of Ireland first shaped its ready tool of violence, in the present parochial priest, and to which that tool is now unsparingly applied? It is employed—*First*, to carry agitation into every parish; to inflame it by the most solemn sanctions of religion; to organise it, as Mr. Wyse describes, upon a regular recognised basis, far more extensive than affiliations of committees, and capable of evading every law. *Secondly*, it commands the election, not only for members of parliament, but for poor-law guardians; everything, in short, in which the obnoxious landlords may be thwarted, separated from their tenantry, disgusted with their residence, and so, finally driven from Ireland, leaving the ground free for the dominion of Papists and of foreign influence. *Thirdly*, by securing the elections it secures the majority in the House of Commons, and thus ties the hands of government—(we have no wish to use harsher language of *any* government)—from repressing their violence. *Fourthly*, it enables the foreign ruling power to maintain a perpetual ferment, by repeal meetings, the collections of rent, secret associations, temperance processions, &c. &c.—which alarm the government, dishearten Protestants, and exercise the unhappy people in contempt for law, and in prospects of rebellion and pillage;

pillage; while at the same time it provides a check over premature violence, and secures the operation of the Jesuitical system, now so successfully adopted, of obtaining its ends and triumphs—not by another rebellion, which has so often been tried in vain, and which their present ‘most skilful leaders’ are far too discreet to head, but—by menaces of some secret danger, and by quibbling evasions of law. Any one who reads the reports of the committees on Ireland will see how carefully this policy is adhered to now; how ostentatiously the priests come forward to co-operate with the magistrates in repressing rash *acts* of Rebellion; how strenuously they work elsewhere in fomenting the spirit of Rebellion. Perhaps, as we have before said, no greater model of such an art is to be found than the Pastoral Letter to the Ribbonmen by the notorious Dr. Doyle. *Fifthly*, the terrorism of the priests—supported by a most wonderful system of espionage;—which is conducted, not only by friars and monks, but by numerous confraternities of Scapularians and Purgatorians, who are tools in the hands of the priests, and efficaciously backed by the secret physical arm of the Whiteboys and Ribbonmen, and Caravats and Steelboys, and Captain Rocks—this *terrorism* stands over the *subjects*—it is the word they use themselves—the subjects of the Romish Church, and prevents desertion. No other power in the hands of Rome could effect this. Jesuits, with their acuteness, polish, craft, and versatility, may act on the higher orders; but in the lower there is nothing to resist the ministrations of a pure, scriptural, episcopal, and *evangelical* Church (we use the word not in its sectarian sense), carried boldly into the cabins of the Irish poor by such men as the Protestant clergy of this day, and supported judiciously, yet firmly, by the benevolence and authority of the landlords—there is nothing in Romanism to resist this—but *terror*. They dare not meet it in controversy: controversy is therefore forbidden both to priests and people. They cannot compete with it in benevolence—and do not even make the attempt. They cannot educate without rousing a power which will turn against its masters; and in the embarrassment thus produced by the exertions of the Church to carry education throughout Ireland, their policy has been as follows. Before the Church began to establish schools—(whether on perfectly sound principles or not we do not say)—Ireland was left without any but miserable hedge-schools, in which the teachers were wholly incompetent, or were ministers of sedition and crime. When the Church began its movement, some attempts were made to provide counter-schools by the Roman Catholic Association, but they seem to have done very little. As the

the Church became more energetic, and her schools increased, and the people's desire for education became more ardent, and the priests' denunciation more ineffectual to keep them from seeking it—then, and not till then, came the suggestion of a (so called) National Education.

Upon the principles and details of this scheme we shall not at present enter: it must suffice to say that *now, in fact, the Parliamentary grant is absorbed in the encouragement of Popery.* A few questions, if fairly answered, would be enough to bring out the practical working of the system: and, indeed, the answers to most of them may already be seen in the Report of the Committee on the subject in the House of Lords. For example—Do the priests establish schools except where there are schools of the Church already existing? Though these schools of the Church may be ample for the parish, do the priests procure demands for more, and from parties who have no connexion with the parish, and by means which impose on the commissioners? When the new school is built, where is it placed? Is it planted either close by the old school to draw off its children—or close to the Popish chapel, or within the chapel-yard, or adjoining the priest's house, so that, if a Protestant did attend it, he must to a great degree be identified with his Romish companions? Or is it placed out of the way, where children may not easily find access to it? Is it used for other purposes than education,—for political purposes, for agitation, for the celebration of Popish ceremonies? *Have there been any singular mistakes in multiplying the number of scholars, as the accounts appear in the Reports?\** Who are the masters? Are they connected with agitation? *Are any of them Ribbonmen?* Are they persons fit to be intrusted with the education of children?† Are the subjects taught in the least likely to open and improve the mind? *By whom are the money-grants received, and the accounts audited?* In the schools attached to nunneries, and aided by the national board, are the children, as a regular part of the system, *taught to repeat devotions which connect them with the Jesuits?* Is not, in one word, the whole scheme of co-operation, as any one conversant with Ireland, and Christianity, and human nature, foresaw it must be from the first,

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\* For an elucidation of this see some recent numbers of the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal—a weekly paper established lately in Dublin, and which promises to be very useful to the Protestant cause.

† Out of four consecutive cases, in which a friend examined these schools, the masters, in the face of the scholars, severally declared that they were regularly in the habit of reading the Scripture lessons every day in the week, three times and twice; and when the visitor insisted on hearing them read, the poor children, under the eye of the master, were induced to assert the same thing, but with such palpable contradictions and ignorance, that when the master was charged with the falsehood, he was unable to utter a word, and the children confessed that they were not read at all.

a complete failure? Is anything left for the country but to insist at once on a withdrawal of the grant, as being so much money devoted by a Protestant empire to the encouragement of spiritual error and political treason?

In what has been written there has been no intention of treating the contest with Popery as a controversial theological question. This is for other hands. It has been spoken of as an ambitious, intriguing, political, temporal power, struggling for the conquest of Ireland, and the subjugation of the empire under its own political and religious tyranny. Religious controversy has comparatively little connexion with it. If mere political statesmen and the country at large will view it in this its true light—if those who can look higher and deeper, and who know that the abandonment of the cause of God's truth must be fatal to an empire, whether political evils seem mixed with it or not, will take this their own ground firmly—if the true Churchmen of England, instead of listening to the calumnies which have been poured on the Church in Ireland, will understand her true condition, her *poverty*, her *persecution*, her *zeal*, her *piety*, her *self-devotion*—and dare, what they, as a body, did not dare to do when the first attack was made on her, to stand boldly forward as her defenders, and recognise one common interest, and common duty—if this be done, some step will be made to rescue Ireland from the grasp of its greatest enemy.

And when it is asked more particularly what is to be done by us in England, is the answer difficult? By our Clergy, everything which sympathy can suggest to extend the activity of their Irish brethren, to supply their wants, to encourage and assist their exertions—especially a cordial and immediate co-operation in obtaining the restoration of their bishops, whether with or *without their revenues*. Here was the first blow\* aimed against them: and the English Church sat by in silence: and when supplicated by the Irish clergy for assistance against it, she answered, and from a high place, that the two Churches (they are not two, but one) stood on wholly different grounds, and that the English branch could not endanger herself by undertaking to

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\* We cannot refrain from extracting a note from the journal of an officer in the Queen's service, on the subject of the suppressed bishoprics:—

'NOTE.—When the Bill passed that got rid of so many Irish bishops, I was one Sunday evening much astonished to see every mountain top simultaneously in a blaze; and not knowing what the signals meant, I was on the point of turning out my men, to be prepared for the worst, when I was informed that the priest at mass that morning had ordered the people to illuminate the mountains in the evening, for the victory they had obtained over a Church, which, I suspect, was not spoken of in very respectful terms, as a respectable member of the priest's flock afterwards told me "*his reverence was certainly mad.*"'



defend the Irish—a maxim false in fact, and fatal, as we have found it, in practice. Not a blow has been struck against Ireland which has not recoiled upon England. Not an assault has been attempted upon England, until it has first been tried, and has succeeded against Ireland.

If it be asked next what should be done by the English people? The answer is—petition at once without hesitation, and demand that which the Relief Bill (falsely so called) promised—that which those who introduced that Bill are bound to see performed—the *banishment and suppression of the Jesuits, under whatever names they disguise themselves, Christian Brothers, or Sodalties of the Heart, or Confraternities of Faith, or any other masquerade. No country ever yet could tolerate Jesuits in its bosom without certain destruction.* Even Romanism itself, again and again, by the mouth of Romish bishops, and Romish sovereigns, and the wisest and best of Romish philosophers, and Romish Universities, and Popes themselves, have warned us of the fact.

Add to this petition another for the enforcement of law against outrages—for the protection of converts from all injury, if only on the popular ‘principle of civil and religious liberty’—for a withdrawal of the grant to *Maynooth*—or, what would be equivalent to this—and attainable without offending the, as we think, mistaken views of some estimable men—such a rigid superintendence by the State over that Seminary’s course of education as would exclude the mischievous influence which is now working within it. How opposed this influence is to all loyalty and order, would be showed, there is little doubt, at once, by the immediate rejection of the grant, if accompanied with such a condition. Add to this, the withdrawal of the grant for Popish Education under the National Board;—a strict superintendence over priests;—the prohibition of personal denunciations from the altar—of excommunication—except under such cases and with such restrictions as may be compatible with the legitimate exercise of Christian discipline, as in instances of proved offences—and, as the Romish bishops themselves declare that it should be limited, under the solemn permission of the bishop. Add to this petition a heavy penalty on any but purely spiritual interference with voters, tenants, prisoners, witnesses, jurors, and magistrates. Grant the Irish peasantry a bill to rescue them from the curse and crime of perjury; and none would welcome such a boon with so much gratitude as the peasantry themselves. They have not yet learned that political power is in itself a blessing—or that it is any power at all—when they dare not exercise it except at the bidding



bidding of their priest; and their priest compels them to exercise it against their own interests and the wishes of their best friend, their landlord. Add strict impartiality in the government—yet, it may be, rewarding the Roman Catholic laity even more than the Protestant for acts of loyalty, order, and support of law, which the history of the past will justify us in expecting in very many of that body—and punishing Protestants even more than Romanists for any bitterness, or uncharitable, or violent aggression upon those who differ from them. In this we do not think there is anything which a candid mind can object to as sectarian or uncharitable. Upon this should follow a strict watch and inquiry into the schools of every class maintained by Roman Catholic bodies, male or female, to prevent the use of *inflammatory books and treasonable doctrines*. After that a proper encouragement should be demanded for priests, who are disposed to learn the errors of their system, and to abandon them;—an encouragement such as was once held out, sufficient to secure them against want, without being a temptation to hypocrisy. And, lastly, let the English people join in straining every nerve to procure ‘real justice to Ireland’ in all things, as to a part, and *the vital part of England*—justice in watching over her interests—justice in encouraging her manufactures and commerce—justice in maintaining quiet—justice in large expenditures upon public works—justice in the distribution of patronage—justice in granting every liberty, which can be granted without really introducing slavery. All this in the present state of parties may sound impracticable and visionary; but a course is not the less right because our own sins and follies *may* prevent us from following it.

Of the course which ought to be pursued by government, of whatever party, we are unwilling to speak. Few things have so injured the cause of peace and of religion in Ireland as the introduction of party politics into questions of a far higher order. But we will venture to point out the course by which James II.—a name set as a beacon upon our history to warn us against Tyranny and against Popery—endeavoured to subvert the liberties and constitution and religion of England. There are warnings in history what Government *should not do*. Let us take up ‘The State of Protestants in Ireland, 1692,’ and mark, page by page, the steps which the author there successively enumerates as so many preparations made by James for the establishment of Popery in Ireland.

1. The employment of Public Ministers who, having no fortunes of their own, could scarcely afford to adopt rigid measures, by which they might risk their places (p. 24). 2. The forcing men of low birth and education on the bench of magistrates, to the disgust  
of

of the gentry of the country (p. 29). 3. The resting for support of government upon men 'who, though they seemed to make conscience of hearing masses and not eating flesh on Fridays,' were notoriously 'knaves,' and yet the publicly 'declaring that they must make use of such' (p. 31). 4. The permitting men to exercise powers under law from which they were excluded by law (p. 43). 5. The encouragement of a party who took pains to conceal the real oppression of the Protestants in Ireland, and 'to run down and discredit all relations to the contrary' (p. 49). 6. The peculiar selection of Roman Catholics for offices of trust. 7. The filling the army (there was no constabulary then) with a preference to Roman Catholics (p. 60). 8. The same with respect to the bench of Judges (p. 65). 9. The placing some few Protestants in commissions, but enough only to give a colour of impartiality, without allowing them any real power (p. 68). 10. Annoying and insulting the magistracy (p. 85). 11. Destroying the Protestant corporations, and putting them into the hands of Roman Catholics (p. 88). 12. The introduction of perjuries into courts of justice and juries, so that neither life nor property was safe (p. 101). 13. The disarming of Protestants, by permitting nightly marauders to rob them of arms, and by putting down quiet and peaceable associations of Protestants combined for self-defence (p. 119): a proceeding on which the author makes a pertinent observation, that 'if one should tie a man's hands, and turn him naked among wild beasts, all the world would believe that he designed they should devour him' (p. 118). 14. The permitting the landlords and Protestants to be attacked in their houses and lives, until it was no longer safe for them to live in the country (p. 133). 15. The giving 'great discouragement to the most eminent Protestant lawyers' (p. 135). 16. The multiplication of friars, nuns, monks, and priests (p. 138). 17. The permitting Protestant property to be destroyed, without adequate efforts to secure it:—(The author is speaking of lay property, such as might be embarked in manufactures or in estates—not of tithes, as we might speak:)—Chief Justice Nugent confessed it was 'a necessary piece of policy' (p. 143). 18. The putting it into the power of Roman Catholics to ruin Protestants by imposing taxes on them (p. 149). *The poor-laws* were not then in Ireland; the writer confines his remarks to other cases.\* 19. King James had a parliament, and a papist majority in it, who passed various striking laws affecting Protestants, which it must be needless to mention. 20. This same Irish parliament were very anxious to remove

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\* 'Now we have the poor-laws,' said a priest to a friend, when thrown off his guard, 'won't we tax the landlords, and drive them fairly out of the country?' This, by the by, will account for the anxiety of the priests to secure the poor-law guardians.

every vestige of their subjection to the crown of England; they were, in fact, Repealers (p. 173). 21. The tenants were set against their landlords, and taught to deny their right to their estates (p. 182). 22. There were a number of private murders and assassinations of Protestants, and government was supposed not to be very active in the persecution of them (p. 188). 23. The priests *were active*; 'fearing to shock their friends in England and Scotland,' when they encouraged people to *rob* their Protestant neighbours, they charged them not to *kill them*—(Dr. Doyle's recommendation in the tithe war)—assuring them that everything else would be forgiven them (p. 211). 24. People were kept very much in the dark, both in England and Scotland, as to the real sufferings of the Protestants in Ireland; and when travellers came over to Ireland and found the Protestants persecuted, 'they seemed to stand amazed at what they saw, and could hardly believe their own eyes' (p. 213). 25. Protestants, in large numbers, emigrated (p. 210). 26. The Protestants were numbered (p. 202): a step which, in modern times, Mr. Wyse has not hesitated to consider as one of the most important taken by the so-called Catholic Association, as preparatory to the enforcement of its demands. 27. The king commenced his reign with a solemn declaration that he would protect the Church of England; but the Romanists took care to observe that in this was no specific mention of Ireland (p. 216). It is a singular coincidence that observers have remarked at this day on the studied exclusion of Ireland from similar declarations of the crown. 28. One of the first of James' plans was to introduce *Jesuit schools*; 29. to discourage the former schools of Protestants; and to place the education of the country in the hands of Papists; though not under the name of a national system, professing no religion whatever. In this he surpasses ourselves (p. 217). 30. He tampered with the statutes of Trinity College (p. 218). 31. He diminished the number of the bishops by refusing to keep up the succession (p. 220). 32. Their revenues were seized on, and applied to the use of Papists—though in a more direct way than by relieving them from the payment of a just debt. 33. And Cashel, Clogher, Elphin, and Clonfert, were expressly accepted by the Papists 'as *an instalment*' of the whole (p. 221). 34. The people were taught to refuse the dues, and the priests forbade the payment of tithes; so that for two years scarcely any were recovered by the clergy, 'or recovered with so much difficulty and cost, that they turned it to little account' (p. 223). 35. The principle was publicly recognised that every man ought to pay the ministers, of his own religion (p. 223). 36. The crown-rents reserved upon  
livings

livings 'were exacted from the Protestant clergy, notwithstanding the greatest part of their tithes was taken from them.' (p. 227). It was but the other day that the government, in conveying to the clergy the amount of tithes received for them, balanced it by their demand for crown-rent; and in a case which came under our own observation, the tithes recovered were so many shillings, the crown-rent demanded so many hundred pounds. 37. The crown encouraged all kinds of sectarians in their resistance to the church (p. 230). 38. It proceeded to subvert the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishops (p. 231). 39. It claimed a right of interference with the church, which it professed itself incompetent to exercise over other religious bodies (p. 232). 40. It employed about the person of the monarch men 'very corrupt in morals and debauched,' as being the persons most 'in a fair way to embrace the persuasion' of popery (p. 233); and they were particularly remarked for 'their profanation of the Lord's Day, so as, if they had any signal ball or entertainment to make, any journey or weighty business to begin, they commonly chose that day for it' (p. 234). 41. Churches were damaged and profaned (p. 236), others shut up (p. 242):—as it was proposed recently to shut them up where the congregation fell short of fifty souls. 42. The utmost violence was exhibited by the priests in making converts (p. 244). 43. They interfered with mixed marriages (p. 244); and employed secret rioters, like Ribbonmen, to insult and assault Protestants who were firm to their religion (p. 245). 44. The clergy were attacked and beaten (p. 246). 45. Funerals were made the scenes of insult and riot (p. 246). 46. Protestants, on their death-bed, were exposed (as they are now) to the intrusion of the priest, anxious to claim them as converts, by forcing on them the rite of extreme unction (p. 247). 47. The clergy were compelled to undertake offices and discharge duties as the menial servants of the state (p. 248). 48. Every effort was made to exhibit the church and the Protestant religion as a monster (p. 249). 49. Newspapers were set on foot for the very purpose of circulating calumnies against the clergy (p. 251). 50. All this was carried on while the government were 'loudly proclaiming *liberty of conscience*.'

These fifty points, to those who have studied the recent progress of affairs, will probably seem curious. They have been roughly thrown down here, for the purpose simply of showing what English ministers should *not* do, who do not wish to establish Popery in Ireland, and to rule it by the instrumentality of the priests.

But whatever thoughts are turned to governments, there is a truth which every day's experience must impress deeper both on the English and the Irish people—that in the present state of this

this country no ministers can do much for good, though they may do much for mischief. It is on the landlords and the clergy that the hopes of the empire must rest—and on their co-operating together heartily and vigorously, and at the same time prudently and quietly, as men who can have but one interest, and one duty, and of whom, if one is destroyed, the other *must* perish likewise.

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\* \* It is to give, *professedly* to such a population as we have described, but *substantially* to the priests—their directors and despots—a vast accession of political power, that the Government—the Government of a Queen who holds her throne by the tenure of *Protestantism*—have, while we have been writing these articles, introduced, under the colour of a *Registration Bill*, a NEW FRANCHISE for Ireland. Their Bill is so monstrous, that, ill as we think of the ministry, we are almost inclined to doubt whether they were, before the debate—whether they are *even yet*—fully aware of the practical effect of that revolutionary project.

We, at the conclusion of our last Number, foretold too truly that the earliest duty imposed on the Conservative party would be the defence of the Reform Bill against its own authors; but we hardly expected that the attempt would be made either so soon, or in so sweeping, yet so insidious a form.

The abuses of the Irish registry were so enormous and so flagrant, that, in spite of the combined efforts of the Papists and the Ministry, Lord Stanley had last year carried a remedial Bill beyond the second reading, and had announced his intention to renew it early this session. Any measure which should tend to rescue the real elector from the thralldom of the priests and Mr. O'Connell, and to brush away any portion of the fraudulent registration, must be fatal to the Ministry, whose existence, as we have already shown, depends on this illegal, but at present irresistible, influence of the Priests. What, then, was to be done to avert the danger of a real remedy for those abuses?—Why, the old Popish shift of confessing, when it could be no longer denied, the existence of the evil and the necessity of a remedy—and then, with Jesuitical candour, offering to provide one:—which, of course, prepared by the self-same hands that had created the abuse, was certain to be at least as bad as the disease itself.

This is the real history of Lord Morpeth's Bill, and the way in which it proceeds to effect its object is in exact pursuance of that mixture of impudence and cunning—that sly audacity—in which it was conceived. One of the main conditions and supposed securities provided by the Relief Bill—not merely accepted

but advocated by Mr. O'Connell and the rest of the Romanist party—was the substitution of a *bonâ fide* value of 10*l.* for the old 40*s.* franchise in counties—and in boroughs, the occupancy of 10*l.* tenements instead of 5*l.* This fundamental compact, on which the Roman Catholics were admitted into parliament, is now to be broken;—and a new franchise is proposed, which, we do not hesitate to say, is worse than the old system, and will be liable to equal if not greater abuses.

The new scheme provides that the occupier of any portion of land, or any tenement, which shall be rated to the poor-rate in the sum of 5*l.*, shall have a vote.

Now, observe how this will work.

In the first place, it revives at one stroke all the corruptions of the old Borough constituencies, and throws back again every borough into those corrupt hands, by at least *trebling* the present constituencies. Belfast has about 2000 electors, under the 5*l.* franchise. It is shown by parliamentary documents that there will be above 6000 under Lord Morpeth's bill; that is, the present constituency will be overwhelmed with 4000 of the lower class of inhabitants; and Belfast was chosen by ministers as *their* example, because the proportion would be vastly greater in any, and every other town in Ireland.

In Counties the effect of the Bill would be still worse, and particularly by totally changing the nature of the county franchise. Its first proposal is to admit occupiers of *tenements* of 5*l.* to the franchise for counties: *an entire innovation*.

Next, the portion of *land* rated at 5*l.* would, generally speaking, differ little from an old 40*s.* freehold. No tenant could have had a real and *bonâ fide* profit of 40*s.*—over and above rent, rate, and taxes—out of any portion of land which should not be of the *gross* value of 4*l.* 10*s.* at the very lowest. So that in point of *extent* this new franchise would be little or no better than the 40*s.* freehold; and the old and ruinous system of creating small tenures to make voters of the lowest possible qualification, would be revived on the most sweeping scale. Nay, it would be much worse. The 40*s.* freeholder had, or at least was supposed to have, a *profit* from the land to the amount of 40*s.*; but under Lord Morpeth's new *five-pound* franchise, the voter need not have *five farthings* of beneficial interest in the lands out of which he is to obtain his political franchise.

The land must be *rated* at 5*l.*;—true—but let not our English readers be deceived by the word *rated*. The land is rated indeed, but in Ireland—which is so clamorous for assimilation with England—it was carefully provided at the recent introduction of a Poor-Law rating, that the rate should be paid—not as in England by the



the occupier—but by the occupier and landlord jointly—the landlord in all cases paying one-half—in many cases, more—in some, the whole. And as the modes of apportioning these rates are complicated and arbitrary, the greatest efforts have been made, as we have said, by the priests to predominate in the elections of the guardians of the poor-law unions, in order to use them as a weapon of political and pecuniary oppression against the landlords.

The *rating*, moreover, will be no criterion whatsoever of the *value* of the tenant's holding. We have stated, and indeed the fact is notorious, that the poor Irish cottier will give for land not only the utmost penny of its value, but even beyond it; the rate, therefore, is no proof nor measure of his *rent*, and still less of his *profit*—he may hold land rated at 5*l.* on terms which make his bargain worse than nothing.

Thus, then, is to be overthrown in Ireland (England's turn will soon follow) the first constitutional principle of county representation, that the *franchise* should be connected with *profit* from the land. The Irish elector, if this bill passes, may be an absolute insolvent without one penny of profit out of the land he votes for.

But this is not the worst:—all this assumption of *rating* as a check on fraud or a measure of value, is in itself a most scandalous fraud.

The vote must arise out of land rated:—Yes, but the rate *need not be paid*!—the non-payment of the rate does not invalidate the vote conferred by the rating! Was there ever such a mockery?

Again: if a vote be once acquired by a *five pound* rating, a subsequent *diminution* of the rating shall not invalidate the vote. Thus, land may be rated for one year at 5*l.* to confer a vote, and may next year be lowered for all other purposes to 2*l.*, but without desroying the vote—which the one year's rating will confer irrevocably for 14 years, subject only to the voter's paying *his share* of the difference of the rates—which would be, in the case stated—at 6*d.* in the pound—*ninepence* per annum for a vote, the rated foundation of which was gone!

But still more monstrous. The Poor Law Act had exempted certain poor lands (bog, &c.) from *rating*:—Will it be believed that Lord Morpeth's bill provides that these lands—too valueless to be rated under the Poor Law—shall nevertheless be rated under this Bill for *the purpose of creating votes*?

There have been already exhibited in Ireland some strange instances of abuse in the poor-law ratings—gross partiality, great injustice, and a general irregularity and uncertainty of principle; but if this be so *already*, where the actual apportionment of the



money must operate as a kind of check, what may we expect from those ratings which are not *money-ratings* but *vole-ratings*? The wastes, barren of money, will be found prolific of votes. What a specimen of Hibernian legislation!—one bill exempting as valueless the same land, where the other bill permits the valuers to find as many *five-pound* franchises as they may think proper!

In short, we are convinced that this measure would create a state infinitely worse than the old 40s. freeholders—worse, we almost think, than Universal Suffrage; for Universal Suffrage has a principle—an erroneous and dangerous one indeed—but a principle—it boldly rejects *property* and adopts *personality*; but Lord Morpeth's bill is a *mere fraud*, which talks of *property and rating* only to abandon them in practice, and which admits to a franchise, *affecting to be based upon property*, persons as destitute of any pretence to property as the poorest individual whom Universal Suffrage could bring to the poll.

Our readers, from this exposure of the principle—the *real principle* of Lord Morpeth's bill—cannot be surprised that the Conservatives would not consent to give it a second reading; and they will understand why the ministerialists now admit, with affected candour, that 'they fear they may be beaten on the 5*l.* clause, which no doubt will be raised up to 10*l.* in the Committee.'

But it is clear that the principle is equally bad—equally unconstitutional—whether the sum be 5*l.* or 10*l.*;—for neither ensures any beneficial interest in the voter. The poor fellow who gives a *rackrent* for land of the rated value of 10*l.* is not likely to be more independent or more solvent, indeed less so, than he who rents only a 5*l.* lot. The only difference is, that so many voters cannot be manufactured on the same extent of ground—that is, of ground *rated to the poor*:—but on the ground to be rated for *vote-making*, there will be little other limit than the conscience of the valuator; and as we know *by whom* the valuers will be appointed, we foresee great elasticity of conscience. But the personal condition of the 10*l.* voter, in respect to property, might be no better, and would probably be worse; and the constitutional objection will be just the same.

We therefore fairly confess that we are nearly indifferent whether the Conservatives shall, or shall not, try in the committee to substitute 10*l.* instead of 5*l.*; but if their doing so, and succeeding, were to increase, as we fear it might, the chance of the ultimate passing of the bill, we should most strenuously deprecate it.

There are fifty other objections, which we have not time to develop, to this most fraudulent measure—as fraudulent in *its details* as in its general design;—but the great, the constitutional

l objections—the objections which can neither be removed *ompromised*—are first, the alteration of a fixed constitutional *iple*—the severance of the *franchise* from *beneficial pro-*—and secondly, the overthrow of the *landmarks* of the Relief Reform bills, so lately and so solemnly fixed and recognised *violable* by all the parties to those great national compacts;—are what we trust the House of Commons—which has dy admitted the second reading by a majority of only five—never, when it comes to consider the whole bearings of the *ion*, persist in sanctioning—these are sacrifices of principle good faith—which we are confident the House of Lords can sanction, and which the people of England will never *ite*.

ie unanimous applause with which the whole Radical and *tist* press have received the bill is no doubtful indication of al merits and expected effects; and Mr. O'Connell has told *house* that the measure will satisfy *him* and his *constituents*.

is enough for us. We have shown who Mr. O'Connell's *onstituents* are, and we know that any measure that satisfies and *them* must be another step towards establishing the *otic* domination of popery in Ireland.





## I N D E X

TO THE

## SIXTY-SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Belgium*. By J. Emerson Tennent, Esq., M.P.,  
Author of ‘Letters from the Ægean,’ and ‘History of Modern  
Greece.’ In 2 vols. London. 1841.

MR. EMERSON TENNENT is an active and intelligent member of the House of Commons; and what we had heard and read of his parliamentary exertions had excited in our minds expectations of this work which have not been realised. Mr. Tennent seems to have hoped to combine the double merit of amusement and instruction—the ordinary chit-chat of the tourist, with the graver views of the politician and economist; but it must, we fear, be confessed that, in aiming at both, he has failed to accomplish either.

‘Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci’

is very good advice, but, like other good advice, has been found very hard to follow, and we cannot flatter Mr. Tennent that he has made any approach to the solution of the difficult problem.

Though the emphatic title, ‘BELGIUM,’ might lead us to expect a comprehensive survey of the country in all its various aspects, we apprehend that Mr. Tennent’s visit was too short and too rapid to admit of any such examination. We have no direct evidence, indeed, of the precise duration of his stay in Belgium, for we have been able to discover but one precise date in the whole work. On the 10th September, 1840, he was at Ghent—having probably landed at Ostend two or three days before; and in the very *last* pages, *after* he had quitted the Belgian territory, he talks of seeing ‘the *sheaves* of the *early* harvest *already* gathered in’ (vol. ii. p. 241). From these indications we are led to conclude that *his* BELGIUM was explored within a fortnight or three weeks at furthest. And if his time was too short, so his mode of travelling was also unfavourable for such an extent of observation as his title-page promises. He seems to have traversed Belgium, *en route* for Germany (whence we see by an advertisement prefixed to these volumes he purposes to give us two more volumes), nearly as rapidly as travellers generally do—by the railways and high post-roads—making one or two short deviations, and stopping, as it would seem, one or two days in one or two places. It is, therefore, not surprising that there should be very

little in his book derived from personal inspection; and, in fact, the most valuable information it affords—namely, as to the commercial and social state of the country, derived from official documents and statistical accounts published by the Belgians themselves—might have been almost as well compiled at home; indeed, perhaps, rather better; for, as it is, these details are scattered in a desultory style over the stages of his journey, whereas, if he had sat down at home with the same materials, he would probably have arranged and produced them in a clearer and more effective form. His chief guide—frequently, and yet not quite sufficiently acknowledged—is a book recently published by a M. Briavoinne,\* ‘*De l’Industrie en Belgique—Cause de Décadence et de Prosperité*,’ a very detailed and laborious work, but in our judgment very inconclusive and unfit to be made the basis of any general political theory; and as Mr. Tennent looks at the questions discussed with very different feelings, and for totally different objects, from those of Briavoinne, it is not to be wondered at that the result is very unsatisfactory, and that the statements made by M. Briavoinne for one purpose and quoted by Mr. Tennent for another should appear rather vague and uncertain.

We shall say nothing of the mere narrative part of the work, because Mr. Emerson Tennent adds, as we have said, little—(indeed, how could it be otherwise in such a *velocipede* visit?)—to the information of the ordinary guide and road books of the most hackneyed highway in Europe. And we cannot but express our regret that, whether in the mistaken hope of amusing his readers, or for the less laudable object of swelling out his book to two octavo volumes, he should have interrupted his political and statistical inquiries—which constitute whatever value the work possesses—with topics, all of which had already been, he must allow us to say, more satisfactorily handled in a crowd of other publications. But let that pass. We shall enter into no minute criticism on such points—(though there are many tempting opportunities); but will rather consider his manner of treating the subjects which were, no doubt, in Mr. Tennent’s own mind, the chief motive, as they appear to ours the only reasonable excuse, for his publication.

Mr. Tennent is Member for Belfast, which may be considered as the emporium of the *linen-trade* of Ireland, and he was naturally and laudably curious to examine the causes which give to the flax of the Low Countries qualities superior, as it is said, to that grown in any other part of the world. It will, we hope, gratify Mr. Tennent’s constituents to learn that the most im-

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\* It is very strange that, largely as Mr. Tennent has used, and often as he quotes this author, he on every occasion—*without exception*—misspells his name, and calls him *Briavionne*. The difference, slight to the eye, is very considerable to the ear.

portant deviation which he made from the beaten track was an excursion of one day from Ghent to Courtrai, to examine the process of the *rouissage*, or *steeping* of flax for the purpose of separating the fibre from the stalk, and which is supposed to be conducted in that neighbourhood in a peculiar manner, and with singular success—the Courtrai flax being steeped in the *running* water of the river Lys,\* whereas the general practice is to employ *stagnant* water. We do not, however, know whether the good folks of Belfast will derive much information from Mr. Tennent's report, which seems, to our uninformed judgments, very inconclusive and unsatisfactory, as our readers may judge from the following amusing specimen.

‘In the Pays de Waes,’ says Mr. Tennent, ‘the flax is steeped in *still* water, as in Ireland,—except that in this latter country a *small stream is contrived*, if possible, to pass in and out of the pit during the process.’—vol. i. p. 146.

It was quite superfluous, we think, to tell us that this kind of *still* water, through which a *stream passes*, is peculiar to Ireland. Nor does it seem that such an experiment would be a conclusive criterion of either the *stagnant* or the *running* system, seeing that it ingeniously contrives to confound both; and we may add that Mr. Tennent's own conclusions on the subject seem to partake of all the uncertainty of the Irish experiment—he ap-

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\* We have said that we would not enter into minute criticisms, but the mention of this river affords a specimen of the *incuria* with which the work is written, which, as a specimen, we think it right to notice. ‘The Lys,’ he says, ‘which rises in the *Pays de Calais*, derives its name in all probability from the quantity of *water-lilies* which flourish in its sluggish current, and which are said to be the origin of the *fleurs-de-lis* in the royal arms of France’ (vol. i. p. 132). Now, there is no such *district* as the *Pays de Calais*; but *Pays* is, no doubt, a topographical error for the *Pas de Calais*, the department in which the Lys has its source: but it is quite the reverse of ‘probable’ that the river should derive its name from the water-lilies which it produces, for its ancient name is *Legia*, which is certainly not derived from *Lilium*:—nor can we imagine who, before Mr. Tennent, could have mistaken the *water-lily* (*nymphaea*) for the *fleur-de-lis* (*iris*) of the arms of France. Moreover, if Mr. Tennent had been anything of a herald, he would have known that the *fleurs-de-lis* on the French escutcheon are generally supposed to have been originally, not flowers at all, but—*spear-heads fleuris*.

Another more important error, which occurs in the same part of the book, we think it proper, for the sake of historic truth, to rectify. Mr. Tennent says, ‘We passed the basin of the Sas-de-Gand Canal, which, by connecting Ghent with *Terneuse* at the mouth of the Scheldt,’ [which it does no more than it connects it with Flushing, or Amsterdam, or London,] ‘has effectually rendered it a seaport in the heart of Belgium. *This bold idea was originally conceived by Napoleon*, but carried into effect and the basin completed by the King of Holland only two years before the revolution’ (vol. i. p. 102). We see no great ‘*boldness*’ in the idea of making a canal, and still less of widening and improving an old one, in a country reticulated with canals; and we wonder that Mr. Tennent should fall into the vulgar error of fathering everything *great or bold* on Napoleon. In fact, the canal that connects Ghent with the Scheldt at Sas-de-Gand was made some centuries before Napoleon was born, and created one of the difficulties of the original separation of the United Provinces from Flanders. When the countries were hostilely separated, it was closed and allowed to decay; but when they were united under the same sovereign authority, it was natural that it should be re-opened and adapted to modern navigation.

pears to have formed no opinion of his own ; and, in short, leaves the water—be it running or stagnant—a little muddier than he found it.

But the main feature of Mr. Tennent's book is the disastrous effect, particularly on the commercial interests of Belgium, which he alleges, and we think shows, in some instances at least, to have been produced by the revolutionary separation from Holland in 1830. The fact we believe to be indisputable : but with excellent principles both of government and political economy, and with views and feelings which do honour to his patriotism, Mr. Tennent has, we think, mismanaged this part of his subject. The '*Repeal of the Union*' between Great Britain and Ireland is a question so vitally interesting to every British, and above all, to every *loyal* Irish heart, that we do not wonder that it should occupy a large share in Mr. Tennent's thoughts and feelings, and that the very sound should be to him—as it is we believe to every man of sense and patriotism—ominous of disaster and ruin. But we cannot persuade ourselves that he does anything like justice to that great question, when, by what seems to us no better than a *jeu de mot*, he mixes up on every occasion the separation of Holland and Belgium with the '*Repeal of the [Irish] Union*'—the words '*Repeal of the Union*' being emphatically marked throughout the book as an *appropriated* phrase. When he states that the canal of the Sas-de-Gand is filling up, it is one 'of the many inconveniences entailed upon Belgium by the *Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 104). When national education in Belgium is described as being in an unsatisfactory state, it is attributed to the '*Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 124). The merchants of Antwerp and the manufacturers of Ghent foresaw their own ruin in the '*Repeal of the Union*' (vol. i. p. 173). When he mentions the increase of foreign imports to the detriment of home manufactures, it is as 'another of the ruinous effects of the "*Repeal of the Union*"' (vol. i. p. 180). And so all through the work, every evil that can possibly be attributed to the revolution of 1830 is called, as it were technically, an effect of 'the *Repeal of the Union*.' We fully share, and, of course, heartily approve, Mr. Tennent's antipathy to the '*Repeal of the Union*;' and we believe that a distinct chapter—showing in how many points a repeal of the Irish Union might be expected to produce mischiefs analogous to those that have followed the Belgian revolution of 1830—might have been exceedingly interesting and practically useful ; but we doubt both the good taste and good sense of treating so grave a matter by *innuendo*, and by what is, in fact, a mere *pun*—not once or twice, as a passing allusion, but gravely and systematically ; as if there existed a practical identity where at most there can be but a conjectural analogy. Then, we beg Mr.

Tennent

Tennent to consider the danger of this side-wind style of argumentation: we are satisfied that there is no one who would more strenuously reject the idea that the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, and the union of Belgium with Holland, stood on anything like the same basis—or would less countenance the vision that the repeal of the former would be attended with no other ‘inconveniences’ than he has described as resulting from the disruption of the latter. Yet does he not see that he not only countenances, but promulgates, such an opinion, by the indiscreet and persevering misapplication of the same form of words to things so absolutely and vitally different?

There are, we admit, some points of analogy and even of close similarity in the cases; and these analogies might, we repeat, have afforded an instructive argumentative chapter in Mr. Tennent's work: but to confound the ancient, the vital, and, we will add, *indissoluble* connexion between the British Isles, with the fifteen years' federative alliance between Flanders and Holland, seems to us an enormous fallacy in reasoning and an egregious and dangerous error in fact. We are unwilling to permit ourselves to think of such things; but if ever the repeal of the Irish Union be attempted on the principles of the Belgic revolution, or indeed on any principle or pretence whatsoever, it is not three days' fighting in a public garden, nor the death of two or three hundred men, nor the pillaging of two or three houses, nor the abdication of a William and the accession of a Leopold, nor questions of exported yarn and imported machinery, that will ensue—but spoliation, blood, anarchy, and a deluge of unimaginable calamities and horrors, such as the world has never seen since the Heaven-inflicted chastisement and ruin of the Jewish nation in the great fall of Jerusalem. That tremendous combination of intestine discord, foreign invasion, and Divine wrath, would be renewed in all its terrors. We have no doubt that Mr. Tennent believed that in his pertinacious allusions to the ‘*Repeal of the Union*’ he was aiding the sacred cause of the integrity of the British empire—but his zeal, we presume to think, was stronger than his judgment, and we hope to hear no more of these comparisons—which we cannot but consider as likely to act less in *terrorem*, than as the palliation and encouragement of an idea which can have no prototype in the annals of national insanity, and which would be found—after whatever period of calamity the dreadful experiment might last—morally and physically impossible to accomplish.

We gladly turn from a subject in itself so awful, but so lightly and inopportunately suggested, to the less important, but still very serious question as to the motives and results of the Belgic revolution.

In

In enumerating the causes which led to this event, Mr. Tennent produces one—almost the only one—at the enunciation of which, grave as the matter is, we could not but smile. The King of Holland, it seems, was over anxious for the *material* prosperity of his Belgian subjects. He was too much a man of business, and paid too exclusive attention to the growth of manufactures and the improvement of agriculture:—

‘The inventions of Watt and Fulton stood higher in his estimation than the achievements of Frederick and Napoleon. He protected the arts not so much from admiration as policy; and he countenanced literature not from any devotion to letters, but because it created a demand for articles of commerce.’—vol. i. p. 235.

We cannot concur with Mr. Tennent in thinking all this to be ‘*unwise neglect*,’ and matter of ‘*serious blame*,’ in the sovereign of a small and essentially commercial and industrious community—the least fanciful and the most thrifty and laborious people in the world. On the contrary, we think it the strongest testimony that ever was borne to the excellence of an expelled prince and a fallen government, that *such* should be the only reproaches that can be made against them. Well may we say of Belgium, under the active, frugal, and paternal government of King William, *O fortunati sua si bona norint!* But Mr. Tennent, after a long enumeration of what no doubt his Belgic prompters called ‘*errors*,’ but which all the rest of mankind would acknowledge as *merits*, collects his whole strength to give the poor king the *coup de grace*:—

‘*In short*,’ he says, ‘there was nothing *classic*, inspiring, or chivalrous in his *bearing*; all was material, positive, and *mathematical!*’—*Ib.*

We can understand the *noble bearing* of a knight in a romance, or the *saucy bearing* of a fop in a drama; but we really do not comprehend what can be meant by the *mathematical bearing* of the King of the Netherlands, as distinguished from a *classical* one—nor how the *bearing* of King Leopold is more classical or less mathematical than that of King William—nor, above all, as a cause of expulsion or election in a country which, of all the civilised world, knows and cares the very least about either classics or mathematics.

But if Mr. Tennent has discovered so unexpected a motive for the Belgian revolution, he wholly discards, on the other hand, a cause which most other persons have thought not altogether unimportant. The example of the *July* Revolution in Paris and the *propagandist* action of Parisian principles and emissaries in Belgium, are not, in his enumeration of the causes of the *August* revolt in Belgium, *so much as mentioned!* This really seems to us one of the most extraordinary instances that we have ever seen or heard, of shutting one’s eyes to the sun, and then wondering whence



whence light and heat are derived. We can only account for such an incredible absurdity by supposing that Mr. Tennent's few acquaintances in Belgium were either partisans of the revolution, or perhaps plain practical men, who would be equally reluctant to invite the attention of a stranger to a fact already so notorious, and so disgraceful both to the patriotism and to the good sense of the Belgic people. But who is there in Belgium, or anywhere else in Europe, who doubts that their foolish and mischievous Revolution—of which they are naturally all tired and ashamed—was instigated by French intrigues, guided by French example, confirmed, consolidated, and *maintained*, by the revolutionary power and policy of France, and by that alone? We do not wonder that the *Count d'Hane*—one of the new senate, and, as it seems, Mr. Tennent's chief political informant—should not have touched on this subject; but how Mr. Tennent himself came to overlook, or at least to omit it, is altogether beyond our comprehension, and will certainly not give our readers a favourable impression as to his fitness to instruct the public on the *causes* and consequences of the Belgic Revolution.

But, whatever may have been the cause of the Revolution, the result, Mr. Tennent says, is admitted by the Belgians themselves—even by some who contributed to the change—to be very disastrous, particularly to all commercial industry. We believe the fact; though we are bound to admit that some of Mr. Tennent's statistical proofs seem to be at variance with each other, and to point rather to contradictory conclusions. It does not look very like national decay to find the export of one of the chief staple commodities of the country—dressed flax—tripling itself within four years, from 1834 to 1838 (vol. i. p. 58); to see from 1837 to 1838 such an increase of manufacturing establishments that Mr. Emerson Tennent is inclined to call it 'a mania' (vol. i. p. 65; vol. ii. p. 205); to find that the city of Ghent alone possesses 2000 (?) power-looms more than it had in 1830 (vol. ii. p. 94); to see railroads constructed and profitably conducted through all the important districts of the country (vol. ii. p. 119); to see the manufacture of paper (a novelty) and the trade in books advancing with 'surprising rapidity' (vol. ii. p. 164); to find the importation of *tools*—the means and the test of industry—increasing from a value of 46,000 francs in 1830 to near five millions in 1838, in addition to a largely-increased domestic manufacture (vol. ii. p. 185). These, and twenty other important instances, though partially counterbalanced by failures in other lines, appear to us to be seriously at variance with Mr. Emerson Tennent's general position.

But indeed, we must say that there are few of Mr. Emerson  
Tennent's

Tennent's assertions or opinions which do not appear to be either directly or by inference countervailed, not to say contradicted, by other passages of his work, a discrepancy which seems to us to arise, as we have already hinted, from his endeavour to fit M. Briavoinne's facts to his own peculiar views. Let us take, for instance, the first notice we find of the flax and linen trade, which, as it is the staple of their agricultural and commercial prosperity, was also, from particular circumstances, the chief object of Mr. Emerson Tennent's curiosity and attention. If there be any point on which his view would be clear and decisive, it would naturally be that.

Let us see :—

'The elements of their trade are twofold, the growth of flax, and, secondly, its conversion by machinery into yarn and cloth. In the latter alone, from the relative local circumstances, it is *utterly impossible that Belgium could successfully maintain the contest with England*, with her *inferior machinery*, her *more costly fuel*, and her *circumscribed sale*; but through the happy advantage of being enabled to supply herself with the raw material *at the lowest possible rate*, and her rivals at the highest, she is in a position of the very last importance.'—vol. i. p. 60.

This seems plain and positive, and is, no doubt, Mr. Tennent's own opinion; but it turns out—at least so it appears to us—that every individual point of it is either positively contradicted, or inferentially disproved, within the next half-dozen pages, by statements suggested, for the most part, to Mr. Tennent, by M. Briavoinne's details.

1. As to the '*utter impossibility, with her inferior machinery, of maintaining a contest with England*':—

'The application of machinery to the manufacture of linen-yarn, though of comparatively recent introduction into Belgium, has nevertheless made *surprising progress*, and bids fair to *maintain a considerable rivalry with Great Britain*.'—vol. i. p. 63.

Again—

'The machinery' [of the spinning manufactories] 'is all made at the Phoenix Iron-works in Ghent; the preparatory portions of it are *excellent*, and exhibit all the recent English improvements.'—vol. i. p. 67.

Again—

'The Phoenix is certainly the most *admirably* arranged establishment I ever saw—*those of England not excepted*.'—vol. i. p. 100.

And again—

'Belgium, which had, a few years since, no machinery for spinning yarn, except what she could smuggle from England at a serious cost, is now enabled to manufacture her own; and *has all the minerals, metals, and fuel* within herself, which, combined with industry and skilled labour, are essential to bring it *to perfection*.'—vol. i. p. 70.

And

And again—

‘The yarn we saw was of a good description; and the quantity produced per day was *quite equal to that of English spinners*.’—vol. i. p. 68.

To all which may be added a circumstance, very important as to ‘the utter impossibility that the Belgian manufacture can maintain a contest with the English’—namely, that, according to a comparative table of the rate of wages in Belgium and in England, given by Mr. Tennent (vol. i. p. 68), the Belgian average, on the whole process, is 12s. 5½*d.*, while the English is 20s. 8½*d.*: that is, labour is considerably more than one-third cheaper in Belgium.

2. Let us next test his assertion as to greater *cost of fuel*.

We have seen, in one of the preceding paragraphs, that Mr. Tennent admits that Belgium has a sufficient command of fuel to bring her manufactures to *perfection*; but he affords us still more precise data for doubting that the fuel is *so much* more costly as represented in his original statement.

First he tells us that—

‘the ordinary price of coals in Belgium has been about 10 francs, at the pit’s mouth’ (vol. ii. p. 170): which is [he adds] ‘*lower than they were at Newcastle*.’—vol. ii. p. 171.

And he has also previously told us that the steam-engines employed in the Belgian manufactures

‘were wrought with *one-half to one-third less fuel* than is required for the engines in ordinary use in England.’—vol. i. p. 66.

If then the Belgian coal be cheaper at the pit’s mouth than the English, and that the work is done with *one-half or one-third* the quantity that is used in England, we do not see how the fuel can be called *so much more costly* as to constitute an *utter impossibility* of competing with England. We are aware that there was, a few years since, considerable apprehension that the coal-mines of Belgium were in rapid progress of exhaustion, but Mr. Tennent himself states that this alarm had subsided, and that coals had returned to their former prices.

3. As to the ‘*circumscribed sale*’ for Belgian flax, yarn, or cloth, Mr. Tennent gives us no means of testing his assertion; for, strange enough to say, amongst all his statistics on the subject of the linen-trade, he omits to give us the *most important of all*, the quantities of yarn or linen *made* and the quantities *exported*. The only indications he affords us are rather inconsistent with his assertion of a circumscribed sale; for he says there has been latterly almost ‘a mania’ in Belgium for the establishment of spinning manufactories: and, as to dressed flax, he gives us, from M. Briavoinne, returns which show that the export of this semi-manufactured article has risen from 2,698,000 kilogrammes, which it was in 1834, to 9,459,000 kilogrammes in 1838: that is, it  
more

more than tripled itself within four years. But here again, with so much parade of statistical accuracy, the main point is omitted; he gives us no account to show what proportion the *total* produce, at each period, bore to the quantities *exported*. If the *total* quantity of flax dressed in 1838 was no greater than it was in 1834, the yarn and cloth manufacture in Belgium must have diminished in the proportion that the export of dressed flax has increased: but, without that information, all that Mr. Tennent's tables show is, that, of dressed flax at least, the sale has not been circumscribed, but, on the contrary, enormously extended. The fact is, that these, like almost all the rest of Mr. Tennent's statistics, are taken from M. Briavoinne, and M. Briavoinne's view of the subject not having led him to state the *proportions* of the *gross* and the *exported* for the respective years, Mr. Tennent's application of his facts to another view of the matter becomes inconclusive—particularly as it appears, from other portions of M. Briavoinne's work not quoted by Mr. Tennent, that the export of linen cloth fully *manufactured* had nearly tripled itself from 1831 to 1834.

4. The final assertion, that *Belgium is enabled to supply herself with the raw material at the lowest possible rate*, seems to us to be an assertion as vague and as apocryphal as the preceding statements. Here again Mr. Tennent omits the most important point of the case; he does not tell us at what cost per ton flax may be produced in Belgium, as compared with England or Ireland: we suppose it must be much less; and the great and growing export to England would be decisive on that point, but that Mr. Tennent tells us that the finer kinds of flax grown in Belgium are not to be found in England at all. Thus he destroys any inference on this head which might be drawn from importation into England, since England may import—not because she cannot grow as cheaply, but—because she cannot grow at all the specific article which she requires: and the statements of Mr. Tennent, in other parts of his work, would lead us to infer that flax in Belgium, so far from being produced at the *cheapest possible rate*, is a most expensive cultivation.

He begins by telling us that Belgium obtains her seed from the same quarter that we do—Riga: he then proceeds,—

‘The rotation of all other crops is regulated with ultimate reference to the flax, which comes into the circle only once in *seven*, and in some instances once in *nine* years; whilst, as it approaches the period for sowing (*sowing?*) it, each antecedent crop is put in with a *double* portion of manure. For itself the preparation is most studiously and skilfully minute; the ground is prepared rather like a flower-bed than a field.’—vol. i. p. 143.

Then

Then follows a long detail of the elaborate, and we should have supposed very costly, niceties in *digging* (not ploughing) the ground, manuring with prepared manures, sowing, weeding, supporting, pulling, &c. With this extraordinary care, and the important fact that all other tillage is made, for a cycle of seven or nine years, subservient to one crop of flax, we cannot quite understand in what sense Mr. Tennent says that Flanders 'supplies herself with flax at the *lowest possible rate*,'—we should rather have said that she does so at the *highest possible rate*. We very well understand how this expensive process may be, in the long run, the best economy and the most profitable course; but ultimate profit does not, it seems to us, justify Mr. Tennent's assertion that the article is raised at the *lowest possible rate*.

The practical result to which Mr. Emerson Tennent brings all these observations seems to be liable to the same objections of vagueness and inconsistency which pervade the arguments from which it is deduced. He urges the danger to Great Britain of being 'thus dependent on her rivals for the raw material' of so important a branch of her own manufactures, and then adds—

'In order to remedy this evil it seems to me ONLY to require a vigorous exertion on the part of our own *farmers*, and those whose direct interest it is to give them encouragement, to lead to such an improvement in our process of cultivation and dressing as would *speedily render our flax of equal quality with that of our neighbours in the Low Countries*: for the landed proprietor and the farmer, not less than for the manufacturer, there is a mine of *unwrought wealth* to be secured in this important article; and my earnestness on this point arises from the *fact* that, from all I have seen myself or can possibly learn from others, *the field is equally open to England as to the Netherlands*.'—vol. i. p. 141.

This may be so; and Mr. Tennent's 'earnestness' to improve our native cultivation of flax is very laudable, but we must say that the *facts* which he states in support of his views appear to us altogether inconsistent with the result at which he arrives. First he tells us that—

'In the stronger articles which can be made from flax of English growth, the English *already* considerably undersell Belgium, and an important trade is at this moment carried on in the North of Ireland in exporting linen goods to Germany, whence they were formerly imported into England, and *still are into Belgium*, where the [linen] damask trade of *Courtrai*, which has been perpetually declining since 1815, is now all but superseded,' &c.—vol. i. p. 69.

And again—

'Notwithstanding all our disadvantages, *Irish flax* for the strong articles, for which alone it is suited, produces a *firmer and a better thread than the Flemish or Dutch of the same character*.'—vol. i. p. 142.

Now

Now mark the inconsistency:—*Courtrai* is the place, *par excellence*, where the whole process of flax-growing as well as dressing is the most elaborately carried on; to this shrine it was that Mr. Tennent directed his commercial pilgrimage; here he was to see the working of the mine of wealth which is unwrought in Great Britain and Ireland. Yet, lo! England has beaten *Courtrai* out of the German market, and the Germans again supersede *Courtrai* in her own; and Ireland has wrought her mine—which we are told is unwrought—with such good effect as to supply the Germans! Mr. Tennent may perhaps reply, ‘the unwrought mine of wealth to which I alluded is the production of the *finer* sorts which are *produced* only in Flanders!’ But what if it should turn out that *they* are *producible* only in Flanders? Suppose that the very highest degree of care and culture could no more produce the finer flax in our fields than it could *cotton*—suppose that even in Flanders, with all the care and industry with which it is cultivated, the finer kinds are only producible in *particular spots*—what becomes of Mr. Tennent’s argument?

Hear, on this point, Mr. Tennent himself:—

‘The quality of the flax seems, *independently of local superiority of culture*, to be essentially dependent upon the *nature of the soil* in which it is sown.—In Luxembourg and Limburg it has been attempted without success.—From the country around *Ghent* no *process of tillage* would be sufficient to raise the descriptions suitable to more costly purposes; that of the *Walloons* yields the *very coarsest* qualities; *Courtrai* those whose *strength* is adapted for thread; and *Tournai* ALONE furnishes the fine and delicate kinds which serve for the manufacture of lace and cambric.’—vol. i. p. 57.

What then becomes of Mr. Emerson Tennent’s ‘unwrought mine of wealth,’ unless he can show that the soil and climate of Great Britain and Ireland are more favourable to the growth of fine flax than *any part* of the Netherlands, except *alone* the little district about Tournai? What then was the advantage of the pilgrimage to *Courtrai*, and the detailed recapitulation, for the instruction of Ireland, of that mode of tillage, if *Courtrai* with all her elaborate culture can only produce flax ‘whose strength is adapted for *thread*,’ while Ireland already produces ‘a firmer, and in every respect better, *thread*\* than either Flanders or Holland’? Really all this reminds us of what Dr. Johnson said of Mr. Tennent’s countryman, Goldsmith, when it was proposed

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\* It may be that the Irish *thread* and the *Courtrai thread* are not of the same ‘character;’ but then Mr. Tennent, if he meant to instruct us, should have made the distinction; whereas, on the contrary, by using the term ‘*strong*’ in both cases, he seems to imply that they are of the same kind.



to send him travelling in search of some improvements in arts and mechanics to be introduced into England. 'Goldsmith,' said Johnson, 'is the most unfit of all men to go on such an inquiry; Sir, he would bring you home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think he had produced a wonderful improvement.'

We beg our readers to observe that we are giving no opinion of our own on these subjects. We are not writing an essay on the growth of flax—we are only reviewing Mr. Emerson Tennent's book, and endeavouring to excuse ourselves for not being able to bring his scattered facts and desultory suggestions to any clear and useful practical issue.

We have dwelt, at more length than the matter may seem to deserve, upon this paragraph relative to the growth of flax, because it relates to the staple subject of Mr. Emerson Tennent's work—because, being the first passage relating to that subject which occurs, we cannot be suspected of having *selected* a weak point—and finally, because, having thus shown, as we think, that Mr. Tennent's statistics—compiled, for the most part, from the laborious but (for Mr. Tennent's purposes at least) inconclusive work of M. Briavoinne—are not very applicable, nor his opinions sufficiently matured on the subjects with which he is naturally best acquainted, we may be dispensed from saying anything further on such topics of political economy.

Similar inconsistencies occur also on lighter subjects; one of them we shall notice, because it carries us from statistics to the arts, and leads to a point on which we can have the pleasure of concurring in Mr. Tennent's opinion—with whom we shall thenceforward proceed in good fellowship to the end of our journey.

'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that the churches of Brussels contain no specimen of Vandyke or Rubens;' and then he adds, 'painters, it would seem, *like prophets*, are to seek patrons at some distance from home.' This allusion to a sacred text might have been the better spared, because the fact and the inference are both untrue. Brussels was *not* the country of either Rubens or Vandyke—neither of them were even Flemings: and by-and-bye, when Mr. Emerson Tennent comes to speak of Antwerp, he contradicts himself with an earnestness which is almost eloquent.

'A journey to Antwerp is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens. Rubens is the tutelary idol of Antwerp—it *was his home*, though not his birthplace—his favourite residence and the scene of his triumphs; and he has left to it the immortal legacy of his fame, his masterpieces, his monument, and his grave. Its museum and its churches are marked by his principal pictures, and the inhabitants pay back in grateful homage to his memory the renown which his genius has entailed upon them (?).



them (?). *Fêtes* in his honour, in a style of great magnificence, had been celebrated but a few weeks before our visit, amidst public rejoicings, processions, music, banners, and all the pomp of civic triumph. The excitement had not yet subsided, and we found every table covered with portraits of the great painter, verses in his praise, and programmes of the festival, and with every individual the absorbing topic was something connected with his name and his monuments.'—vol. ii. p. 47.

We entirely concur in three opinions expressed on this occasion by Mr. Tennent,—that those who have not seen the works of Rubens at Antwerp\* can have no idea of the real merit of that great artist—that the style and taste of his ordinary productions would hardly justify his great reputation—and finally that the Antwerp pictures are greater even than their fame. But we cannot altogether subscribe to the following parallel between him and Vandyke:—

'There are [in the Museum at Antwerp] five or six pictures of Vandyke, but they are in the same style with Rubens's groups from sacred subjects; and they do not bear to be placed in such immediate contact with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his master. Vandyke's unrivalled portraits are as much superior to those of Rubens as the latter excels him in combination and composition. Their productions are as an epic poem to a lyric or a sonnet; and whilst Rubens is the Homer of his art, Vandyke may be well contented to be its Pindar or *Plutarch* (?).'—vol. ii. p. 54.

This—whether Mr. Emerson Tennent wrote *Plutarch*, in allusion to Vandyke's historical portraits, or *Petrarch*, as the mention of the *sonnet* suggests—is we think erroneously conceived and clumsily expressed. The main feeling is, no doubt, just; the works of Vandyke in this Museum *do* look cold and even poor compared with the gorgeous glories of Rubens. But Rubens has painted portraits as fine as Vandyke,—one, for instance, in this very collection of the Burgomaster Rockox, painted on the *volets* or shutters, of the 'Incredulity of St. Thomas' (justly appreciated by Mr. Tennent), which is as fine, we think, as ever was painted: and on the other hand, Vandyke has, not only in single figures but in many of his more complicated compositions, both grace and *grandeur*, very unjustly treated by a comparison to a *song* or a *sonnet*. If we were to characterise these great painters by a comparison with great poets, we should be inclined to compare them rather to Homer and Virgil—Dante and Tasso—Corneille and Racine—Dryden and Pope:—and we mention all these names, because it is remark-

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\* We say, seen them *at Antwerp*—in the places and the lights suited to them. Nothing that we have observed in art is more curious or striking than the difference of the effects produced by these pictures in Paris and in Antwerp. We suppose it was the want of space and light, and perhaps of isolation, which took off so much of their splendour in the Louvre. We saw them, within a comparatively short period, in each position, and could hardly believe our own eyes that they were the same pictures.

able that, in so many instances of a general congeniality of spirit and a great similarity both of subject and execution, there should be such a clear demarcation of the class in which grandeur predominates over grace, from that in which grace seems invariably to attenuate grandeur. But we are recalled from these agreeable contemplations to more pressing, though less inviting, subjects—the political state and prosperity of Belgium.

Though we cannot pretend to decide from Mr. Emerson Tennent's statistical facts the precise extent of the mischief inflicted by the Revolution of 1830 on the internal prosperity of Belgium, we cannot hesitate to agree with the opinion, derived from his own observation and the reports of his acquaintance, that there is a general feeling of *malaise* and discontent throughout the country, aggravated by a good deal of local distress; and that, however individuals or classes may be disposed or indisposed towards Holland or towards France respectively, there is no one—no, not one—always excepting, of course, a few lucky officials—who is satisfied with the results of the Revolution. We attach no great weight to popular complaints and commercial grumblings;—the *people*, who are the working instruments of revolutions, always expect some immediate and substantial relief from them, and must, in the nature of things, be always disappointed. ‘Party,’ says that great adept in the working of parties, Swift, ‘is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.’ Half-a-dozen turbulent lawyers and pamphleteers were raised by this strange revolt to an eminence, or rather notoriety, which they had not qualities either to justify or maintain: but the Revolution did no good to the *People*—it only increased commercial embarrassments: and in the vicissitudes of trade every suffering class lays the blame on the *Government*; and, accordingly, Leopold's government is blamed, as that of William was previously, for incidental distresses over which a government can have no control. But there are two positive evils which are derived from the Revolution, and which must have a very serious and disastrous influence—the one is the uncertainty and instability with which such a commotion paralyses the social action of a country—alienating persons—shaking institutions—alarming property—and withering the arts and the industry as well as the graces and charities of life: the other (which is clearly and forcibly exhibited by Mr. Tennent), the loss of the Dutch market and of the markets beyond sea which Holland assured to Belgian produce. Belgium is *now*, for the first time, insulated, as it were, within her own narrow bounds. When she was Austrian, she had the German market; when French, the French market; when united with Holland, she had a still ampler outlet for her produce. *Now* Belgium has no assured

assured and steady market but Belgium. Belgium may clothe itself, and feed itself, and furnish itself; but the country which only clothes, feeds, and furnishes *itself*, particularly if it be a small state, will soon feel a difficulty in doing even that. When Mr. Tennent, embracing, we suppose, the sentiments of M. Briavoinne, Count d'Hane, and his other Belgian instructors, blames the King of Holland for having given too much encouragement and extension to Belgian manufactures, the censure is, as we before said, both unjust and absurd; but the *fact* is true, and the mischief real;—the manufacturing establishments encouraged by the king were suitable and beneficial to the kingdom that *then* existed—they were healthy and active organs of a large system, but, in a suddenly reduced one, the circulation has grown languid, and they are become *wens*—nay, worse—for, whenever the extraordinary excitement and exertions occasioned by the construction of those extensive lines of railways which we believe have kept Belgium alive and tranquil for the last few years, shall be exhausted by their completion, and the country shall return into an ordinary state of supply and consumption, these *wens* will become *cancers*, and it will be found that—even commercially speaking—Belgium *cannot remain as she is*. She has a manufacturing *plant* too extensive and too expensive for her own ordinary demands, and she has no one else to supply. When the railroads shall be finished, and that Belgium relapses into her natural state, the commercial distress will probably become still more general. Mr. Tennent adds, however, on the authority of M. Briavoinne, that ‘the *chemin-de-fer* is the more popular because the *people* can see the intimate connexion between it and the events of 1830. “Without the Revolution,” they say, “we should have had no railroad, and *without the railroad we should have been better without the Revolution.*” ’—*voi. ii. p. 128.*

The final results of railroads is a question of such general importance, and as yet so imperfectly developed, that we are sure our readers will excuse our making a few observations on this suggestion. As to the connexion which the *people* see between the Revolution and the Railroad, it is just the resemblance between Monmouth and Macedon, and rests on such evidence as the people would naturally adopt;—*propter quia post*. Who can doubt that King William—who is reproached with carrying his love of *material* improvements to excess—would have indulged his personal taste as well as his national policy in spreading over the *Kingdom of the Netherlands* such a reticulated system of intercourse—such a *material* bond of union—as the railroads would have supplied, if conducted throughout both divisions of that kingdom—by the same hand and the same spirit? It is impossible to conceive all

all the moral and political consequences that would follow the bringing Ostend, Leyden, Ghent, Rotterdam, Liege, Utrecht, Brussels, and Amsterdam, in short, every considerable city and district of the Netherlands, within *five hours* of each other; but at least we may safely, we believe, *convert* M. Briavoinne's proposition, and say that, *if the Railroads had been made under the direction of the King of the Netherlands, there never could have been a Revolution!* And we even think it possible that this railroad system, so suited and so congenial to both countries, may, in its quiet but powerful operation, become in time the irresistible mediator of the *reunion* of Holland and Belgium. The railroad, we are satisfied, is a more probable, and would be a more powerful, instrument of reconciliation and union in the Netherlands, than any military power or any political influence which could be brought into action. Mr. Tennent states that M. Briavoinne 'considers that the system of railroads has been injudiciously expanded in Belgium, and that *a single line of transit to Germany* would have been more judicious than the complicated communications which have been adopted.' This is an error on the part of Mr. Tennent: M. Briavoinne thinks the whole system of railroads objectionable, chiefly because it seems not likely to make an adequate pecuniary return; and he would rather have preferred—not a single line of *railroad* across Belgium, but—the old project of a continuation of the *Louvain Canal* to the Meuse and Rhine, thus establishing a line of *water* communication, which he thinks would have been in every view more prudent than the *railroad*.

We need scarcely say that we differ from both these propositions—that imputed to M. Briavoinne, as well as that which he really advanced. They are both, in different ways and degrees, absurd—but the latter is the most so; and we do not much wonder that Mr. Tennent failed to comprehend so strange an opinion from a writer in whom he had placed so much confidence. The fact, however, is that he totally misunderstands him.

Mr. Tennent gives us some account of the expense of forming railroads in different localities, which, though very imperfect, may still be acceptable to our readers:—

'The *average* cost of those completed in Belgium scarcely exceeds 8500*l.* a mile, including carriages and buildings. The most expensive was from Louvain to Tirlemont, including a tunnel of near 1000 yards, which cost 11,661*l.* per mile; and that from Dendermond to Mechlin only 4583*l.*; while in England the cheapest as yet completed has cost 10,000*l.* per mile. One in Ireland, between Lisburn and Belfast, has been made for less than 7000*l.* [of course, we suppose, per mile]; but others in England have cost 40,000*l.*; and the average of forty-five lines, for which

which bills were passed in 1836 and 1837, was upwards of 17,500*l.* a mile *on the estimate*.'—vol. ii. p. 121, &c.

We wish Mr. Tennent had given the *names* of those cheapest and the dearest lines; but we wish still more that he had given us (which, we suppose, might by this time be done in most cases) the *actual cost* of those which were *estimated* in 1836-7 at an average of 17,500*l.*—*that is the real point* of the case, but, as we have complained in former instances, *that* Mr. Tennent allows to escape.

On the difference of cost in Belgium and England, Mr. Tennent notices one very important and very grievous increase of expense on the English lines:—

'In Belgium there were no committees of the House of Commons, to enable the solicitors' bills to amount to 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.* for expenses in obtaining the act, as was the case in the London and Birmingham line, and that of the Great Western.'—vol. ii. p. 123.

This is shameful. A severe scrutiny as to the public interests in such works and a liberal and conscientious protection for private property, should no doubt be exercised by the legislature; but such dilatory, vexatious, unjust, and ruinous proceedings in Committees of the House of Commons as the honourable member thus alludes to in the gross and of which all of us have heard such extravagant details, are absolutely disgraceful to the tribunal itself, and to the country which submits to be the patient victim of such enormous abuses.

Instead of exerting their high authority in facilitating—with all reasonable attention to private rights—these great national works, the Committees seem to have permitted—if they did not encourage—every species of opposition, sometimes wanton, sometimes frivolous, always extortionate, and frequently, in the teeth of reason and justice, successful. Mr. Tennent would do more essential service to his country than by all the statistical tours he ever can make or publish, if he would have the patience and *the courage* to make himself master in detail of the history of the various railroad bills in Committees of the *reformed* House of Commons, and exhibit, to the surprise of that honourable house itself—as well as to the astonishment of the public—the enormous injustice and abuses which have been committed under its sanction.

No wonder that the *fares* in Belgium should be on an average less than half those of England (vol. ii. p. 124). We are really surprised that the difference is not more, when we consider the infinitely greater difficulties which the unequal surface and proprietary distribution of our territory present, in addition to the monstrous expenses of law, litigation, and compensations, to which we have just alluded.

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On the whole, with regard to the internal prosperity of Belgium, we incline to Mr. Emerson Tennent's opinion, that in some branches it has been disastrously diminished, and in all the rest is in a very precarious state; and that even her railroads, when finished, instead of alleviating, may aggravate the general distress.

But if her internal condition be thus, to say the least of it, uncomfortable, her political position, as created by the Revolution, is still worse: as a substantive power she is nothing—worse than nothing—for she is a temptation, a provocation, to the disturbance of the peace of Europe. Holland would conquer her in a fortnight, Prussia in a week, France in a day. She is as tempting, and can offer as little resistance, as a plum-pudding; and she is kept in her place, like a body in mechanics, by the antagonist operation of three weights, any one of which would drag her down. She is a nation without nationality—a kingdom without kingly authority—a republic without a people. Never having, from her earliest days, trusted to her own legs, she is now incapable of doing so, and there she affects to stand, a grown cripple in a *go-cart*.

She never knew what independence was—she has never had a substantive and stable government—and the easy success of the last rash, blind, unprovoked, and unwarrantable Revolution would have destroyed every principle and hope of stability, even if she had possessed any. As to her government, she is in a condition of *torpid anarchy*—anarchy so complete that it is only torpid because she has no power to move: a stronger state would be in convulsions—but she is in a catalepsy, and she has just sense enough left to know that if she were to wag her finger there are three eminent surgeons ready to bleed her.

Then she has an internal constitution as anomalous as her external position. This constitution affects to be a combination of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy—but the monarch has no authority, the aristocracy no influence, and the people no force, except that, being all entangled together, they have just the power of impeding and nullifying each other.

Her domestic policy is so obscure and unimportant that no one in Europe who does not look at them through a microscope is aware that for the last year or two they have been in what in France and England is called a *ministerial crisis*; that they have had no real government; and that the king has been employed like a jobbing carpenter in patching together make-shift cabinets, and tacking up, just for the moment, temporary ministers to his official *posts*.

What is to be the end of all this?—We know not, as long as there shall be peace in the rest of Europe: but whenever and



wherever a shot shall be fired, its first echo and first *ricochet* will be in Belgium; and the only chance we can see for relieving that country from a position so disastrous to herself and so perilous to Europe, is that of which we have already expressed so faint a hope—namely, a voluntary reunion with Holland, and, consequent on that event, a firm and active resolution of the great European powers to render the new state, whatever form it may take, as powerful and as extensive as its local position will allow, and with whatever promise of stability and permanence the solemn and specific guarantee of Europe can give. That hope, however, we fear to indulge; and we are forced reluctantly to admit that it is more probable that Belgium is to be again what it has been for five hundred years, the battle-field between the aggression of France and the resistance of the other powers of Europe.

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ART. II.—*Notes on the United States*. By the Right Hon. Sir Augustus J. Foster, Bart. London, 1841. (*Unpublished*.)

**SIR AUGUSTUS FOSTER** was Secretary to our Legation at Washington (the late Mr. Merry being then Minister) in the years 1804-5-6. After serving at the Court of Sweden and elsewhere, he returned to America as Envoy in 1811, and finally quitted it on the declaration of war in the following year. Since that time he has been almost constantly employed in his profession, and held till very recently the post of English Minister at Turin.

When Mr. Rush published his ‘Narrative of a Residence at the Court of St. James’s,’ we could but express our apprehension that the example, notwithstanding his good intentions, candour, and real liberality of feeling, might be found to constitute a dangerous precedent. Were it to become at all a practice among gentlemen of the diplomatic order—more especially Ambassadors and Envoys—to publish descriptive sketches of the society thrown open to them *shortly before* in foreign countries, by reason solely, or chiefly, of their official character, it is certain that the personal privileges of their class would, ere long, be sensibly abridged; and there are graver considerations so obvious that it would be idle to point them out. We do not see, however, that the objection applies to such a performance as that now before us—even if it were to assume the character of a regular publication. Since Sir Augustus Foster last quitted the American shores nearly thirty years have elapsed;—of the public men with whom he mingled at Washington all have long since disappeared;—at least

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we do not remember to have met in his pages with more than one living name—that of the octogenarian Mr. Gallatin—and of him he has really nothing but the name. As to other matters, thirty years in the United States have been equivalent probably to a hundred in the case of any older nation:—where he left small towns, villages, even single loghouse taverns in the wilderness, mighty cities are now flourishing and daily extending. New States have been added to the Union. Many modifications have occurred in the constitutions both of States separately, and of the federal empire. Laws have been largely changed—the administration of them even more largely. Above all, the influences of laws and institutions which were young in his time, have been developed in social alterations, of which Sir Augustus could have formed but a vague and uncertain anticipation. No country, no people, no system of civilised life, have ever undergone more extensive changes in so brief a period. Under such circumstances the veteran diplomatist may produce his recollections and reflections without almost the slightest risk of wounding any personal feelings—without much chance, we must add, of ministering to vulgar curiosity. His *Notes* are now merely historical. Moreover, the Lives, Diaries, and Correspondence (public and private) of the most eminent American statesmen of the cycle to which these *Notes* refer, have been printed and published; and since the world has had in this way such copious access to American criticism on the ministers and courtiers of England during her great conflict with revolutionary France, it seems but fair that we should be admitted to some of the results of similar opportunities afforded to Englishmen of rank and station in the America of the same epoch.

These ‘Notes’ would possess a strictly historical interest for our Transatlantic friends themselves. Sir Augustus describes a period of their national existence as to which thinking Americans of the *active* generation must have a very peculiar degree of curiosity:—though it has not, in as far as we know, been either boldly or skilfully treated of in any department of their literature. It is the epoch of transition;—and in truth, when we consider how perseveringly and how successfully the contemporary novelists and dramatists of France have dealt with the social metamorphoses consequent upon their revolution, we are not a little surprised with this American neglect of scarcely less picturesque materials. It furnishes, we think, by far the most striking proof of their often alleged *thin-skinnedness*, that their best writers shrink from what they can hardly fail to regard as the richest field within their reach—that this should in fact scarcely have been touched upon except by equally coarse and weak daubings

ings of flattery. Strange that a nation piquing themselves on nothing so much as their *shrewdness*, should be so conspicuously open to the grossest tricks of venal adulation. 'Fulsome compliments,' as Johnson said to Sir Joshua, 'gratify nobody but a fool: they always disgust the wise, who, knowing them to be false, suspect them to be hypocritical.'

Sir Augustus, in his very modest preface, expresses much regret that the views of American society put forth by several recent English travellers should have been so hastily drawn and so harshly coloured; he does not exactly impeach the veracity of any one of these writers—among whom he considers Mrs. Butler as the ablest, and also, on the whole, as the least unfair—but he asserts his belief that such of them as really had access to the better circles were either unfitted by age and experience for comparing different systems of manners in a just spirit;—or carried with them a narrow rancour of political prejudice which discoloured objects in themselves harmless—or else an overweening vanity which construed ignorance or inappreciation of probably absurd pretensions into deliberate contempt and insult;—or, finally, proceeding to the New World in the bitterness of disappointment, had failed in some object of personal interest or ambition which the journey was meant to serve—for Menander's adage is not more true than its converse:—

Δύναται τὸ πλουτεῖν καὶ φιλανθρώπους ποιεῖν.

Sir Augustus notices also the effects of *partial* observation:—the state of things in one district being applied to another, as different from it perhaps as Holland is from England or Russia from Prussia; but this and various other sources of mistake and misrepresentation have been sufficiently dwelt on by ourselves upon former occasions.

Our readers cannot suppose that we should think ourselves entitled to *criticise* these unpublished 'Notes' as a literary performance. Under the circumstances, censure and praise would be alike out of place—the latter probably more offensive than the former to Sir Augustus Foster. We proceed very willingly, however, to do all that seems to lie within our legitimate scope in such a case—namely, to select a few of those passages with which we have ourselves happened to be most pleased and interested.

As might be expected, a large proportion of his pages is given to the city and official life of Washington. The Government of the United States fixed its head-quarters on this spot about the beginning of the century; and for some time afterwards, as the Spanish Envoy De Casa Yrujo told Sir Augustus, it was difficult to produce a decent dinner in the new capital without sending 50 or 60 miles for its materials. Things had mended somewhat

somewhat before the writer's arrival, but still he found enough to surprise and bewilder him in the desolate vastness and mean accommodations of the unshaped metropolis. He attributes the selection of the locality, partly at least, to General Washington's partiality for the neighbourhood of his own paternal property; but seems to think the inconveniences attending such a choice would have, ere long, produced a removal to some already large and well-supplied city near the Atlantic, but for certain considerations of a personal and not very dignified nature, which were of paramount importance with Mr. Jefferson, who was for the second time President when Sir Augustus first reached America. He says that 'the richer and more respectable members of Congress had, for the most part, always inclined' to vote for returning to Philadelphia, or selecting some other town of established importance; but that every such proposal had been distasteful to the majority, it 'being in a great measure composed of rough and unfashioned persons, to whom it is of consequence to be in a place where they would be attended to more than in a large city.' This majority had usually found support in the Government, 'so long composed of Virginians, who naturally preferred Washington to any remoter situation;' but the removal could hardly, he apprehends, have been avoided, but for the determined personal opposition of Jefferson. This President alleged as his reason the danger of throwing open again a question so difficult and delicate as that of the choice of the seat of government—

'In fact, however,' says Sir A. Foster, 'his power was founded on the court he paid to the democratical party; and he could not have appeared in a great town, as he did at Washington, without attendants, when he took a ride, and, fastening his horse's bridle himself to a shop-door, as I have once witnessed, when his nail was torn off in the operation, or in yarn stockings and slippers when he received company; neither could he anywhere else have had the members of the legislature so dependent upon him and the rest of the administration for the little amusement and relief which they could obtain after public business; his house and those of the Ministers being in fact almost necessary to them, unless they chose to live like bears, brutalised and stupified—as one of *the Federalists* once confessed to me that he felt—from hearing nothing but politics from morning to night, and from continual confinement without any relaxation whatsoever. Mr. Jefferson knew too well what he was about—he had lived in too good society at Paris, where he was employed as Minister from the United States previously to the French revolution, and where he had been admitted to the coteries of Madame du Deffand—not to set a value on the decencies and proprieties of life; but he was playing a game for retaining the highest office in a State where manners are not a prevailing feature in the great mass of the society, being, except in the large towns, rather despised as a mark of effeminacy by the majority, who  
seem

seem to glory in being only thought men of bold strong minds and good sound judgment.

‘ Having mentioned Mr. Jefferson, it may be interesting to the reader to have the following description of his person as he appeared to me on my arrival in 1804: he was a tall man with a very red freckled face and grey neglected hair; his manners goodnatured, frank, and rather friendly, though he had somewhat of a cynical expression of countenance. He wore a blue coat, a thick grey-coloured hairy waistcoat, with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings, and slippers down at the heels; his appearance being very much like that of a tall large-boned farmer. He said he washed his feet as often as he did his hands in order to keep off cold, and appeared to think himself unique in so doing. . . . Mr. Jefferson’s father was a land-surveyor, who lived some time in Pennsylvania, and from thence went to establish himself at Monticello in Virginia, where land was cheap, and where he bought an estate for 100 guineas, but I could meet nobody who could tell me from what country he originally came or could trace him to his early years.’

Since Sir Augustus penned this ‘Note,’ Jefferson’s Memoir of his own early life has been published: he there traces his pedigree back to a grandfather, ‘said to have been born near Snowdon in Wales,’ and states that his father, whose profession he sinks, left him the lands of *Shadwell*, ‘on which,’ he says, ‘I now live.’ *Monticello*, therefore, was probably a name of his own devising for the porticoed villa which in due season replaced the paternal log-house.\*

The President’s official mansion at Washington was erected, it seems, by an Irish mason who gave the plan of the Duke of Leinster’s house in Dublin, on which he had been employed as a journeyman; omitting however the upper story, and forgetting the cellars—which last defect Jefferson remedied, though his predecessor took no notice of it. Sir Augustus says all the private houses in Washington were built by Irishmen or Scotchmen of the same class, and were equally slavish repetitions after Edinburgh or Dublin, not the least attention having been paid to the difference of climate. But it is to be hoped these edifices were not meant for a longer duration than those of the Crescents at Brighton, or our own fine lath and plaster in Regent-street and Regent’s-park. Sir Augustus has lived too much in Italy not to be a connoisseur in architecture, and in censuring a universal fault in the Washington porticoes—that of the pillars being raised on plinths—he observes that it is the same with almost all the public buildings lately erected in London, except those of

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\* Since we have turned to this Memoir, we may observe that Jefferson, while a young law-student, heard Patrick Henry’s great speech against the Stamp Act in 1765. ‘His talents as a popular orator were,’ he says, ‘great indeed; they were such as I never heard in any other man. He seemed to me to speak as Homer wrote.’

Mr. Decimus Burton, and that the fact of all *classical* antiquity being against this was disputed by Sir Geoffrey Wyattville and other English architects until he produced his authorities. We are not aware whether Mr. D. Burton designed the school-house at St. Paul's, or Arthur's Club-house in St. James'-street—neither of which elegant buildings has the defect in question. Sir Augustus does not leave the public edifices at Washington without expressing his deep regret that any of them should have been destroyed by our army in 1812. He censures this as a violence for which there was no sufficient apology, and which, as he most justly says, could never have been desired or even contemplated by the authorities at home. We share fully in Sir Augustus Foster's regrets—but surely he cannot have read Mr. Gleig's admirable 'Narrative' of the campaign, or indeed any fair account of the properly military part of this particular procedure. There can be no doubt that the conflagration and destruction were caused by the wanton firing from those buildings on our troops *after* the city had been surrendered. We have heard the fact honestly admitted over and over again by American gentlemen *here*—though perhaps it is not the fashion to be so candid on the other side of the water *coram populo*, *i. e.*, in newspapers or speeches.

Sir Augustus says, 'Very few private gentlemen have houses in Washington. I only recollect three; Mr. Brent, Mr. Tayloe,\* and Mr. Carroll.' He enumerates, however, several country-seats within an easy distance, where there was abundant and even elegant hospitality; particularly those of Mr. Key, an eminent lawyer, originally an officer in the English service, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Ogle, and Mr. Lewis. Nevertheless, the life of diplomatic residents at Washington seems to have been in those days of the dullest—not so often enlivened by any pleasant occurrence, as by some new specimen of deliberate rudeness on the part of the ruling powers.

'They were but ill off when I first arrived, which was about four years from the time when Congress took up its residence, or rather squatted, upon this waste—being put to it to get even ordinary provisions, and having to send as far as Baltimore for the commonest articles of luxury; but what was more intolerable was the treatment they received at this raw and rude court, which exasperated them in their turn and led to perpetual jarring and quarrelling, being far different from what they had a right to look for, considering the respectability that had surrounded General Washington and the elder Adams, but particularly the former, whose example, considering his known good sense and the great services he had performed, might have been expected to serve as a rule to his successors, if not as far as regarded the hoops and full dresses introduced into his drawing-rooms, in imitation of the court of St. James's,

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\* *Sic passim*—This is the funniest of the many disguises of the good old name *Taylor*.  
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at least in as far as depended upon gentlemanly bearing and that outward decorum that should be found in the social assemblies of the first magistrate of a great and cultivated nation. Mr. Jefferson too, being a Virginian, and, consequently, born an aristocrat, having besides lived in the best society in Paris, and long enough to see it give place to a disgusting democracy, might have been expected to have gone rather into the opposite extreme: but excessive vanity and speculative doctrines of imaginary perfection, together with the love of popularity and paradox, as also of running counter, since he could not run parallel, to Washington, were his weaknesses—and to indulge them he flattered the low passions of a mere newspaper-taught rabble, and seemed pleased to mortify men of rank and station, foreign or domestic, unless they paid him a servile court, or chimed in with his ideas on general philanthropy.'

Jefferson himself says, in a letter of 1808 (*Writings*, vol. i. p. 109), 'I came to the government under circumstances calculated to generate peculiar acrimony. I found all its offices in the possession of a political sect, who wished to transform it ultimately into the shape of their darling model, the English government.' &c. &c. This 'political sect' was that of which Washington and the elder Adams were the acknowledged heads!

The first foreign minister who *suffered* under the new system was the Danish Envoy, M. Petersen—the one who suffered most was the Spaniard—but the English had their share.

'The President took care to show his preference of the Indian deputies on New Year's Day, by giving us only a bow, while with them he entered into a long conversation. I have now to speak of his change in the established rules of politeness, or even hospitality, as practised all over the globe on the occasion of a first entertainment given to a foreign envoy—to whom even savages would naturally endeavour to make the entertainment agreeable. I conclude Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were too much of the gentleman not to feel ashamed of what they were doing, and consequently did it awkwardly, as people must do who affect bad manners for a particular object. I allude to the sudden alteration in the etiquette heretofore practised by General Washington and Mr. Adams on dinner being announced. Mr. and Mrs. Merry were so thoroughly unaware of this intention that they had not had time to think of what they should do on the occasion, and Mr. Jefferson had not requested any one present to look to the strangers; so, when he took to dinner the lady next him, Mr. Madison followed his example and the Senators and members of the House of Representatives walked off with their respective dames—leaving the astonished Merry—(who was of the old school, having passed a great part of his life at Madrid)—gazing after them, till at last he made common cause with his better half: offering her his arm with a formal air, and giving a hint to one of the servants to send for his carriage, he took her to table and sat by her,—the half-ashamed and half-awkward President not even attempting an excuse. And this same scene was for consistency's sake repeated nearly in the same manner at the house of the Secretary of State. Ever afterwards



afterwards Mr. Merry refused their invitations; messages were sent to beg he would dine with the President as Mr. Merry, putting aside his quality of British minister; but this he could not well do without, as he thought, sanctioning in some sort their previous treatment of the representative of Great Britain, as long as no apology was offered for the past: so he never met his Excellency any more at table, since the President, unlike our social monarchs of the north, keeps his state—neither he nor his wife accepting of invitations. Another mortification Mr. Merry had to submit to was the suppression of the privilege of a chair in the Senate on the right of the Vice-President, which had hitherto been enjoyed by foreign ministers—the question having been debated in the Senate and carried against him by a large majority.

‘I am inclined to believe the object of these changes was to induce European courts to send out *ambassadors* and men of high rank, by treating *envoys* so ill—for they occasionally complained of the rank of the diplomatic agents not being sufficiently high in their own countries, and Mr. Madison took an opportunity of telling Mr. Merry that an ambassador would be treated with every distinction, but that an envoy could not expect any more favour in society than a private person: they had a particular fancy, too, to have a peer of the realm sent out to them, and were much disappointed when Lord Selkirk and Lord William Bentinck declined the honour.’

This is amusing and natural—not less so what follows:—

‘The above questions of etiquette, it is true, were but of little real importance; nevertheless they occupied the thoughts of the republicans a great deal more than they need have done, and were consequently a source of considerable annoyance at the time to the mission, because some of the most vulgar of the democratic party took their cue from the style adopted at the great house, and in one way or other, either by remarking on her dress or diamonds, or treading on her gown, worried Mrs. Merry to such a degree that I have sometimes seen her on coming home burst into tears at having to live at such a place—particularly on seeing the affected unpoliteness of those who should have known better, but who, being *rattlers from the federal party*, seeking for favour and place, made use of her assemblies in order to render their boorish humours, as well as their concurrence with the systematic manners of Mr. Jefferson, more conspicuous. Among these was one, of a stern, sour, and republican countenance, who had been used to the best society, but who purposely came to her parties in dirty boots, disordered hair, and quite the reverse of what he knew to be the fashion in European capitals. This was certainly difficult for a lady to digest; but I must be just, and add that I found among *the democrats* many highly respectable and worthy persons, and even among the lowest in station of the members of Congress several droll, original, but unoffending characters. Such was the tavern-keeper who committed an act of great impropriety in my house, when I gave a ball for the Queen’s birthday, and when, the drawing-rooms being left empty on the company going to supper, he thought (poor fellow!) that he was alone and unobserved; but two stray *federal* members who were rambling about espied his attitude, and



and the joke was too good to be lost, so they had it in all the papers and all over the States in prose and verse, ringing the changes on the extinction of the British fire. My poor guest wrote me an humble letter, saying he would rather burst another time; and I most graciously answered, and hoped to have gained his vote for peace by my soothing; but the graceless dog voted all the same for war, and proved how hard it is by any good words to sever a party-man from the mass of his political friends.

‘ Another original was a Philadelphian butcher, who used to frank his linen, there having been no limits to the privilege, and to send it to be washed at home; the weight, however, as some of the Federalists assured me, was not so tremendous as might be supposed for the post-bag, since he was known to change his shirt only once a-week. I visited him at his stall at Philadelphia, and insisted on his giving me a feast on his beef, to which he agreed; and I, profiting by a general invitation, went to his home on the banks of the Delaware, where I really did get a luncheon of as fine beef as I ever tasted, and had only one regret, which was that my honest host happened to be absent. It was told of him that at the President’s table, observing a leg of mutton of a miserably lean description, he could not help forgetting the legislator for a few moments, and exclaiming that at his stall no such leg of mutton should ever have found a place. I also heard that, being one day invited with several members of Congress to dine at the President’s, he took his son, the young butcher, with him, who was a great country lout, and on going up to the President told him he had heard one of his guests had been taken ill and could not come, and therefore he had brought his son with him, who was very anxious to see him, and would not be in the way, as there was, he knew, a spare plate.

‘ Another eccentric member from the south, a printer and publisher, wrote as an answer to an invitation from the President, “I won’t dine with you because you won’t dine with me.” Then there was a tavern-keeper from the north, who, when elected sheriff in his own county, used to hang criminals himself, to save a dollar, and make his son drive the cart; yet was he by no means an ill-meaning or uncivil person, though not particularly agreeable. Of Irish members of Congress there were no less than ten, and their voices, I am sorry to say, were in general against their mother country. I asked them to dinner occasionally, but was obliged to sort them with a particular set to avoid duels. One of the Irish used to ask me for news from *Bounos Eares*, and tell me of the *voluminous* reports of the Secretary-at-War. We were, however, always on good terms, and they had not forgotten how to relish a glass of good wine.—As to the higher Democrats, I was on the best terms with many of them, and they were, in point of fact and in habits, much more aristocratic than perhaps any of the Federal party; some indeed had quitted or were about to quit the camp, for the very reason that they did not and could not approve the vulgarity, real or affected, of the men in power, and their consequent sympathy with the Jacobin upstarts of France: of these, one, Mr. Randolph, was particularly distinguished by pride of birth, being a descendant of a respectable old English

English family and a native Virginian princess, and he was as honourable and gentlemanlike a person as could be, and one whose slaves were by all accounts so much attached to him that they would not hear of being made free.'

The foreign legation which 'seemed to be on the best terms with the Americans' was the Russian; for, 'strange to say, they have always had a leaning of affection to the most absolute of all governments, and have been publicly as well as individually assiduous in courting the good graces of the autocrat.' Sir Augustus mentions how surprised the Emperor Nicholas was when the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke (the same eulogised above) dropped on his knees to present his credentials as envoy at St. Petersburg. This was but lately. Sir Augustus says his informant had the story from the Emperor's own lips. It is quite in harmony with the American ambition for having lord ambassadors at Washington, and also with all we have heard of the behaviour of our Jonathanising patriot Lord Durham, when his friends here, to get him out of their own way, sent him ambassador to Russia.

Buonaparte's minister was the General Turreau, famous for his Vendéan brutalities—a dignitary whose conduct and manners could not shock even the Irish rebels or butchers and hangmen-sheriffs of Congress by any contrast of refinement. The ruffian's wife was a gaoler's daughter, who had favoured his escape from prison upon some occasion; and he had a secretary whose only accomplishment, that of playing on the violoncello, was called into daily requisition, for the purpose of drowning the poor woman's cries while the representative of the great Napoleon was horsewhipping her, until the popular feeling was so roused on her behalf that a magistrate, with his *posse comitatus*, ventured 'to violate the sacredness of a diplomatic residence, and, forcing open the door, obliged this Bluebeard to let out his wife, and even to subscribe a paper by which he agreed to give her a separate allowance, *which, however, was never paid.*' She was during the brief sequel of her life reduced to great straits; and even the gentlemen of our legation had to subscribe for her relief. None of them ever saw her tyrant in society, the First Consul having, among other 'gentlemanly novelties,' ordered his minister not to meet the British envoy 'unless it should be at the President's house.'

The arrival of some foreigner of distinction gave variety now and then to their society, 'which was always, in some degree, like that of a bathing-place, being composed almost entirely of strangers to the spot, scattered about in single houses, here and there.' Among those who most excited his curiosity, Sir Augustus mentions Miranda, about whom neither we nor our readers care much;

much ; an audacious impostor, who called himself Count de Crillon, and once figured for a time in London ; Count Andreani ; General and Madame Moreau ; and Jerome Buonaparte. Jerome had, not long before (1803), married Miss Patterson, after being, it would seem, the object of a highly flattering competition among the fair democrats of Baltimore :—

‘The moment he arrived he had to defend his heart against some very warm attacks. A young lady whom he met on a visit, having invited him to a ball to be given at a house where he was not acquainted, and moreover having with unsophisticated simplicity proposed to go with him there in his own carriage, he took, or was supposed to have taken, on the way, liberties which afterwards necessitated an explanation ; though other ladies would have it that his only fault was in not having proposed marriage. However that may have been, three challenges were sent to him, one of them from an Irish gentleman who insisted on instant satisfaction or an apology. Jerome very sensibly observed that a duel would not settle anything about a lady’s reputation, and that he was perfectly ready to affirm that he had not meant to offend her : the whole was a mistake, he said, that had arisen from his own corrupt European education and the simplicity of American female manners ; alleging that at Paris a young lady who would go alone with a gentleman in his carriage will very rarely complain of the latter’s attempting to embrace her ; but in America it was otherwise, as he now saw, and he owned the superiority of American virtue, which could admit of such close contact between young people without causing the least alarm or any slur upon the innocence of the lady. Had he been longer in the country, he might have known that it is no uncommon practice, even at Philadelphia, to leave young persons, supposed to be attached to each other, together as long as they like after supper, the father and mother going to bed ; but then there is always the duel at hand with the brother or some officious friend, in case the intimacy should not end in matrimony. He might also have known that in some districts there is a custom called bundling, which I am told exists also among the Swiss, and it is even added among the Welsh,\* and is admitted by the parents of young girls, though it does not always, or unless consequences are apparent, end in marriage.

‘I saw M. Jerome at Washington, at a party at Mrs. Smith’s, wife of the then secretary of the navy, and thought him a well-mannered young man. His brother Napoleon did not at all approve of his marrying Miss Patterson, and, not content with declaring the act null and void according to the laws of France,† endeavoured as much as he could to invalidate it in the United States, for which purpose he wished to in-

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\* There is no doubt of the prevalence of this custom in Wales ; and every reader of Burns knows that one very similar is, or lately was, a common feature of rural life in Scotland.

† This was, of course, after the assumption of the imperial title. Miss Patterson’s father was one of the first of American citizens—a well-descended gentleman—and supposed to be, with one exception, the richest man in the Union.—See *Jefferson’s Writings*, vol. iv. p. 7.

duce her to take another husband:—no less a person than General Turreau, his minister plenipotentiary, who used all his eloquence to persuade her, proposing it as “*une affaire de convenance*,” and urging that it was a shame she should vegetate in such a country, whereas at Paris she would shine in the first circles, and he would be created a Baron of the Empire. A condition nevertheless was added, viz., that her son should be separated from her. Madame Jerome, however, as was very generally reported, would not hear of his proposals; and no wonder if she rejected them with indignation, both as coming from such a man, whose conduct to his late wife was supposed to have occasioned her death, and out of consideration for what she owed to her own character, as well as to the interests of her child. The most singular part of Napoleon's conduct in this affair was his apparent disposition, while he was annulling the marriage of his brother with an American lady, to take advantage of his own family connexion by blood with her son; for soon afterwards, though this humour lasted but for a short period, an officer of the rank of colonel, a M. Toussard, was appointed guardian to the infant, and there were, as I have been assured, regular drawing-rooms at Madame Jerome's residence at Philadelphia, on which occasions the colonel would receive visitors in the ante-room, and present both ladies and gentlemen, the boy being styled *prince*, and his mother doing the honours. She then thought, no doubt, that Buonaparte would relent, and, as I have heard, expected to be created Duchess of Oldenburgh. It is not improbable that he might have entertained some such vague intention, at that time, of making use of the boy in his Spanish intrigues, from seeing him, as it were, made to his hand on the American continent; or, as he was then in the zenith of his glory, and intoxicated with the prospect of destroying all opposition to his power in the Old World, may he not, in conformity with his well-known exclamation, “*cette vieille Europe m'ennuye*,” have conceived some gigantic plan for North America—which, along with other visionary projects, he was never allowed to ripen, and such as it would now appear too ridiculous to mention, but which there might have been political gamblers enough to second even in the United States, where there are, at all times, plenty of young adventurers ready to set law at defiance and to invade their neighbours' rights, careless of the consequences? What is certain is, that I have been assured the populace applauded most vociferously when Madame Buonaparte appeared for the first time at the theatre of Philadelphia with her child upon her lap.'

It was during his second residence at Washington that Sir Augustus encountered Moreau. The General's appearance disappointed our author, who had, we suppose, expected something heroic. His conversation with the English minister seems to have been frank enough. He abused Buonaparte on all occasions as a ‘heartless charlatan,’ and even doubted his physical courage, ‘though he allowed him courage of the head.’ He spoke contemptuously of Marmont's abilities—not much better of Massena's—and indeed did not appear to have a very high opinion of

of any of Napoleon's lieutenants except Soult,—an opinion in which all the world now concur, but the expression of which in those days does credit to Moreau's sagacity.

Discussing in 1811 the probabilities of a French march upon the Russian dominions, Moreau said that Barclay de Tolly was a chief quite capable of conducting their defence successfully—and repeatedly laid down that the only plan would be to retreat perseveringly until the invaders should be separated by a vast desolation of snow and wilderness from their supplies. All this is curious, considering the date; for we believe it is not doubtful that the battles fought between the frontiers and Moscow were all in opposition to Marshal de Tolly's opinion.

Neither Moreau nor his wife at all relished the American society. The lady was a thorough-bred royalist, and, moreover, extravagantly addicted to music and dancing, which she could not dispense with even on a Sunday evening. The General was tortured with 'the eternal questioning;' and by-and-by retreated to a villa where he had only one constant companion, a patient brother-angler, and of course brother-smoker, who could not speak one word of French, so that their only communication was in dumb-show.

He told Sir Augustus, 'with some complacency,' of his answer to a lady who had asked him if they had any bridges in France as fine as that over the Schuylkill: 'Oui, madame; mais nous les faisons en pierre, pour qu'ils durent plus longtemps;' and repeated a saying of Talleyrand, 'that he could not bear America, because it was a country where a man would sell his favourite dog;' of which *mot*, however, our author doubts the parentage, and says at all events it is quite inapplicable to the 'old settled districts, where people are fond of field-sports.'

'One was surprised to find a man of Moreau's rank and illustration using the very improper word, by way of oath or exclamation, which was common to all the lower orders of France, civil or military; but I conclude that he had acquired the bad habit during his campaigns, and afterwards found himself unable to get rid of it: however that may be, I never knew a foreigner, gentle or simple, who used it more repeatedly; every three or four sentences out it would come. But I must observe that I have many years ago heard even colonels' wives use it in France, and that, no sense being apparently attached to the sound, it must be classed with so many other dirty things that one has to shut one's eyes as well as one's ears to in travelling, as if they were neither heard nor seen; and the calling one's attention to which would be of itself an impropriety as great, if not greater, than the original sin. . . . .

'The English cavalry Moreau considered as very powerful in charging; but he observed that they had great difficulty in recovering themselves, on account of the fiery spirit of their horses; and he told me that

that on one occasion, in the year 1794, seeing the 8th light dragoons advancing upon him at a tremendous pace, he ordered a regiment to fall back among the hedges and fences, and to fire in among them while they were recovering, by which manœuvre they were nearly exterminated. . . . .

‘Morcau assured me that there did not exist a single French regiment in Holland at the time when the British forces under Lord Chatham disembarked, and that they had to order troops from as far as Strasburgh to oppose him, being a distance of about 150 leagues. These troops, however, he said, did arrive before the English army had advanced twenty leagues. Had he been the commander of our Walcheren expedition, he maintained that he could have gone with Lord Chatham’s army to Paris and back again, and that there was time enough for it before sufficient means of resistance could be organised. At Antwerp there were no regular troops; but, because the burghers turned out in uniform on the walls, the English general supposed it contained a numerous garrison; and after such proofs of incapacity in the commander, Morcau observed it was fortunate he escaped at all, although wherever the navy could assist him he was of course secure.’

Dull as Washington appeared to Sir Augustus on his first arrival, he speaks more favourably of it after he had visited other parts of the Union. He then says, ‘in spite of its inconveniences and desolate aspect, it was, I think, the most agreeable town to reside in for any length of time.’ The opportunity of collecting information from senators and representatives belonging to all parts of the country—the hospitality of the heads of the government—and the *corps diplomatique* of itself—supplied resources such as could nowhere else be looked for:—

‘Most of the members of the Congress, it is true, keep to their lodgings, but still there are a sufficient number of them who are sociable, or whose families come to the city for a season, and there is no want of handsome ladies for the balls, especially at George Town;\* indeed, I never saw prettier girls anywhere. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent the places of amusement in the federal city, it is one of the most marrying places of the whole continent—a truth which was beginning to be found out, and became, by-and-by, the cause of vast numbers flocking thither all round from the four points of the compass. Maugre the march of intellect so much vaunted in the present century, the literary education of these ladies is far from being worthy of the age of knowledge, and conversation is apt to flag, though a seat by the ladies is always much coveted. Dancing and music served to eke out the time, but one got to be heartily sick of hearing the same song everywhere, even when it was “Just like love is yonder rose.” No matter how this was sung—the words alone were the men-traps; the belle of the

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\* George Town is very near Washington; so near, that it was wonderful they did not make it the nucleus of their capital.



evening was declared to be just like both—and people looked round as if the listener was expected to become on the instant very tender and to propose—and sometimes such a result does in reality take place, and both parties, when betrothed, use a great deal of billing and cooing, eat out of the same plate, drink out of the same glass, and show off their love to the whole company. Between these young ladies, who are generally not only good-looking but good-tempered, and, if not well-informed, capable of becoming so, and the ladies of a certain time of life, or rather of the *seconda gioventu*, there is usually a wide gap in society, young married women being but seldom seen in the world: as they approach, however, to the middle age, they are apt to become romantic; those in particular who live in the country, and have read novels, fancying all manner of heroic things, and returning to the capital determined to have an adventure before they again retire, or on doing some wondrous act which shall make them be talked about in after-times. I myself in vain reasoned with a very beautiful lady to try to persuade her not to cut off a head of hair, one of the finest I ever saw, of an auburn colour, which she used to take the greatest pains to curl and keep in order, and had been evidently proud of; but it was all useless; she found out one day that it was a vanity, and vanity was sin, and off she cut it and put it into the hands of her astonished and despairing husband. Others I have known to contract an aversion to water, and as a substitute cover their faces and bosoms with hair-powder in order to render the skin smooth and delicate. This was peculiarly the case with some Virginian damsels who came to the balls at Washington, and who, in consequence, were hardly less intolerable than negroes. There were but few cases, however, of this, I must confess; though, as regards the use of the powder, they were not so uncommon; and at my balls I thought it advisable to put on the tables of the toilette-room not only rouge, but hair-powder, as well as blue powder, which had some customers. . . . . In going to assemblies one had sometimes to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at great risk of an overturn, or of being what was termed “stalled,” or stuck in the mud, when one can neither go backwards nor forwards, and either loses one’s shoes or one’s patience. . . . . Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, at brag especially, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of this the most gambling of all games, as being one of countenance as well as cards. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who, when they were loosed, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner. . . . .

‘ Church-service can certainly never be called an amusement, but, from the variety of persons who were allowed to preach in the House of Representatives, there undoubtedly was some alloy of curiosity in the motives which led one to go there. Though the regular chaplain was a Presbyterian, sometimes a Methodist, a minister of the Church of England, or a Quaker, and sometimes even a woman, took the Speaker’s chair; and I do not think there was much devotion among the majority. The New Englanders, generally speaking, are very religious, but,



but, though there are many exceptions, I cannot say as much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians.'

On the whole, then, Sir Augustus seems to have been pleased with Washington and its environs, and he pronounces the society there to be such that it would gain, not lose, by a comparison with that of many an English provincial town—which is the only sort of comparison that any man really experienced in the world would ever have thought of subjecting it to. And he insists warmly on the injustice and absurdity of any traveller's presuming to judge of what American society really is, without having resided for some considerable time in the Federal City:—

'I would not, of course, compare the life we led at the American capital with the mode of spending time in any of the great European cities, where amusements are so varied, and manners are much more refined;—but, making allowance for its size and strange position, I cannot be so severe in describing it as some travellers have been, nor do I think those travellers justified in hazarding such prejudiced descriptions as they pour forth about America and the Americans, without having resided at the capital. What would be said of an American who should go to the British dominions to write about them and their inhabitants, and should take up his residence for the purpose at Connamara or Innishowen, and there, picking up stories of Whiteboys or Peep-o'-day-boys, should set them down as characteristic of the whole population? Yet would he be more justified in doing so, considering that Connamara, as well as Innishowen, have been peopled or settled for ages, than are the English, who go to live in Kentucky or Tennessee—which have been settled but within the last thirty or forty years, and, for the greater part, by natives or the children of natives of Great Britain, Germany, Ireland, or the Atlantic States—justified in giving vent to abuse against the whole nation, founded on the wild conduct of a vagrant set of colonists. Neither are the manners of New York, or even of Philadelphia, or, at least, of those of the inhabitants who generally come into contact with foreigners, fairly to be taken as specimens of the native society, when it is considered how large a proportion of the leading commercial firms belonged to Europeans, and often to factors of British merchants, who, as they became rich, bought houses and villas, and lived away with great expense for a few years, till perhaps they became bankrupt, and were succeeded by others equally adventurous. Anybody who has long resided at Philadelphia, especially, must remember how often such houses changed owners, and how difficult it was for a traveller, unless well recommended, to get intimate with the real ancient families and descendants of William Penn's companions, the "well-born," as they are styled, the Chews, Moylans, Petres, Ingersolls, &c.; and at New York the Livingstones, Clintons, Van Courtlands, and Van Ransellaers. Besides, it was notorious that many respectable inhabitants were become rather shy and suspicious of prying and questioning authors, from having seen so many shallow books put forth, of which the writers appear more on the

look-out for anecdotes, such as are to be found in a Newgate Calendar, than for real information about the country. . . . .

'A traveller for information, and not a mere book-maker, should pass one season at least at the federal city, to get acquainted with the ministers and members of Congress, and afterwards visit as many of these as he can at their several houses, which would be flattering to them, and at the same time offer the best means to himself of obtaining correct ideas with regard to the whole country; and, if he find not reason to be pleased wherever he goes, he will at least find that there is a great variety of manners in the States, and that some of them may be compared for good order, cleanliness, sensible institutions, and cultivation, as well as civilisation, with some of the very best districts of his own country, and are much superior to most provinces on the continent of Europe.

'Good stories there are in abundance, and I see no reason not to tell them from regard to the national susceptibility; but there are as many to be found in our own papers every year, and all America will not be supposed inculpated because of Anderson's act of impropriety in my drawing-room chimney, any more than all England is because of Jack Fuller's tirade against the Speaker; or *gouging* be thought an amusement of high life in the United States, any more than *burking* in Great Britain. It is quite absurd to carry blame and ridicule so far as some late travellers have done—however they may be excused from the individual losses and disappointments that they met with. Such people are not fair judges, any more than Brissot and Liancourt, or Lafayette, who had motives for praising the States just as extravagantly as the others abused them; Lafayette more especially, whose vanity was so flattered by the notice which Washington bestowed on him at a time of life when all things appear delightful, that his whole after-thought seems to have been an effort to imitate that general, and, no matter how unlike the countries, or what the cost in blood and money, to preach for the introduction of the American constitution everywhere.' \*

Sir Augustus glances at some particular cases, among others Mrs. Trollope's:—

'Is it to be believed that any new settlers, coming with real or supposed superior knowledge, and a disposition to be bitter critics of everything round them, would be at all better received in a remote English county?—People must have rare good temper and make great allowances, as well as be very discreet, not to excite hatred, envy, and malice in any country town where they may go to fix their residence; and yet these grumblers, who leave the friends of their youth on purposes of speculation, expect to be better received almost by perfect strangers or rival settlers. Mrs. Trollope's *stories* might, for the most part, suit manners nearer home just as well as they do those of Tennessee.'

We need not pursue this train of observation which, as our readers may remember, we opened at some length in a recent examination of Captain Marryat's travels.

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\* Sir Augustus elsewhere justly characterises Lafayette as 'an old boy.'

Sir Augustus, having done with the capital, proceeds to describe his various tours through the different States, of which he is fullest and, we think, most entertaining on Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. His first visit in Virginia was, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, to the nephew and heir of General Washington, at Mount Vernon; but his description of the place is not different from others. He says:—

‘ On the occasion of the above-mentioned excursion, which calls General Washington so much to one’s memory, I may as well here relate the little I have to say of that illustrious person, of whom, to his honour it may be said, there are perhaps fewer anecdotes to tell than there are of any other great man that ever existed. He seems to have been a plain, sensible, gentlemanlike person, and a brave as well as a clear-headed officer; who, though being of a good English family, and having originally the right English feelings of a British subject, when he was roused to take a part in the quarrel between the mother-country and her colonies, after well weighing his duty to both, and the reasons for and against either side of the question, being persuaded that the former was in the wrong, took at once his determination to abide by the latter; and, having entered and engaged himself in their service, to stick to whatever might be their ultimate decision. And such was exactly the part which any military man of a calm unimpassioned mind, owner of property in the colonies concerned, might have been expected to adopt; for it is now, I believe, pretty generally admitted that the Grenville administration, which first mooted the subject of taxing the colonies, went on a wrong principle, and were no more justified in drawing a revenue, without representation, from so populous and integral a part of the monarchy as the American provinces had become, than they would have been in drawing one under similar circumstances from Yorkshire: though I have heard Mr. Jefferson and his successor, Mr. Madison, express a belief that the timely concession of a few seats in the upper as well as the lower House of Parliament, by virtue of which representation and taxation should go hand-in-hand, would have set at rest the whole question: and the late Lord Liverpool’s opinion even went further, for I have heard him say he was convinced that, if Mr. Grenville had not hesitated, and invited discussion by putting forth a pamphlet to pave the way for taxation, but had quietly let the duties, when once they were authorised by Parliament, be levied as a thing of course, there would, in all probability, have been very little stir made about them. But reasoning with Englishmen naturally leads to contradiction, and contradiction to grumbling, which easily opens the door to passion, as well as ambition; and all the colonies were driven to make a common cause by lengthened discussions and communications with one another, which might not have been the case but for such delay; North Carolina having, for one, refused her sanction to the rebellion until some time after all the others had come to an agreement.

‘ Such indeed was the force of habit, of common laws, or of common origin, involving almost every shade of the aristocratic as well as democratic

cratic element, that it required all the rashness of the Grenville administration to break through those delicate ties which bound the colonies to the mother-country, and which a Sir James M'Intosh might well represent as pervading our institutions from their earliest times, producing harmony between all classes, as well as preventing any exact line of demarcation from being visible between them; but by such perseverance in treating them as if they were our subjects instead of our fellow-subjects—by imitating the Athenians rather than the Romans—keeping them in dependence instead of sharing with them the *honours* and *offices* of the realm—we had nothing to work upon in order to counteract the effect produced by taxation, save awakened ambitions, which had to seek for gratification under a different sky from ours, where rebellion found an echo in self-interest, and where the gentry were too little numerous to counterbalance the disaffection of the towns.'

These reflections deserve to be most deeply considered by every one who aspires to the name of a British statesman. If our empire, our colonial empire, without which we should be almost nothing, is to be held together, it behoves us to profit by the dear experience of the past, and to ask ourselves whether the object is likely to be attained—unless we enlarge our minds to the wisdom and necessity of cultivating in our dependencies whatever institutions, civil or sacred, have been found to be most conservative in their tendencies here at home. A great colonial minister is wanted, above all other wants, for the honour, nay, safety of our national existence. It was well said by a living poet, that a statesman, combining the intellect of a Bacon with the energy of a Luther, would find more than enough to occupy him in that post.

To return to General Washington:—

'Mr. Gallatin told me he once met him, when he (Gallatin) was quite a young man, in the back country, and that he thought him heavy and rather stupid; he was in a small room, questioning some hunters about roads and distances. He seemed to take down every answer very leisurely, and was sometimes several minutes in drawing a conclusion. But Mr. Gallatin admitted that he had changed his opinion of him as he grew older. He then told me a story of a black slave, who said he was once saved from a caning by the general's looking at the cane before he raised it, and recollecting that it was given him by Dr. Franklin. He was very punctual, divided his occupations by minutes, and was not a little provoked when he did not meet the same punctuality in others: and this was the case with Stewart, the portrait-painter, who loved his bed dearly, and who told me that Washington, having fixed an hour to sit to him, and not found the room in order when he arrived, flew into a passion and gave a great scolding to the servant, which Stewart overheard as he came up stairs, but on his entering the room he found the general quite calm, as if nothing had happened. Mr. Gallatin thought the only instance of defective judgment in him was his fixing the site of the capital where it is. He considered him as a man who

who had naturally strong passions, but who had attained complete mastery over them; and he seems to have had fewer weaknesses than most people. His name was long a tower of strength to the federal party, because, although it was principally through his means that the revolution was accomplished, he was not a revolutionary man, but a lover of order and decorum: and Mr. Senator Giles, a leading democratic aristocrat, used to say that he would always talk of France when the others talked of Washington—as if the bloody, dirty, dishevelled French jacobin was in his opinion a fitting *pendant* to the portrait engraved on the hearts of his countrymen by Washington's noble countenance and manly, dignified figure.

' I have been assured, on good authority, that Washington, after he had thrown away the scabbard, repeatedly declared that, if the colonies should have the worst of the conflict, he was determined to quit them for ever, and, assembling as many as would follow, go and establish an independent state in the west, on the rivers Mississippi and Missouri. Our generals, however, saved him the trouble, having been too cautious and too fond of their beds, and thereby having, over and over again, lost opportunities for crushing at one blow the whole American force, in which there was great discouragement at one time, as well as great desertion.\*

' Of a man so passionless, or so master of his passions, there can be but few weaknesses to dwell on; he seems to have never been a slave to female charms, and, as we have seen, hardly ever burst into anger—was very regular, cool, and sensible—an excellent man, in short, in his private as well as public character; but too faultless to be thought great by those who love excitement, keep their admiration for the scourges of mankind, and would imitate, if they could, those heroes in the eyes of all gamblers, a Buonaparte or a Cæsar: and such, I fear, are too many even of his countrymen; to whom it is a disgrace that, up to this day, no public monument has been raised over their greatest citizen. The Congress, it is true, did once demand of his widow the body of the general, and Mrs. Washington had consented, but there arose a debate about the dollars necessary to pay for its conveyance and for placing it in the Capitol. A dissolution of Congress meanwhile took place, a new set of representatives let the question drop, and the body was left to remain where it still is, in a leaden coffin, enclosed within a wooden case, and upon a heap of similar boxes, in a large vault under a hillock planted with cedars—and, I believe, not even within the vicinity of a church or any consecrated ground.

' Washington does not appear to have been ambitious of retaining power; but the excessive praise that has been bestowed upon him by some French authors for his moderation in this respect, is only a proof of their ignorance of the nature of public feeling in America at the time when he was either commander-in-chief or president, and of the slender ties which held together the different States; for, as matters were, with all his claims to the gratitude and veneration of his countrymen, he had great difficulty in preserving his popularity, which had been much

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\* ' Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun," who may be cited as an impartial authority.'

diminished long before he closed his career, and might, perhaps, have been wholly eclipsed had he stood a third election for the presidential chair. Being in easy circumstances, if not wealthy, and desirous of repose, he acted wisely for his own interest, as well as consulted public feeling, in declining the attempt; but his example, which has hitherto been followed, of laying down all pretensions to office after eight years' service in the highest situation of the state, is anything but favourable to stability of measures in the government; tends to the ruin of individuals who, after having risen to the rank of sovereigns, find themselves, while still in the full vigour of life, reduced to the necessity of re-entering the world as private persons, without fortune, perhaps, as without employment; and may have, some day, if we may judge from human nature and from history, the most disastrous consequences.'

Pursuing his excursion, he arrives at a place called *Elkrunch Church*, from a church which he found fast sinking into ruins—the roof fallen in, and the floor broken in every direction:—

'It had remained so, the people told me, ever since the war of the Revolution, serving now but as a building-place for birds, and a local mark of the downfall of the Anglican church in this district of Virginia. The people about Elkrunch do not indeed profess to be of any religious sect, or at least of *any that they know of*, as a man told me whom I met in my walk. It is not that they despise religion, he added; but the state legislature having resumed the glebes, and withdrawn the regular provision of the episcopal church, no person can be found who will take the chance of gaining his livelihood by collections from the piously inclined. The private conduct of the clergy here and in Maryland before the Revolution was, generally speaking, it must be owned, not calculated to insure respect to them individually, or continuance in their functions after the States had become independent. All agree in describing those established in Virginia in particular as a set of debauched fellows as any under the sun, commonly Scotch Presbyterians who turned Episcopalians, and contrived to get consecrated by the Bishop of London, for the purpose of coming out here, and getting into livings, where they did as they pleased, and passed their time, without any control or shame whatever, in the most careless voluptuousness. The Virginian gentlemen of the present day are, for the most part, freethinkers. The lower classes are, on the other hand, very eager in attending Methodist and Baptist preachers, who contrive to get a very good livelihood by the theatrical appearance of their meetings, and the other allurements, including facilities of *rendezvous*, which they suffer the initiated to mix up with their religious exercises, while the passions of the zealous are excited to a degree that appears almost incredible.'

We are sorry to know that the absurd excesses of these Ranters and Methodists, with their camp meetings, whispering benches, &c. &c., are still such as Sir Augustus found them; but, on the other hand, the extent to which the Anglican clergy have since that time spread their influence in almost every district of the United



United States, is, of all the changes that have occurred, that which we consider with the greatest delight. We must add, in connexion with our author's account of former *Bishops of London* in reference to the ecclesiastical affairs of British colonies, that the recent exertions of the heads of our Church for improving and completing her apparatus in our existing dependencies afford lay statesmen an example which, if they be wise, they will profit by, in regard to civil as well as sacred matters.

The next halt was at the settlement of a Mr. Downie, a Scotchman, who first introduced to Sir Augustus's acquaintance the inestimable beverage called *mint-julep*. He intimates a suspicion that, though celebrated as an American invention, it might have been imported from Downie's native regions; but here he is undoubtedly in the wrong. We should not, however, be at all surprised to find it largely adopted, by-and-by, in this country. In hot weather, when we *have* such a thing, it is altogether unrivalled; and last autumn, we understand, the niceties of the manufacture formed a favourite study among the scientific benchers of the Middle Temple. Sir Augustus adds to some eulogies of Mr. Downie's cheer—

‘ It is an extraordinary circumstance that I never met with a single dish of game during the month that I remained on this tour in Virginia on any table, whether public or private, which, as the woods are full of game, and this was the season for shooting it, I can only attribute to a want of skill on the part of the inhabitants in shooting birds flying—or else, perhaps, to their not liking it; for it has been often observed that labourers and hard-working people do not like wild-fowl in European countries, where it is plentiful; and even venison is notoriously scouted at servants' tables. . . . .

‘ I must admit that I was by no means edified by the accounts I heard of the pleasures of having property in the State of Virginia; the laws are so badly executed, and it seems so impracticable even for a man of large possessions to keep off thieves from his farm-yard and gardens. At many respectable houses where I stopped to dine I have been surprised at so seldom meeting with fruit, or even with eggs; and the greater number of small farmers whom I knew anything of admitted that they live chiefly upon salted pork and dried fish—though at inns you get chickens.’

From Mr. Downie's it is fifteen miles to Montpelier, the seat of Mr. Madison, then secretary of state. This was their next stage:

‘ His father was Bishop of Virginia. No man had a higher reputation among his acquaintance for probity and good, honourable feeling, while he was allowed on all sides to be a gentleman in his manners as well as a man of public virtue.

‘ There are some very fine woods about Montpelier, but no pleasure-grounds, though Mr. Madison talked of some day laying out space for an English



English park, which he might render very beautiful from the easy, graceful descent of his hills into the plains below. The ladies, however, whom I have known in Virginia, like those of Italy, generally speaking, scarcely ever venture out of their houses to walk or to enjoy beautiful scenery; a high situation, from whence they can have an extensive prospect, is their delight; and, in fact, the heat is too great in these latitudes to allow of such English tastes to exist—in the same degree, at least, as in the mother-country. A pleasure-ground, too, to be kept in order, would be very expensive, and all hands are absolutely wanted for the plantation. Great estates, and consequently great wealth, were, it is true, in former days by no means uncommon in Virginia; and I have heard of a Mr. Carter, who possessed 80,000 acres; but the abolition of entails has nearly ruined them all, and many hard cases occurred after the act of congress was passed for the purpose, in 1776; among which, I was told, by Mr. Randolph, of one that was in fact a great act of injustice on the part of Colonel Van, who, having received an estate entailed in 1775, took advantage of the act of the following year, and left it away from his sisters to his widow, who married again, and left the rightful heiresses penniless. At the present day estates are very much subdivided; and I believe that even so late as the commencement of the century nobody could be pointed out as possessed of 25,000 acres.'

Twenty-eight miles more brought the party to Monticello, where Mr. Jefferson was spending, as usual, the two hottest months of the autumn. The house is situated on a detached hill, separated by two deep gaps from the body of the Blue Ridge, upon a level platform of considerable extent, which had been formed by the old land-surveyor, his father. The building itself was entirely the President's work; and the description, part of which we extract, gives us some peeps into the character of the founder:—

'The house has two porticoes of the Doric order, though one of them was not quite completed, and the pediment had, in the mean while, to be supported on the stems of four tulip-trees, which are really, when well grown, as beautiful as the fluted shafts of Corinthian pillars. They front north and south: on the ground-floor were four sitting-rooms, two bed-rooms, and the library, which contained several thousand volumes, classed according to subject and language. It was divided into three compartments, in one of which the president had his bed placed in a doorway; and in a recess at the foot of the bed was a horse with forty-eight projecting hands, on which hung his coats and waistcoats, and which he could turn round with a long stick,—a nick-nack that Jefferson was fond of showing, with many other little mechanical inventions; one of which was a *sulky* upon four wheels, with the spring in the centre, a very rough sort of carriage, but which he preferred to any other, as having been made by an Irish mechanic at Monticello, under his own superintendence, and to praise which was a sure way to prejudice him in your favour. He had also got an odometer, which was fastened upon the axle-tree

axle-tree of the sulky, and would tell the number of miles gone over by the wheels,' &c. &c. &c.

Jefferson's printed correspondence is full of allusions to *poly-graphs*, and *pantographs*, and so forth. 'I have always observed,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'that a small taste for mechanics tends to encouraging a sort of trifling self-conceit; founded on knowing what is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on, and, in short, forms a trumpery gimcrack kind of a character.'—*Letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, Life of Scott*, vol. vi. p. 83.

'If the library had been thrown open to his guests, the president's country-house would have been as agreeable a place to stay at as any I know; but it was there he sat and wrote, and he did not like, of course, to be disturbed by visitors, who in this part of the world are rather disposed to be indiscreet. The family breakfast-hour was eight o'clock; and after breakfast Mrs. Randolph [the president's daughter] and the other female relations of the house set about cleaning the tea-things and washing the alabaster lamp, which I took to be designed as a catch for popularity. After this operation the president retired to his books; his daughter to give lessons to her children; her husband to his farm; and the guests were left to amuse themselves as they pleased, walking, riding, or shooting. The president took his daily ride at one o'clock, to look at his farm and mill; at four dinner was served up; and in the evening we walked on a wooden terrace, or strolled into the wood, Mr. Jefferson playing with his grandchildren till dusk, when tea was brought in, and afterwards wine and fruit, of which the peaches were excellent. At nine our host withdrew, and everybody else as they pleased. . . .

'Jefferson's opinions in regard to the mental qualities of the negro race were certainly not favourable; he considered them to be as far inferior to the rest of mankind as the mule is to the horse, and as made to carry burthens, while he augured but little good as likely to result from their emancipation.—That the black race is, however, as susceptible of refined civilisation and as capable to the full of profiting by the advantages of education as any other of any shade whatever, must be admitted, in contradiction to Mr. Jefferson's prejudices, by any person who has had the honour to be acquainted with the daughters of Christophe, who was supreme sovereign or emperor of Hayti during eight or nine years, and who spared no kind of expense in getting good European masters for his children. The early and melancholy fate of his sons prevents us from forming a judgment as to what they might have become in consequence of such care, but his daughters are well known at several European courts, and by many individuals of the best European society, especially at the Tuscan and Sardinian capitals, where, in spite of their colour and their rank, which made it difficult for them to mix familiarly in the great world, they were sufficiently seen, nevertheless, to let it be apparent that their wit and understandings, as well as their accomplishments, were of the very highest order. . . .

'I thought Mr. Jefferson more of a statesman and man of the world than

than Mr. Madison, who was rather too much the disputatious pleader; yet the latter was better informed, and, moreover, a social, jovial, and good-humoured companion, full of anecdote, sometimes rather of a loose description, but oftener of a political and historical interest. He was a little man with small features, rather wizened when I saw him, but occasionally lit up with a good-natured smile. He wore a black coat, stockings with shoes buckled, and had his hair powdered, with a tail. Jefferson, on the other hand, was, as before stated, very tall and bony, and affected to despise dress: in conversation, too, he was visionary, and loved to dream eyes open, or, as the Germans say, "zu schwärmen," and it must be admitted that America is the paradise for "Schwärmer," futurity there offering a wide frame for all that the imagination can put into it. If he lived, however, on illusions and mystic philanthropical plans in the country, or in his bed, he was not the less awake or active in taking measures to ensure the triumph of himself and his party at the capital, and I doubt if Washington himself would so certainly have been elected for the third time to the presidential chair, as he would have been had he chosen to be put into nomination for it. But he preferred being consistent, and to follow in this respect the example of his great predecessor, while he had enough of independence of mind and love for even trifling occupations to enable him to bear the change with composure. It must, however, have been a painful necessity that induced him to sell his library. No doubt, it was prudentially done for the interests of his children, and patriotically sold to his country, yet still there was, I fear, also the potent argument of poverty; and it was another great slur upon the character of Congress that they did not vote him the money and refuse to accept the books, at least until after his death.—Such men as Washington and Jefferson, and their contemporaries in the highest stations of their country, having had peculiar claims to its most generous consideration, particularly when we reflect on the nature of the sacrifices which they made in order to establish the Republic, and that such sacrifices never can possibly be equalled by any of their successors—I shall ever look upon it as a proof of degeneracy in the race of men succeeding to that of the founders of American independence that the great Washington was left unburied, otherwise than as we bury a dog—that Jefferson was forced to sell his library in his old age to enable him to live—and that Monroe was almost left to starve, after he, like others, had spent his patrimony in keeping up the respectability of the offices of Secretary of State and President.\*

'America is fond of being called a young nation—but youth is seldom stingy, and we have yet to learn what are the beneficial effects which may be produced by referring all things to penurious motives

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\* The *Times* of May 5, 1841, quotes this paragraph from the *Louisville Journal*:—  
'A few weeks ago we saw a very long letter from General Jackson to a gentleman who had drawn on him for one hundred dollars. He acknowledged that the money was due; but stated that he was so miserably embarrassed by his security debts as to be utterly unable to raise the small sum necessary to meet the draft. He said he had some blooded stock which he was willing to give up, but one hundred dollars in money was out of the question.'

and rigid maxims of economy, nothing being allowed out of respect for great characters and public services. Already have they reaped some of the evil consequences of such a system, corruption among their civil officers having fearfully increased since the front ranks have been thinned of those whose boyhood had imbibed its character from English principles as well as English education, and whose gentlemanly examples still served to influence and keep in a straight course the age they lived in. From the date of the French Revolution in 1789, which was also the date of the new American Constitution, to the declaration of war by the United States in 1812, seven Judges had been, though I believe unjustly, impeached; a Vice-President was convicted of conspiring to overturn the government; three senators were said to have been implicated in the plot; a District-Attorney had to fly from New York to New Orleans on being convicted of peculation, carrying off 50,000 dollars of public property in his pockets; a son of a Secretary of the Treasury had to fly from Philadelphia on being proved guilty of swindling; a Secretary of State, as may be seen in the French envoy Fauchet's intercepted and published despatches, was guilty of having been bribed by the French; *and many other instances might be added.*

In leaving Virginia, Sir Augustus observes that five out of the seven Presidents of the United States (from Washington to Jackson inclusive) were gentlemen of this one province. The extent of Virginia and number of its representatives in Congress might, he says, account partly for this;—but he attributes it far more to the facts that Virginia had a better supply of natural aristocrats, large landed proprietors, than any other State in the Union, and that these magnates, as comparatively speaking they might be called, found it safer to profess ultra-democratical opinions than the gentry of any other district of rival importance, because in Virginia—although she, like her sisters, sent deputies to the general legislature in proportion to the number of her population—‘the mass of the people, who in other countries might become mobs, was composed almost exclusively of the gentlemen's own negro-slaves.’ We have already, however, seen how rapidly the estates were becoming subdivided in Virginia as elsewhere, and Sir Augustus mentions that the ruin of many families had been much accelerated by the vanity of keeping up old establishments with diminished means. ‘I doubt,’ says he, ‘if many men of large estates are now to be found there. The new generation, too, of gentlemen produced since the peace appeared to me rather inferior, in manners at least, to their elders or predecessors.’ The last circumstance, which Sir Augustus states very gently, does not at all surprise us. The mere fact that these gentlemen are no longer educated, as their fathers and grandfathers usually were, in the great schools and universities of England, would be quite enough to account for such a result. Virginia has but partaken in the necessary fate of  
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the separated colonies generally :—they chose—or rather the inveterate shortsightedness of the old country at length drove them—to drop the main connexion they had had with the established systems of social refinement—and time must elapse before America can hope to supply the blank from her own native resources. Let us only ask ourselves what would happen as to the manners of any country town, or commercial city, or even separate county in Great Britain, were it by any misfortune deprived of intercourse with the old central seats of elegant learning and the controlling examples of courtly politeness.

The weight of Virginia, notwithstanding all that has been said, was thrown into the scale of peace whenever, in Sir Augustus Foster's time, the question of war with England was mooted in Congress. The landed gentlemen of that State, however inclined to support ultra-democratical views in other cases, were too well aware of their own patrimonial interests to go readily into measures of which the immediate effect must be to cut off the best markets for their produce. The case was different as to South Carolina, although that State had within it a class of still richer gentry than Virginia. There, however, while the slaves were counted as elsewhere for settling the number of deputies, but could not themselves vote, the rich landlords found themselves already reduced to political insignificance by the increasing population of whites in the middle and lower classes of society, who engrossed gradually the influence of the elective franchise, and exerted it almost uniformly in favour of 'briefless lawyers and *soi-disant* doctors, ambitious or envious of their more prosperous neighbours, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain by commotion.' These were the *war-hawks*; and 'most probably,' says our author, 'this State will from these circumstances ever be ready to take up arms, with or without cause, merely for the sake of gratifying young fellows of eloquence and ambition lacking preferment.'

The Baronet, in his Notes on other States, gives some instructive specimens of the practical results of radical supremacy. For instance—in North Carolina a large district of land belonged of right to the heirs of Lord Carteret. Sir Augustus conversed with the American lawyer, Mr. Key, who conducted the business for the claimants, and was assured that, though the equity of their claim was 'universally admitted,' it was in vain to proceed with it, as the judges and juries year after year 'purposely evaded giving any decision,' and the popular feeling against the foreigner was so strong that it could never 'be safe for any court of justice to settle the question in his favour.' In Georgia, Whitney's patent for cleaning cotton, though protected by an act of the State Legislature, was openly violated; and our author was assured  
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by the patentee's friend, Mr. Day, of Newhaven, that 'the sheriffs were pledged, on being named to their office, to impanel only such jurymen as would be unfavourable to the claim.' Sir Augustus says, 'let us put these examples alongside of the respect paid by Parliament to the Duke of Atholl's absurd rights in the Isle of Man, and to the Butlerage of the Ormond family in Ireland, and then draw a conclusion as to which form of government is most favourable to the principles of equity and honourable conduct.' But the treatment of the Penn family, which he mentions in another *Note*, was at least as flagrant in its injustice, and marked by a more deliberate shabbiness of cunning. Their lands were seized, during the revolutionary ferment, without any lawful pretext, and divided into numberless *very small sections*—because no appeal lies to the supreme court of the whole Union in the case of pecuniary claims below a certain amount, and thus the Delaware and Pennsylvania juries were sure to have the matter entirely in their own power. After fifteen years of struggle the Penns found it impossible to obtain a verdict in any one case, and they at last in despair accepted of some trifling compensation for their lost principality, not from the States which owed everything to their great ancestor, but from the government at Washington itself.

Maryland at the beginning of this century had the advantage, Sir Augustus says, of being governed by 'as respectable a set of persons as could be found in America;' but in the course of a few years the ultra-democratical influence displaced them, and they were succeeded by 'perhaps the meanest and the worst, and who had become notorious for shabbiness and bad faith.' He mentions two instances:—first, the seizure for jobbing purposes of the funds—subscribed by private persons before the war—for the support of a seat of education on a liberal scale at Annapolis—the only pretext alleged being that 'the *majority of citizens* could derive no benefit from such an institution;' and, secondly, the dexterous specimen of attorneyocracy exhibited in relation to a claim which the old government of the Province of Maryland had had to a sum of 200,000*l.* invested in the English funds. After the war, though the British government might, as he says, have justly retaliated upon the treatment of the heirs of Lord Carteret, Mr. Penn, and many others, 'with that almost romantic love of justice which has hitherto always characterised it, it consented to give up the sum.' Bills had been issued on the strength of the securities, and circulated like other stock during the course of the war. They had become depreciated in the market, but still the actual holders were the only persons who could have any right to the money. The new government, who had just been elected when the British decision was announced, issued a proclamation accordingly, and ordered



ordered the claims to be sent in within a definite period. But presently they, by a summary edict, curtailed the term thus fixed—in consequence of which trick a very large proportion of the real claimants were wholly baffled and defrauded, and the far greater part of the sum was ‘appropriated’ elsewhere. ‘It is on such occasions,’ says Sir Augustus, ‘that nations find out the bad economy there is in employing persons of gross and envious dispositions, many of them alien refugees, instead of gentlemen of property and education, who have a different compass to steer by than that of some paltry jealousy or mere love of lucre.’

‘There were a great number of rich proprietors in the state of Maryland. In the district nearest the city of Washington alone, of which Montgomery county forms part, I was assured that there were five hundred persons possessing estates which returned them an income of 1000*l*. Mr. Lloyd, a member of Congress, on the eastern branch, possessed a net revenue of between 6000*l*. and 7000*l*., with which he had only to buy clothes for himself and family, wines, equipage, furniture, and other luxuries. Mr. Ringold possessed, near Haggardstown, property yielding him an income of 12,000 dollars a-year; and he rented his lands to tenants (whom he was at liberty to change, if he pleased, every year) for five dollars per acre, though he was to stand the expense of all repairs: Mr. Ringold kept but 600 acres in his own hands for stock. Mr. Tayloe, also, whose whole income exceeded 15,000*l*. per annum, had a great portion of it in Maryland, chiefly at Nanjimo, where he held 3000 acres, which his father bought for 500*l*.!!! His property, too, must by this time be very considerably augmented, for he was said to lay out about 33,000 dollars every year in new purchases. He possessed 500 slaves, built brigs and schooners, worked iron-mines, converted the iron into ploughshares—and all this was done by the hands of his own subjects. He had a splendid house at Mount Airy, with a property round it of 8000 acres, and a house at the federal city; and he told me that he raised about twelve bushels to the acre of the best land. Mr. Carrol, of Annapolis, grandfather to Lady Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford, was said to be still more wealthy, having, besides great accumulation in the funds, 15,000 acres of the best land in Frederic County, and several other estates.\* He let a considerable portion of his property, too, to tenants, with an agreement that he was to receive a fine on the transfer of a lease; which arrangement is very profitable in a country where land is so often liable to change its occupants. I am induced to mention these instances of men of property and good family settled in America, from having observed what great ignorance still prevails among even the higher classes of Englishmen, in regard to the state of the colonies before the revolution; many persons supposing them to have been in a great measure peopled

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\* Sir Augustus elsewhere calls Mr. Carrol ‘the richest man in the Union;’ but we suppose he forgot at the moment the late *patron* of New York, Mr. Van Rensselaer. Mr. Silk Buckingham, in his ‘America,’ just published (vol. ii. p. 327), states the *patron*’s income at a million of dollars, or 200,000*l*. per annum. We doubt if any English subject has such a revenue at his command in 1841.



by convicts: whereas, whatever were the importations of such persons as are now sent to Botany Bay, they were too few in former days to affect the general character of the colonial population, and were probably restricted to Pennsylvania, which is still an *omnium gatherum* for people of all countries and religions, and to Georgia, which only began its political existence in the last century.'

In Pennsylvania and Delaware the influence of the new body of landed proprietors, created chiefly by the honourable manœuvres above alluded to, was already sufficiently apparent. 'None of the Pennsylvanians in Congress,' says Sir Augustus, 'were much distinguished for talents—though generally great democrats, and ill-mannered, as well from the effects of their education as from affectation'—(*Αγροίκος είναι προσποιείσθαι πανηρός ὢν*)—'and perhaps that wanton enjoyment of freedom which German bondsmen may be supposed to indulge in when they look back to the times in which they were under the yoke of some petty count or baron of the empire.' 'Many Germans were attracted by the relations of the Hessian soldiers that remained after the war; and a German who has just arrived is like a great cart-horse turned loose upon a plain, kicking and snorting in all directions; they revel in their new state, and appear to be delighted with rolling about in the mire of democracy.'

He gives here an anecdote, worth quoting, of an English acquaintance:—

'He was travelling in the back-country districts, was driving a gig, and had left his groom at a considerable distance behind him, riding at a quiet pace in order to bring the other horse in cool. On coming to a log-house to get some water he found several waggoners in possession of the place, who were very noisy and would not make way for him; but, on his remonstrating, winked to each other, and agreed to have some fun out of the gentleman. They formed a ring, made him get down, and told him to dance. It was useless to argue with them; they began smacking at him with their whips, and he to caper and jump about from one to the other, till, at last, to his great joy, he espied his groom coming up, when rushing forward he knocked down one of the fellows in his way, and hastening to the saddle-horse took out two loaded pistols which were in the holsters. "Now, you rascals," he halloed out, "it's my turn!" and, cocking his pistols, he ordered them all to lay down their whips, giving one to the groom, which the latter was ordered to lay about him as hard as he could, and when they had all got a good threshing he ordered them off with their waggons, and took his repose, after having been complimented by the landlord, who had secretly rejoiced at the lesson his brutal customers had received.—On another occasion, a traveller got the better of one of these blackguards, to the satisfaction even of his companions, to whom the bully had made himself formidable; he chose to challenge the gentleman to fisticuffs, thinking him too delicate to stand the trial—but he had caught a Tartar; the

*gentleman* happened to have been a disciple of Jackson. Such adventures it is to be hoped are now becoming rarer—in the long settled parts, at least—or it would be unadvisable to travel about otherwise than in stage-coaches.'

The same feeling which Sir Augustus has mentioned, as deciding, in his opinion, the retention of Washington for the federal capital, had operated already in transferring the seats of many of the state governments to small places: that of New York, for example, to Albany, 150 miles up the Hudson River—that of Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Philadelphia was, he says, in those days by far the richest town in North America—several of the citizens represented families known from an early date, and possessed large incomes—some as much as 20,000*l.* a-year.\* These gentlemen, however, and their connections, seemed to be determinedly set aside in all the provincial elections, as well as in those of members for the Congress:—

'*The Well-borns*—an expression introduced or applied to the rich Philadelphian families by the Germans—appear to have but little chance. Mr. Schneider, a tanner, was then governor of the state; and there was even a question of removing the seat of government from Lancaster to Harrisburgh, quite a new place, above forty miles further west; its chief recommendation being that the legislature would there be less exposed to the influence of the rich and well-educated than it is in a city so little removed from the great world as even Lancaster is—so jealous are these *landowners* of all kinds of aristocracy, which will never be able to raise its head until the inland towns become more populous than they are.'

The change to Harrisburgh, which is 100 miles from Philadelphia, has since been effected—though Sir Augustus does not seem to be aware of the fact.

The inferior functionaries in this State are described as most unprincipled partisans. For example:—

'The inspectors are sometimes so lax in regard to questioning the voters, that a senator told me he had once seen fifty sailors brought up to vote for a candidate, who, but a few hours previously, had been taken to the house of a tax-gatherer in the interest of the democratic party, where they each paid a fifteenpenny-piece into his hands to enable them to swear that they had paid the taxes. And this puts me in mind of an old woman, in one of the sea-port towns, who kept a cradle, made for the purpose of rocking full-grown British subjects who were to be converted in a hurry into American citizens, that, when testimony should be called for to prove their birth, she might with a safe conscience swear she had known them from their cradles.'

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\* Mr. Silk Buckingham, no great authority perhaps, speaks of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, a native of France, as having been still richer than *the Patron* of New York, or even old John Astor, of the same State, to whom he ascribes the decent competence of *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum* (vol. i. p. 47). This is the founder of Astoria, immortalised by Washington Irving.

Of the society of Philadelphia Sir Augustus speaks very highly:—

‘I never met with more hospitality anywhere,’ he says; ‘and as there exists a great deal less of that nervous susceptibility as to the opinion foreigners, or rather Englishmen, entertain of America than is to be found farther south, or even at New York, the dinner-parties were more without restraint, and very agreeable. They might have made one forget one was not in England, if it had not been for the occasional pronunciation of some common word. . . . It is in such society, too, and among similar sets of individuals, whose names are too numerous to mention, that one learns the esteem in which the English are still held by their Transatlantic relations of the good old stock. I must repeat that any hatred entertained for us, as far as my knowledge of facts can go, was in a great measure confined to individuals, refugees, or discontented emigrants from the British islands, and their connexions.’

Sir Augustus says a good deal of pictures by West, Sully, Stewart, and others, at Philadelphia. He adds—

‘The statue-gallery had very good casts in it, which was all that it could be expected to have: the collection was exhibited to ladies and to gentlemen separately, which I thought a very stupid kind of regulation by way of a delicate one, all restraint being thereby removed from the remarks and observations of either party; and that it is so was proved by some lines, written with a pencil, which I spied here and there, in a female hand, upon the legs of statues of the gods Cupid and Mercury, which the keeper of the rooms assured me must have been done during a late visit of some young women. The latter, being generally educated at boarding-schools, are consequently not much under the influence of that timidity and reserve so characteristic of young ladies in Europe; and when they get together they are said to be extremely plain-spoken.’

From the aspect of the city itself he glides into some reflections on American banking, which just at present may have interest for our readers:—

‘The city of Philadelphia is built too much in the shape of a chess-board to be beautiful. There is nothing surely so unfavourable to architectural ornament as long lines of broad streets cutting each other at right angles, and yet this is the plan on which most modern towns are constructed in this part of the world, arising, I conclude, in a great degree, from the circumstance that the architects employed were generally, in point of fact, mere masons who had emigrated to seek their fortunes in the colonies. Mere workmen of no genius, being of course fond of what is easiest to do, imitate as much as possible—and, where they have some appearance of originating, it is by omitting a part of what they copy from, and spoiling its proportions; as those who build upon the plan of the Pantheon at Rome generally take but six of its eight columns, though they cannot prevent the eye from being offended at the change, which makes the building appear wire-drawn and discordant with itself. Such streets as those of Philadelphia might in fact be built on *ad infinitum*, and the architect never have to get out of his bed, but simply to order the next house or the next street to be finished like the preced-

ing one; I have often fancied myself in Eighth or Ninth street when I was in Tenth or Eleventh street, and had to retrace my steps a great way to find the number out. How much more beautiful is a city where no such regularity prevails, but where each man builds according to his own fancy! No proportion of height can exist where length is extended in long perspective; and without proportion what is architecture? In London every step you take gives you new outlines, and in St. James's-street or Pall Mall the Club-houses may be viewed, each of them as an individual work of art, independent of shops or low houses on either side. So, who would not prefer the Strada Nuova of Genoa, with its curved line of palaces, to the regular architecture of the Dora Grossa in the Sardinian capital? Long lines of houses, in fact, weary one physically as well as morally, in the same manner that a long straight road wearies when one is eager to get to the end of a journey. There are some handsome buildings, nevertheless, at Philadelphia; and if Mr. Latrobe, who is a real good architect, and was employed by the nation, could not alter the original sin of the plan on which that city was built, he has, at least, done something to adorn it. The Bank, though the columns stand on plinths and are rather too long, is a handsome piece of architecture, and is faced with white marble, an expense which the establishment could well afford, although, even at the time when I was last in the country, they were trembling for their charter.

'This charter Mr. Eppes, son-in-law of Mr. Jefferson, declared in Congress, had begun in party, continued in party, and must end in party: yet, with all their federal or aristocratical tendencies, what great influence had the Bank Company on the election of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Jackson? But the Democrats, particularly those of the back parts of the country, can suffer no opposition, and are blind to the consideration that the States have not too many ties to connect them with one another: they see an Aristocrat in a well-dressed banker, who, used to order, naturally dislikes their rowing, noisy, bullying ways; and, reckless of the consequences, they pursue the institution with an inveteracy unworthy of the chiefs of the party, but which these latter submit to, where they don't provoke it themselves, for their own especial ends. This policy was first introduced by Jefferson; he saw where the elements of power would be found when the great Washington should have departed, and paid his court accordingly, as I have sufficiently shown in the account of my residence in the federal city, where it was amusing to see the game going on, while Jefferson had still so much respect for European opinion as to take occasion to tell me how often he washed his feet,—no doubt, lest I should suppose from his dress that he was really an unclean animal.'

After detailing some of the many dangers through which the American banks passed between those days and our own, Sir Augustus concludes with the furious measures of Jackson, and says—

'In England, though we love to subdue opposition, yet we like it to subsist and be respectable: the Americans, on the contrary, must trample it under foot, and break the elements of which it was composed. It is to be

he hoped the time may never come when they will do worse, and take the bloody Democracies of the middle ages for a model.'

The chapter on the City and State of New York is equally interesting. He says—

'In conformity with the pettifogging jealousy towards the real capital that exists in many other parts of the United States, New York, like Pennsylvania, is forced to fix the seat of government in a small town, Albany, where the rustic legislators may not be subject to have their feelings wounded by seeing fine horses, equipages, or dress, or any other outward and visible mark of superiority of style to their own. One would have supposed that such great politicians might have preferred to live in the centre of arts and sciences, trade and commerce, where minds of every description meet and improve one another by mutual interchange of ideas, and the polish of social life which *emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; but the dreams of philanthropists are destined to be deceived in this respect as in many others, and the poor commonplace passions of envy, jealousy, and parsimony, as well as a certain want of concern for the dignity of the government, lead the other way—while the paltry argument about a central spot being necessary, as if the whole State were a wheel, is opposed by the majority to any advantages of humanisation or instruction to be derived from the chief members of the state residing in a large city. Thus men in office are to be found in one place, where, from having no other occupation, being generally without their families, they overdose themselves with politics from morning till night—and the men of business or pleasure live at the opposite extremity, with little or no influence upon the counsels of the government. No wonder foreigners feel the effects of such a schism, and, according as they are clever malcontents or mere travellers, rule the social world at New York, or rail against it. It is the intermixture of all classes that renders the great cities of Europe generally the centres of civilisation; but here, in this New World, a preference seems to be given to twopenny-halfpenny considerations of personal or local importance, and Albany will, no doubt, have to yield in time to some upstart place, like Harrisburgh in Pennsylvania, which was said to be about to carry the twenty-cents-per-mile legislators away from Lancaster.

'I know of but one country in Europe where the principle has been acted upon of fixing the seat of government arbitrarily in the centre of the land, and that has certainly not held out a fortunate example, Madrid being notoriously a forced fruit, even at the present day, which would soon be reduced to its original insignificance without the presence of the court. Had Charles V. or Philip II. established his capital at Seville or at Lisbon, when one or the other might have done so, what a different degree of interest would not Spain have taken in questions of trade and commerce, and what a magnificent city her metropolis might ere now have become! . . .

'The jealousy against the English system of inheritance is even stronger in the American States than it is in France; yet, do what they will, either of them, they cannot prevent there being classes in society, and the existence of very rich as well as very poor persons; and even

even if we could arrive at establishing infinite divisions of property among scores of children, how would the inhabitants of towns be supported? How could watchmakers, cabinetmakers, coachmakers, &c. &c., and all those who are settled, not on a rich soil, but on granite pavement, contrive to exist? It is the selfish vanity of paltry little purseholders, without taste or talents, which is at the bottom of it all; they would, if they could, all of them be lords; and yet what else is the English system but an attempt to regulate this love of distinction natural to man, by urging us to acquire it through honest or honourable deeds of every kind and description? We have a class, of which the main part, it must be owned, has been elevated by accident of birth; but it is necessary to have a nucleus somewhere, and human imperfection does not admit of a better.'

The closing chapters are on the New England States, where he found far more to please him than in the south or the west:—

'Never did land answer better to its name, or better bear the comparison of being a scion from its parent tree; and if many of our bilious travellers—who come to America to get rid of tyranny, they say, but really of bile, of which they go back with a double portion—if they were but half as fond as they pretend to be of honest, simple manners, rural felicity, and plain, independent good sense, without any mixture of brawling ostentation, or the Utopian nonsense of ultra-political ranters and constitution-hunters—they might here find ample satisfaction, and the accomplishment of all that the march of intelligence can effect, with the aid of morality and sound religious zeal.

'The soil of Connecticut certainly is not the most fertile, but it is perhaps the best cultivated of any in the Union. The inhabitants are a hardy race, very thickly located for America; and the country, which is full of hills and valleys and granite rocks, abounds in beautiful villages, with neat white churches—while there is a cleanliness and an English air about everything, even to the labourers, who take off their hats in passing you, which one meets with nowhere else on the American side of the Atlantic. What will surprise our grievance-seekers too, is, that this State, though its constitution be perhaps the most democratic in theory of any in the world, is, in its relations with the federal government, looked upon as the main-stay of aristocracy, and its deputies were, I believe, to a man, the most uncompromising opponents of Mr. Jefferson's policy: but order, good breeding, and a strict attention to religious duties, which are all qualities universally to be found in this small district, would necessarily pass for aristocratic habits among the liberty-boys of the West—while towards the South the ways acquired by a life spent among slaves, or a boisterous white population, tyrants at home, for the most part, and democrats abroad, are just the very reverse of those which render the people of these parts democrats at home and aristocrats abroad; for such is the strange contrast to be observed in comparing the politicians of Connecticut with those of Virginia. The latter, with Jefferson and Madison at their head, were notorious for their democratic tendencies; and even Thomas Moore, the poet, could not endure it, styling it "a Gallic garbage of philosophy;" yet in their own houses were they sur-

rounded



rounded with slaves; and John Randolph, who began life by being a demagogue—a course that vanity generally takes as the speediest step to notoriety, since it dispenses with the necessity of having a previous character—John Randolph, I say, assured me that possession of slaves was necessary to the formation of a perfect gentleman, which he held himself to be, and in fact was, in most things, not only as respects the world at large, but also his own slaves, whom he treated not merely with the kindness of a gentleman, but, as the Irish would say, of a *real* gentleman. Owners of slaves, however, among themselves, are all for keeping down every kind of superiority; and from being rivals in their own States for the voice of the people, whom they court by dressing and looking like them as much as they can, they frequently acquired tastes and habits more suited to a tavern than a house of representatives. I speak of the major part—for there were still many Virginian planters in my time distinguished by their aristocratic air and manners; but generally speaking, one could almost at a glance discern, from his superior personal appearance, the federal member of the most democratic, from the democratic member of the most aristocratic State in the Union. The climate, and the non-existence of slavery, may account in part for this; but we may likewise trace the difference to a purer descent from English ancestry, unmixed and uncontaminated with French, German, Dutch, or any other foreign blood; and it is no doubt the good sense which the New Englander thus inherited that tempers and renders harmless a silly constitution, which, given to any other people, would probably have long ago set them together by the ears.'

A note of much later date is here introduced. It is short, but every word pregnant with meaning:—

'Since my departure clamour and the excitement caused by war have at length triumphed over the good sense of Connecticut, and a majority has been found passionate enough to trample under foot the rude old democratic constitution of this State, which, however originally defective, had become polished and well adapted to their use. This was one of those changes that are sometimes easily accomplished even by a minority at first very insignificant, when the youth of a country are roused to join in the hunt with a few demagogues, or wild visionaries, who have purposes of their own to carry. In a healthy condition of things the young men are too much under the influence of their families to render it easy for the ambitious to lead them into their private schemes; it is only in an epoch of rage and excitement that the thing becomes practicable; and therefore it is that revolution and war are ardently desired by rash or designing men, who have little to lose, and everything to gain, by desperate lotteries; the real majority, which is in fact at such times weak, being no longer listened to, must go to the wall, until their opponents become calm once more—sated with gain, or stilled by death.

'The measure, then, of changing the constitution has been carried into effect; and as no return to the former state of things is now to be looked for, we can only hope that the habits of the people of Connecticut—too strongly rooted to take injury from a bad constitution, made good afterwards by friction—will be equally unaffected by useless innovation; and that, like their English prototypes, they will laugh at the occasional attempts



attempts which are made by temporary majorities to alter their habits or their morals by altering their laws.'

We have abstained from quoting the parts of these chapters that relate to the political negotiations in which Sir Augustus Foster was engaged during both his residences at Washington. His conduct in leaving America so soon as he did, in 1812, was blamed by many at the time, but he had the satisfaction to find, on reaching London, that it was entirely approved of by Lord Liverpool and the Prince Regent, whose reception of him at Carlton House he paints rather amusingly:—

'The King, on this occasion, received me in his dressing-gown, Lord Liverpool being in plain clothes, while I was in uniform, which His Majesty observed was not necessary, asking Lord Liverpool why he had not told me to come in plain dress. He then desired us to sit down, and began questioning me about the American government, saying, jokingly, that he had heard not only the Minister of War but the Minister for Foreign Affairs were become soldiers, and commanded corps; and when I told him it was very true, he laughed, and, turning round, exclaimed, "By G——, Liverpool, you should copy their example, and then, by G——, you know, you might execute your favourite plan of a march upon Paris." Liverpool said he had been a soldier, and so he was, with Lord Castlereagh, in the ranks of the London Volunteers, in the year 1805, when an invasion was expected, and all took up arms, to the amount, including army and navy, of 750,000 men. The King little expected, at the time he held the above conversation with Lord Liverpool that, in the course of the very next year, the march on Paris would have become very feasible, and that within the two succeeding years the prediction of his celebrated speech, when he was Lord Hawkesbury, would twice be accomplished.'

Respecting the present difficulties of the Boundary Question, Sir Augustus has some very temperate reflections. He is of opinion that the first step ought to be for the British and American governments to buy up all the claims of individuals to property in the soil of the disputed territory;—which being done, he cannot suppose that a mixed commission, composed of men of high character and standing, could find much difficulty in agreeing on an amicable settlement. He does not, however, indulge in any very sanguine hope of this plan being adopted. The American government, he says, have already shown sufficient symptoms of the paralysis under which their better feelings are kept by the pressure of the democracy; and he adds that the successive governments on both sides of the water have also shown but too plainly, in regard to this as well as other matters, their resolution to 'shove off' serious responsibilities, and leave them for their successors. The peace of Versailles was allowed to pass—a still more favourable opportunity in 1814—and another, as was observed in our last Number, so lately as 1833. Our author concludes thus:

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'It is my earnest hope that the unreasonable pretensions of the State of Maine, joined to the rowing, bullying humour of its neighbours on the northern line of frontiers, may not lead to a fresh quarrel with us; but if it does do so, I am convinced such quarrel will have bad consequences for the whole Union, inasmuch as, by giving a temporary triumph to the noisy, turbulent portion of the people, it will at length fully expose the weakness of the central government, and rouse up the old English good sense of the Eastern States to act for itself; when the Congress must either listen to its dictates, or its authority will fall to the ground altogether, and a new and more powerful republic be raised on its ruins, that all the remaining force of the United States would fail of being able to overawe, much less to subdue.'

We cannot conclude without once more hinting our hope that Sir Augustus Foster may give these *Notes* to the public at large. The specimens now quoted will, we are persuaded, induce both friends and strangers, in England and in America, to unite in our wishes. They contain many striking illustrations of the inevitable tendency of radicalism in power to debase the morals as well as the manners of a nation—illustrations doubly valuable because they come from one who has evidently never allowed the coarse violences of the American democracy, and the selfish hypocrisy of those who direct its energies for their own interests, to interfere with his appreciation of the better classes, whom this democracy has systematically outraged, but who, we are disposed to believe, have been of late recovering some of their just and natural influence. Our extracts, however, have left untouched several of the subjects on which the Baronet appears to have bestowed especial thought and care—in particular the details of agricultural management in the different provinces, on which he descants with the zeal, and exhibits the practical knowledge, of a well-educated and widely-travelled country gentleman.

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- ART. III.—1. *Barzas Breiz : Chants Populaires de la Bretagne*. Par Th. de la Villemarqué. 2 tomes. Paris, 1839.  
 2. *Les Derniers Bretons*. Par Emile Souvestre. 4 tomes. 2de édition. Paris, 1836.  
 3. *A Summer among the Bocages and the Vines*. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 2 vols. London, 1840.  
 4. *A Summer in Brittany*. By T. Adolphus Trollope. 2 vols. London, 1840.

IT is no disparagement to the English travellers, Miss Costello and Mr. Trollope, that they owe the more valuable and curious parts of their respective works to the two earlier publications named in our list. These, written by native Bretons, were

were perhaps the best authorities to which they could have recourse for the poetry as well as for the actual condition of this singular people. Miss Costello's are most agreeable volumes. Her rambles were by no means confined to Brittany, or to the Bocages; and the desultory reader will find much amusement in her lively descriptions of some of the old French cities, ruins, and châteaux: the traveller may follow her as an instructive and enterprising guide. Miss Costello possesses pleasing poetical talents;\* and in our endeavour to introduce to our readers this new branch of the great poetical family of Europe, we shall occasionally trespass upon her pages. Some of her translations are extremely well executed: in one or two she seems to have departed from the simplicity, bordering upon rudeness, of the original ballads, and sweetened away some of their sharp and racy spirit.

Mr. Trollope appears to have much of his mother's quickness and liveliness of observation, with something of that lady's peremptory and decisive tone: he is rather ambitious of displaying his scholarship; but on the whole his volumes are those of a clever and intelligent young man; and we can recommend them, both as worthy of perusal at home, and as likely to be of great use to the tourist in Brittany.

As it is our design to confine our present article to the poetry of the Bretons, we shall only refer to those parts of M. Emile Souvestre's work which relate to this subject. But we should not do justice to this writer if we did not express our high estimation of his clever and graphic description of the manners, customs, opinions, and feelings, the whole life, in short, of this remarkable race. He is at times rather too pointed and epigrammatic, and has some other characteristics of a modern French writer: besides cleverness and perspicuity; but his volumes contain a great deal of very pleasant reading.

We cannot, however, refrain from illustrating a recent article in our Journal, by M. Souvestre's account of his own literary experiences—a most lively picture of this kind of wild and precarious adventure, ending, we are happy to say, through the good sense and well-turned diligence of the author, by no means so tragically as is too often the case:—

'In 1826,' says M. Souvestre, 'I quitted my province for Paris. I arrived, as youths of eighteen usually do, who have carried off prizes for French composition at college, and a gold medal from the academy of the department. In my portmanteau I had my diploma of bachelor, and in my pocket a tragedy. I came to be admitted as an *avocat*,

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\* Miss Costello's name was first, we believe, introduced to the public by the elegant little volume entitled '*Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*,' 1835: she has since contributed largely, and sometimes learnedly as well as amusingly, to our popular magazines. This lady is also an accomplished artist: the engravings in her books are all from her own designs.

and to have my play acted at the Français. Literary life appeared to me the noblest and most beautiful avocation under the sun; I beheld it warm, breathing, coloured with enthusiasm and golden dreams. I had written an ode in which I compared the poet to a god upon earth, and I was of the age in which one believes in similes. Disenchantment was not slow in coming. My first attempts to have my play read at the theatre were without success. I was unknown, awkward, susceptible, like all young men educated in the provinces at a distance from the world, and who have seen nothing but a professor in his chair, and a mother knitting stockings. Everything was an obstacle, everything wounded me.'

He took courage to apply to a compatriot, M. Alexandre Duval, who had influence at the theatre. Duval gave him good advice and encouragement, which made him "quiver through all his limbs, and intoxicated him with a foolish joy." The play (the 'Siege of Missolonghi') was read, and received with acclamation:—

'But the censorship suddenly came and clipped the wings of my hopes. My play was stopped as hostile to the Sublime Porte, to the sound doctrines of absolute government. I remained, like Tantalus, up to the lips in joy, without being able to taste it. All my proceedings with the men of scissors were unsuccessful. I had *no hope but in a change of ministry or a revolution*. From this time I dreamed of nothing but political convulsions. I asked myself, in perfect faith, how France could endure such a government. If any one would have given me the direction of a conspiracy, I should have become a conspirator. The Martignac ministry came in to appease my patriotic indignation. My drama, dying and plucked of its feathers, escaped from the hands of the censor, and the rehearsals began at the Français.'

But the enthusiasm for his play was over—his friend Duval's interest had ceased—another author came forward—the theatre was on the verge of bankruptcy. Weary at length with delay and intrigue, M. Souvestre withdrew his tragedy, and abandoned his hopes. But he was broken by the disappointment; he wanted, he acknowledges, the pliancy and the strength of mind necessary for the literary warfare of Paris—that eternal duel which requires a character of iron wadded with cotton—*un caractère de fer ouaté de coton*:—

'I felt that I was not born for such an existence, that I should be perpetually fluctuating between enthusiasm and despair. . . This sudden conviction threw me into an inexpressible melancholy. "Par une naïveté d'amour-propre très ordinaire," I made a real merit of my inaptitude for business—a proof of my talent. I said to myself with a consolatory pride, that this is the destiny of high minds, which cannot abase themselves to miserable intrigues; and so plunging fiercely into the bitter despair of a genius of which the age was not worthy (*un génie méconnu*), I applauded my own feeble disposition; I deified my  
careless

earliest collection, and, encouraged by the sale and interest which it met with, I continued in the pursuit of curious records on the subject that would not be forgotten at the next harvest. I was not very early, very certain, and would not give myself the trouble of going to look up every locality. In this, I am sensible that I have become the debtor, and I do not know that the way to find an error was to kill myself.\*

Happily the young author brought him of his native Brittany—he yielded to the *mal du pays*, and this very interesting work is the result of his return.

M. Villemarqué thus relates the origin of his curious collection:—

‘My mother, who was a mother likewise to all the poor of her parish, had, nearly thirty years ago, restored the health of a mendicant female ballad-singer. Moved by the entreaties of the kind-hearted peasant, who was anxious to find some means of expressing her gratitude, she permitted her to repeat one song, and was so struck with the beauty of these Breton poems, that she always, from that time, sought to obtain this touching tribute of affection, and often obtained it; at a later period she took every opportunity of soliciting it, as it was no longer for her own amusement. Thus began this collection; for the purpose of increasing it, I have travelled all through Brittany during many years. I have been present at all the great meetings of the people, at the religious and secular festivals, at the *pardons*, at the fairs, at the *ruillées*, at the *fileries*; the popular bards, the beggars, the millers, the peasants have been my most active fellow-labourers. I have often consulted with advantage old women, nurses, young girls, and old men. Children, in their play, have unconsciously revealed treasures to me. The degree of intelligence varied greatly in these persons; but this I can assert, that not one of them could read.’

M. Villemarqué’s treasure at last amounted to twenty volumes, of which he now offers a selection. In settling the text he pursued the plan adopted by Sir W. Scott in his collection of the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.’ He obtained as many versions as he could of each ballad, and from the comparison filled up or corrected the original outline. It should be added that there are several dialects of the Breton language, and the same ballads are often found in those of Cornouaille, of Treguier, and of Léon, more rarely in that of Vannes.\*

M. Villemarqué is a strenuous advocate for the antiquity of the Breton Minstrelsy, which more sceptical antiquaries have assigned to a period no earlier than the sixteenth century. He insists on allusions to events and customs of much earlier date—for instance, dim reminiscences, which his keen eyes discover, of

\* These circumstances will account for the very different versions of the same poem in M. Villemarqué’s and M. Souvestre’s books.

Druidism: what certainly is curious, more than one ballad or song turns on the leprosy, a scourge unknown in Brittany since 1500. M. Villemarqué repudiates with equal decision the more modified and conciliatory theory, that, though the poems in their existing state date from the sixteenth century, they may embody genuine fragments of older songs. He says:—

‘ We can prove that there are allusions of the popular singers, as well to the events as to the personages of their time; that the adventures which they attribute to their heroes are true, or at least probable; that the manners, the ideas, the costumes which they give them are all natural, and wonderfully accord with the epoch when the facts took place.’

Our author refers to some analogies between the ‘ Ballads about Merlin,’ and one or two other poems, with the Welsh traditions in the *Myvyrion*, which relate to that fabled bard and enchanter. He quotes an old charter of the eleventh century, which confirms the dotation of the daughter of an Armorican chief with the land of Leon, to which there is a manifest reference in one of the songs:—

‘ When the author of *Heloise and Abaylard* changes them into two scholars of more than human knowledge, into magicians, sorcerers, or demons, is he not in accordance with the ancient contemporary opinion? The singer of the “Return from England,” while he is describing the preparations for the departure of the Bretons, who accompanied William the Conqueror, does he not very distinctly point out, when he speaks of *the son of the duchess*, Alan Fergan, son of Havoise of Bretagne, one of the auxiliaries of the Normans? Does not the ballad of the “Crusader’s Wife” attach to the shoulder of each knight the red cross which the Breton soldiers carried only on the first expedition? That of the “Templars,” does it not accuse them of the most horrible crimes? has not the author seen them burned alive? The wandering bard to whom we owe the “*Fiancée en Enfer*,” does he not inform us that the abduction, which he describes, had taken place only thirteen years before? In order to describe the ravisher by one touch, does he not compare him to a Breton chief, whom he himself knew, and who died in 1212? Does he not describe the armour of a knight of the thirteenth century? The Baron of Jauioz, who lived at the end of the following century, does he not make a present of a *paioisk*, a dress then in use, to the young Breton bride, whom he carried away into France? Do not *Lés Breiz* and *Rolland Gouiket*, the Owen Glendowers of our Armorica, wage war against France? The former, does he not repose, like a glutted lion, on the bloody corpses of twenty-four French knights?’

Even the love-songs, according to M. Villemarqué, are not without indications of an earlier date:—

‘ The poor leper feels himself dying, consumed by the frightful malady which preys on him; all the world, even she whom he loved, avoids him. The miller, who sings of his love with the beautiful miller’s daughter



daughter of Pontaro, speaks of the young Baron Hévin de Kymerc'h, who lived, according to history, in 1420, as his liege lord.'

Every class of writers have their mode of arguing—poetical antiquarians have theirs. With all grateful respect to M. Villemarqué, we cannot quite understand why all these incidental marks of antiquity should not be vestiges and reminiscences of older songs, which, in the process of time, have assumed a more modern form. In fact, we apprehend that such is the growth of all popular poetry—it may attain to its highest perfection at some particular period, but it cannot be the actual creation of that period—it is not, strictly speaking, creative; if it aspired to invention, it would scarcely be popular. It clothes traditions, events, characters, popular sentiments, popular opinions, popular superstitions, in a poetic form, more or less rude or instinct with natural elegance; but it claims to be history; it demands belief, as that which is true; rather than appeals to fancy, as that which is graceful, pleasant, and entertaining. Of necessity, therefore, it embodies that which is already in substance the popular belief; it takes all the licence of poetic or dramatic narrative; it tells the story in its own way: if it departs from the older tradition, it glides away from it gradually and imperceptibly; it develops a pre-existing germ, which expands at length into a full flower. But it is as impossible to trace this secret and silent process in the vegetation, if we may so speak, of poetry, as in that of Nature.

We are, in truth, much more interested in the poetical than in the antiquarian part of the question, in which, after all, perhaps our difference with M. Villemarqué is but slight, and might admit of mutual explanation. We shall therefore altogether decline to discuss the vestiges of Druidism, and of ante-Christian tradition, which he discovers in some of the earlier poems. We shall not inquire whether the Guenchlan, whose prophecy commences his book,\* be the bard alluded to in the history of Nennius—or whether the enchanter Merlin speaks the language of heathen superstition—or whether we have any faint echoes of those amatory songs, which, composed in the fifth and sixth centuries by Christian and Clerical poets, offended, we regret to say, the chaster ears of the Druid bards of Armorica. It would indeed be very curious if we could find any poetical expression of the feelings of the Pagans, any popular poem written before or during the strife with Christianity. The only apparently genuine work of the kind with which we are acquainted, in which the hostility between the ancient poetry and new religion is manifest and declared,

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\* M. Souvestre only gives about two verses of Guenchlan, which he supposes to be the entire remains of that ancient bard.—vol. ii. p. 142.



treats of the late-converted Slavonians. The *Königlicher Handschrift*, published at Prague in 1829, is clearly heathen, and the poet's feelings hostile to Christianity. Passing over then the two or three first ballads, and suspending for the present our notice of those which refer to the Korregan or fairies, the all but universal '*machinery*' of ballad poetry, we come to the '*Plague of Elliant*'—an event which our author would assign to the sixth century. We cannot refrain from noticing one or two awful images in this ballad, which follow the somewhat grotesque verse:—'It was a little old woman of sixty and her son, who brought the plague upon their shoulders.' 'In the market-place of Elliant the grass may be mown, *except in the narrow track of the tumbril, which carries the dead to the grave.* Hard had been the heart which had not wept in the land of Elliant, whatever it might be. . . . To see eighteen cars full of the dead at the gate of the cemetery, and eighteen more to come!—There were nine children in the same house; the same tumbril carried them to the grave, and the poor mother drew it. The father followed whistling—he had lost his reason.'

Eloisa is a person of such importance in English poetry, that we cannot resist the temptation of exhibiting her as she appeared to the popular feeling of Brittany, in the awful character of an heretical sorceress. The classical studies of Eloisa might have furnished her with some of her enchantments from the precious stores of Medea, the witch in Theocritus, and Erichtho; but some have certainly a Druidical or Celtic cast. We transcribe Miss Costello's prose version, as it is a question rather of curiosity than of poetical interest:—

' HELOISE ET ABAYLARD.

' When I left the house of my father I was only twelve years old—when I followed my beloved student, my dear Abaylard.

' When I went to Nantes with my dear student, Heaven can tell I knew no language but Breton.

' All I knew, O my God! was to say my prayers when I was at home, little, in my father's house.

' But now I am learned—very learned in all lore. The language of the Franks, and Latin, I know—and I can read and write well.

' Yes, I can read in the book of the Gospels, and write and speak and consecrate the host as well as the priests.

' And when the priest says mass, I know what will circumvent him—and I can tie the mystic knot in the middle and at the two ends:

' I can find pure gold in the midst of ashes, and silver in sand—if the means are in my power.

' I can change my form into that of a black bitch or a raven when I will, or into the wild fire of the marsh, or into a dragon.

' I know

‘ I know a song will rive the heavens asunder—make the deep sea howl and the earth tremble.

‘ Yes, I know all that can be known on earth—all that has been—all that shall be.

‘ My beloved and I made a compound together—it was the first I learnt to make ; the eye of a raven and the heart of a toad were part of it.

‘ And we added the seed of the green fern gathered a hundred feet down in the bottom of a well, and we found the root of the golden herb, and tore it up in the meadow where it grew.

‘ At sunrise we tore it from the ground, our heads uncovered and our feet bare.

‘ The first time I proved the power of my compound was in the field of rye which belonged to the lord abbot.

‘ The abbot had sown eighteen measures—he reaped but two handfuls !

‘ I have at my father’s house at home a coffer of silver : whosoever opens it, let him beware !

‘ There are in it three vipers, who are hatching a dragon’s egg. If my dragon sees the light, great will be the desolation that follows !

‘ With what do I nourish them ? ’Tis not with the flesh of partridges—’tis not with the flesh of woodcocks—oh, no ! ’tis with the blood of innocents I feed them.

‘ The first I killed was in the churchyard—it was about to receive baptism—the priest was standing ready in his robes.

‘ They took the babe to its grave. I took off my shoes and, softly, softly I unburied it—quietly—none heard my footstep.

‘ If I remain on earth—my Light and I together ; if we stay in this world one year or two ;

‘ Two years, if we stay, or three—my dear student and I—the world shall be no longer in its place !

‘ Beware ! beware ! Loïza—beware of thy soul—if this world be thine own—the next belongs to God !’—*Costello*, vol. i. p. 307.

We must not, however, do Miss Costello so much injustice as not to give one or two of the more successful of her metrical versions. The following, if we are to trust M. Villemarqué’s date, is of high English poetical interest. It relates to the great Norman Conquest, and describes the fate of one of the followers of the ‘ son of the duchess.’ But we must remind our readers that this is not William himself, who certainly could not claim to be son of a duchess, but the contemporary Duke of Brittany.

‘ THE RETURN FROM ENGLAND.

Dialect of Cornouaille.

Etré parrez Pouldregat ha parrez Plouaré,  
&c.

‘ From Pouldregat to Plouaré

All the land that lies between,

Knight and squire in brave array

Spurring for the field are seen,

Summon’d

Summon’d by the duchess’ son

To the Saxon war begun.

From all Bretagne trooping fast

O’er the foaming seas they haste.

“ My Silvestre too must go—

I have begged his stay in vain,

But one child I had—and, lo !

He has followed in their train.

“ Sleepless

“Sleepless as I linger’d long,  
Kerlaz’ maids began their song;  
In my ear their accents rung,  
Of my absent son they sung:  
‘Heaven protect thy wand’rings now!  
Ah Silvestre! where art thou?  
Art thou on the foaming deep  
Many hundred leagues away,  
Dost thou ’midst the surges sleep,  
To the rav’ning fish a prey?  
Hadst thou been content to stay—  
Lead the life thy father led,  
Thou wert happy as the day  
Thou hadst been betroth’d and wed—  
Wed to Mamma—fairest maid,  
She to whom thy vows were paid:  
Then thou wouldst have lived to see  
Children climbing round thy knee—  
Children with their merry din  
Letting joy and pleasure in.’  
“Near my door, within a cell  
Of the rock, there loves to dwell,  
Close conceal’d, a pigeon white;  
Him I’ll from his nest invite;  
On his neck of ivory  
Will a letter safely lie,  
With my bridal ribbon bound  
All his silver feathers round:  
That shall call my son once more,  
And my Silvestre restore.  
Go, my dove—ah! swiftly go,  
Rise upon thy wings of snow,  
Fly far o’er the stormy sea,  
Bid my son return to me.  
Fly where battle’s thunders sound,  
Gaze with piercing eye around,  
Go—’midst carnage fierce and wild,  
Bring me tidings of my child!”

“’Tis my mother’s dove I see  
Wont amidst the wood to be;  
Now he skims the waters nigh,  
Now he seeks the mast so high!”  
“Hail, Silvestre—list to me—  
Letters I have brought to thee.”  
“Bid my mother dry the tear,  
Bid my father be of cheer,  
For three years and but a day  
Keeps me from their arms away.”  
Three long years were past and o’er,  
But Silvestre came no more!  
“Fare thee well, beloved one!  
Now my latest hopes are gone,  
Never shall we meet again!  
If the loud and stormy main  
Cast thy bones upon the strand,  
I will watch them float to land,  
Gather them—how tenderly!  
Kiss them, cherish them—and die!”  
Scarce she spoke—a bark appear’d,  
And a Breton flag it bore;  
Soon the rocky bay it near’d,  
And a wreck it reach’d the shore.  
Helm and oars and rudder lost,  
Mast and sails all split and torn,  
Beaten on that rugged coast,  
On the surging breakers borne.  
Full of dead—that pallid lay—  
Whence it comes no tongue can say,  
Nor how long that fated bark  
Had been toss’d by tempests dark;—  
And Silvestre there reposed—  
But no friend his eyes had closed,  
No fond mother’s tender voice  
Bade him at the last rejoice,  
No kind father’s soothing care—  
He was lying lifeless—there!”

—*Costello, vol. i. pp. 254-256.*

The family resemblance of all ballad poetry, from the steppes of Tartary to Iceland, is very remarkable. There are the same manifest indications of popular recital; the same dramatic form, in which the poet delights to drop his own narrative, and without preface, without the Homeric *τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη* or the *ὡς ἔφατ’*, to introduce his characters, as speaking, sometimes in soliloquy, sometimes in regular question and reply; the sudden transitions, with scarcely any notice, from one time and one place to another; the same rapid touch, which implies rather than expresses much; the same love of startling contrast, of extreme happiness passing into extreme misery—misery as suddenly brightening into happiness; in general the same simple pathos.

Talvi’s recent book on the ballad poetry of all nations, more especially the Teutonic, ‘*Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Völklieder*,’ &c., is by no means a complete work:

for example, these Breton ballads are not noticed even in the preliminary essay. It is, however, a comprehensive as well as pleasing work; and in reading it we should be at a loss to say which is the most curious—the constant recurrence of the same *tales*—or at least of tales so similar as to show something like a regular connexion or affiliation—or the universal prevalence of the same *manner*. The poets might seem almost to be members of a common guild or fraternity, who have maintained some conventional or traditional form of narrative. Unquestionably there are finer or more obvious marks of difference, which, to the more critical perception of the student in this branch of literature, distinguish the Asiatic, Slavonian, Teutonic, English, Scotch, and Spanish ballad. Each has, to a certain extent, its own imagery, its favourite turns, its peculiar characters, its gentler and wilder, its softer or more warlike, its more pastoral or chivalrous tone; it is more full of the aristocratic feats and adventures of knights and ladies; or of a ruder class both of warriors and of females; or it is closer to common life, familiar and domestic interests; and it is curious to trace this national or poetic character in the different treatment of some of those stories or incidents which are common to all. And the same superstitions appear to lurk within all religions; they have almost all a kindred poetic machinery, elves and fairies, dwarfs and mermaids, ghosts and spirits, beings of human passions but supernatural powers, who dwell apart in their own realms, but are constantly mingling either from malice or love in the affairs of men. Popular superstition is the life-breath of popular poetry.

Some allusion has already been made to the Breton ballad entitled ‘The Crusader’s Wife.’ The groundwork might be of any nation to which the fame or influence of the crusades had reached, but the manners are those of a secluded region in which a kind of foreign chivalrous and romantic tone of sentiment had imperfectly blended with the primitive habits of the people.

“When I am in the distant land, when I am gone to war,  
Where shall I leave my gentle wife? beneath whose guardian care?”  
“An’ if thou wilt, my brother-in-law, to my mansion let her come,  
Among my damsels she shall have her chamber and her home.  
In the chamber with my damsels she shall take her peaceful sleep,  
In the high saloon of honour with my ladies her state shall keep.  
From the same bright goblet shall she drink the mantling beverage free,  
At the same table shall she sit in pleasant company.”

In the proud domain of Faouet ’twas beautiful to see,  
With red cross on each shoulder set, the Breton chivalry.  
And each to serve his liege lord there with his tall steed lightly prancing,  
And each to serve his liege lord there with his banner gaily glancing.

He

He had not ridden far away from his home and wife so dear,  
When many a harsh and bitter word that gentle wife must hear.

“ And put away thy scarlet robe, and don the russet gown,  
Up and away to tend the sheep upon the lonely down.”

“ Oh pardon me, my brother, why, what evil have I done?

I have not learned in all my life to feed the sheep alone.”

“ If all your life you have not learned alone to feed the sheep,  
Lo! this long lance shall teach you soon right well the flocks to keep.”

For seven years she did nought but weep through all the livelong day,  
But when the seven years ended, she 'gan chant a merry lay.

A youthful knight that chanced that way from the far crusade to ride,  
Heard sound a small and gentle voice along the mountain side.

“ Halt down, halt down, my little page, my courser's rein to hold,  
I hear a voice so silver sweet from yonder mountain fold;

I hear a small sweet voice that sings upon the mountain lone,

'Tis now seven years since last I heard that small sweet voice's tone.”

“ Good day to thee, fair maiden, on the mountain side good day,  
I wot that well thou must have dined, who sing'st that merry lay.”

“ Fair Sir, 'tis true that I have dined, to God I give the grace,  
On a morsel of dry bread alone, upon this desert place.”

“ And tell me, thou that feed'st the flock upon the mountain brow,  
A lodging shall I find to-night in yon manor hall below?”

“ Oh doubtless, my good lord, you'll find meet lodging in yon hall,  
And a noble stable there you'll find your gallant steed to stall.

A bed of the softest down too for thy weary head will be,

As I in days of old have had, when my husband was with me.

Oh then I was not wont to sleep with the sheep in the manger rude,  
In the kennel with the hounds then, I did not take my food.”

“ And tell me, gentle shepherdess, thy husband where is he?

Upon thy slender finger there thy wedding ring I see.”

“ He's far away, my husband, Sir, he's gone far off to war,  
Bright and fair were his golden locks, like thine so bright and fair.”

“ And if he had bright and golden locks, as mine thou seest to be,  
Look closer, closer, gentle bride, and say am I not he?”

“ Yes, yes, I am thy ladye love, thy bride, thy princely dame,  
I am the lady of Faouet, that is my rightful name.”

“ Leave then the sheep upon the hill, and come, my lady fair,  
Let us hasten to yon manor hall, 'tis time that we were there.”

“ Now joy to thee, my brother-in-law, now joy! I pray thee say,  
How fares the gentle wife I left to thy care when I went away?”

“ Oh well she is, and fair she is, my brother, sit thee down,  
With the ladies to the festival at Kemperlé she's gone.

To Kemperlé she's gone but now, where they hold high festival;  
When she comes back you'll find her here within this manor hall.”

“ Thou liest, my brother-in-law, thou liest! thou hast sent her off to  
keep,

Like a wretched mendicant afar, on the lonely hills the sheep.

By thy two eyes thou'st foully lied, my brother-in-law! and more,

'Tis she that's standing there without, sobbing beside the door.

Go hide thy shame, thou wretch accurst, go hide thy caitiff head,  
 For thy heart so full of wickedness be infamy thy meed.  
 If it were not in my mother's house, and in my father's hall,  
 On my revengeful blade this hour thy craven blood should fall."

We have alluded to the resemblance, and kindred as it were, of the superstitions which prevail in the numberless branches of popular poetry. The Korrigan is the elf of Brittany; he is the possessor and guardian of the hidden treasure, like the Teutonic Zwerg or dwarf; he changes children in the cradle with the Irish fairy; he is spiteful and malicious, yet susceptible of more gentle feelings—like the mermaid of the Lowland Scotch or the elf of every land—apt to fall in love with human beings, the youth or the maiden, the knight or the damsel, and either to assume a human form, or to transport them to a joyous abode, where they live merrily together, till curiosity or some other human sin, like Psyche's of old, breaks the charm. We insert two specimens of the supernatural, one serious, the other of a comic cast. We think with M. Villemarqué, that there are some very sweet touches in 'The Mother of the Changeling: '\*—

Mary the lovely is in despair,  
 She has lost her Lao so gentle and fair,  
 The wicked Korrigan has been there.  
 "As to the fountain I took my way,  
 In his cradle sweetly sleeping he lay;  
 When I came home he was stolen away.  
 And I found this monster in his place,  
 Red as the toad's his loathsome face,  
 He scratches and bites and no word he says.  
 And at the breast he is sucking still,  
 Seven years he has not had his fill.  
 I cannot wean him against his will.  
 Our Lady Mary! on thy throne of snow,  
 With thy sweet son in thy arms evermo',  
 Thou art in bliss, and I in woe.  
 Thy holy child thou hast still with thee,  
 But lost for ever mine must be,  
 Mother of mercy! have mercy on me!"

"My daughter! my daughter! mourn not thy lot,  
 Lost for ever thy child is not,  
 Thy little Lao will home be brought.  
 He that one egg shall feign to break,  
 A feast for ten therein to make,  
 Will force that ugly dwarf to speak.

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\* The same, or a very similar story, is given by M. Souvestre, tome ii, p. 32.  
 When



When he speaks, flog, flog him sore,  
When he is flogged, he will shriek and roar,  
He'll be carried off, ere his shrieking's o'er."

"What are you doing, mother, I pray?"

Wondering the dwarf began to say—

"What are you doing there, I pray?"

"What am I doing? this egg I break,  
And in its shell a dinner I make,  
Of which ten labourers may partake."

"In a single shell, my mother, for ten!  
I have seen the egg, ere it was a white hen,  
The acorn before the tree I have seen;

I have seen the acorn, and seen the gall,  
I have seen the oak in the wood of Brezàl;  
But this is the strangest thing of all."

"Thou hast seen too many things, I trow;  
Clic clac, clic clac, I'll show thee how,  
Little old man, I have thee now."

"Oh, hurt him not, give him back to me,  
To thine I have done no injury.  
He is the king in our countrie."

Homeward as she took her way,  
Lo! her child in the cradle lay,  
Sweetly slumbering there he lay.

And when she saw him, in joyous guise  
She bent to kiss him; in sweet surprise  
All at once he opened his eyes.

Up he sate, as o'er him she hung,  
Round her his little arms he flung,  
"Mother, I have slept very long."

The other fairy or korrigan ballad relates to a personage of whimsical importance in Breton society.

'The tailor in Brittany,' says M. Souvestre, 'is a complex being, who requires a particular description. In the first place, he is deformed (this occupation being only adopted by those whom a feeble or defective constitution disqualifies for labour in the fields), in general lame, more often hunchbacked. A tailor with a hunchback, squinting eyes, and red hair, may be considered the type of the species. He rarely marries, but he is "fringant" towards young girls, boastful, and cowardly. If he has a fixed domicile, he is rarely found there, but at the height of the summer; the rest of the time his wandering life is passed in the farms, where he finds employment for his scissors. The men despise him on account of his indoor and feminine occupation, and never speak to him without "saving your reverence," as if they were talking of unclean beasts; he does not even take his meals at the same table with the others; he eats afterwards, with the women, with whom he is a favourite.'

favourite. It is there that he should be seen, with a constant grin, contradictory (taquin), and a glutton, always ready to assist in any mystification of a young man, or in a trick against a husband; a flatterer, and complaisant to everybody, he seizes every opportunity of reminding the master of some youth in a smart jacket, whom he has in secret *piqué* about the wife or the *pennères*. He knows all the new songs, he often makes them himself, and nobody tells old stories better, except the mendicant, another kind of wandering bard who roves among the farms. But the tales of the latter are as melancholy as his life, those of the tailor are always lively. All the scandalous chronicles of the canton belong to him of right; he dramatises them, arranges them, and vends them about from fair to fair; he is the "Gazette des Tribunaux" of Cornouaille. Besides this, he is the regular go-between in the beginning of all love-matches.'—*Les Derniers Bretons*, vol. i. p. 139.

The tailor of our ballad by his first epithet seems to have been not so short and crooked as the rest of his fraternity. It is certainly curious that the Duz, (Duz-ik diminutive,) the name which this song gives to the dwarfs, should be found in St. Augustine:—'Demones quos Duscios Galli nuncupant.' (De Civit. Dei, xv. c. 23.) The strange burthen which the dwarfs sing 'Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,' was once completed, it is said, by a luckless traveller who had strayed into their circle, and added 'Saturday and Sunday.' This produced such a terrible commotion among the dwarfs, such stampings and shrieks and menaces, that he was almost dead with fright. If he had added, 'and now the week is ended,' the dwarfs would have been released from their long penance. The dwarfs here, as elsewhere, have their secret treasures, which however always turn out *Brummagem*:—

#### THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

It was the tailor went out to thief,  
 Long Paskou, upon Friday eve.  
 Breeches to make he now had none,  
 His customers all to the wars were gone,  
 To fight for France and for the throne.  
 His shovel in his hand, behold  
 In the cave of Korrid that tailor bold,  
 Digging away for the hidden gold.  
 The gold he found and home he fled,  
 And fast he crept into his bed.  
 "Shut the door, oh! shut it tight,  
 They are here, the wicked Duz of the night."  
 "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
 Thursday, and Friday."  
 "Shut the door, boys, shut it close,  
 Look out, look out, the dwarfs are those.

They

They have entered into the court beneath,  
They have danced till they are out of breath."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, and Friday."

"See the roof they clamber o'er,  
See how now a hole they bore."

"Oh, my poor little friend, you are caught,  
Cast away the gold so dearly bought.

Poor Paskou! a dead man art thou,  
With holy water sprinkle thee now.

Pull the coverlid over thy head,  
Stir not, tailor, in thy bed."

Aha! aha! aloud they laughed—

"He that would scape us, must show his craft."

"Lord have mercy on my soul,  
There's one with his head just through the hole.

Like hot coals his red eyes glow,  
He is sliding down the pillar now.

Good Lord! lo, one, two, three are there,  
See them dancing in the air.

Now they are leaping and raging, see!  
Holy Virgin! they throttle me."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, and Friday."

"Two, three, four, and five, and six."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday——  
Tailor, dear little tailor, awake!

Ha! ha! ha! what a snoring you make!

Oh, the dear little tailor! show

Just the tip of your nose, or so.

Come take a turn in the dance, and soon,

Dear little tailor! we'll teach you the tune.

Tailor, dear little tailor, I say—

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

Tailor, dear little tailor, I trow,

Little tailor, a rogue art thou.

You rogue of a tailor, come once more,

Come, if you dare, to rob our store.

We'll teach you a dance, shall break your back!

The money of dwarfs is not worth a crack."—No. IV.

The wilder and sterner ballads do not seem to accord so well with the sombre and melancholy Breton as the gentler and more pathetic. But in the more tragic, as well as the more romantic, the profoundly religious feeling of the people is constantly revealing itself. There is the deepest reverence for the clergy: the *rector* of the parish (the *cure* in Brittany, as with ourselves, being only

only the assistant) is uniformly mentioned with affectionate respect. The struggles of the young 'cloarecs,' who are educating for holy orders, and with difficulty detaching themselves from the world, and from the tender worldly passions of their youth, are, however, subjects on which they delight to dwell: and there is a distinct kind of poetry, called the *sone*, which has almost entirely grown out of this peculiar state of feeling.

'The *sones*,' says M. Souvestre, 'are elegies which are sung, almost always composed by the "cloarecs," and the faithful image of their whole lives. They are the confessions of their human weaknesses, the sorrows of their hearts, their struggles to forget the women, who have thus tortured their feelings. The *sones* of Leon and Treguier are, as it were, perpetual records, to which each *abbé* adds his page before he finally breaks with the world. The expression of their infelt misery maintains in general a charming and almost infantine simplicity.'—vol. ii. p. 303.

Many of the ballads, of various classes, are believed to have been written by the young clerks. Throughout it is the poetry of a most devoutly—we may add without offence, superstitiously—Roman Catholic population. In one ballad alone there is a very horrible tradition of crime, committed by a religious person—but not one of the secular clergy or the regulars of the usual orders—the charge is against one of the 'Red Monks,' that is, Templars; and this certainly sounds like a tale of those times when that body was in its power and in its wealth, and, whether justly or not, under the suspicion of the direst crimes. The subject is the rape and murder of a young village beauty, miraculously revealed by the maternal voice of the girl, when buried under the altar, entreating baptism for her unborn infant.

The affectionate regard for the resident clergy forms a tender allusion in the following ballad. There is another curious point in it—the Breton dislike to French connexion. The Baron Louis, of Jauioz, in Languedoc, was a follower of the Duke of Berry in the wars against the English during the reign of Charles V. The tradition runs, that he bought a young Breton maiden, and carried her to France. The *Death-bird* is a little grey bird which sings during the winter, with 'a sweet, sad voice,' prophetic of sorrow. The *Lake of Anguish* and the *Valley of Blood* are well known in the old Breton superstition; they divide Brittany from France.

#### THE BARON OF JAUIOZ.

As I washed by the river-side I heard  
The sad, sweet voice of the small death-bird.  
"Ah, poor Tina, little she knows  
She is sold to the Baron of Jauioz."

" Is it true, my mother, as I am told—  
 To the Baron of Jauioz am I sold ? "  
 " Poor little child, I cannot tell ;  
 Ask your father, he knows full well. "  
 " Oh tell me, my father, am I sold  
 To Louis of Jauioz, stern and old ? "  
 " I cannot tell, my pretty one ; go  
 Ask your brother, for he will know. "  
 " Lannik, my brother, speak the truth,  
 And am I sold to that Lord in sooth ? "  
 " Yes, to the Baron sold thou art ;  
 This very moment must thou depart—  
 This moment depart thou must without fail,  
 Already is paid the price of the sale ;  
 Fifty crowns of silver white,  
 And just as many of gold so bright. "  
 " What dress shall I wear, my mother, say,  
 Shall it be my robe of scarlet gay ?  
 Or my robe of snow-white wool shall it be,  
 That my sister Helen made for me ?  
 My black robe or my white shall I wear,  
 Or my corset of the black silk rare ? "  
 " Put on whatever robe you will,  
 What you wear can little skill.  
 For the coal-black steed is there that waits  
 For the fall of night without the gates—  
 He waits the moment that night shall fall,  
 The black steed with black housings all. "

II.

She had gone from the village but little time  
 When she heard the bells so sweetly chime.  
 Oh sadly then to weep she began—  
 " Adieu to thee, adieu, St. Ann !  
 Sweet bells of my home, I part from you,  
 Bells of my parish, a long adieu ! "  
 As by the *Lake of Anguish* she fled,  
 There she saw a troop of the dead ;  
 A troop of the dead all clothed in white,  
 Skimming along in their barks so light—  
 The dead in crowds.—On her breast her head  
 Sank down, and chattered her teeth with dread.  
 And as the *Valley of Blood* she passed,  
 Away on her track they sprang in haste :  
 Her heart was so full of its agonies,  
 Closed at once her sightless eyes ;  
 Her heart is so full of its agonies,  
 Senseless upon the horse she lies.

III. " Come

## III.

"Come take a seat, and rest thee here,  
 For the hour of our repast is near."  
 The Baron sate by the fire, and he  
 Was black as the raven of the sea;  
 His beard and his hair were hoary white,  
 And his eyes were like two fire-brands bright.  
 "Lo she is here, the maiden young,  
 That I have been wooing all too long—  
 Come then, my girl, come now with me,  
 And all my riches thou shalt see;  
 From chamber to chamber thou shalt mount,  
 And all my gold and my silver count."  
 "I had rather be in my mother's byre,  
 Counting the logs to throw on the fire."  
 "Down to the cellar let us retreat,  
 To drink together the wine so sweet."  
 "I had rather drink the water cool  
 Where my father's horses go to the pool."  
 "From shop to shop come range with me,  
 A *parovisk* gay to buy for thee."  
 "I'd rather a russet petticoat,  
 By the hand of my mother coarsely wrought."  
 "To the jeweller's let us repair,  
 To buy a bright cincture for thy hair."  
 "I'd rather have the white tress so fine,  
 My sister Helen for me would twine."  
 "If I judge by all the words I hear,  
 Thou dost not love me, my bride, I fear.  
 Would that blistered had been my tongue  
 When I wooed, like a dolt, a maid so young;  
 When I went and bought thee, like a fool—  
 A wife whom nothing can console."

## IV.

"Ye little birds, oh hear! as ye fly  
 My own dear native village by—  
 Ye go thither, and ye are glad,  
 I may not, and I am sad—  
 My fond remembrance, I pray ye, bear  
 To all whom I love, the maidens there—  
 To the gentle mother who did me bear,  
 The father that brought me up with care;  
 The gentle mother, my birth that blest,  
 And he that baptized me, the good old priest.  
 Give to them all my kind adieu,  
 And tell my brother I pardon him too."

## V.

Two or three months were hardly fled,  
 The quiet house was all abed—



Was all abed, and slumbered light ;  
It was about the hour of dead midnight—  
Within nor without the slightest noise—  
There was heard at the door a gentle voice :—  
“ My father, my mother, for me be said  
(For God’s dear love) the prayers of the dead ;  
And pray ye, and mourning-weeds put on ;  
For your daughter to her grave is gone.”

The following is the Breton ‘Lenore’—as our readers will perceive, of a far less terrific caste than the German, so well known by Bürger’s version. In its various forms this is one of the most universal legends ; it is found in modern Greece, and has been translated by M. Fauriel,—and here we find it at the western extremity of Europe.

#### THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

Of all the maids of gentle birth, no fairer maid was found  
Than Gwennola, at eighteen years, in all the country round.  
Her sire, her mother, both were dead, and her dear sisters twain,  
And all her kindred too : alone her step-dame did remain.

’Twas pitiful to see her there, weeping and desolate,  
So gentle, and so beautiful, before the old hall-gate.  
To see her foster-brother’s bark, her eyes fixed on the main—  
Her only comfort now on earth—long had she watched in vain.  
To see her foster-brother’s bark, her eyes fixed on the main—  
Six years had passed since he had gone, nor home returned again.

“ Out of my sight, I say, away, to feed the flocks begone ;  
I do not feed thee here to sit, in careless idlesse lone.”  
Two hours, three hours, ere dawn of day, she woke that maid forlorn,  
To light the fire and sweep the house, on the chill winter morn.  
At the fountain of the fairies then, to draw the water cold,  
With a little pail all full of holes, and a crazy bucket old.

The night was dark—the crystal pool was troubled by the steed  
Of a gallant cavalier, from Nantes, returning in his speed.

“ And a health to thee, my pretty maid : art thou betrothed, I pray ? ”

She answered, like a silly child, “ In sooth I cannot say.”

“ Art thou betrothed ? oh answer me ! my question I repeat.”

“ With all due reverence, noble sir, betrothed I am not yet.”

“ Here take thou then my ring of gold, and to your stepdame say,  
You are betrothed to a cavalier that rode to Nantes away.

Yonder has been a gallant fight ; his squire in the combat died ;

And he himself by a sword-thrust was wounded in the side.

On the third day after the third week, right gaily will he ride,

And down to the manor-hall will come to seek his plighted bride.”

And home she ran to the house, and look’d at the bright gold ring she  
bore :

’Twas the ring that on his hand, of old, her foster-brother wore.

II. And

## II.

And one and two and three long weeks had slowly, slowly fled,  
And yet that youthful cavalier returned not as he said.

“ You must marry you now, my daughter, long have I thought of it ;  
I’ve chosen a husband for thee, a husband meet and fit.”

“ With all respect, my mother-in-law, I may not wed, I trow,  
No husband but my foster-brother ; he is returned but now.

He has given me here a spousal ring of gold, and he will come  
Gaily and soon to seek me here, his bride to carry home.”

“ Now hold your idle tongue, if you please, with your wedding-ring  
of gold,

Or with a stick I’ll teach thee soon to speak as thou art told.

Whether ye will, or will ye not, for your husband you shall take  
The young groom of our stable here, Jobik Alliadek.”

“ Jobik ! alas what wretchedness ! I never shall survive !  
My mother ! my poor mother ! oh, if thou wert now alive.”

“ Go, weep out there in the court-yard ; weep as long as you will,  
And make wry faces : in three days you shall be married still !”

## III.

’Twas about this time the sexton old, and in his hand his bell,  
Was going all the country round, chiming the funeral knell :

“ Pray for the soul of him that was a gallant cavalier ;  
While he lived a man of worth renown’d ; a knight that knew not fear ;  
Mortally wounded by the thrust of a sword upon his side,  
In a dreadful battle on yon plain, down beyond Nantes, he died ;  
And to-morrow about the sunset—there in his state he lies—  
We shall bear him then to the White Church for his holy obsequies—  
From the bridal ye are early back.”—“ We are early back ; ’twere best ;  
Though the bridal is not over yet, nor the bridal evening feast.  
My pity I could not restrain at that sad but lovely bride,  
Nor disgust at that cow-keeping groom, that was standing at her side.  
Around that poor young maiden there, that wept with all her soul,  
All wept : the good old rector’s self his tears could not control.  
This morning in the parish church was none but wept, not one ;  
The young and old, they wept alike, save that step-dame alone.  
The louder the minstrels to the hall-door sounded their bells of glee,  
The more we strove to comfort her, the more heart-broken was she.  
To the banquet table they led her up ; to the seat of honour led ;  
Not a cup of water did she drink, nor taste a morsel of bread ;  
And as they went to undress her then, and put her in her bed,  
From her finger she threw the ring, tore the garland from her head,  
And with her hair dishevell’d, loose, from the mansion she hath flown.  
Whither for refuge she has fled, no mortal yet has known.”

## IV.

The lights were all out in the manor hall, and each to rest was gone ;  
In another village at the farm was that poor maid alone.

“Who’s there?”—“’Tis Nola, it is I; thy foster-brother’s here.”  
“And is it thou? In sooth it is, my foster-brother dear!”

And out she rush’d; on the white steed with all her speed she sprung,  
And round her foster-brother’s waist her soft right arm she flung.

“Oh God, how fast, how fast we ride! sure a hundred leagues are o’er:  
How happy am I with thee, my love! I was ne’er so happy before.  
Is it still so far to thy mother’s house? I would the way were done.”

“My dearest sister, hold me fast, we shall be there full soon.”  
The owls before them fled away, and hooted as they pass’d;  
They startled all the forest beasts with the trampling of their haste.

“How fleet is thy gallant courser; how glitters thine armour bright!  
How tall, my brother, art thou grown; much taller seems thine height.  
How beautiful I find thee, dear! Still are we far from home?”

“Oh, hold me fast, my sister; soon to our journey’s end we come.”

“Thy heart, my brother! frozen it seems, and chilly damp thy hair;  
Thy heart and hand are both like ice; thou’rt very cold, I fear.”

“Oh hold me fast, my sister, still; now, now we are very nigh;  
Now, hear ye not the minstrels shrill—our bridal melody?”

He scarce had ended speaking, when all at once the steed  
Stopp’d, with his limbs all shivering, and loud and fierce he neigh’d;  
And they were there in a fair isle, with gay troops dancing round;  
Youths and maidens hand in hand with spring and graceful bound;  
And all around with golden fruit rose many a tall green tree,  
While the sun behind the mountain tops rose up in majesty.  
And here there wound a fountain small of crystal without stain;  
And the spirits of men as they drank of it came back to life again:  
And among them was Gwennola’s mother, and Gwennola’s sister fair;  
And all day long was joy and song, and merry-making there.

We turn to one of several tales of unhappy love—very different indeed, in their tone and in their incidents—of maidens with youths destined to a life of celibacy. We must acknowledge that we wish Jannik Flecher had been Genevieve’s first love; but we cannot suppress her naïve confession at the close of the second part:—

#### GENEVIEVE OF RUSTÉFAN.

##### I.

When young Jannik his sheep to the pasture brought,  
Of being a priest he little thought.

“Priest or monk will I be ne’er,  
I’ve set my heart on a maiden fair.”

Thus his mother one day began:

“Thou’rt but a simpleton, my son Jann;  
Leave the sheep; ’tis time that thou  
Should go to the school at Kemper now.  
To be a priest you must study there,  
And bid adieu to the maidens fair.”

##### II. In

## II.

In all that land of the maidens fair,  
 With Naour's daughters might none compare.  
 Lord Naour's daughters, with loveliest grace,  
 Lifted their heads in the market-place ;  
 Among the other maids they shone  
 As among the stars the summer moon.  
 Each on her palfrey white was seen,  
 As they rode to the Pardon at Pontaven.  
 As to Pontaven to the Pardon they rode,  
 The pavement rang where their palfreys trode.  
 Her kirtle each of green silk had on ;  
 Round their necks the golden chainlets shone.  
 The youngest was loveliest far of these ;  
 'Twas said she loved Jannik of Kembreiz.  
 " To me four clerks their true love swore ;  
 And priests they have become all four.  
 Thou the last, Jannik Flecher, art ;  
 And thou, alas ! wilt break my heart."

## III.

As his Orders Jann Flecher went to receive,  
 On her threshold sat sweet Genevieve :  
 Upon the threshold, before the gate,  
 Broidering the fine lace she sate :  
 Fine lace with threads of silver white,  
 Meet to cover a chalice bright.  
 " Jannik Flecher, for my dear sake,  
 The holy Orders, Oh do not take !  
 To the holy Orders Oh do not haste !  
 By the hours we two have together pass'd !"  
 " Alas, turn back I may not now ;  
 They will say I have broken my solemn vow."  
 " And are they no more remembered,  
 The sweet words we two have together said ?  
 The ring of gold—lost can it be,  
 That at the dance I gave to thee ?"  
 " That I've lost that ring I dare not say ;  
 'Tis God hath taken that ring away."  
 " Come back, Jannik Flecher, ere yet too late,  
 And I will give thee my whole estate.  
 Jannik, come back ; to thy vows be true ;  
 I'll follow thee all the wide world through.  
 My feet in the wooden shoes I will hide,  
 And labour in the fields by thy side.  
 If thou wilt not listen to my prayer,  
 The Extreme Unction, beseech thee, prepare."  
 " Alas, I may not turn back again,  
 I am bound to God by a holy chain ;  
 'Tis the hand of God that holds me so ;  
 To the holy Orders I must go."

## IV.

Two years are pass'd ; from Kemper one day  
Returning, Jannik pass'd that way.

“ Joy to thee, lord of Rustéfan hall,  
And joy to thine, both great and small.  
Be joy and peace to thee and thine ;  
More, alas, than can e'er be mine !  
I beseech ye all to the church to pass,  
When I consecrate first the holy mass.”

“ Yes, thy first mass attend will we ;  
And the first offering mine shall be :  
Twenty crowns will I offer then,  
And thy god-mother, the good lady, ten.  
Twenty crowns will I offer at least,  
To do thee honour, thou young priest.”

## V.

As by Penn-al-Lenn I did pass,  
Going to the holy mass,  
I saw a crowd run to and fro,  
Some in terror, some in woe.  
“ Good old Mother, tell me, I pray,  
The holy mass, is it over to-day ? ”  
“ In sooth the holy mass is begun,  
But it ceased full long e'er it was done.  
The young priest could not read it all,  
For the tears that at Genevieve's sight 'gan fall.  
The three great missals all were wet  
With the tears from his eyes that were streaming yet.  
And she ran forward, that young maid,  
At the knees of the priest was prostrate laid.  
“ Oh pause, in the name of God, oh pause,  
Thou of my death art the only cause.”

## VI.

Jann Flecher became a rector soon,  
Rector of the town of Nizon ;  
And I that have this ballad made,  
Ofttimes have seen him weeping sad ;  
Ofttimes to weep I have seen him come,  
Alone upon sweet Genevieve's tomb.

Not only the long jealousies but the actual hostilities between Bretagne and France, when the ancient Celtic province was struggling to maintain her independence, would of course be fruitful subjects of inspiration with the Breton poets. One of the heroes of this warfare was Fontenelle, the Leaguer, a distinguished partisan in the insurrection against Louis XII., which took place after the death of the Duchess Ann. The traditions even of Brittany represent Fontenelle as an atrocious savage. M. Souvestre mentions

mentions a still living tradition at Beaumanoir, that he used to bathe his feet in the blood of young girls, whom he had ripped open for that purpose (vol. i. p. 204). He appears, however, in a more amiable light in the popular ballad; for although he does carry off the heiress by main force, yet after marriage he has kindled the feelings of the most ardent attachment in her heart. We should not do justice to Miss Costello if we did not give this as a second and favourable specimen of her powers:—

FONTENELLE.  
Dialect of Treguier.

Fontanellan a barrez Prad  
Bravan map a whiskaz dilad, &c.

## I.

‘Of all the youths that ever threw  
A mantle o’er his shoulders wide,  
The boldest that broad Cornouaille knew  
Was Fontenelle, her flower and pride;  
And he has ridden to Mes-ar-nou  
To fetch an heiress for his bride;  
That little heiress gay and free  
Who plays beside her nurse’s knee.

“Pretty heiress, tell me, pray,  
Why you wander from your bower?”

“I am in the moat to play,  
And I gather ev’ry flower—  
Every flower that grows the best  
For my foster-brother’s breast.  
For that gentle brother dear  
I have robb’d each summer dell,—  
But I dare not linger here,  
Lest I meet with Fontenelle.”—

“Nay now, pretty heiress,—hold,  
Know’st thou Fontenelle by sight?”—

“No, but I have heard it told  
He is fierce and fell as night;  
And I hear my nurses say  
That he steals young maids away!  
Ay! and more than all the rest,  
That he loves an heiress best.”

In his arms he takes the child,  
With caresses sweet and mild;  
Places on the croupe his prize,  
And to far St. Malo hies.

In St. Malo’s convent long  
Dwelt that heiress, free from wrong,  
And her fourteenth summer past,  
He has claim’d her hand at last.

## II.

Loudly peals the castle bell,  
For to-day is born an heir,  
Like his father Fontenelle,  
Like his heiress-mother fair.

Tidings

Tidings are from Paris come,  
He must leave his child and home:  
“News that bro’k of no delay,  
Draw me from thy arms away.”

“Fontenelle!—oh! do not go,  
Fatal will thy journey be;  
If, alas! thou leave me so,  
Thy return I ne’er shall see.  
Send a messenger with speed,  
And for gold he shall not need.”

“Weep not, dearest, wherefore fear?  
I shall soon return with joy;  
While I stay be light of cheer,  
Tend with care our darling boy.”

As he passed the gate he said  
To the grooms and pages there,  
“Keep your mistress safe from dread;  
Guard my infant son with care;  
And a banner rich and fine  
Shall adorn Our Lady’s shrine;  
Vestments new, bedeck’d with gold,  
Shall her holy form enfold,  
If, returning, Fontenelle  
Find his heir and lady well.”

## III.

“King and queen, and nobles gay,  
Greeting I am come to pay.”

“Fontenelle is welcome here,  
He shall find no sorry cheer:  
We have sought thee long in vain,  
And thou go’st not hence again!”

“Nay, sir King, my will is free,  
Or to go or to stay with thee!  
Bid them saddle straight my steed,  
Further words it shall not need.”

“Hold!—thy castle is too far,  
And the way is all too long;  
Thou shalt sleep where bolt and bar  
Keep my chambers fast and strong;  
Chains my palace can allow  
For a friend so true as thou!”

“Go, my page, be sure and fast;  
Haste to Koad-e-lan and say,  
‘Gentle beiress, thou must cast  
All thy lace and silk away;

Silks

Silks and lace, and jewels all,  
 Broider'd robes of gems and gold,  
 For thy husband is in thrall,  
 And his days are well-nigh told.  
 Bring a shirt my limbs to fold,  
 And a sheet my corse to hold;  
 Let the shirt be white to view,  
 And the sheet of linen new,  
 And a dish, with gilding chased—  
 Where my head will soon be placed!  
 And these ringlets of my hair  
 To my castle's portal bear.  
 Put them where the pious few,  
 As they pass to mass, may say—  
 'Virgin Mother! pure and true,  
 Give the marquis grace to-day!' "  
 "Take those tresses, part or whole,  
 But a salver is not meet,  
 For the traitor's head shall roll  
 For a plaything in the street!"  
 The little page, all sorrow, hied,  
 And when to Koad-e-lan he came,  
 "Good cheer, fair lady, hail!" he cried:  
 "Oh, would my master had the same!  
 He asks from thee a shirt alone,  
 His slaughter'd body to enfold,  
 A sheet to wrap his limbs of stone,  
 A golden dish his head to hold!"

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IV.

In Paris, men bewilder'd stand;  
 The people all are crowding fast;  
 A lady from a distant land  
 Rides along the streets in haste.  
 Koad-e-lan's fair heiress came  
 In a robe of green so bright—  
 (Ah! if I the truth should name,  
 Black would be her robe as night!)  
 "Sire!" she cried, "for mercy hear!  
 Give, oh give my husband back!"—  
 "Lady, dry the fruitless tear,  
 He has perish'd on the rack!"  
 If thou to Koad-e-lan should'st come,  
 Thy heart with sorrow would o'erflow,  
 To look on that deserted home,  
 Where now the tall rank nettles grow.  
 To see no fire upon the hearth,  
 To hear no sound of joy or mirth:  
 From floor to floor, from room to room,  
 All wrapt in misery and gloom;  
 The seats, the bowers—deserted all,  
 And green weeds springing in the hall.  
 The world all bright, and gay, and fair,  
 But death and desolation there!  
 While at the gate the poor attend,  
 And bitter tears of anguish shed:  
 "Alas! our mistress and our friend!  
 The mother of the poor is dead!"

But the *Gwerzonnou*, or Historic Ballads, though by far the most interesting and translateable portion of the Breton poetry, form but a small part of its wealth. They have much religious poetry, hymns, and legends of local saints. There are two very singular pieces, 'Hell,' and 'Paradise,' both in Villemarqué's and M. Souvestre's collections. The wildest Franciscan in the middle ages, or the fiercest Ranter of our own day, might here find images which would put to shame his darkest conceptions. Dante himself is almost gentle in comparison. 'Fire above your head—fire all around you—you are hungry? Eat the fire! You are thirsty? Drink hot rivers of brimstone or molten iron! . . . . You will feel your flesh become red-hot coal, and yet you will live.'—*Souvestre*, vol. ii. p. 188.

The Legends of the Saints are told with the most lively and undoubting faith, and sometimes with very touching incidents. These bards are very fond, in the true spirit of popular poetry, of turning any domestic incident, any tragedy of real life, murder, infanticide, or any other dark crime or severe affliction, into a few homely stanzas, which have all the force and striking effect of truth. We have already mentioned the Sones, their Love Elegies, but besides these they have a vast number of amatory songs and ditties of every description. The following seems to be particularly ad-



mired : it sounds like a kind of remonstrance against the youths of family for seeking pleasures, and perhaps forming attachments, beyond the bounds of their native land :—

‘ THE SWALLOWS.

‘ Quietly winds the pathway small  
To our village from the manor-hall ;  
And by that pathway side is seen  
A bush of blooming hawthorn green ;  
The many flowers that thorn upon  
Please well the lord of the manor’s son.

Oh, that I a hawthorn flower might be,  
That his white hand might gather me,—  
Gather me with a touch so light  
Of his hand, as the flowers of the hawthorn, white.  
Oh, that I a hawthorn flower might be,  
That on his heart he might place me.

Ever, alas ! at winter fall  
He leaves us and the manor-hall.  
Away to France he is off so light,  
Just with the swallow taking his flight.  
But when we see the sweet spring come,  
Him too we see returning home.  
When in the fields the blue-bells blow,  
And the grass in the meads begins to grow ;  
When the chaffinch flutters on the wing,  
And the little linnets sweetly sing,  
He comes for the Easter festival  
For the Pardon to the manor-hall.

Oh, how I wish that we had here  
Flowers and festivals all the year !  
Oh how I wish that ever were  
The swallows fluttering in the air,  
Over our chimneys every day,  
And never taking wing away !’

The Breton poets have not been without their longer and more sustained flights. M. Souvestre gives an interesting abstract of the ‘ Adventures of a young Breton,’ a poem of considerable length, and the most complete development of the struggle of a young cloarec between the conflicting feelings of earthly passion, and the call to his sacred profession. There are parts encumbered with all the classical pedantry, and even the heathen mythology, of a young student ; parts which, if we may judge from M. Souvestre’s abstract, show a depth of passion and a power of conception of no ordinary poetic merit. After a long inward struggle, the beauty, the fidelity, and the ardent love of the young maiden, are too strong for his holier aspirations. The marriage, and of course the abandonment of his more sacred avocation,

avocation, is agreed upon. He is arrested by the voice of God himself. He hears the voice of an invisible Being murmuring above him the awful lines:—

‘ Quid quietem quæris,  
Cum ad laborem natus sis ?’

He stands awestruck ; the blood freezes in his veins. The verse proceeds, in the language of the Breviary:—

‘ Hunc mundum miserum relinque,  
Hunc mundum miserum relinque.’

It is curious to observe in this, as in a subsequent passage, the use which is made of the impressive hymns of the church, with which the whole population, especially the cloarecs, appear completely familiar. If these poems had been known before, Goethe might have been suspected of taking a hint for that sublime scene in ‘Faust,’ where Margaret hears the Easter hymn.

M. Souvestre mentions likewise a modern unpublished poem on the French Revolution. If the inspiration of that poem is in harmony with the beautiful anecdote which he gives of those fearful times, it would be full of interest. ‘I will have all your steeples pulled down’ (said that same Jean Bon St. André, immortalised in Canning’s anti-Jacobin poem, to a peasant), ‘that you may no longer have any objects by which you may be put in mind of your old superstitions.’ ‘You cannot help leaving us the stars,’ said the peasant; ‘and we can see them farther off than our steeples.’

But the most singular part of Breton literature is their drama. Not, indeed, that any of the extant pieces have much pretension to antiquity; whatever may be the case with the historical ballads, the tragedies bear the manifest impress of the sixteenth century, or of still later times. In ‘Count William of Poitou,’ the young female demoniac who is exorcised by St. Bernard, invokes the aid of Luther and Calvin as well as of Satan; and there are many other indications of comparatively modern composition. Theatricals in Brittany, as everywhere else, are on the wane; Mr. Trollope was present at an exhibition of this kind, in which the Breton Thespis was announced, ‘*Plaustris vexisse poemata.*’ But to a recent period every Breton town was familiar with these legitimate representatives of the ancient Mysteries—in which—amid the wildest chaos of mythology, chronology, geography, and costume—were struck out some of those bold and rude, but still truly poetic conceptions, those effective situations and incidents, which characterise the early drama of all countries. In their profoundly Roman Catholic inspiration these works most resemble the religious plays and Autos of Spain; such

as the Spanish theatre might have exhibited if it had never had a Lope or a Calderon. Some of these tragedies, as it appears, have been printed, but are extremely rare; and we would be understood as professing to know nothing of them but from the work of M. Souvestre. Almost the whole of the third volume of the 'Derniers Bretons' (not a very copious one, indeed, for M. Souvestre and his publisher seem no slight proficient in the delicate art of book-making) is occupied by abstracts of the most remarkable among these dramas. There is, in fact, the genuine Mystery, but the Mystery of an age at once coarse and profligate. In that of 'Jacob,' we have a scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, in which the allusions to dress, habits, and manners, are of the age of Catherine de Medicis. Everything, observes M. Souvestre, is of that period, except the chastity of Joseph! M. Souvestre makes the following observations on the Breton art of dramatic poetry; we leave it, as a specimen of his manner, in the original language.

'Rien de plus simple que cette poétique. Toutes ses règles peuvent se réduire à une seule: *mettre les faits en action et en passer le moins possible*. Du reste, ni unité de lieu, ni unité de temps. D'une scène à l'autre, vous passez de Poitou en Turquie, de Paris dans l'Asie Mineure, et le drame contient parfois l'histoire de trois générations. L'unité d'intérêts, au contraire, est toujours scrupuleusement respectée: on peut même dire que l'observation de cette règle est portée jusqu'à l'exagération dans les drames Bretons. Tous les personnages se groupent confusément et sans valeur individuelle autour d'une figure unique plutôt que principale. Tout cela se comprend. L'unité d'intérêt est une révélation d'instinct, bien plus qu'une doctrine Aristotélique. Nulle part elle n'a dû être plus scrupuleusement révélée que dans les littératures naissantes et chez les peuples primitifs. Là en effet elle dut être nécessité, et pour le poète encore trop inhabile pour suivre à la fois plusieurs pensées, et pour la foule trop peu intelligente pour partager en même temps son attention sur plusieurs personnages. Ce n'est que plus tard lorsque l'art s'est assoupli par l'usage, lorsque le peuple, plus prompt d'intelligence, s'est fait devineur et blasé, qu'il a fallu orner cette nudité grossière, encadrer l'égoïste et fatigante personnalité du drame, la déguiser sous les accessoires brillans, et reposer du héros par l'intérêt jeté sur ceux qui l'entourent. L'unité est alors devenue *prééminence d'une seule pensée sur les autres*; et non l'anéantissement de toutes au profit d'une seule. L'art a été le groupe harmonieux de Laocoon, au lieu de la solitaire et monotone statue de Memnon.'—t. iii. p. 78, 9.

Much of this is clever and just, but the illustration is not quite so happy, for the Memnon, we suspect, was but one of a vast gigantic group.

The three, which M. Souvestre selects from the ten or twelve Celtic dramas, are *Saint William*, Count of Poitou, the 'Quatre Fils d'Aymon,' and *Saint Triffine*.

The

The chief Breton Poets, according to M. Souvestre, are cow-herds, country tailors, students, and poor clerks. M. Souvestre allows his own fancy to run riot as to the author of Count William of Poitou, of whom, be it known, there is not the slightest evidence or tradition. But the particularity of the whole is curious and interesting as a sketch of Breton life, though not of the individual author.

‘Ce fut *sans doute* ! dans quelque bourgade isolée du Léonais, pendant une de ces longues veillées d’hiver qui se prolongent devant les feux de bruyère, qu’un cloarec malade, revenu au foyer natal et tourmentant sa pensée dans le calme d’une méditation fiévreuse, conçut ce drame de *Saint Guillaume Comte de Poitou*. Enlevé subitement aux études arides, démaillotté des règles de son *Depautére*, il sentit peut-être tout-à-coup son imagination prendre des ailes. Penché près de l’âtre, et tout en écoutant le grésillement de la flamme, le rouet de sa mère, et la voix monotone d’une sœur idiote, murmurant quelques hymnes d’église, il lui sembla peut-être ouïr tout-à-coup des révélations mystérieuses que des génies lui faisaient à l’oreille. Il crut, au milieu de la fumée de l’âtre, et parmi ces rumeurs de la cabane paternelle, voir les étincelles du foyer prendre l’apparence de visions brillantes, ses rêveries intimes revêtir soudainement un corps et se mouvoir. Alors, ravie en extase, son âme jeune et aspirante, sa pauvre âme de mendiant et de serf, se rêva dans le corps de quelque fier seigneur, ayant à lui l’or et les femmes, et modelant la vie à ses désirs, comme le potier sa terre ; alors il se figura le monde entier, avec toutes ses joies et ses gloires, abattu à ses pieds comme un ennemi à sa merci ; et ivre de sa puissance et de sa richesse imaginaires il se roula, en idée, dans les jouissances terrestres ; il savoura la tyrannie, goûta avec rage au péché, se satura des bonheurs qui damnent !—jusqu’à ce qu’au milieu de cette frénétique ivresse, née de tant de désirs si long-temps comprimés, un triste tintement de la cloche du village, ou un saint verset, psalmodié plus distinctement par sa sœur, vint l’arracher aux hallucinations mondaines, lui parler de pénitence, et le jeter à deux genoux sur l’âtre, frappant sa poitrine et confessant ses mauvaises pensées.’

The Comte de Poitou is at once, adds M. Souvestre, an incarnation of sin and repentance. It is one of those tragedies which are to be found in the religious drama of most countries, in which every crime and iniquity is accumulated upon the head of some daring individual, in order that he may become the object of Divine grace. The highest flight of that drama is Calderon’s *Devocion de la Cruz*, the sublime, as Mr. Coleridge said, of Roman-Catholic Antinomianism. This charge, however, cannot be made so strongly against Count William ; his long youth of enormities is balanced by many years of the most austere penance, and of fierce trial, through which he passes triumphant. The Count opens the play with a long monologue, in which he gives his

his birth, parentage, &c. ; he has spent all his estate, and is in sad want of money—he sends to summon the bishop, the seneschal, and the governor of the city (heaven knows what city) to present him each with a large sum ; on their refusal he breaks open the gates, kills the governor, but generously leaves the people their lives, they giving to him all their money. The Duke, the Count's brother, is sorely distressed, as a good Christian, at his reprobate life, his rapes, and robberies, and sets out to admonish him on the error of his ways, accompanied unhappily by his beautiful wife. Though the Duke gives a great deal of good advice, mingled with Latin quotations of the highest authority, Count William pays more attention to the beauty of his sister-in-law. He seizes her, turns his brother out of doors : as the Duke vainly appeals to God, the impious Count replies,—‘ Malediction ! I renounce God ! I will have her or thy life ! ’ M. Souvestre inserts rather a striking scene between the Duchess, after she has suffered violence, and the Count, which ends in his turning her too out of doors, in a fit of exasperation at her coldness and bitter complaints.—The next scene shows us the Count as a warrior. He defies the King of Turkey, who has subdued the kings of Spain, Hibernia, Germany, England, Candia, and Normandy, and at his defiance invades Poitou, but the Count is too much for him ; he is wounded, and his army dispersed. The Count's next enemy is one more formidable. The Count is excommunicated by the Pope ; against whom he raises an army. This gives occasion for some scenes of buffoonery, with which, like the Spanish, the Breton serious dramas are interlarded. The Count not only defeats the Pope, who appears on the stage, of course, in costume, but likewise an army of devils, whom the King of Turkey summons to his assistance.—Having thus arrived at the height of iniquity, having plundered bishops, perpetrated incest, dethroned a Pope, and beat the devils themselves, the turning point, the peripeteia has arrived, and St. Bernard, the great religious hero of the middle ages, is introduced to work the conversion of the mighty sinner. The Count of Poitou obeys the summons of St. Bernard ; he arrives at his monastery during the time of divine service—and one of his drunken companions proposes to fire the convent for the fun of seeing the monks truss up their robes, like young girls, to run away. At that instant the church breaks out into a splendid illumination, and the hymn is heard :—

‘ Pange lingua gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium ;  
Sanguinisque pretiosi  
Quem in mundi pretium,

Fructus

Fructus ventris generosi  
Rex effudit gentium.'

The sinful heart is melted; he falls on his knees, and entreats the mercy of God. His conversion, however, is not complete without a long and apparently very curious disputation with St. Bernard, who throughout preserves his mastery over the mind of the Count, and at last completely overawes and subdues his refractory spirit. The two last acts are filled with the penitence of Count William. He appears again at St. Bernard's monastery with a great troop of followers, but with his knees bleeding from his genuflexions at the countless crosses in his way, and with a rosary round the hilt of his sword. He confesses himself guilty of the seven capital sins, and expresses his fear that God has not angels enough in heaven to send to efface his crimes. St. Bernard commands him to renounce the world, to put on sackcloth, and retire to a solitary hermitage in the desert. But even in the desert he is not safe. He is visited by a beautiful girl, who tries him as St. Antony of old and almost all the hermit saints of the calendar were tried. The next incident, we agree with M. Souvestre, is finely imagined. Satan assumes the shape of a warrior of Poitou:—'William! thy country is laid waste; thy city is besieged by the enemy; if thou dost not come to its succour, it is lost.' *William*: 'What, my city? Cannot they defend it? Are not the walls strong?' *The demon*: 'The inhabitants are at the last extremity, and I come to summon thee to their succour ere yet too late.' *William*: 'To succour them! and can I in this dress? (He rends down his hermit's dress.) Oh had I arms, the siege should soon be raised.' *The demon*: 'Lo! here they are. I have them ready.' And Satan arrays him in complete armour. The angel Gabriel appears at the instant, and disabuses him. The drama ends with the personal appearance of the Virgin Mary; whether the knot is worthy of the *Dea vindex*, we presume not to decide.

The 'Quatre Fils Aymon' seems, with all deference to M. Souvestre, to be but a noisy, bustling melodrama; but Saint Triffine is just the legend which Tieck in his younger days might have delighted to dramatise, or which might even tempt his graver old age. It is a suffering, calumniated wife and mother, whose whole life is a trial, from the malice, hatred, and sorcery of Nervoura, her wicked brother-in-law. Her adventures are not altogether unlike those of the Heilige Genoveva. But if the reader would know more of her sufferings, and of her saintly patience, we must refer him to the at once lively and learned pages of M. Souvestre.

1. *Report from Select Committee on the Disposal of Land in the Eastern Colonies.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1835.
2. *History of the South African War.* By Dr. Lang. 2 vols. 1837.
3. *Thoughts on Criminal Management.* By Captain Macdonald. 1838.
4. *Contract Discipline for Demer's Land.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1838.
5. *South Australia. First and Second Annual Reports.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 1836 and 1837.
6. *The History &c. of South Australia.* By John Stephens. 1839.
7. *Western Australia and Australasia.* By Thos. John Buckton, Esq. 1840.
8. *Information relative to New Zealand.* By John Ward, Esq. 1840.
9. *Supplementary Information relative to New Zealand.* 1840.
10. *Copy of a Despatch from Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 9th March, 1841.

SOME of us are old enough to remember the time when the continent of America was held to be not only a newly discovered but a *recently created* country—some vague reasons being then assigned for such an hypothesis, not now worth noticing. Something of the same sort has been hinted at with regard to Australia, because it is, even more than America was, different in many respects from the rest of the world, and wholly different from the numerous populous and luxuriant islands by which it is embraced on the northern and eastern sides. Of all these islands the inhabitants were found in possession of various sailing craft and boats; but no trace of navigation has been discovered in all Australia,—no wreck nor remnant of navigable craft, along a coast of seven or eight thousand miles, although every part of it has been visited from the time of Dirk Hartog, 1616, to the present day; nor is there, so far as is yet known, a single native animal, from man downwards, in the interior, that can be traced to any other country.

Discarding all notion of Australia being a more recent creation than other countries, we were somewhat startled at an observation made to us by Captain Grey (now Governor of *South Australia*), whose intelligence and experience entitle his opinion to notice—but indeed the same remark has been made by other travellers—that the succession of ridges and valleys, of which this great country



country is composed, conveys the idea of the whole country having once been an archipelago of islands. One thing is certain, that the force which has been, and still is occasionally exerted to upheave islands and mountains of some thousand feet in height, in other parts of the world, has been wanting here; no volcanos, active or extinct, having been discovered in Australia.

The great difference found in man and other animals, as well as in the vegetable products of this continent—for so we must call it—is very remarkable. The whole race of human beings that inhabit it are homogeneous, or of one and the same variety of the species, and that sufficiently distinct to constitute a difference from those of other parts of the world. Nobody has been able to detect the slightest connexion between their language, of which there are numerous dialects, and any other variety of human speech. Their shelter, when the state of the weather requires it, consists in a simple temporary hut of reeds or twigs, of the form of a bee-hive cut vertically in two. With the quickest perception, and great powers of mimicry; with a readiness to distinguish right from wrong, they are found to have no sense of religious obligation; not the most distant idea of a Supreme Being; no prayers nor supplications to any sort of idol; no priests, nor any kind of ceremonies indicating a religious feeling. All the indigenous quadrupeds differ from those of other countries; no great mammalia; but few small ones, and all of a peculiar nature, as the kangaroo, and that very strange quadruped with a duck's bill, the *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. Neither horses, oxen, asses, sheep, nor swine, existed on any part of this great continent. A species of eagle, paroquets without end, black swans and white crows, black crows with white wings, and white crows with black ones, black magpies, with many other peculiar birds, are here found; others, more common, may have traversed the sea by help of their wings. This land is free from beasts of prey, and nearly so from venomous reptiles.

Fine forests everywhere abound; but two-thirds of the timber-trees are of one genus, the *Eucalyptus*, the species unknown elsewhere. There are trees whose tops are grass instead of branches and leaves, yielding a fragrant gum: most of the finest shrubs are of the *Banksia* family, also peculiar to Australia. The flowering plants, annual or perennial, are many of them exceedingly beautiful, but so different in general from those of other regions, that Mr. Robert Brown must have been somewhat puzzled to find names for so many new genera. This country has some other peculiarities. Surrounded by islands, on which the most active and violent volcanic eruptions are constantly going on,

on, the only movement of that class we have heard of, is a solitary earthquake. Whole tracts are covered with sand ; few rivers of magnitude, and most of them dry in hot weather ; and occasionally no rain falls for two or three years together. Of some four millions of square miles in the interior we know nothing. Various expeditions have failed to penetrate regions which present no obstacle but their extent, and their deficiency in means of subsistence. A gentleman, however, of the name of Eyre, has started, last year, from the head of Spencer's Gulf, with the design of planting the British standard on the central point of Australia, and proceeding thence to the Gulf of Carpentaria or Port Essington. Let us hope that he may be more fortunate than his predecessors.

Such is the brief and imperfect sketch of a vast region, on a large portion of which we are effecting a rapid change—and surely a most salutary change, as regards the aborigines, the settlers, and the mother-country herself. Bonaparte was not ignorant, when he called out for 'ships, colonies, and commerce,' of what their advantages were. It was not mere bluster—an ebullition of temper : he knew what a rich harvest England was reaping from them ; he neither mistook nor overlooked their combined value. How, indeed, could any one overlook the fact, that without colonies commerce could not be supported,—that without commerce, though ships might be built, seamen would not be found to navigate them ? But the peculiarity of his personal position forced him into far different lines of action—his ambition got the better of his judgment and discretion, paralysed the action of commercial and manufacturing industry, and converted the people into a mass of brute force, careless of everything but the false glare of honour and the empty name of glory.

England, on the contrary, during the long and arduous struggle, not only maintained her old colonies, but added new ones to the list ; and we need only say to those who affect to disparage and undervalue colonization, if there still be any such, look to the old colonies formed by British subjects in North America ; call to recollection what they were some two hundred years ago, and see what they now are—a first-rate nation in all social, commercial, and political relations ; and, we may almost say, including their mercantile navy, the second maritime power of the world : and then, on the other hand, observe to what a deplorable state of destitution the once flourishing and powerful kingdoms of Spain and Portugal have been brought by the loss of *their* colonies, together with which were also lost their ships, their commerce, and their prosperity. In truth, those  
who

who would give up our colonies must also be prepared to give up our commerce, and, above all, our *navy*. We need not here enter into a proof of the fact that colonies are the nursery of a navy, and that the expense of colonies is part of the price which we pay for being mistress of the seas. Those who look at our colonies as a mere debtor and creditor account in the budget are very short-sighted politicians—their *influence* in various ways is vastly greater than their direct action, and in no view so important as in maintaining our naval power, and consequently our national independence and authority.

Mr. Wolryche Whitmore, a truly benevolent man, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons *on the Disposal of Waste Lands in our Colonies*, after dwelling on the crying demands of the Irish poor for that relief which emigration would afford them, proceeds thus:—

‘ But is it for the poor only,’ he asks, ‘ that emigration, or, to speak more properly, colonization, is needed? Is there full employment here for the more educated? Can every younger brother, even of the wealthiest families, find a field whereon to exercise his talents? Can every farmer’s son stock a farm, and get one? Can every tradesman’s son or apprentice set up for himself in business, with a fair chance of success? We all know this is not the case; the competition is keen; the weaker go to the wall, and are reduced to hopeless misery, or sink at once down into a lower grade of society. Look again at lawyers, physicians, apothecaries, and all that numerous class, possessed, as a body, of great talent, of information and industry, and inquire whether they do not find the field for the employment of their talents fatally circumscribed? But there is another class still more hopeless; I mean females: what numbers are doomed in this country to pass their lives in celibacy and solitude; eminently qualified, perhaps, to become useful members of society; excellent wives; admirable mothers! To them the means of discharging their duties are forbidden; their affections are nipped in the bud; their hearts often broken by the chilling hand of poverty, and the want of employment of those upon whom they would otherwise have leant, and in leaning, formed in their turn the steadiest prop and surest consolation. I should be disposed to carry this view still further: I think that by extending the field for employment for the talent, as well as the labour of the people, you will prevent the frequency of foreign war, and aggression against your own laws and institutions.’—*Report*, No. 1, p. 2.

We see the exaggeration of these statements, but still there is solid truth at the bottom of them; and if we had space at present for an argument on colonial policy, we think there are classes of persons, superior to any here indicated, who might be fairly brought within the category of the Report. But we do not at this time enter upon the vast and all-important field of discussion which here tempts us. We wish to keep in this paper to matters  
of

of the plainest and most immediately practical order—and we suppose it will be conceded universally that, whatever else may be wanted, and ought to be supplied, the demand for efficient labour, and efficient capital to set that labour at work, is urgent.

There is, however, one great class of unfortunate beings, who always rise to our mind in connection with every question of colonization. We allude to those multitudes of young people, of both sexes, whose lamentable situation we have dwelt upon in many of our recent Numbers: those thousands of human beings, whose cruel and helpless lot has been thrown into cotton-mills, silk-manufactories, and lace-mills, and other large manufacturing establishments; a condition which, if more generally and accurately known, could scarcely be tolerated in a moral, and above all in a religious, community. Humanity, as well as sound policy, revolts at the idea of children of the tenderest age, and even of the tenderest sex, being shut up in dark, dirty, unwholesome alleys, and in confined cells, or in choking cotton-mills, for twenty hours a-day, seldom less than sixteen, breathing a contaminated atmosphere, crippled in their limbs, their minds enervated, and their morals corrupted; so that when grown up they become a burthen to themselves and a plague-spot to their friends and society. We fear that such evils are, to a lamentable degree, inseparable from our modern manufacturing system; but it is our duty to be earnest and unceasing in our endeavours to mitigate the mischief, and control whatever part of it springs from the dark, deliberate cruelty of pampered avarice; and we must say that we think the best and most wholesome corrective, for the *mass* of the evil, is the opening *other issues* for industry. While the manufacturers have a monopoly of labour, too many of them will be hard task-masters; but when an option of some other channel of exertion is afforded to labour, it becomes *twice blessed*; it blesses those whom it directly relieves, and it blesses, by its consequential effect, those it leaves behind—for masters will treat with more liberality and tenderness those to whom a refuge from hardships and oppression is not inaccessible; and for this reason, as well as for their individual advantage, we do maintain that the superabundant juvenile population of the manufacturing districts, of both sexes, from the age of ten to fifteen years, could not by any possibility be so well disposed of as in the Australian colonies. If asked in what way? our reply would be, as domestic servants in respectable families where such are much wanted, and to assist in attending the sheep-pastures. They would be sought after, as being more trustworthy than convicts, and supply the place of adult free labourers, too much diverted, as we think, from the more important pursuit of agriculture; sheep being the great  
staple

staple of the Australian colonies, there is necessarily much want of young and active persons to look after them.

What a blessing to these poor creatures, we have mentioned, would the change be to good air, good food, and wholesome exercise! what an improvement in the condition of the diminished numbers left behind! and what a benefit to the colonists! The increase of sheep is in such rapid progression—we had almost said in geometrical progression—that we only fear the market for wool may ere long be so overstocked as to make it not worth exporting.

We may be asked who is to bear the expense of sending these young persons out? We reply, the Emigration and Land Committee may well expend 6000*l.* or 8000*l.* of the land fund to convey 1000 of these helpless creatures to Australia. Or why not the Australian public, who must benefit by them? or, as a last resort, the Government at home? We are fully aware of the necessity of economy in the public expenditure, but when we see 60,000*l.* voted for sending upwards of 150 officers and seamen into the pestilent swamps of Africa, under pretence of destroying the slave-trade—the absurdity of which is as glaring as the destruction of human life is certain—we cannot forbear expressing a wish that some little share of the nation's bounty should be bestowed in alleviating misery nearer home, and for which we are more immediately responsible to man and to God. *Homo sum, nil humanum à me alienum puto*, is a noble principle, the purest and the highest that pagan antiquity has produced; but it must still be subservient to the still more imperative practical precept, that conscientious and useful precept, *Charity should begin at home*.

As to *convicts*—the least desirable class of labourers *anywhere* are undoubtedly persons who have been convicted of penal offences; but they are the only efficient resource during a number of years after a colony is established: this has been clearly proved by the slow progress made by free settlers in that of Swan River, and the present flourishing state of New South Wales and its dependencies, which owe very much of their present prosperity to the labour of convicts; ay, to the *assignment* of convicts, notwithstanding the priggish sentimentalities of the Archbishop of Dublin, and the hot-headed rashness of Lord Howick, who, taking his lesson from Mr. Maconochie's book, sets down the employer a tyrant and the convict a slave. What then, we ask, is his opinion of the Molochs of the mills, to whom so many thousand children are annually sacrificed? If an honest Australian farmer who employs and pays a convict sentenced to seven years' punishment is a tyrant, and the latter a slave, we should like to know how his  
Lordship

Lordship classes the mill-owners and the children—how an industrious tradesman and his seven years' apprentice? He must know, from the position he held in the Colonial Office, that multitudes of those whom he designates as *slaves*, by industry and good conduct, have contributed very largely to their own comfort and the wealth and population of the colony. How much stronger would be our argument, if it suited our present purpose, to take a still wider view of the subject, and to consider that these miscalled slaves are criminals, in whose favour the lenient justice of the mother-country substitutes forced labour for an ignominious death,—the pickaxe and spade in Australia for the cells of Newgate and the gallows at the Old Bailey! But we have stronger grounds of complaint against the Whig-created archbishop than his mawkish sentimentality, and are rejoiced to find that the *misrepresentations* circulated on his authority have been 'so properly, so strongly, and earnestly deprecated, and the correctness of the statements themselves so emphatically denied, by the Lord Bishop of Australia,' as Sir George Gipps has stated in his letter to Lord John Russell, of 23rd October, 1840. The archbishop, at a meeting held at Dublin, authorised his chaplain to move a resolution that 'It is unjustifiable to induce intending emigrants to take up their abode in the midst of the vice and immorality which notoriously prevail in the penal colonies;' and his officious chaplain added, 'It is in vain to think that a colony composed of such licentious, uneducated, and vicious inhabitants, should ever become respectable.' The archbishop knows best what his motives have been for calumniating one colony in order to prevent Irish emigration to it, and to divert it to another, and that other New Zealand; of which one would be apt to suspect him to be a proprietor or shareholder. We cannot too strongly urge our opinion, that for some years to come, both emigration and transportation are indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the Australian colonies, more particularly the two oldest.

One *fact* for the Archbishop of Dublin. It is stated by Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell 'as a proof of the condition of the labouring classes in New South Wales, and of the advantages which persons may reasonably expect to share in, by emigrating to its shores.' Sir George says: 'I would beg to refer your Lordship to the evidence of the accountant of the savings' bank, that during the year 1839 (the year of the greatest scarcity ever known in the colony) the bank opened 100 new accounts; and that during the present year (1840) the average number of new depositors is 150 per month; that nineteen depositors out of every twenty belong to the labouring classes; and that the present amount of deposits



deposits (exclusive of those of convicts) is 127,000*l*.' The governor adds, 'I hesitate not confidently to assert that there is no country in which labourers living in equal comfort can put by so large a portion of their wages.' So much for the Most Reverend Political Economist, and his Reverend Coadjutor!

In the early times of the Australian colonies, and indeed until a few years ago, the distribution of land was made in the most lavish and improvident manner, and without any fixed regulations with regard to situation, quantity, or price; the evil of which is scarcely removed at the present day. The governors had unlimited authority to make grants, and they lavished their favours with an unsparing hand; 50,000 acres, 100,000 acres, 500,000 acres, were given to individuals who had no means whatever to put a spade in the ground, except by a few convicts, whose assignment probably accompanied the grant. A Governor, by law, could help his friends to a slice of land, but was debarred from conferring any on himself; there was not much difficulty, however, in getting over this bar. The practice was notorious, a case of which came out in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons. A governor arrived at Sydney, to supersede the existing one: the latter says to his intended successor, 'There is a fine piece of land to give away at such a place; I cannot take it myself, but I can consign it over to you.' His successor ascends the *musnud*, and cannot do less than return the compliment by finding out another slice, equally good, to confer on his benefactor, now a mere private gentleman. Juggles of this kind, which enable a man to do for a friend what he cannot do for himself, cannot, *à priori*, be guarded *against*; but when once discovered, should be effectually barred for the future.

Lord John Russell, in a despatch, dated in May, 1840, states that the rapid extension of settlement over the surface of New Holland renders it natural to expect that new arrangements should be necessary for the administration of its affairs, and he therefore thinks it desirable that the present territory of New South Wales should be divided into three distinct portions or districts, to be distinguished by the names of *Northern*, *Middle*, and *Southern* Districts. The limits of the northern district his lordship does not for the present define, but the separation of the southern from the middle or Sydney district is to be made by the whole course of the Murrumbidgee and the Murray rivers, until the latter meets the eastern boundary of the South Australia, which will constitute the limit to the westward both of the Sydney and the Port Philip district. The general direction of the  
Murrumbidgee



Murrumbidgee being, after leaving the boundary of the original settlement of New South Wales, nearly east and west, appeared to Lord John a more convenient and well-defined boundary than to adopt a parallel of latitude.

In making this division of New South Wales into districts, Lord John Russell is of opinion that a fixed price constitutes the best method of disposing of the land; that sales by auction are attended with delay and uncertainty; that under a system of fixed price, the emigrant, before he leaves home, can ascertain what extent of land he can afford to purchase. He thinks, also, that, if the government establish one uniform price for all lands, the best lands will be taken up first, instead of, under a difference of price, persons being tempted to begin by purchasing lands of secondary qualities. The governor and council, however, wholly disagree with Lord John Russell on this point, and consider that the system of sale by public auction is the best mode of obtaining the real value of land, while it exercises a beneficial influence on the welfare of the community.

For certain reasons Lord John has decided that, in the *middle* district, or that of Sydney, the sale of land must continue to be by auction, and the upset price 12s. an acre. But in Port Philip, all lands, in future, will be open to sale at one uniform price, except lands required for public purposes, and town lots already laid out, which must, like those in occupation, continue to be sold by auction. He observes that, in Melbourne, town lots had produced on an average nearly 130*l.* per acre; and that in Williamstown, with all its scarcity of water, the price had been from 90*l.* to 100*l.* an acre. Lord John therefore proposes that, in this district, when towns may be laid out on the sea-coast in lots of acres, or equal parts of acres, the price shall be fixed at the uniform rate of 100*l.* per acre.

There is to be no reservation of minerals. We have some doubts of the expediency of this as a general principle, both as to policy and as to justice: as to policy, because mining interests are of so peculiar a nature that they require for their encouragement and protection a very peculiar legislation; as to justice, because when you sell the land at a price proportionate to its visible and known qualities, it seems rash and improvident to throw in the chance of an exorbitant increase of value not originally contemplated, and which may eventually work the greatest injustice to adjoining proprietors. But so it seems it has been at present (though we trust not permanently) regulated. All deeds of grant throughout the colony shall convey to the purchaser everything below and everything above the surface, and the uniform fixed price

price shall be, for the present, 1*l.* the acre; the same principle to be applied to the Northern district, whenever settlement shall be made in that part of New South Wales. This price is considered reasonable, and did appear to answer well in the neighbouring colony of South Australia, until the recent explosion somewhat retarded its progress. Lord John is of opinion that, in the Southern and Northern districts, lots of land should consist of 160 acres, or one quarter of a square mile (and not, as usual in the Middle district, of one square mile), or perhaps of 80 acre sections. We should prefer 40 and even 20 acre lots, in such favourable situations as would enable the labouring agriculturist, with his family, or a free convict who may have saved a little money, to become proprietors of land—many hundreds of whom, for instance, might be most advantageously located in the rich valley of the Murray river.

These measures are among the most important that have lately engaged the attention of the Colonial government, and, at first sight, might appear as the most promising for the well-being and extension of these valuable colonies; but we confess that, as we have had some doubt of the prudence of disposing absolutely of all minerals at the rate indicated by the value of the surface, we have still greater as to the equity of a *fixed price* for every description of land, unless uncommon pains are taken to lay out the lots so as to bring them, as nearly as circumstances will admit, to some kind of *average value*; otherwise, as the several districts fill with population, those who come nearly the last must inevitably be worst served, and compelled to put up with inferior lands that have been rejected by others. No doubt this, if found to be an evil, may be rectified, if attention be given to it by an honest and able land-surveyor. From what we have seen, however, of colonial land-jobbing, we wish there were some better security than the character of the individual surveyor; the able are not always honest, nor the honest always able; and it should be recollected that we are laying the *foundations* of a new world, and that an error in the foundation may cramp and inconvenience the future edifice without the possibility of amendment or redress.

Another very material object to the agricultural emigrant has been noticed by his lordship. ‘It has long been a defect,’ he observes, ‘and a source of regret to persons who, in leaving their country for Australia, were acquainted with deserving labourers willing to accompany them, that they had no means of obtaining a free passage for them.’ To such emigrants, he proposes they should name a proportionate number of labourers to be carried out to the colony, upon bounty, under such regulations as shall from time to time be made for the purpose, by the Board of

**Land and Emigration.** This or some other efficient means have become a matter of necessity, more especially for colonies into which it would seem to be intended no convicts are henceforward to be allowed to enter.

It is now our intention to take a brief view of the progress and present state, as late as the returns go, of the colony of New South Wales, and its dependencies, together with some others, either belonging to, or assumed by, Great Britain in the Southern Ocean.

**NEW SOUTH WALES and its Dependencies.**—It is now just fifty-three years since Captain Philip of the Royal Navy, with a small establishment of officers and marines, free settlers, and a party of convicts, amounting altogether to nearly 1000 persons of all descriptions, left England for the purpose of forming an establishment in Botany Bay. ‘The passage,’ says Mr. Collins, the historiographer of the settlement, ‘was, under the blessing of God, happily completed in eight months and one week.’ The same voyage is now ‘happily completed’ in three and a half or four months at most. ‘Out of the above number there died on the passage, *only* (he says) thirty-two;’ now, however, it rarely happens that a single life is lost on the passage, but very often it does happen that, instead of losing a life, a female convict ship lands on the colony two or three individuals more than she took on board in England.

Here then we have a most favourable comparison on two points; the improvement in navigation, and the health of passengers—the latter owing, as far as convicts are concerned, to wholesome food, comfortable clothing, and skilful medical attendance. In the early times of the settlement, it is notorious, the convicts suffered much by the improvident, not to say inhuman, practice of sending them out by contract at so much per head, not for those *delivered* in the colony, but for those *received* on board in England; instances, in such cases, were known to have occurred, of more than half the cargo perishing on the passage—and no wonder—the greater the loss of life, the greater the profit of the contractor. Three ships of this description, with about 750 convicts on board, buried on the passage no less than 261 men, 11 women, and 2 children. Another transport introduced the gaol fever, scurvy, and dysentery, of which had previously died 95 out of 300 embarked. If we consider, in addition to all this, the turbulent and refractory conduct of the convicts when on shore, their desertions, and maltreatment of the natives, and the executions which were absolutely necessary to be carried into effect, no wonder that poor Governor Philip did not find himself upon a bed of roses.

The

The determination of the government, however, had been taken to form an establishment on the great continent of Australia, and the principles, which seem to have led to it, were the following:—

1. To empty the gaols and houses of correction.
2. To transplant the criminals to a place where, by labour, with moral and religious instruction, their conduct may be reformed.
3. To afford at the same time an asylum for free emigrants.
4. To provide a present relief and future benefit to the mother country.

Unfavourable as was the prospect in the beginning, a very few years evinced a great improvement, and afforded hope that the colony of New South Wales would realize the objects which the founders of it had contemplated. It has, as we shall be able to show, fully realized all these objects. The last return received of the population, produce, stock, and land in cultivation, will afford the best proof of this.

Prosperous as we now deem the colony of New South Wales to be, we are not exactly prepared to adopt the *prosperity test* of Sir George Gipps; but on this point we cannot do better than give an extract from a letter of Lord John Russell to him, dated 28th June, 1840:—

‘ You have pointed out very forcibly the policy and justice of charging local expenses and local improvements on local rates; and many of your observations appear to me to be marked by a large and enlightened comprehension of the true interests of the colony.

‘ I am sorry to perceive that the expense of police and gaols causes much complaint, and is borne unwillingly by the legislature. I cannot enter on this subject without referring to the general financial state of the colony.

‘ Of the ordinary revenue of 202,000*l.* for the year 1838, it appears that there was raised, including arrears,

From duties on spirits imported	.	.	.	£109,645
„ on spirits distilled in the colony	.	.	.	2,755
„ on tobacco imported	.	.	.	20,935
„ on licences to retail wine and spirituous liquors	.	.	.	10,275

PORT PHILIP.

From duties on spirits imported	.	.	.	867
„ on tobacco imported	.	.	.	801

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£ 145,278

‘ Other incidental receipts amount to about 10,000*l.*, leaving the amount of actual taxation, not raised from spirits, wine, and tobacco, about 47,000*l.* for the year.

‘ I cannot consider either that this taxation is very onerous, or that it presses unduly on the resources of the colony; indeed, you observe in

your minute that “in these items of revenue which form a surer test of prosperity, there has been an increase, though a small one;” and, in the conclusion, you state that “the condition of the colony is one of unexampled prosperity, and that measures of common prudence only are required to insure the long continuance of the many advantages which the colony enjoys.”

‘If, on the other hand, however, I refer to the expenditure, I am obliged to say that the large increase of late years appears inconsistent with those measures of “common prudence” which you recommend.

‘Taking several of the principal branches of expenditure, as compared with the year 1834, I find—

	1834.	1838.
Civil department . . . . .	£40,372	£65,497
Surveyor-General’s department . . . . .	12,090	16,642
Department of roads, &c. . . . .	20,043	67,399
Town Surveyor of Sydney . . . . .	230	14,689
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£72,735	164,227
		72,735
		<hr/>
		£91,492

showing an increase on these heads alone of 91,000*l.*, being about three-fourths of the whole expenditure of the colony for the year 1834.

‘I am ready to admit, that, in sanctioning this increase, you have been supported, and even outrun, by the general demand for new offices and augmented salaries; that the Legislative Council have placed no check on those demands; and that the increasing prosperity of the colony has blinded all classes to the improvidence of the course pursued. Nor is it out of the usual course, that when the ruinous consequences are at length perceived, the blame should be thrown on the government of the mother country, and the whole evil be attributed to the demands made more than five years ago by the Treasury.’

Increase of population, and extension of territory, stock, and produce, while they contribute to the resources of the colony, must necessarily add also to its expenditure, by new appointments or elevation of old ones, and may therefore be considered as some test of its increasing prosperity. But though the extravagant expenditure, which usually takes place in the capital of a nation, as in London and Paris, is an indication of wealth, it affords no criterion of the general prosperity of a country. Thus, if we had no other test of the prosperity of New South Wales than that of the ostentatious extravagance which stares in the face every visiter of Sydney, we might arrive at a false conclusion: nor should we venture to rely, as a measure of *general* prosperity, on a fact confidently stated, that the minimum price of building-ground in and near Sydney is 1000*l.* an acre; that in eligible localities allotments have been sold at as much as 10,000*l.* to 20,000*l.*; and

and that even money at the rate of 30,000*l.* an acre has been obtained for corner allotments (gin palaces?) in peculiarly eligible situations. (What will the Westminsters and the Portmans say to this?) The 'six steam flour-mills' and the 'number of wind-mills on the heights,' however, tell better: then there are soap, tallow, and sperm-candle manufactories; foundries, breweries, distilleries for the manufacture of colonial gin from maize and barley; and a great variety of other manufactories, all of which are sufficiently indicative of rural wealth. This is further illustrated by the market, which is held twice a week.

'The corn and cattle market, for horses, sheep, cattle, pigs, grain, hay and straw, is held at the southern extremity of the town; the general market is situated somewhat nearer the harbour; and the large and commodious suite of buildings recently erected for the accommodation of the numerous frequenters of that busy scene, not only forms an appropriate ornament to the town, but affords a large annual revenue to the government. Grain and dairy produce of all kinds, eggs and poultry of all descriptions, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, loquets, grapes, figs, cherries, strawberries, native currants, with all the variety of vegetables cultivated in the mother country, are procurable in their respective seasons in the Sydney market, at reasonable prices and of superior quality.'—*Lang*, vol. i. p. 354.

The Botany Bay folks have the indulgence of *five* newspapers, 'Tegg's Magazine,' and abundance of pamphlets. They have besides a 'Theatre Royal,' which Dr. Lang will not vouch for being a *School of Virtue*. The reverend gentleman, however, after slightly alluding to the 'colonial taste for horse-racing, cricketing, and regattas,' and their want of taste in leaving the Botanical Garden a solitude, gives an amusing account of their daily drives,—for every person, he tells us, who can barely live, 'forthwith possesses himself of a horse and *shay* for *pleasuring*, to be transformed in due time into a curricule and pair.'

'A road was formed, during Governor Macquarrie's administration, at the expense of the people of Sydney, as far as the lighthouse on the South Head; and that road has ever since been the favourite resort of the *beau monde* of the Australian capital. About four o'clock in the afternoon—before dinner in the *haut ton* circles, but some time after it among people of inferior station—all the coach-house doors in Sydney fly open simultaneously, and the company begin to take their places for the afternoon drive on the South Head Road. In half an hour the streets are comparatively deserted; by far the greater portion of the well-dressed part of the population being already out of town. In the mean time, the long line of equipages—from the ponderous coach of the member of council, moving leisurely and proudly along, or the lively barouche of Mr. Whalebone, the ship-owner, to the *one-horse-shay*, in which the  
landlord



landlord of the *Tinker's Arms* drives out his blowzy dame *to take the hair arter dinner*—doubles Hyde Park Corner, and arrives on the Corso; while ever and anon some young bachelor merchant or military officer, eager to display his superior skill in horsemanship, dashes briskly forward along the cavalcade at full gallop.'—*Lang*, vol. i. pp. 357, 358.

The population of Sydney on the 1st January, 1838, had reached nearly 20,000 souls;\* and there is little doubt that by this time it is not less than 30,000. A considerable portion of these are *emancipists*—most of them once *assigned* convicts—who contrive to succeed better in the capital than in the rural districts. The number of convicts imported, from the year 1830 to 1838, amounted to 30,212; and of these 10,149 had become free by servitude, and 1100 by pardon. The last official returns that we have seen are those of the 1st January, 1838. At that period the population of New South Wales consisted of—males, 55,539; females, 21,557; total, 77,096. Of these there were—free males, 30,285; free females, 18,980; total, 49,265. Convict males, 25,254; convict females, 2577; total, 27,831. But we know that, in 1839, the population exceeded 114,000, and in 1840 was nearly 130,000.

As the population of the whole colony by the census taken in 1835 was only 39,797, it would appear to have nearly doubled itself in three years. At the end of 1837 it was 77,006, and at the middle of 1840 is supposed to have exceeded 130,000;—it therefore continues pretty nearly to do so; and the revenue appears to keep pace with it. The ordinary revenue was—at the end of 1837, 202,580*l.*; of 1839, 244,777*l.*; increase, 42,197*l.*

It appears remarkable that among the free settlers there should be so great a disparity between the sexes as eleven men to four women; but in these are included all the emancipists, about a third of the whole. In the convicts, the disproportion appears to be as twelve men to one woman. The consequence of this may well be imagined, and the fact points out most strongly the necessity of sending out as many female convicts as the home government have in custody, instead of shutting them up in gaols and penitentiaries in England, at an enormous expense, from whence they generally come out more debased than when they entered: whereas transportation has not only saved crowds from misery, and not a few from the gallows, but has actually converted thousands into wealthy citizens, and many of them into good moral and religious subjects. For it is due to the colonists to say, that neither care nor expense have been spared in establishing schools

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\* Viz.:—12,111 males; 7618 females; total, 19,729. Of these the convicts were, 2932 males; 586 females; total, 3518.



and procuring schoolmasters, not only in the capital, but in every town and parish, to instruct the children of both sexes on the Madras system, and with due attention to the principles of religion and morality. In 1838 the number of males in the schools was 1396; females, 1072; total, 2468. The expense about 10,000*l*. Separate schools for Roman Catholics—number of scholars, both sexes, about 900.

There is besides in Sydney a superior class of schools for youths of parents in better circumstances, wherein they receive a classical education:—King's School, 105; Sydney College, 125; Australian College, 70; in all 300 scholars.

The state of trade will convey some idea of the progressive prosperity of Australia. The amount of the value of

Imports in 1837 was . . .	£ 1,182,222	} Increase in one year
„ 1838 . . .	1,506,803	
„ 1839 . . .	1,679,390,	Increase £ 172,587.

Exports in 1837 . . .	£ 747,576	} Increase in one year
„ 1838 . . .	774,770	
		£ 27,194.

Exports in 1839, with the produce of the fisheries, were £948,776.

The fisheries, too, were on the increase, but we shall have to speak of them hereafter—

In 1838 the value of the black whale oil			
alone exported was . . .	.	.	£ 37,669
Bone . . . . .	.	.	11,567
Sperm . . . . .	.	.	65,047
Total value . . . . .			£ 114,283

Six Germans from one of the best vine districts on the Rhine—married men with their wives and fifteen children—arrived at Sydney in 1806, and were sent to an estate in the country. These vine-dressers have successfully proceeded in the cultivation of a vineyard previously managed by three or four Greeks transported to Sydney for piracy. The Germans have extended the vineyards, and in 1840 had made 3500 gallons of good wine; so that there is now every promise of New South Wales adding wines to her exports. Some idea may be formed of the increasing prosperity of our Australian colonies by the fact that, at this moment, there are advertised in the 'Packet List' twenty-six vessels, chiefly from the Thames, and in 'Lloyd's List' no less than forty-five vessels, all from the Thames, preparing for these colonies.

The present prosperity of New South Wales may be considered as owing chiefly to two causes: the first, the transportation, at the cost of government, of a large number of convicts, some employed on public works, others assigned over to individual proprietors; the second,

second, the introduction of Merino sheep in the year 1816 by Mr. Macarthur. The brother of this intelligent and public-spirited gentleman has supplied us with a few notes which bring down the state of the colony to the latest accounts. He says that in 1807 the whole quantity of wool produced was 245 pounds;—that in 1814 Australia and its colonies were but as a speck in the commercial grandeur of England, importing British produce and manufactures to no greater extent in value than 6068*l.*;—whereas in 1839 the quantity of wool shipped for England was 10,128,774 pounds, equal to one-fifth of the whole consumption of Britain, making a return to British subjects of nearly 1,000,000*l.* sterling, which otherwise would have gone to the foreigner. Of the above quantity, it is stated that 65 per cent. is the produce of New South Wales alone.

From the same quarter we have been favoured with a few more recent documents, which we think of considerable interest, as showing at one view the important advantages which Great Britain derives from this colony:—

<i>Imports.</i>		
Their value in 1826 from Great Britain was	.	£280,000
From British colonies	.	30,000
		<hr/> £310,000
In 1839 advanced to	.	2,236,171
Deduct import and fisheries from New Zealand	.	257,721
		<hr/>
Remain	.	£1,978,450

<i>Exports.</i>		
In 1826	.	£106,000
Had increased in 1839 to	.	948,776

The excess of imports over exports is accounted for by there being always at Sydney a large stock of goods on hand to supply the neighbouring colonies.

The following statement extracted from the Tables of Revenue, Population, and Commerce, for the year 1838, will show, in a clear and distinct manner, some of the various interests which are benefited by our commercial relations with the Australian colonies. It will be seen that the true scions of the parent stock, following our long-cherished habits, even in their love of good cheer, appear to expend annually in their markets about 200,000*l.* in payments for beef, hams, cheese and butter, beer and ale. In articles of raiment as well as food, they contribute largely to our clothing manufacturers, by receiving woollens, cottons, silks, linens, and haberdashery of all kinds, to an amount of more than 700,000*l.* annually.

annually. The artificers also in the various branches of steel and iron manufactures, as well as those in gold, silver, and others of every variety of calling, receive from these colonists not less than 356,721*l.* to administer to their conveniences of life. These and many other points were brought before a council held by the Governor, as arguments for the colonists to be relieved from the gaol and police expenses, which are stated to have amounted, from July 1835 to December 1840, to 597,000*l.* The question it appears was lost by the casting vote of the Governor, but most of the points were carried the following day, his Excellency having admitted that the government had made a *hard bargain* with the colony. Now for the statement of 1838:—

Hams, beef, beer and ale, butter and cheese . . .	£117,423
Salt, sugar, and a variety of other articles . . .	82,053
Cottons, leather, linens, silks, woollens, haberdashery, hosiery, &c. . . . .	754,225
Glass, earthenware, hardwares, cutlery, plate, soap and candles, stationery, saddlery, &c. &c. . . . .	356,721
Total . . .	£1,310,422

To which may be added 26,278*l.* for the moral and intellectual refinements of life, in books, music, and musical instruments.

In 1839, the tonnage inwards was 135,474 tons, in 563 ships; the trade to Sydney alone employed 48,911 tons of British shipping, requiring 3000 seamen for their navigation. In the eleven years ending with 1839, it is stated that 46,000 persons emigrated from the United Kingdom to New South Wales. Nor were these individuals, on landing, left to provide themselves as best they could. ‘They found all the elements of a social community—government, law, police, roads, bridges, wharfs, embankments, public buildings, the practical sciences, the arts of life, the schools of human and divine instruction.’

We certainly do think that this eldest-born of the Australian colonies is deserving of every encouragement which the government can consistently give to it.

The tide of transportation continued to flow in its usual stream till last year, when, in the month of August, at a time when it was gradually drawing to its natural close, it was precipitately stopped by an Order in Council. ‘This, in many respects,’ says Mr. Macarthur, ‘happy termination of an expiring system would have been unfelt, had not the government at the same time rashly interposed a check to emigration, by the application to other purposes of funds fully sufficient to have supplied 25,000 men, women, and children.’ There is no doubt plenty of good  
disposable

disposable land for the support of millions, but of what use is land without labour, and how is this to be had without capital?

‘In 1840,’ says Mr. Macarthur, ‘the whole proceeds of the land sales having been exhausted on payments on account of immigration, and by the unjust charges for police and gaols, the home government put a stop to a great branch of emigration, which it had itself previously conducted. It was announced that there were no funds for such a purpose, because the colonists had declined to tax themselves to meet charges, which had been a main cause of the exhaustion of this fund.’

**Tax themselves!**

‘How was that,’ he asks, ‘to be effected? There is no representative government in the colony. The government, consisting of a governor and council, all nominees of the Crown, although adequate to raising a revenue by means of an indirect tax, through import duties, could not control public opinion, more powerful than itself, by proceeding to levy a direct tax.’

And then a broad hint is given that it would be a revival of the evils in the time of Charles I., and of ‘ship money.’

A representative government is just what the *emancipists* are aiming at—local government and local taxation; having, perhaps, in their eye that happy example of Newfoundland—and all this is natural;—but that the *millionaires*, the wealthy, with their 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* a-year, should countenance such a change, so fatal to themselves, we cannot understand. The time is not come even for discussing *this* question as to Australia. We are further persuaded that the time is not yet come when exportation of convicts, or immigration of labourers, can be discontinued with benefit to the colony; and, we should say, if the government be disposed to grant a boon, let it take off the colonial charge for gaols and police to the extent of 10,000*l.* for every 500 labourers the colonists shall import; or, as proposed by some of the Council, let each pay half;—or perhaps the Colonial Office might not object to the attorney-general’s proposal of payment—one-third by the colony, one-third by the assignment of convicts, and one-third by the home government. If none of these be conceded, the remedy, in our opinion, is still within the colonists’ own reach, and that without any assistance from government. Let them create a fund for emigration, by loan or subscription, and the proprietary class will experience no want of labour. The sense of evils, like that of death, is most in apprehension, and, if we are not mistaken, they will here in due time subside, and the colonists will receive, among other resources, a supply of pure and whitewashed recruits out of Capt. Maconochie’s eighteen hundred disciples at Norfolk Island, whom we shall more particularly mention by and by.

We cordially agree with the opinion expressed in the House of  
Commons

Commons by Lord Mahon as to the *inexpediency* of putting an end to transportation—equally inexpedient both to the mother country and the colonies. We deem it also inexpedient to abolish the assignment system, the evils of which have been grossly exaggerated. If a master behaves ill, punish him by taking away from him every assigned convict, and never suffering him to have another. We happen to know a case of this kind, and the consequence was, that the proprietor was compelled to sell his property, to prevent it and all the stock upon it going to ruin. With regard to the increasing expense of the police and gaols—we *guess* they might contrive to diminish this, by making the former more efficient, and the latter less comfortable.

We had heard of Squatters in the district of Port Philip, but we had no idea of the spread of these pastoral people, till we saw the report of Sir George Gipps, of September, 1840. By this it appears that the *stations* of these people extend 300 miles behind Moreton Bay, and beyond the limits of location or boundary of the colony; that licences are now granted by a travelling commissioner at 10*l.* each annually; that these stations, as they are called, vary in extent from 5000 to 30,000 acres, and the number licensed is 694, producing therefore an annual rental of 6940*l.* There is besides an assessment on the stock depastured there, the quantity of which is quite astonishing. On the last day of December, 1839, it was levied on 7088 horses; 371,699 horned cattle; 1,334,593 sheep; and Sir George observes, that the real quantity probably exceeded that returned. The people who form these stations, he says, may be said to be in Australia (what the backwoodsmen are in America) the pioneers of civilisation.

Sir George Gipps, in a speech addressed in the council, says, that any attempt to prevent the dispersion of the people would be absurd. ‘Every one,’ he says, ‘in New South Wales, must be aware that it were as easy to confine the Arabs of the desert within a circle drawn on their own sands as to confine the herds of New South Wales within any given limits: and if it were possible so to confine them there, the herds must starve and perish as surely as the Arabs. Not all the armies of England,—not a hundred thousand soldiers scattered through the bush,—could drive back our herds within the limits of our nineteen counties. The riches of the country depend on dispersion, and it would be preposterous to attempt to prevent people from dispersion.’

There are two points of grievance of which we think the colonists may well complain. Just at the moment when this dispersion is spreading to an unlimited degree, Lord John Russell, as we have seen, has not only put a stop to transportation, but has also stopped the beneficial system of assignment; thus cramping both the grazing  
and

and agricultural interests. The second grievance is the check that has been thrown upon emigration by the diversion of the land fund; of which also we have already spoken. But the intention, which his lordship announced in the House of Commons, of shutting up all convicted felons in penitentiaries at home, did, we confess, greatly surprise us. In New South Wales every purpose has been answered that a humane and benevolent government anticipated in adopting the measure of transportation. It has added to the strength and commercial interests of the mother-country; it has mainly contributed to the prosperity of the colonies; it has brought many thousands from a state of misery and degradation into that of comparative happiness and affluence, and given them at the same time a station in society which obtains respect. Lord John Russell said something about the prison or convict *mark* still set upon them. Does he then think that the prison mark of New South Wales is more deeply indented than his penitentiary prison mark will be in England? If he does, we will take the liberty of informing him that he is egregiously mistaken, and that his pseudo-philanthropical friends have deceived him. In the former position he might witness thousands that have become wealthy and respectable citizens; in the latter, we fear, he would meet with few that had reformed their manners or lost their *mark*, even on issuing from a *social* penitentiary; from a *solitary* and *silent* one, he would find the greater number carry with them the mark of madness or idiotism.

We do not wish to dwell much on the enormous difference of expense between transportation and home confinement; but, under present circumstances, it behoves the Chancellor of the Exchequer to weigh this well. We ask therefore what, at the commencement of the present year, was the real state of the case? There were then 38,305 convicts in New South Wales whose respective periods of punishment were unexpired,—

Assigned	.	.	.	.	.	.	21,850
At large in the colony	.	.	.	.	.	.	8,728
Employed by government, or at Norfolk Island							7,727
Total							38,305

The annual expense of each to the colony had fallen from 28*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.* in 1797, to 17*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* in 1840; the entire expenditure, exclusive of 40,000*l.* for Norfolk Island, being 678,815*l.*; of which the colony defrayed more than one-half, namely, 397,900*l.*, including 50,063*l.* for Port Philip. By reference to public documents it appears that, from the establishment of the colony to 1840, more than 80,000 felons had been banished from  
the

the mother-country. It is matter of calculation what these would have cost the mother-country had they remained at home in hulks and penitentiaries. But an estimate has been made of the cost of keeping at home the 38,305 convicts now in New South Wales:—

Clothing, food, and contingent expenses, at 20/ <sup>s</sup> .	
each per annum	£766,100
Cost of fitting up and keeping 76 hulks at 7000/ <sup>s</sup> .	
each, 532,000/ <sup>s</sup> ., on which interest at 4 per cent.	21,280
	<hr/>
	£787,380

And it has been estimated that if they were kept in penitentiaries, with interest for the cost of bedding, it could not be done for less than 1,679,000/<sup>s</sup>. a-year. Now if we suppose only 13,000 to be annually convicted, the annual expense of these would be in the hulks 262,460/<sup>s</sup>., and in the penitentiary 559,666/<sup>s</sup>.—and how awfully would the accumulation swell every five or six years! From this frightful expenditure, and all the evils attending it, we are relieved by the system of transportation, which we trust no minister will be allowed to set aside so long as convicts can be so usefully disposed of to themselves and to the community against which they have offended.

Before we conclude our remarks on New South Wales it is right to notice two important and interesting papers in the despatch (No. 10 in our list) of Sir G. Gipps to Lord John Russell. The first is an account of a journey by Count Streleski from Yass Plains, by the Australian Alps, through Australia Felix, to Port Philip, in which the whole of that valuable country is surveyed and described, with its mineralogical products; including the discovery of large and valuable coal-fields close to the coast by Western Port—an acquisition of the first importance to the whole of the Australian colonies.

The second paper we shall notice is a Report of Mr. Perry of the examination, it may be called the discovery, of the Clarence River, which he ascended in the steamer King William, ninety miles from its mouth in Shoal Bay, lat. 29° 20', about 340 miles to the north of Sydney, and 90 miles to the south of Moreton Bay. The river is from three to five fathoms deep, its average width a quarter of a mile, with sufficient breadth to work a sailing-vessel up to Susan Island, sixty miles from Shoal Bay. Near this place an inhabitant was found building a vessel from 120 to 150 tons burthen. A single paragraph from the Report will suffice to show the nature of the country:—

‘For about fifteen miles,’ he says, ‘owing to the denseness of the  
brush



brush on the banks, no part of the country could be seen from the deck of the vessel, but was completely screened by a mass of most luxuriant vegetation; the stems of gigantic trees, covered with climbing plants of various descriptions, and which fell down in graceful festoons from the upper branches, produced an effect observable only in a region fresh from the hand of Nature.'

These noble trees are here called cedar; they are the *cedrilla*, the wood of which resembles the *poon* of India.

*Australian Agricultural Company.*—The territory granted to this company, in 1826, consists of one million of acres somewhere in the neighbourhood of Peel River, and they were allowed an assignment of four to five hundred convicts; since which they had a further grant of two thousand acres of a coal-field at Newcastle, with above a hundred additional convicts. This territory, we apprehend, will be included in Lord John Russell's '*Northern Division*' of New South Wales, whose boundaries have not yet been marked out; all his northern boundaries should, and one day will, be limited only by Torres' Strait. The company's establishment, by the returns, consisted of the following persons:—

	Free.	Tickets of leave.	Convicts.
In 1838 .	49	48	522
In 1839 .	79	52	495—

But the Directors report, that the Secretary of State has signified the intention of the government to discontinue, at no distant period, the system of assignment of convicts to private service; and therefore they have taken measures for partially supplying the place of convict labour on their estates by free emigrants, and have engaged fifty agricultural labourers to leave England forthwith. They had sent out last year upwards of 100 labourers, with thirty-seven colliers and a blacksmith, to work their collieries; and this was right; but once more, if the prosperous state of the colonies, owing chiefly to this description of persons, is not sufficient to induce a continuance of the practice, the enormous expense, the inconvenience, the danger of allowing a yearly accumulation of many thousand felons to be shut up, in any way, at home, ought to weigh with the government, before it finally decides this important question—much better left in its own hands than to Committees of the House of Commons.

The Company, however, like most of the colonists, depend more on their sheep than the cultivation of arable land. Of the latter they had only at the end of 1838, 793 acres; whereas their stock of sheep in 1837 was 76,003; lambs yeaned in 1838, 23,061; total, 99,064. At the end of 1838, sheep, 85,647; lambs in 1839, 26,617; total, 112,264. At the same period they had 528 horses; in December, 1839, 541 horses; in 1838, 4887 horned cattle;

cattle; in 1839, 5589 horned cattle. Their colliery at Newcastle produced in 1838, 17,220 tons; in 1839, 21,283 tons. They had purchased besides another coal-field on Hunter's River, and three steam-vessels were in preparation. In 1838 the valuation of their property was stated to be, independent of land and coal-mines, 238,279*l.*; in 1839 (including both), 763,328*l.* This Company therefore participates in the general prosperity of the colony.

*Norfolk Island.*—This small dependency of New South Wales, lying to the eastward of Sydney, and four or five days' sail from it, is a beautiful and most fertile island, about five miles from east to west, and three from north to south. The soil is so rich and deep that the finest crops are annually produced without manure; and the whole of its nine thousand acres may be laid under cultivation. When first visited by Captain Cook it was covered with trees, shrubs, and rampant herbaceous plants, among which was the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax: and over the whole towered the *Norfolk Island pine*, one of the noblest trees in the universe. This little island has undergone so many changes, and the last and recent one may be productive of such important consequences to the Australian colonies, that we shall dwell at greater length on it than otherwise it might seem to require.

In the first year of landing at Botany Bay, Lieutenant King was despatched with a small party of marines and some convicts to the island to cultivate it, and chiefly, it would seem, to prepare the flax from the *phormium*. The lieutenant in his first report says he found the island an impenetrable wilderness, there not being open space enough to pitch a tent. A pine-tree lying on the ground measured 9 feet in diameter, another 182 feet in length. The party, however, shortly cleared and had sown 17 acres of land; the crops of grain promising, the gardens flourishing, vegetables and fish in abundance, the people all healthy. Three successful years followed, the crops excellent; the fourth failed; and supplies from the parent colony not arriving, they were only saved from perishing of famine, by fishing and by the myriads of black puffins which came every evening to nestle in the caverns of the rocks. In the sixth year of their location plenty again reigned in the island; crops of wheat were abundant, maize gave two crops in the year; the produce of wheat amounting to 1602 bushels, and of maize to 10,152 bushels, besides calavances and potatoes; no deaths. Next year the island spared 20,000 bushels of maize for Sydney, where it was much wanted.

Thus this little island went on, sometimes overflowing with produce and sometimes in a state of starvation, till 1803, when Lord Hobart informed Governor King that, in consequence of its  
great

great expense and disadvantages of communication, a part of the establishment was to be removed, together with a portion of the settlers and convicts, to Port Dalrymple, on the northern shore of Van Diemen's Land, stating how desirable it was that a settlement should be there formed.

Mr. Wyndham, in 1806, wrote to Governor Bligh, that, as the crops had almost entirely failed, measures must forthwith be taken for withdrawing the settlers, and all the inhabitants, with their live and dead stock, and everything belonging to government.

In 1807 Lord Castlereagh ordered Governor Bligh to send back the lieutenant-governor, and to increase the establishment to its former extent, observing that it seemed not advisable to relinquish an island so very fertile, and which had been so useful in affording supplies to the South-Sea whalers, and occasionally to Port Jackson itself; and recommending that the lieutenant-governor should attend particularly to the culture of the coffee-plant, which he understood was then beginning to bear.

In 1810 Governor Macquarrie reported that the island ought to be abandoned as soon as possible, 'being a place of no use whatever to the mother country or to the colony of New South Wales.' In 1811 Lord Liverpool approved of the evacuation, and desired that no time should be lost in carrying it into effect. To ensure obedience to this order, the Governor was told that the establishment of Norfolk Island had been wholly discontinued in the Parliamentary estimates for 1812. In 1814 it was entirely evacuated, and nothing more heard of it till 1825, when measures were taken for converting it into a penal settlement for secondary punishments.

Thus this beautiful and fertile island, abounding with wood and water, and surrounded by a sea swarming with fish, was abandoned, after the vacillating and contradictory opinions and orders of no less than five secretaries of state and the same number of governors of New South Wales. But its ups and downs did not end here, nor in 1825, when it became the gaol for twice and thrice-convicted felons. In November, 1839, the number of these had increased to 1250, under the government of Major Ryan, who reports to Sir George Gipps that the island, if managed by competent persons, would produce sufficient maize, wheat, and barley for five or six thousand prisoners. 'There are,' he says, 'at this moment growing in beautiful cultivation 1020 acres—553 of maize, 206 of wheat, 43 of rye, 79 of barley, 20 of peas, and the rest in different vegetables; about 4000 acres in pasture, supplying food for 396 horned cattle, 4310 sheep, 10 horses; besides 463 pigs, affording fresh meat three days in the week to the troops and civilians, men, women, and children, amounting to 230;' and in  
two

two years, he adds, the increased stock would afford a supply of fresh meat also for the 1250 prisoners, three days in the week. Just at this time the Major was superseded, and we are informed by a gentleman present, that, on the occasion, he addressed his prisoners in the most affectionate terms, praising them for their good conduct, and giving them the most friendly advice to continue it under his successor for their own sakes; our informant adds that vast numbers of these unfortunate men were so affected as to burst into tears.

The island, among its other changes, was now destined to become the theatre of an experiment, under the superintendence of Captain Maconochie, whose system of convict-discipline had been so pressed upon the authorities both at home and in Australia, chiefly through means of the press, that Lord Normanby or Lord John Russell (we are not sure which) was persuaded to allow a practical trial of it on Norfolk Island.

Captain Maconochie appears to be a humane and benevolent gentleman, with a head rather too full of *crotchets*, and his scheme for converting the most hardened felons into honest, moral, and religious subjects and citizens, is, it must be admitted, a bold one. He does not flinch at trying his hand on the most desperate and determined; but the rescue of 'the most innocent' (he means the least criminal) among the convicts, is what he is most anxious about, as they suffer most from the almost universal degradation and demoralisation that are stated to prevail. 'Every feeling,' he observes, 'of self-respect is speedily lost, amidst the humiliations and inconveniences inflicted; and irritation, recklessness, insubordination, disgraceful punishment, furious resentment, drunkenness, theft, and prostitution complete the sacrifice of many a human being, born to better things, and whom misfortune and *imperfect political institutions* (!!!), more than crime or original bad dispositions, have thus irrecoverably ruined.'

Captain Maconochie condemns the whole of the penal institutions of the colonies, and says that the bad state of society may be traced directly to their pervading and demoralising influence; he complains that *physical coercion* (by which he means flogging) is resorted to upon every little breach of regulation, &c. &c.; in short, he says, in so many words, that the settlers who have convicts assigned to them are slave-holders, and the assignees slaves. Now if this worthy gentleman had passed a little more of his time in travelling over the Australian colonies, and in inquiring what the real condition of things had been, instead of writing philosophical or even philanthropical essays, in Hobart Town, under Sir John Franklin's roof, to whom he was private secretary, he might have gleaned, even from Mr. Wentworth's book, much

more accurate information as to transported convicts than he appears to possess. He would there find\* that, in 1821, this 'school of correction and reform,' which he condemns, had 'produced 3478 families of emancipated convicts, having 7212 children, in possession of 251,941 acres of land in pasture, 34,769 acres in cultivation, 2447 horses, 59,466 head of horned cattle, 168,960 sheep, 25,568 swine, 3778 houses, 15 decked vessels, 300,000*l.* vested in trade; the estimated value of their entire property being 1,562,201*l.* sterling,'—all this twenty years ago, and now at least trebled, the creation and fruit of the skill and industry of emancipated convicts. We wish we could add, to this increase of worldly wealth, an increase of religious and moral influence in their society. Such, however, being some of the results of the system, how can he pretend to say that *everything* is amiss? However, he has a cure for all existing evils,—

'every one of which would disappear under a system of moral influence. Liberality in arranging the details of this would, therefore, be true economy, not extravagance; and at all events, surely, where labour bears a high value, that of prisoners, *working emulatively to obtain indulgences*, would be worth, to its employers, at least their cost, besides a bare maintenance.'—*Thoughts on Convict Management*, p. 112.

The amiable Captain's plan is based on a kind of moral book-keeping. A register is kept, in which are daily inserted *marks* for good conduct, or the reverse; wages for labour, and fines for idleness. These marks will show the progress from *punishment* to *probation*, and from *probation* to an *entire release*. Thus, a seven-years' sentence is to be made commutable by the acquisition of 6000 marks, a ten-years' for 7000, and so on. Ten marks a-day or sixty a-week, for good conduct and ordinary labour, well and truly performed, are set down to a convict's credit. This would procure his release from the island in less than two years. But then every unfavourable *mark* is also reckoned—and the balance only is to count either way. The *good* marks are to go as money in the society, each mark equal to one penny. Tea, sugar, and tobacco to be purchased at the commissariat stores with these marks. *First half of probation*—fresh provisions allowed to be purchased, superior clothing, better accommodation; *the last half*—even *spirits* allowed, under suitable regulations. The convicts to work in associations of six men, responsible for each other, in passing into *probation*; 'the object being,' says Maconochie, 'a field of moral reform and preparation for an early return to society.' The grouping of six men, though chosen by themselves, we should think, would at least retard the period of probation, as one negative mark, if we

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\* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxii.

rightly apprehend the plan, will operate against the whole six. On the principle, he says, that man is a social being, classes are preferred to individuals. He reprobates, and so do we, the *silent* and *separate* systems, which appear to be recommended by the inspectors of prisons at home. The effects of both he thinks very bad—the latter especially debases both mind and body—equal moral and physical prostration taking place. ‘A man,’ says Maconochie, ‘issues from confinement like a child; and, like a child, is swayed, coaxed, cheated, and bullied, for a time, by all about him.’ It may indeed be punishment of the most severe and debasing kind, but we cannot think it likely to lead to reform.

It was only last year that Captain Maconochie received his appointment of superintendent on Norfolk Island. There were then residing there, as already mentioned, 1250 doubly and trebly-convicted felons, and immediately after his arrival there came in about 600 others fresh imported from England and Ireland. Why these were sent there to be at the expense of government we cannot comprehend, while there is such demand for labour in Australia. They were intended, however, to be separated, and kept on opposite sides of the island; but Maconochie took the whole under his surveillance and instruction. Finding the favourable effect produced on the minds of the most hardened, by the kindness and indulgence of Major Ryan, which accorded entirely with his own plan, and desirous of making a similar impression at the commencement, he took the occasion of her Majesty’s birthday to order fresh pork to be issued, instead of salt meat—rum and sugar to make punch—a play to be acted by the convicts (whether the ‘Beggars’ Opera,’ or ‘Jack Shepherd,’ is not said)—and fireworks to be let off at night. The day commenced by the whole 1850 men appearing on the cricket-ground, where that game and various other amusements were kept up, the Captain occasionally appearing among them. At dinner every man had a bumper of punch to drink the Queen’s health, after which the air was rent by three tremendous shouts—Maconochie standing by and seeing every glass served out. The men then resumed their sports, and, in due time, the play was acted in the large mess-room. At eight every man retired peaceably to the barracks. Not a single instance of tumult, disorder, or accident during the day—nor a single man in confinement that evening or the following day. It may be thought that Captain Maconochie had gone too far—that he was incurring a most tremendous risk, by letting loose 1850 felons in a small secluded island, with the very trifling means he possessed of resistance; but he had exacted from them, on the previous day, a pledge that decorum would be preserved, and that every man at eight o’clock, when the bugle sounded,



would retire to his quarters ; he had told them solemnly that on their redeeming this pledge, his future confidence and their welfare would depend—and he had a full reliance that an indulgence, never before granted on the island, would not be abused. The event proved that he was not deceived.

It appears, however, that his conduct has incurred the displeasure of the governor and the people of Sydney, particularly with regard to the play and the punch. We cannot see it in that light, and as to the play, we can furnish him with something like a precedent. On the second birth-day of good old George III., 4th June, after the arrival of Governor Philip at Port Jackson, and when the rejoicings of the day had ended, ‘some of the convicts,’ says Captain Collins, ‘were permitted to perform Farquhar’s comedy of the Recruiting Officer. They professed no higher aim than *humbly to excite a smile* ; and their efforts to please were not unattended with applause.’ No mention is made of any punch : but as to both play and punch, moderately and judiciously administered as the reward and encouragement of good conduct, we venture to give Captain Maconochie our humble approbation.

He extends his benevolent views to the unfortunate females, who, he says it is admitted by all, are more unmanageable and less retrievable than the males. He very justly observes—

‘I believe that in their descent from innocence to vice Englishwomen are, almost without exception, more sinned against than sinning ;—their fall is, notwithstanding, greater than that of most men ;—it is less easily retrieved ;—they are easily made sensible of this ;—they are thus easily made penitent ;—but as their spirit alternately rises and falls under a sense of lost condition (though of injury *sustained* rather than *committed*), they are also easily led into fresh excesses, as either feeling predominates, or old temptations are again held out to them. Thus, however, they deserve *punishment* less,—and they require it less ;—but they require *support* and *encouragement* more.’—*Thoughts on Convict Management*, p. 129.

He therefore proposes to extend his system to female convicts ; that they should be classed in pairs or parties of three or four :—

‘The superintendents should all be of their own sex ;—their employments should be feminine ; they should not be subjected to vulgar and unfeeling gaze ;—and their affections should have a limited scope assigned to them by permitting the presence of pet animals and other living things, to nurse and take charge of. It is by attention to little matters like these that moral victories are gained. The work of destruction may be accomplished by hasty strides,—but of renewal, only by slow degrees. Even in the physical world the same remark is applicable.’—pp. 132, 133.

We can picture to ourselves the kind-hearted Maconochie at  
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the head of his 1800 felons, in the prison of Norfolk Island, as another single-minded Vicar of Wakefield, when addressing his fellow-prisoners in the gaol, and the very words the vicar used would do for the Captain:—‘What signifies calling every moment upon the Devil, and waiting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths, and an empty belly; and by the last accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that is good hereafter. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him?’ The good Dr. Primrose, too, like Maconochie, had ingenious contrivances of fines and rewards—all was to be done smoothly and easily—no severity, &c. &c. We know how the vicar’s experiment ended. The gentleman, however, who was on the island with Captain Maconochie, has the highest opinion of his success. The new convicts, to the extent of six or seven hundred, were all delighted with their prospects; and the old doubly-convicted equally so. He describes also the beautiful state of cultivation into which the island had been brought, smiling with the finest crops of wheat and maize; everything seemed, in his opinion, to promise the triumph of the experiment; and we most cordially wish it may prove so, for the sake of the bold projector, the convicts, and the Australian colonies at large; but we should say the maximum time of undergoing the discipline should be two years, and we also think that, if one year does not produce visible reformation, it would be useless to prolong a man’s period.

*Port Philip.*—It is somewhat remarkable that this, the finest and most extensive harbour in all Australia, should have remained so long a time unnoticed, as if unknown; especially as it is so inviting a place of refuge and safety, with a fine country, equally interesting, round its shores. An attempt, it is true, was once made, so early as in the year 1803, to form a settlement on the southern coast of New Holland, under Colonel Collins. He established his little colony, in the first place, at Port Philip, but the country where he landed, on the eastern coast, appearing to be of an unpromising character, he abandoned it altogether, and proceeded to find out a more promising settlement in Van Diemen’s Land; and, having entered the river Derwent, established himself, as already stated, at the spot where Hobart Town now stands. Some of those men that abandoned Port Philip with Colonel Collins, or their descendants, have recently passed over, and formed the nucleus of the present establishment at that port.

In the year 1835, two families crossed over Bass’s Strait from the northern part of Van Diemen’s Land to Port Philip, and finding

finding the soil and surface of the country inviting, erected a tent, and returned to make preparations for bringing over their flocks and herds, and household goods, with the intention of settling there, having left a part of their families behind. In the course of their absence, there was brought to the tent, by a party of aborigines, a tall gaunt figure, dressed like themselves in a kangaroo skin, his face nearly covered with hair, but having the features of an European. They endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but he could only answer in the language of the natives. However, after hearing and listening to the English language, he seemed to make great efforts on his memory, and at last brought out a word or two of English; and, after a few days' intercourse, he was able to recollect enough of it to make himself understood. It turned out that he was one of Colonel Collins's old original band, but had deserted from him, got into the woods, and had lived peaceably with the party of natives, who now came down with him, for more than thirty years. His name, he said, was Buckley; he had been tried and transported as one of the soldiers who conspired, at Gibraltar, to take away the life of the Duke of Kent.

The account this man gave of the inoffensive character of the natives removed all fears from the small party in the tent, with regard to their safety. The rest of their families returned from Van Diemen's Land; and, in the course of the next two years, an emigration took place of more than 200 persons from the same quarter to Port Philip, bringing with them upwards of 30,000 sheep, with horses and cattle in proportion, and formed a settlement of squatters in the vicinity of the port.

Such, and so recent, was the successful attempt to establish a colony at this noble harbour; since which time other parties have continued to cross over from Van Diemen's Land, with their stock and whole property; others followed the example from New South Wales, and a considerable number went out from England: so that, in a short time, a numerous community formed a new settlement in the neighbouring country: and the natives, so far from being troublesome, were ready to afford them every assistance in their power, by tending their flocks, bringing them fuel and water, and performing other menial offices.

As yet there is a great deficiency in statistical information regarding Port Philip. The emigration for the last two or three years has been extensive, but we do not find that any return has yet been made to parliament; we are able, however, to state that, in 1839, there arrived at Melbourne 195 vessels (45,607 tons), with merchandise of 204,000*l.* value; exported the same year, in 189 vessels, 40,352 tons goods, valued at 138,000*l.* The revenue amounted

amounted to 94,078*l.*, of which the land-fund was 78,065*l.*, and the customs and other dues 16,013*l.* We are inclined to think that this extensive and valuable district ought to have its own governor, and to be made only federatively dependent on New South Wales—neither side having any wish for the continuance of a stricter connexion—and we would strongly recommend that *its inexpressive name* should be exchanged for something more appropriate. The greater part of this new settlement includes the most promising territory that has yet been discovered in Australia; it embraces that tract of country which Colonel Mitchell has named *Australia Felix*, watered by the two finest streams, the Murrumbidgee and the Murray, with their numerous tributaries. It contains forests, grazing-plains, lakes, and mountains 6000 to 8000 feet high, which have been named the Australian Alps, and which in winter are capped with snow. But it contains also a large tract of that description of land which, through ignorance or indolence—perhaps rather we should say want of means—settlers have been generally induced to reject—*thickets, jungle, brush, or scrub*—the very land that an United States backwoodsman, or Canadian farmer, would be the first to perch upon. In this age, we may say *rage* for ‘Companies,’ let one be formed to clear this great tract of country, so as to get at the fine vegetable soil produced by its wood, and we have little doubt that Lord John Russell, alive as he appears to be to the importance of this subject, would at once confer it on such a Company, on the same or similar terms as were conceded to the ‘Australian Agricultural Company.’ The soil, the climate, and the facilities of communication with the first port in Australia, give it a preference over the territory acquired by the Company we have mentioned.

It will, in fact, be obvious to every one who may have considered the subject which we have already slightly glanced at, that the Australian colonies must, ere many years pass away, have recourse to the means of extending their agriculture; for such is the extraordinary increase in their flocks of sheep, that the market for their wool will be so glutted as not to afford them a remunerating price; even now the quantity and quality of the Saxon wools, imported into England, have reduced the price of Australian wool, and there is reason to apprehend that, in ten years hence, there will be no demand at home for one half the quantity produced there. If, however, the restrictions on emigration and transportation be continued, this evil will cure itself. Indeed we have seen it stated that the lambs, for want of keepers, are destroyed by their owners. This Southern division of New South Wales must at any rate be considered as the granary  
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of the whole colony. Every part of this fine country, from the great river Murray to the sea-coast, from the Grampian-hills to Port Philip, is described by Colonel Mitchell as the best imaginable for the cultivation of grain. New South Wales is subject to long droughts, and a scarcity of grain has more than once occasioned considerable distress. Dr. Lang says, that during one of the years of drought, grain was imported from Van Diemen's Land and elsewhere, for the internal consumption of the colony, to the amount of not less than 50,000*l*.

*Van Diemen's Land.*—This dependency of New South Wales is separated from the continent of Australia by a strait of about 60 miles in width, called after the name of its discoverer, Mr. Bass; which strait, wide as it is, was passed by, without being observed by any of the early Dutch or Spanish navigators, or even by Captain Cook. The island is about the size of Ireland, and is situated between the parallels of 40° 45' and 43° 40'. In 1803 the government at home decided on colonizing Van Diemen's Land, and for this purpose Captain Bowen of the Navy was sent with a small detachment to form an establishment at Risdon Cove in the river Derwent, which was soon afterwards removed to a more convenient and beautiful situation higher up on the same river; thus, the island was occupied about the same time at its two extremities. The temperature of its climate, not unlike that of England, the general fertility of its soil, its rivers and numerous harbours, and its freedom from those frequent droughts which are so serious a drawback on the colony of New South Wales, make it a favourite settlement for the resort of emigrants. Dr. Lang takes for his *motto* Cicero's celebrated expression, 'Exilium non supplicium est, sed perfugium portusque supplicii;' and though the Roman senator thought very differently of the matter when banishment fell to his own lot, we do not question Dr. Lang's application of the dictum. As some proof that the early emigrants to Van Diemen's Land really considered it a place of refuge, it appears, from a return in the year 1818, that the number of free settlers exceeded the number of convicts, which was not the case in the opposite colony of New South Wales.

*Free.*—Men, women, and children . . . 1873

*Convicts.*—Men, women, and children . . . 1684

Up to this time the colony had been dreadfully infested by a gang of some thirty villains, known by the name of bush-rangers, under a most determined and abandoned ruffian, of the name of Howe, a man guilty of every species of cruelty and murder:—by degrees, however, he and his gang were all dispersed and destroyed, and the colony relieved from this scourge. Yet still the population increased but slowly, owing to the same ruinous system of  
 conferring

conferring free grants of land—without stint, without conditions, and without payment—and, it may be added, on persons who had neither the means nor the intention to cultivate it. In this way a great deal of territory was distributed in the most lavish manner, but without any provision for an adequate, or indeed any, supply of labour. Much, in fact, was *bountifully* bestowed on obsequious officials and other favourites; and these only took what they got, in order to sell to real holders as soon as prices should have risen to their mark.

To supply this deficiency to a certain extent, the number of convicts was increased; but instead of being generally assigned to the landowners, they were employed on public works and buildings, and in beautifying the capital. Still, therefore, the deficiency of agricultural labour continued; and even the easy work of attending sheep could not find hands.

Into this colony, however, owing to the representations received at home of its fertility of soil and salubrity of climate, were emigrants induced to go out at their own expense; so that, what with an accession of free settlers, and convicts, the population had, by 1836, increased as under:—

Free settlers, males, 13,887; females, 9,428.

Convicts, males, 14,914; females, 2,054.

Total free, 23,315; convicts, 16,968.

Total population, 40,283.

The evidence in the papers laid before the House of Commons, ‘On the Convict Discipline in Van Diemen’s Land,’ is by no means creditable to the management of that discipline, or to the moral character of the free settlers. At the end of 1835, it is stated, that among the 40,283 inhabitants, the convictions amounted to 381. The particular report, however, which bears the hardest upon the free class as well as the convicts, is drawn up by Captain Maconochie, and supported by another gentleman, Captain Cheyne, director of roads and bridges; both of whom, according to some able papers of Mr. Forster, chief police magistrate, had been apt to see everything with jaundiced eyes. Mr. Gregory, too, the treasurer, and a member of the council, says in his Minute—

‘Upon the several extracts I have made from the reports of Captain Cheyne and Captain Maconochie, I beg permission to record my hope that, for the sake of the colony, for the sake of the character of the inhabitants, for the sake of common justice itself, his Majesty’s government will at once refuse to credit these loose, unsparing, exaggerated, and unjust statements, as to the character of his Majesty’s free subjects in this his island of Van Diemen’s Land.

‘That they are loose and random shots, fired by inexperienced hands,  
there

there can be little or no doubt, when it is borne in mind that Captain Maconochie's experience is limited to four months, and that Captain Cheyne, though he has been here two years, has borrowed his ammunition from Captain Maconochie.'—*Convict Discipline*, p. 91.

Dr. Lang, in his '*History of New South Wales*,' says, that 'the rise and influence of the emancipist body, as a separate class in the community, has hitherto been a fruitful source of perplexity to the governors, and of disunion in the colony;' and he observes:

'In the more recently established penal colony of Van Diemen's Land a better order of things has been happily realised. The emancipists of that colony are never heard of as a separate and influential body. Why? Not, certainly, because there are no such persons, or because they are subject to political disabilities unknown in New South Wales; but simply because there has been a greater influx of free emigrants into that colony, in proportion to its size, than into New South Wales; and because the great majority of these emigrants arrived at a much earlier period in its history as a colony than the corresponding era of free emigration to New South Wales; and last, though not least, because there was no Governor Macquarrie to disturb the natural order of things that ensued, by casting his military sword and belt into the emancipist scale.'—vol. i. pp. 201, 202.

Mr. Forster, the police magistrate, says:—'Transportation must always be extremely unequal in its effects under any system of assignment; for whilst a bad man may be assigned to an easy master, a better-conducted man may be sent to the service of a hard taskmaster, and both be equally subjected to the various infirmities of temper which must naturally be met with.' He adds, however, that 'the mode of governing convicts in this colony has always been as much through the hope of reward as by the fear of punishment.' We hope and believe this is true—but as to *assignment*, we must once more repeat that we very much doubt if our colony-doctors could point out any other system of punishment at once so lenient to the culprit and so useful to the community. No *system* of punishment can be without its disadvantages. Inequalities in the temper of masters and in the conduct of convicts are inevitable; but it is the object of laws and the duty of government to reduce such anomalies into average limits.

With regard to the aborigines, as we observed of those near Port Philip, they voluntarily offered their services to the first settlers, and were kindly treated, as they deserved to be. Indeed they are favourably spoken of in every part of Australia. 'The aborigines of Australia,' says Mr. Ogle, 'have been represented as so degraded as scarce to deserve to be classed among the human species; and that has been given as a reason for their indiscriminate extermination. The charge is false: they are not known



known to be cannibals: they neither scalp, nor roast, nor torture their captives.' But whatever may have been the conduct of those unfortunates in Van Diemen's Land, however humane the intentions of the settlers generally towards them, the government has, in regard to these poor people, brought upon itself a stigma, not easily to be removed. On a plea that they were untameable and incorrigible, Van Diemen's Land has been cleared of the last of the aborigines. The last small remnant of them, only 130, were hunted down, caught, and transported to Flinders' Island, in the year 1835. The ostensible, and we believe the real, reason was, that these unhappy beings were of a fiercer disposition than those of New South Wales, and were not only in constant conflicts among themselves, but with the bush-rangers and convict shepherds, who destroyed the kangaroos, almost the only species of animal food within the reach of the natives. The remains of them were therefore, at the suggestion of Colonel Arthur, sent to the above-mentioned island, under the superintendence of a young man, to instruct them in the principles of religion and morals. What his success has been we have not heard.\*

Van Diemen's Land appears to have kept pace with New South Wales in most respects. Its population in 1838 consisted of—males, 30,591; females, 13,591. Total, 44,182. Of these there were—free males, 14,766; ditto females, 11,527. Total free, 26,293. Convicts, males, 15,825; ditto females, 2,064. Total convicts, 17,889. These, with the military and their families, made the total population of the colony 45,758.

The disproportion of the male to the female part of the convict population here is not quite so great as in New South Wales, but it is eight men to one woman: and of the free, about seven males

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\* In a late number of an able contemporary journal an accusation of a most atrocious nature is thus put forth:—'*Very recently* in Van Diemen's Land' [certainly not within the last six years] 'a small body of aborigines were hemmed in, and shot down in cold blood, by a few Europeans; and, when the government took some steps to bring the monsters who perpetrated it to justice, the press raised an outcry against punishing men for shooting "monkeys;" and an intimation was held out, that if this course were persevered in, it would be necessary to find some more secure mode of getting rid of the "vermin." The mode recommended was to dose wheaten bread or cakes, of which the natives are very fond, with arsenic; and we learn from a letter from a private friend that the method in question is actually adopted around Port Philip. He says—"Some of the white people here treat them [the natives] most shamefully; for the slightest offence they kill them and drop their bodies in some creek, and some have been known to leave about *dampers*, a species of bread baked in the bush, in which arsenic has been previously put, for the very purpose of destroying the blacks.'" '—*Westminster Review* for January, 1841, p. 175.

We are astonished that such a charge should have been promulgated on such authority as that of an anonymous 'private friend;' but we must say it is so very serious that we think the government, which is responsible not only for the conduct but the reputation of the colonial functionaries, is bound to bring the matter to the test of public investigation.



to five females; and, taking the whole population, it is about seven men to three women, or a little more than two to one.

The state of their trade, as compared with that of New South Wales, is in proportion to the rates of population. The amount of their imports in 1838 was 702,956*l.*, exports 581,475*l.* And the same with regard to their shipping. Their fishery of the black whale was better; the value of the black oil in Van Diemen's Land being 75,910*l.*, of bone 20,150*l.*, and of sperm 1020*l.*

The quantity of land granted is stated to be about 2½ millions of acres. The return says that there remained about 12 millions not yet disposed of: we suspect not yet surveyed—at least nearly one half of the island, on the western side, appears on the last charts as a blank.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**—This, the youngest of the Australian colonies, is founded on a different principle from those of New South Wales and its dependencies, being what its promoters call a self-supporting colony, and of which the management is committed to certain land and emigration commissioners at home, and another on the spot, both acting in great measure independently of the colonial secretary of state, and carrying on their correspondence with each other and occasionally with the colonial governor. The system is supposed to be modelled on that adopted in several of the United States' colonies, when they belonged to England. In the origin, the land was given to certain parties—was sold by them at a very low rate, and the proceeds applied to the conveyance of labourers to cultivate it. To enable the South Australian company to carry out this principle, an act of parliament was obtained, and certain regulations established; one of which was, that free labourers so conveyed should, as far as possible, be adults of both sexes, in equal proportions, and not exceeding the age of thirty years,—a condition, however, not likely to be kept. No transported convict was to be allowed to set foot in the colony; the poor inoffensive natives were to be protected against personal outrage and violence, and to be left undisturbed in their right to the possession of the soil, wheresoever such right should be found to exist; when lands are *ceded* (occupied), permanent subsistence shall be supplied to them from some other source; the kangaroos and other animals, on which they mostly subsist, shall not be shot or destroyed; and there are many other directions showing humane consideration for the condition of these almost helpless beings:—

“Thus conducted,” (observe the commissioners, after describing their wise and benevolent intentions,) “the colonization of Southern Australia will be an advent of mercy to the native tribes. They are now exposed to every species of outrage, and treated like cattle of the field: they will, in future, be placed under the protection of British laws, and invested with the rights of British subjects. They are now  
standing

standing on the verge of famine; they will obtain a constant and an ample supply of subsistence. They are not attached to the soil as cultivators; they do not occupy the natural pastures, even as wandering shepherds; they are without the implements of the chase which belong to hunting tribes; and, with respect to industry and the possession of property, they do not appear to manifest the instinctive apprehensions of some of the inferior animals. They will now be lifted up from this degradation; they will be gradually reconciled to labour for the sake of its certain reward; they will be instructed in the several branches of useful industry, and they will possess in their reserves property increasing in value as the colony expands. Colonization thus extended to South Australia, though it should do nothing for the colonists, and nothing for the mother country, would yet deserve, in its influence upon the aborigines, Lord Bacon's character of a *blessed work*." —*South Australia*, pp. 70, 71.

This is all very just and exceedingly gratifying, and the more so, as Mr. Stephens informs us, they have already begun to adopt the civilised usages of the new comers, wearing clothing, building huts in humble imitation of the wooden cottages of the colonists, and showing a readiness for industrious labour.

The colony was only established in the year 1836, and its progress was rapid and apparently prosperous. It joins upon Port Philip to the east, and on Western Australia on the west, extending from 130° to 141° of east longitude, and, including the adjacent islands on the south coast, may be reckoned to comprise about 300,000 square miles, or 192,000,000 of acres; affording an abundant scope for exertion. In the early part of the year 1837 we received an account of this incipient colony from the late Sir John Jeffcott, the chief justice, in which he says:—

‘ On my arrival here, I found the governor, his Excellency Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., Knight of the Hanoverian Order, &c. &c., in a mud hut—God save the mark!—which consisted of only two rooms, in which were stowed, besides himself, Mrs. Hindmarsh and her three daughters, young Hindmarsh and a maid-servant. How they found room passes my feeble comprehension. In the hut I dined with his excellency, in company with Captain Crozier, commander of H. M. S. Victor. We passed a very merry day, and had the pleasure of hearing the young ladies sing and accompany themselves on the guitar in the evening.

‘ The site of this incipient *city* [Adelaide], where I now write—in a tent, be it said—is most beautiful, and looks quite like an English park. Nothing can be finer than the rich pastures spread over the land in all directions. There are now located here between twelve and fifteen hundred people, who are scattered over the plain of Adelaide, in tents, huts, and wooden houses; I assure you a very picturesque group. The avidity with which all the land in [for] the town, consisting of 1000 acres, in lots of one acre each, was bought up at auction in two days, every

every acre fetching from 7*l.* to 10*l.*, satisfies me of the eventual success of the colony.'

Two years after this, we are told by Mr. Stephens, these town-lots had risen from 50*l.* to 150*l.* each—average 100*l.*

The *city* of Adelaide is divided into two portions by the river Torrens (a series of muddy and stagnant pools), and it appears in 1838 to have numbered from four to five thousand inhabitants. It is laid out with perfect regularity, the main streets being straight and parallel, and the cross ones equally so. Between every two of the latter crossing the former, the intermediate space is divided into blocks of six or eight double sections, abutting on each other, and each section consists of an acre, a perfect square, of course about seventy yards a side. In the centre of the city are reserved 200 acres for a park, and all round the city, a width of 500 yards, to form a beautiful drive, of about seven miles, like the Boulevards of Paris.

The testimonies to the salubrity of the climate, the productiveness of the soil, and the comfort of the settlers, are numerous, unanimous, and zealous even to exaggeration. 'Oh,' says one of them, as he was sitting down to a leg of mutton and an apricot pie,—'Oh! that our English friends could see the *hardships* we endure, and such cherry-cheeked, healthy children as we have around us; we never had such in England; all the poor sickly-looking children improve directly in this climate.' The apricot pie sounds very grand, but is about equivalent to the West Indian negro eating *pine-apples*, and the populace of Egypt starving upon *melons*. As to the notion that 'the poor sickly-looking children of England' would improve in those *climates* into cherry-cheeked cherubs, it is absurd. The writer may have had children sickly from specific circumstances—for example, want of sufficient food or air and exercise, and such causes may not operate in their new position; but we do not believe that, as far as mere climate is concerned, there is any region of the world more healthy for men, women, and children than *Old England*.

"The natural fertility," says another, "of the soil may be imagined when I state the fact, that now, at the moment I am writing, in the depth of our Australian winter, there is on the plain of which Adelaide is the centre, plentiful food for fifty thousand head of cattle, and ten times that number of sheep. The grass, indeed, burnt by the natives to the ground a few months ago, is already ankle-deep,—close and rich, not rank. Our oxen and horses, hard worked and hard ridden as they necessarily are, grow fatter and fatter every day; and the sheep, whose bones, when landed, seemed only to be held in their places by the skin, have never required more than a few weeks to get them into excellent condition. I have seen mutton at the butcher's which would not have disgraced Leadenhall market. Pigs and poultry thrive as well as in the richest districts of

of Yorkshire or Westphalia, and require very little feeding.”’—*South Australia*, p. 54.

We will add a settler’s description of his garden:—

‘ My garden is really becoming valuable. We have had in the following succession,—radishes, mustard and cress, cabbages, peas, and potatoes, in small quantities, from it already; besides which, it contains lettuces, beets, spinach, red cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, broad beans, parsley, onions, love apples, &c., in small quantities, with a tolerable quantity of Indian corn just coming up, and more than an eighth of an acre of potatoes in capital condition. Add to these, nine apple-trees, and a seedling from our own garden, two cherries, two almonds, six gooseberries, six currants, three or four dozen seedling almonds, and as many vines from dried fruit we accumulated during the voyage, with plenty of vegetable marrow, gourds, cucumbers, melons, and water-melons, &c. &c. Nor are we without European flowers to vie with the beauty and exquisite variety of the native ones. Pink, blue, and yellow lupins, hyacinths, narcissi, friend B.’s anemones, mignonette, and chrysanthemums, have already blossomed; and sweet peas, laburnums, Virginian stocks, convolvulus, candy tuft, mallows, nasturtium, &c. &c., are in progress of growth. Altogether I have about half an acre under cultivation.’—*Ib.*, p. 55.

In the session of 1839, Mr. Hutt, one of the leading men in the association, thus delivered himself in the House of Commons:—

‘ The most recent accounts represent South Australia as exhibiting every economical evidence of a thriving, vigorous, and virtuous community. From all the neighbouring colonies settlers are arriving to fix themselves in the new province. Ships are almost daily entering Port Adelaide, not from England only, but from India, from Sydney, Launceston, and Hobart Town. All the necessities of life—a vital question in infant settlements—are nearly as cheap in the city of Adelaide as in any one of the Australian colonies; and nothing can exceed the terms of satisfaction in which labouring emigrants, sent out by the commissioners, speak of their present situation and their future prospects. Yet the noble lord says that South Australia must not be quoted as a proof of the success of a self-supporting colony. It certainly is a colony which has *never drawn upon the public purse* to secure the happy state of things I have described; for while more than forty colonies are dependent on British funds for the maintenance of their institutions, *South Australia alone defrays all its own cost.*’—*Ib.*, p. 209.

With all these fair prospects, however, so temptingly set forth, the ‘public purse’ has not escaped drafts upon it, and to a pretty considerable extent. One would suppose indeed the settlers were left to govern themselves, for dissensions early commenced among the highest authorities. Even on the outward voyage, Captain Hindmarsh, the governor, and Mr. Fisher, the treasurer, quarrelled, and they carried their disputes with them into the colony. The colonial secretary quarrelled with the colonial treasurer; the governor opposed the council, and superseded the advocate-general.

Captain

Captain Hindmarsh was forthwith recalled, and Colonel Gawler appointed to succeed him. Under his government, matters rapidly grew worse; the expenditure became enormous; the emigration fund, which originally was intended to be applied wholly to give free passages to emigrants, was appropriated to the payment of the expenses of the colony; and thus the progress of an immigration, which had brought a population from England and from the older colonies of from ten to fifteen thousand settlers, was suddenly suspended. Colonel Gawler's bills were dishonoured—he was recalled—and a total derangement took place in all the money transactions of the colony, 'which alone defrays all its own cost.'

'In 1839,' says Lord John Russell—the very year in which Mr. Hutt made his oration!—In 1839, 'the financial difficulties became extreme; it was found that the expenditure amounted in the last quarter to 34,000*l.*; and that the average expenditure of the year was not less than 140,000*l.*, while the real *bonâ fide* revenue did not exceed 20,000*l.*' The result must be obvious. The stoppage put to emigration was a complete check to the purchase of land, and the land fund consequently disappeared. The land commissioners were authorised by act of parliament to raise money by loans; these with the interest tended only to increase the debt. That debt, brought up to June, 1841, is stated by Mr. Parker, one of the lords of the Treasury, who was commissioned to draw up a report, to amount to 402,067*l.*

There never was anything more ridiculous than the pompous and extravagant plan of Adelaide, equalled only by the wasteful expenditure on what are called 'special surveys.' Captain Grey, very properly, before he accepted the government, required an explanation on this subject of 'peculiar importance.' A special survey, he tells us, means that when any man, or body of men, will purchase at once 4000 acres, great and extraordinary advantages are connected with the purchase. The parties select a tract of 15,000 acres, all of which are ordered to be surveyed; from the lands so surveyed they select 4000 acres, with the choicest soil, of course, and in the best situations; but then at any time, within fourteen days, they are at liberty to select any further quantity of land, in addition to the 4000 acres, for which they are to pay 1*l.* for every acre so selected; and he adds, this is often done in such a manner as to render the 11,000 acres, for which they do *not pay*, inaccessible to future purchasers, and worthless to the government; in other words, the *purchaser* obtains a whole territory of 11,000 acres *gratis*.

This gross jobbing of land—jobbed in London—is not the worst. It is stated there were forty contracts of this kind; and as it is supposed twenty of them yet require to be surveyed, the amount

amount thus disposed of will be 300,000 acres, and the cost of the survey will amount, it is said, to 80,000*l.*! but at the most reasonable rate, the least charge will be from 52,000*l.* to 53,000*l.* Captain Grey very properly asks Lord John Russell, 'Is this system of special surveys to be discontinued for the future?' His lordship answers, 'Yes, they are.' Not only this vast business, but all the financial concerns of the colony, had been placed, by act of parliament, under the control of certain land and emigration commissioners sitting in London, and a brother commissioner in the colony, carrying on the business, be it observed, and issuing their orders to their brother commissioner, and even to the governor, without any correspondence with the Secretary of State, and without any control of the Treasury. Well might Lord John say he could see nothing but mischief in this anomalous kind of government; in which, although the crown has an apparent discretion, everything is left to the commissioners. Having experienced the mischief, he has now very prudently combined the double office of governor and commissioner in the person of Captain Grey; and, as far as we can judge, he would do well to abolish altogether the office of commissioners in London, and conduct the business, where it ought to be (as that of the old colonies is), by the under-secretaries and clerks of the Colonial Office, and with an additional under-secretary, and an increased number of clerks, if found (as no doubt it would be) necessary for proper management of the new department which has thus grown upon us. But the salaried commissioners and officers in London should be abolished, with the single exception of one, perhaps, as *Agent* to manage the business of emigration. Mr. Hutt, a great advocate for the self-supporting system and the sacred character of the 'public purse,' said, 'The colony went on prosperously until the first commissioners were replaced by *salaried* officers; from that moment the affairs of the colony went back, and so continued until the present difficulties.' What is the inference?—that they laboured hard to lay a ground for *salaries*, and, having got them, ceased to labour. Lord John Russell would therefore do well to bring back all these duties to the office of the colonial secretary, where, constitutionally, they ought to be, under the immediate control of the responsible minister.

Lord Stanley observed, in his speech, on the expensive manner in which the colony had been conducted, and showed clearly that the object was to create a false appearance of prosperity, until at last the thing was overdone, and the bubble burst. Their extravagance was shown in expending 140,000*l.* a-year, when the revenue did not exceed 20,000*l.* a-year. There was laid out 24,000*l.* for a *government-house!!!* and 92,000*l.* in making a road through a mount to a harbour, the worst that could be chosen. Land in



Adelaide was sold at prices not to be obtained in Liverpool. They had three banks issuing their own paper; labour was 8s., 10s., and 12s. a-day in this wilderness; and there was a police establishment highly paid, the gentry composing the which complained of the grievous hardship of having to clean their own clothes and white gloves. 'In short,' said his lordship, 'this wilderness at the antipodes is stated to possess every luxury that could be enjoyed anywhere, and this at a time that there were not above two hundred acres of land actually in cultivation.'

But of the numerous branches of the civil establishment of South Australia, the most extravagant was that of the survey department, with its surveyor-general, two deputies, fourteen surveyors, four draftsmen, a commissary, &c.—its amount was 24,813*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* This was Colonel Gawler's surveying staff; it appears that the London commissioners afterwards appointed a Lieutenant Frome, with a very reduced staff, the annual expense being about 5000*l.*; *both* of them, however, were employed in the quarter ending 1839. We are much mistaken if some dozen land-stewards or bailiffs, with twice the number of farmers, would not make surveys of this wilderness, with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes, at one-tenth part of the expense.

We trust, however, that the cloud which now hangs over South Australia will ere long be dispersed. Captain Grey is gone out with new instructions, which direct him to correspond with the Colonial Office and the Treasury, and *not* with the commissioners; and the proposition of Lord John Russell to authorise a loan of 210,000*l.* under the guarantee of government may, we think, relieve the colony from its present embarrassments, and enable it gradually to throw off all its incumbrances—except the greatest of all, which we conscientiously believe is that of being left at all in the hands of *London Commissioners*.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, OR SWAN RIVER.—Ten years ago we took a favourable view in this journal of the prospects of the Swan River colony, just then established, and foretold what, by proper management, it might in time become; but it languished for five or six years, barely prolonging a feeble existence. Now, however, we are glad to find that our first anticipations are in fair progress of accomplishment. In its early stage, it was, in fact, conducted without adequate attention to any one sound leading principle, except the excellent one—in so far as *morality* is concerned—of not suffering a single convict to be landed in any part of the territory. The grand error consisted in the profuse manner in which land was given away to any extent, and in any location, without payment and without regard to the capability of the party on whom it was bestowed, or what means he possessed to supply



supply labour for its cultivation. No land-fund nor any other was established for sending out emigrant labourers. Hence the slow progress made, which was further retarded by the dispersion of the few inhabitants, in consequence of the enormous grants, wholly unoccupied, chiefly along the sea-coast.

The first of these grants consisted of the monstrous quantity of 500,000 acres, given to Mr. Peel, marked out on a chart in England, round about the port and landing-place of Swan River. The governor took another 100,000 acres; a third had 80,000 acres. Other grants were bestowed on various officers of the navy, and other gentlemen in England, who never were nor intended to be in Swan River district. Mr. Peel's case, however, was different; he carried out altogether about 300 persons, men, women, and children; sixty of whom were able labouring men: but it is stated, in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that 'in six months after his arrival, he had nobody left even to make his bed for him, or to fetch him water from the river; that he was obliged literally to make his own bed, and to fetch water for himself, and to light his own fire. All the labourers had left him.' Some, it appears, went farther from the coast, and became cottiers on the waste lands; but this soon failed for want of funds, and most of them set off for Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales.

This lowering cloud, however, has passed away. These unoccupied masses of land, we have adverted to, have lapsed to the crown, and, since 1834-5, have been disposed of in the same manner as in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; and highly respectable settlers have gradually been pouring in. The society is now said to be on an excellent footing. The higher order consists of families well born and well educated, and among them are many officers of the army and navy. They have established libraries and scientific institutions of various kinds; and great attention is paid to female education—even in its most elegant branches. 'All writers agree,' says Mr. Ogle, 'in their account of the moral courage and uncomplaining perseverance, under great privations, of the women who encountered the difficulties entailed on the early settlers; and all equally agree on the great influence their noble and endearing conduct has, and must continue to have, on the community at large.'

Sir James Stirling reports that, up to August 1, 1838, from the first foundation of the colony, the government has not found occasion to execute sentence of death upon a single individual; but a small number of offences had been committed, and these chiefly by immigrants from the neighbouring penal settlements.

The population of this small but flourishing colony was—of males, 1344; females, 688; total, 2032—a little more than

one female to two males. Sir James Stirling estimates the aggregate value of their property at 560,000*l.*, producing, after all demands, a clear annual accumulation of capital to the extent of 72,000*l.* We know that, until the end of 1834, this little colony just kept its head above water. In that year the number of sheep was 3545; in 1839, 21,038: horned cattle, 1834, 500; in 1839, 1308: swine, 1834, 374; in 1839, 1235: and so of all other animals. The prospects of the colony continued so flattering up to last year, that a company of gentlemen, at the head of whom was W. Hutt, Esq., M.P., decided on forming a settlement, in which the same principles of colonization should be adopted which were supposed to have had such eminent success in South Australia. We have seen the upshot *there*; but *here*, it is to be observed, there is none of that divided authority which was the chief cause of casting a cloud over that colony; no commissioners to interfere with the colonial government. Here there has been none of that intemperate and thoughtless haste—none of that jobbing in land—no banks without funds—no building of splendid cities without the means of paying for them; the motto has been *festina lentè*. This new company consists of men of property; their plan is the investment of capital in the acquirement of land, and the application of the produce of its sale to the conveyance of settlers and labouring emigrants. With this view they began by purchasing extensive tracts of land near Leschenault, on the southern extremity. One of these, containing more than 100,000 acres, is beautifully situated on the shores of the lake or inlet, formed by the embouchure of four rivers, and having at its mouth one of the best ports on this part of the coast of New Holland. Here the chief town of the settlement, *viz.*, Australind, was to be established. A number of settlers applied immediately for lots of land, and paid down their money; a surveyor was sent out; and the first ship was ready to depart, when intelligence arrived of Governor Hutt having published a notice in the Perth Gazette, that, as the period allowed for occupancy of lands, by persons absent from the colony, had expired, their immediate resumption must take place; and among these lands were enumerated 112,000 acres at Leschenault.

When this information reached England, in October, 1840, the chairman waited on Lord John Russell, to lay before him the position in which the company was placed, and requested that Port Grey might be granted, in lieu of 170,000 acres, which had been consigned to them at Port Leschenault, of which 50,500 had been disposed of in England to intended emigrants, 500 being appropriated for Australind.

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It was represented that Port Grey, three degrees nearer the tropic than Leschenault, being in lat.  $28^{\circ} 50'$ , is more salubrious, from the great height of the land, than the former place,—that it is more conveniently situated with regard to India ; and that it offered other advantages that Leschenault did not. To this exchange Lord John, therefore, assented, and the chief superintendent in Western Australia, with certain settlers, proceeded some months ago to take possession of Grey's Harbour and the adjoining country, in the occupation of which we most heartily wish them all success. They have now a line of coast from Gantheaume Bay, in  $27^{\circ} 30'$  N., to Arrowsmith's River, in  $29^{\circ} 30'$  N., and their New *Australind* will be on the shore of Grey's Harbour, in  $29^{\circ}$  N. Along the whole of this coast are numerous rivers and rills descending from a parallel range of hills, to which has been given the name of Victoria ; and Captain Grey speaks in strong terms of the beauty and fertility of the intermediate country.

We are not aware that the harbour has been surveyed, at least that any plan of it has been published, but a fine river runs into it, and it is said to be well sheltered, and the surrounding country highly favourable for colonization. Further to the northward, Hutt River, of very considerable dimensions, flows into a large sheet of water, or lagoon, communicating with the sea ; here, too, the country is described as fine, the foundation limestone, well clothed with grass—dews falling at night almost like rain ; and, in short, there is every reason to believe that the change of situation has been a fortunate one. We understand that a number of emigrants have enrolled their names, and are ready to proceed without waiting for a survey of the lands reaching England.

PORT ESSINGTON, *on the Northern Coast.*—We are not sorry that the colonisation of Australia is creeping northerly ; nor are we without hope that it may, ere long, be extended to the north-west angle, and beyond it, where there are fine harbours, with rivers flowing into them—as that of Prince Regent, which runs through a fine valley into Hanover Bay ; Fitzroy River, opening into King George's Sound ; and various other harbours and rivers along the whole of the northern coast. The climate is represented by Captain Grey to be temperate ; and the soil adapted for raising all the valuable products of the Indian archipelago, the Dutch islands of Java and Sumatra, the Malay islands of Macassar, Celebes, &c. ; such as sugar, rice, indigo, cotton, pepper and other spices, with the choicest fruits of the East : with all these islands, and with India and China, the northern ports of Australia would have an easy and ready access. We think, then, that we ought not to stop until a ring-fence has been drawn  
round

round the great continent of Australia, and a stake driven into every part of the fence to keep out intruders.

It was with the double view of establishing a commercial mart, similar to that of Singapore, and a colony on the northern coast, that, in 1825, Lord Bathurst went into the plans proposed by a body of London merchants. Captain (now Sir Gordon) Bremer was sent out for this purpose; and erected a small fort, to which he gave the name of Cockburn. One great object was to encourage the Macassar Malays, who yearly visit the coast to fish for trepang, to open a trade with us for English manufactures. It was soon found, however, that their fishing-ground lay considerably to the eastward, so the station was removed to Raffles' Bay in 1828. The Malays expressed their desire for trade, and promised to bring articles of barter the following year. Unfortunately for this new settlement, the military officer left in command of the party was utterly unfit for such a service, became melancholy, felt his position to be that of banishment, and made such complaints of sickness and other grievances, that the establishment was broken up. The Malays, however, kept their promise; and, as appears by a report of Captain Laws, R.N., the spot had scarcely been abandoned, when there arrived more than 34 proas, manned with 1056 persons, most grievously disappointed as to the failure of the expected trade.

In 1839, Lord Glenelg was prevailed on to re-establish an entrepôt on this coast, and Sir Gordon Bremer was again sent to carry it into effect. He selected Port Essington, close to Raffles' Bay, for this purpose. The establishment was flourishing rapidly; a church was carried out from Sydney, and a village erected; a large garden was planted; and everything appeared to prosper, when the state of things in China rendered it expedient that Sir Gordon Bremer should proceed to that quarter, leaving the command with Commander Stanley of Her Majesty's Ship *Britomart*.

On the eve of his departure Sir Gordon writes thus:—

‘ I feel that I am abundantly warranted in congratulating the British government on their having caused the occupation of this noble harbour, and on the acquisition to the country of a colony, which must answer all the purposes contemplated by Her Majesty's government in its formation: nor can I entertain a doubt but that, with the due encouragement *it will receive from home*, its admirable geographical position will excite attention, its capabilities for mercantile purposes be appreciated, and its soil, which evidently will produce the most valuable articles, be speedily and successfully cultivated.’

We have some doubts, however, as to the ‘due encouragement;’ in a subsequent letter which we have seen Sir Gordon Bremer

Bremer speaks of a clause in his instructions, which forbade him to permit any proprietary right to the land to be acquired by Her Majesty's subjects, until further orders: and this is the more to be regretted, as numerous individuals at Sydney were desirous of establishing themselves there, to carry on their commercial speculations. Whether orders have gone out to remove this restriction, we are not aware; but sure we are, that such restrictions, at this time, are most impolitic and inexpedient. There does not appear to be the slightest objection to people every part of this northern coast, where there is plenty of fresh water and good soil. Much has been said in parliament of the inadequacy of our colonies to produce a sufficient quantity of sugar for home consumption. If so, why neglect so favourable an opportunity of increasing the quantity by grants of land in Northern Australia? What is the object in refusing them? Any number of labouring Chinese or of Malays would easily be procured, and at a cheap rate. In short, we cannot help thinking that, in a national point of view, such a colony would prove of more permanent importance than the one we are about to mention, notwithstanding the phrenzy which appears to be hurrying away thousands towards that quarter.

NEW ZEALAND.—If we were desired to point out the spot on the earth's circumference on which Nature had bestowed her bounties in the most lavish manner, and where man, on his part, had done the least—literally nothing—we should at once name the northern island of New Zealand. A great number of excellent harbours, noble navigable rivers flowing into them, beautiful valleys through which they meander, hills clothed with forests of the finest timber, a soil fertile with natural productions, without the labour of the spade or plough and without manure—a climate mild and salubrious,—these are its general characteristics. That such a country, in such a period as this, should be grasped at, both by projectors on the great scale, and by humbler persons who really find it expedient to try their fortunes in foreign lands, is not in the least surprising. But it is already peopled—thinly, it is true, according to our notions and scale of things—by a brave, athletic, and warlike race, who are divided into tribes, governed, under their respective chiefs, by certain regulations, and having each their separate territories, well defined. often attacked indeed, but stoutly maintained and defended.\*

The naturalist of the New Zealand Company says—

‘The unhappy lot prepared by Europeans for the inhabitants of many of their colonies forms a mournful page in the history of the human

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\* See an article on *Earle's* ‘Account of New Zealand’ in *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlviii. p. 135, &c.

species. It is the first duty of the right-minded colonist to occupy himself strenuously, above all other local considerations, with the destiny of the aborigines. To become acquainted with the real state of things in New Zealand is not an easy matter. This people, small in number, thinly scattered over a large surface, divided into many tribes, inheriting from their ancestors mutual envy and hatred, and now everywhere brought into contact with other nations, of superior activity and advanced civilisation, are ready to receive the intruders with open arms, yet, though endowed with high capabilities, are still in all respects the untutored children of nature.'—*Supplementary Information*, p. 101.

He says the children of Europeans by natives are a beautiful race—light-brown, like the French of the south; not, however, sallow in complexion, but with a healthy red on the cheeks, in features like the mother, with beautiful black eyes and hair. No doubt, therefore, our countrymen will readily amalgamate with the New Zealanders; and as we are already become one people, the sooner the better; for New Zealand, we are assured, is now part and parcel of Great Britain. How this has been brought about we shall presently see.

New Zealand, Mr. Secretary Ward tells us, has been made by the founders of the new colony 'the theatre of a great experiment in the art of self-supporting colonization.'

We will not here discuss Mr. Ward's assertion that 'the Queen of England has, by the law of nations, an indisputable title to the sovereignty of New Zealand, founded upon the possession taken in the name of George III. by the discoverer of those islands, in 1769.' We know very well what has been the general doctrine and *practice*; though it might certainly be a puzzling question whether, in strict justice, either 'discovery' or 'possession' give any title to the sovereignty of an island peopled by aborigines, and not a mere derelict; but moreover, even if the doctrine be correct, we still are not quite satisfied as to *our* claim, on these grounds, to the New Zealand islands. We neither discovered them, nor are we aware that we ever had legal possession of them. The only possession, till very recently, was that of certain missionaries, who had established themselves comfortably in different parts; and that of a set of ruffians, runaway sailors, convicts from the Australian colonies, and so forth, who had squatted about the 'Bay of Islands,' and rendered it an almost unequalled sink of iniquity.

Any measure to extirpate these vagabonds would be of the greatest benefit to the natives, as well as to any new settlers that may locate themselves in that neighbourhood; and we understand that swarms of settlers have been pouring in since the despatch of the Marquis of Normanby of August, 1839, to Captain Hobson,



Hobson, by which he was instructed to procure the recognition of the sovereign authority of the Queen over these islands, and to induce the chiefs, if possible, to contract with him as representing Her Majesty. This despatch further lays down that henceforth no lands shall be ceded, either gratuitously or otherwise, except to the crown of Great Britain; and that Captain Hobson shall announce, by proclamation, that Her Majesty will not acknowledge, as valid, any title to land which either has been, or shall hereafter be, acquired in that country, otherwise than by grant, original or confirmatory, in Her Majesty's name, and on her behalf. It informs him that the new colony is to be under the governor of the colony of New South Wales; and

‘The Governor will, with the advice of the Legislative Council, be instructed to appoint a Legislative Commission, to investigate and ascertain what are the lands in New Zealand held by British subjects under grants from the natives; how far such grants were lawfully acquired and ought to be respected; and what may have been the price or other valuable consideration given for them. The Commissioners will make their report to the Governor; and it will then be decided by him how far the claimants, or any of them, may be entitled to confirmatory grants from the Crown, and on what conditions such confirmation ought to be made.’

Moreover, an instruction provides that, in order to obviate the danger of the acquisition of large tracts of country by mere land-jobbers, all contracts with the natives are to be made by the Lieutenant-Governor himself, ‘through the intervention of an officer expressly appointed to watch over the interests of the aborigines as their protector.’ And it is further justly and humanely provided, that one of the first duties of this official protector is to take care ‘that the acquisition of land by the crown, for the future settlement of British subjects, must be confined to such districts as the natives can alienate *without distress or serious inconvenience to themselves.*’

So then the die is cast. Lieutenant-Governor Hobson has got a certain number of chiefs to sign, seal, and deliver over their country to the sovereignty of the Queen of Great Britain.

‘Dandeson Coates, Esq.,’ lay secretary to the Church Missionary Society, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, energetically protests against this summary assumption of sovereign power: he is strongly for the preservation of the native sovereignty and independence, observing that ‘no measures can be equitably adopted or produce salutary results which are not founded in justice, or, in other words, the recognised principles of international law.’ He also condemns *in toto* the contracts made with the natives for the purchase of their lands,  
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it being avowed that those contracts were to carry along with them the cession of the sovereignty of the tribes, so selling land, to the British government. ‘He holds it to be utterly impossible that a set of barbarians like the natives of New Zealand can, by any explanation, however honestly given, be made to comprehend the ultimate consequences of the transaction, and that therefore such an arrangement is essentially inequitable, and such as the British government could not with propriety make themselves parties to.’ Mr. Dandeson Coates might have been asked by what explanation then did his own dear missionaries make these barbarians ‘comprehend the consequences’ of the cessions of the fine estates they are said to have procured? But the question is not to be settled by such an *argumentum ad hominem*.

We very much fear that Lord Normanby, and Lord John Russell also, have rather hastily made themselves parties to the views of a company, who are endeavouring to swallow up the whole territory of New Zealand. We are sure, however, that neither of these noble lords are parties to certain audacious practices of the chief agent of the association, who calls himself *Colonel Wakefield*—a sort of personage with whom, we must say, we do not like to see the government in any way or degree whatever connected. His first purchase, he says, will consist of 110,000 acres of selected country lands. The site of the town will consist of 1100 acres, exclusive of portions marked out for general use, such as quays, squares, and public gardens. And, with an extraordinary effort of generosity, he proposes to reserve *one-tenth* part to be distributed *as private property* among the chief families of the tribe by which the lands have been sold:—

‘These doubly-selected lands will be divided into 1100 sections, each section comprising one town-acre and 100 country-acres: 110 sections will be reserved by the company, who intend to distribute the same as private property amongst the chief families of the tribe from which the lands shall have been originally purchased. The remainder, being 990 sections, of 101 acres each, are now offered for sale in sections, at the price of 101*l.* for each section, or 1*l.* per acre.’—*Ward*, pp. 127, 128.

The Colonel goes on to say,—

‘Of the 99,990*l.* to be paid to the company by purchasers, 25 per cent. only, or 24,997*l.* 10*s.*, will be reserved to meet the expenses of the company. The remainder, being 75 per cent., or 74,992*l.* 10*s.*, will be laid out by the company for the exclusive benefit of the purchasers, in giving value to the land sold, by defraying the cost of emigration to this *first and principal settlement*.’—*Ib.*, p. 128.

But this is a mere trifle in the dealings of this active agent. He goes into Cook’s Strait; gets on board his ship, which is immediately crowded with a whole concourse of chiefs and their  
rabble

rabble followers; his decks thronged with natives, male and female. The goods for merchandise are got up and placed on deck; the shop is opened; a bale of clothing is given to enable the chiefs to go on board the emigrant ships there present, in a decent costume; then are brought forward a display of presents of blankets, soap, and dresses for the women—and these, he says, had the effect of putting down the clamour made for arms. A dozen fowling-pieces were distributed among the leaders, and those who were to sign ‘the deed of conveyance;’ but some squabble took place, and the negotiation abruptly terminated. ‘Then arose among these lawless and headless savages mutual reproaches and recriminations.’ The next day, however, after a good deal of bullying and blustering, matters were amicably settled, and these ‘lawless and headless savages’ signed the deed! Such was the prelude to the following honest bargain:—

‘They then executed the deed, and taking their double-barrelled guns, said they would send the other chiefs to sign when the remainder of the goods should be delivered, and went on shore.

‘On looking at the accompanying map of those parts of the two islands bordering on Cook’s Strait, in which I have thus acquired possessions for the Company, and extending from the 38th to the 43rd degree of latitude on the western coast, and from the 41st to the 43rd on the eastern, you will readily conceive that I have not obtained a title to all the land included within those parallels. It is necessary, in order properly to appreciate the extent and value of the purchase, to know the different possessors and claimants of the above territory.’—*Supplementary Information*, p. 126.

This is doing business with a high hand. Five hundred miles of sea-coast (including the northern and southern shores of Cook’s Strait) is pretty well to begin with; and a few more blankets, lumps of soap, and muskets, will procure the rest, from the different possessors and claimants, ‘at the cost, perhaps’ of not more than half-a-crown a mile. ‘To distinguish the possessions of the Company, which so greatly predominate in this extensive territory, I have called it,’ says the Colonel, ‘*North and South Durham*; and I hope that the day will come when a British population, availing itself of the natural advantages of these two provinces, will render them worthy of their *name*:’—this name being of course selected as a mark of veneration for the memory of the late Earl of Durham!

A second Committee of the House of Commons, in July, 1840, more searching and business-like than the former, has drawn from the evidence of Mr. Ward, the Company’s Secretary, more precise information than either the Colonel or the Company had thought it expedient to make public. He states that their possessions in this quarter amount to 20,000,000 acres—twenty millions!—and on being pressed as to the *price*, said it might  
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be about *one halfpenny* an acre ! and that they re-sold this land at 20s. an acre !—a concern not unworthy the attention of the purest Durhamites !—a profit of just *thirty-nine shillings and eleven-pence* upon every *penny* of capital embarked ! Here is abundant scope for a searching inquiry. Colonel Wakefield talks indignantly of land-jobbers and land-sharks ; we trust it may be shown that *he* does not fall under his own anathema.

May we not ask, how do all these proceedings square with the declared 'sovereignty of the British crown,' and the 'proclamation' of Captain Hobson ? Will her Majesty's government sanction such *purchases* and such *sales*, or, will it demand immediate restitution ? Where was Captain Hobson, consul and lieutenant-governor, while they were in progress ? His name is not even once mentioned. It is true he had not *then* received Lord Normanby's instructions of August, 1839, which require that 'no lands shall henceforward be ceded, either gratuitously or otherwise, except to the crown of Great Britain.' If, however, these enormous *purchases* have escaped the vigilance of the lieutenant-governor, it is to be hoped a 'legislative commission' from England, and not from Sydney, will rigidly 'investigate and ascertain how far such grants were lawfully acquired, and ought to be respected ; and *what may have been the price*, or other valuable consideration, given for them.' This, if honestly performed, will open a curious scene. We shall see what the schedule contains of the Monmouth Street rags, slops, ruffles and gowns for the ladies, and secondhand coats for the gentlemen, and the muskets and fowling-pieces for the warriors.

Acknowledging, as we very willingly do, Lord John Russell's able general management of the colonies in this part of the world, we are anxious he should tread on sure ground with regard to New Zealand. We cannot doubt he acts on the advice of the Queen's Advocate and with the concurrence of the Cabinet ; but there is a fearful responsibility attached to the colonization of these islands, both as regards the aborigines and the settlers. Collisions must be expected to take place with the fierce and barbarous natives ; in all which great prudence and forbearance will be required. We have heard that Colonel Wakefield's proceedings have already alarmed them ; they begin to reflect on the folly of giving up their land for a few trumpery and perishable articles, and particularly dislike the *decimation* scheme. This feeling is not calculated to put the Durhamites at their ease ; especially as these people are in possession of fire-arms, and have been instructed in the use of them. When the newcomers proceed to occupy the sea-coasts from which the natives have always been used to draw a great part of their subsistence, there is every reason to anticipate formidable demonstrations.

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That the aborigines are to be managed and are capable of improvement, the missionaries have clearly shown. These persons, by their mild and persuasive behaviour, have secured for themselves a safe and friendly reception, and established themselves peaceably among the natives in various parts of the Northern Island. They have given instruction in the evenings, and brought numbers to attend divine service on Sundays. But the missionaries, amidst all these labours, have by no means neglected their own worldly concerns; they have obtained portions of land to as great an extent as they could with decency hold, and as their catechists and dependents can cultivate; and all agree that the missionary farms are to appearance so many Goshens.

Mr. Coates gives in evidence that the Church Missionary Establishment consists of 5 ordained missionaries, 20 catechists, 1 farmer, 1 surgeon, 1 superintendent of the press, 1 printer, 1 wheelwright, 1 stonemason, 2 assistant teachers, and 2 female teachers, making in all 35, exclusive of temporary agents. There are five of these establishments in the northern district and five in the southern. In 1838 there were in the northern district 37 schools, 936 scholars, boys and girls, and of this number 94 youths and adults, 1630 congregations, and 176 communicants:—in the southern district, 17 schools, 495 boys and girls, 846 congregations. Under such circumstances, it is not in the least surprising that these worthy pastors should view with an eye of jealousy the inroads that are now making, and which must in some degree interfere with their hitherto almost exclusive establishments; in fact, they lay claim to some portion of Col. Wakefield's *purchases*: and these matters will partly explain the eagerness of their lay Secretary before the Committee of the House of Commons, already alluded to, in condemning the present proceedings. Indeed one would doubt, from the tenor of the papers of various missionaries, prepared apparently for the purpose of being laid before the committee, whether any one of them had been read, consisting, as they do, of some ninety or a hundred interminable pages of one of the blue books: at least though we have what is called a Report, there is *none* from the Commons, and the Lords (before whom evidence was taken) are satisfied by passing the following resolution:—

‘That the extension of the colonial possessions of the Crown is a question of public policy which belongs to the decision of her Majesty's government; but that it appears to this committee that support, in whatever way it may be deemed most expedient to afford it, of the exertions which have already most beneficially effected the rapid advancement of the religious and social condition of the aborigines of New Zealand, affords the best present hopes of their future progress in civilization.’

We

We need not dwell on the bad part of the character of the New Zealanders. Their violent, ferocious, and revengeful disposition is well known, and has led them to the commission of the most atrocious acts, revolting to humanity; but they have many redeeming qualities, and late inquiries have gone far to exonerate them from the sweeping charge of cannibalism—to which many shrewd voyagers and visitors never attached any credit at all. The settlers, though liable, from the rising discontent and probable distress of the natives, to be attacked, and perhaps slaughtered, need not, we venture to say, be under any very serious apprehension of being *eaten*. Still we think they must feel uncomfortable. When the whole coasts are colonized, the *pressure from without* will be felt by the natives, and produce resistance from within. The agriculturists, even if let alone, will find serious difficulty in clearing the ground, covered as it is densely with ferns of deep taproots, with thick brushwood and forest-trees; a task requiring labour which many may not possess the means of commanding. By the last accounts wages of labour were 10s. a day, but no money to pay them—provisions high, and no money to purchase them—all dissatisfied, and numbers deserting the island. In the mean time, however, the Durhamites, as in all new colonies, have opened a bank—and established a newspaper, under an editor in selecting whom they have been deservedly happy. In one of his first leading-articles, he tells the settlers they ‘must and will have a representative government,’ and that nothing short of ‘universal *suffrage*’ will satisfy them; he is also highly indignant that *their* colony should be an appendage to the *penal* colony of New South Wales. All this is *selon les règles*—but we must hasten to another subject, which, however, is in some degree connected with New Zealand.

THE WHALE FISHERIES.—This is a sore subject, not only for those who have long and successfully been concerned in that trade, but for the whole kingdom, as the failure of the fisheries involves the loss of one of the best nurseries for our seamen. That this object of great national importance is rapidly advancing to a crisis, a few facts will but too clearly show. They are stated by Mr. Enderby, who has had the best opportunities of being conversant with all the details of the subject.\* The state of the Greenland whale-fishery is as under:—

In 1821	.	.	158 ships	.	.	7,900 men
In 1840	.	.	31 „	.	.	1,550 „
<hr/>						
Diminution	.		127 „			6,350 „

\* See our article on ‘Beale’s Whale-fishery,’ Quart. Rev., vol. lxiii., p. 341, for some account of Mr. Enderby.

## That of the South Sea fishery from England—

In 1821, Spermaceti	. 95 ships	. 3,040 men
Common oil	. 33 „	. 1,056 „
Seal skin	. 36 „	. 792 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	164 „	4,888 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
In 1840	. . . . 104 „	. 2,358 „
Decrease	. . . . 60 „	. 2,530 „

Various causes have been assigned for this falling off of the fisheries; for instance, the great increase of American and French ships on the southern fishery, the former having no less than 553 ships, whose average tonnage is 329; and the French, 60; while ours amount only to 128. The Americans imported—

	Spermaceti.	Whale oil.
In 1830	. 106,829 barrels	. 86,274 barrels
In 1839	. 141,556 „	. 223,513 „
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Increase	. 34,727 „	137,239 „

The greater part of this spermaceti is understood to be transhipped at Boston for the British and German markets—the consumption, by certain of the English manufacturers, for use in their machinery being very great. Mr. Enderby, in his evidence before the Commons' committee, stated that, in the cotton and flax-spinning, and the finer descriptions of machinery, when lubricated with spermaceti, 500 revolutions more upon 4,000 can be obtained than with common oil. Then comes the introduction of vegetable oils with reduced duties, while the high ones on sperm and common oil remain; the former is at 6*l.* a-tun, the latter at 4*l.*, while the duty on olive-oil is only 4*l.* 4*s.* a-tun, on palm-oil 1*l.* 5*s.*, and on rape-oil only 12*s.* a-tun. This last, we believe, is so preferable, even to sperm, in certain delicate machinery, that, since, through the influence of the *millocrats* among liberal members, these modern Herods procured this enormous reduction, the quantity thrown into the English market from Germany is immense, and the culture of it in England has ceased; as, of course, under like circumstances, the cultivation of wheat is expected to do by the same patriotic personages.

Mr. Enderby states that the importation, in 1821, of olive-oil was 1900 tuns—but is now 7000 tuns; of palm-oil 3200 tuns, now 17,200; of rape-seed 800 tuns, now 10,500; making an increase on these oils of 30,000 tuns. He further states, that the *indirect* duties levied on oil of the British fishery, in the shape of duties on Baltic staves for casks, on foreign provisions, and many other articles, amount to from 600*l.* to 1,000*l.* upon each whaling ship that goes to the southward—equal to a duty of 6*l.* a-tun on sperm



sperm and 4*l.* on whale-oil. He estimates that an American ship can make a South Sea whaling voyage of 2 or 2½ years' duration, at two-thirds of the expense of an English ship of equal tonnage—that is to say, if the outlay of the American be 8000*l.*, the English ship will cost 12,000*l.* Such are the blessed effects of the *free-trade* system.

New Zealand, of all other places, is the most favourable, and has long been the most frequently resorted to, for the convenience of its position, and the superior advantages of its numerous harbours. A considerable boat fishery is carried on for the black whale along the coasts of the islands, in which the natives are very much employed, and are represented to be expert. It will be well that, in making regulations by act of parliament, or otherwise, for the government of this colony, as it must now be so considered, provision be made for securing to British subjects all the advantages it affords for the encouragement of the fisheries. The Australian colonies have made some progress, but Mr. Enderby, in his evidence, seems to think those of Sydney, in particular, are falling off; we think not, as far as the strict Colonial fishery is concerned. In point of fact, the staple of those colonies being wool, and the returns most profitable, the moneyed settlers look mostly to that concern;—but New Zealand settlers, we apprehend, will have little temptation to be drawn aside by any speculation in that article, and will most probably turn their attention to the fisheries. It appears to us they cannot do better either for themselves or the mother country, and it is to be hoped that, in a concern of such great national importance, the Colonial Office and the Board of Trade will take the whole subject under their joint consideration, and devise some means, if possible, to re-establish them in their former vigour; bearing in mind that, while our seamen in the northern fisheries have declined from 8,000 men to 1,500, and in the South Sea fisheries from 5,000 nearly to 2,500, the Americans in the latter alone have advanced to 10,000 men, being four times the number of ours employed in the same seas.

**FALKLAND ISLANDS.**—A word on these long-neglected islands, which, after a lapse of nearly seventy years, are, as we understand, about to be colonized. They too afford a most favourable station for prosecuting the common whale and the sperm fisheries. The Americans have discovered this, and are sealing and whaling on their coasts, and in their numerous sounds and harbours.

As a position of refuge and refreshment for the great and vastly-increasing number of wool-ships from the Australian colonies, and of the South Sea whalers—all of the former, and most of the latter, making their home passage round Cape Horn—these islands would be most valuable; the more so, as those richly-laden ships have



no other place to relax and refresh at but Rio de Janeiro, which occasions both expense and delay.

As a territorial appendage to the British empire, these islands are capable of supporting many thousand families. Situated in the same parallel of latitude as the southern parts of England, their climate is far more equable. The goodness of the soil may be inferred from the single circumstance of there being from forty to fifty thousand head of horned cattle, running wild, the produce of some three or four left on *one* island when we first possessed it, besides vast quantities of horses, wild hogs, and rabbits. The few sheep introduced have thriven as remarkably. The bays swarm with fish, seals, and sea-elephants. There is plenty of fine peat for fuel. In short, the Falkland Islands may be called the key to the Pacific. The expense of the establishment would be trifling : a sloop-of-war with a small cutter, in the first instance, would be sufficient to supply all the requisites for conducting the government.

We, in the outset, professed our intention to abstain, on this occasion, from anything like an essay on colonial policy. Our opinions on some important points of it have been incidentally indicated—but we wished to reserve the subject as a whole ; our main object being to state the progress and actual condition of our Australian settlements. In the mean time we have said or quoted enough to excite curiosity and to guide inquiry, and we have indicated various sources from which more detailed information may be drawn.



ART. V.—*The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century.* By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq., Author of ‘*Travels in Spain, Italy, &c.*’ Edited by Charles White, Esq., Author of ‘*The Belgic Revolution.*’ 2 vols. London. 1841.

THIS light, and in every sense of the word *trivial*, book requires nevertheless serious animadversion ; for it is an instance of a discreditable style of publication, with which we have had too many occasions to reproach the modern Parisian press, and which we regret to find now gaining ground in England. We therefore feel it to be our duty to enter our earnest protest against it. Mr. Swinburne was known in the literary world as the author of ‘*Travels through Spain and Part of France,*’ in 2 vols. 8vo., and of ‘*Travels through the Two Sicilies,*’ in 4 vols. ; all published about sixty years ago, and respectable (though somewhat dull) publications of their time and class. On the faith of the

title-page we expected to find that this was a posthumous work of Mr. Swinburne's, giving a *professed* and *specific* account of 'THE COURTS OF EUROPE *at the Close of the Last Century*,' which—from our previous acquaintance with the author—we thought might supply a chapter that is really wanting in the history of Europe. Our readers will partake our surprise and disappointment at finding that it is *nothing of the kind*; that it is not, nor even pretends—beyond the title-page—to be any account of the *Courts of Europe*; that, in fact, it is no *work* of Mr. Swinburne's at all, but a jumbled collection of scattered fragments or extracts of some gossiping letters, written by that gentleman, through a series of near thirty years, to various members of his own family, from various places—at home as well as abroad—a portion of them (nearly the whole first volume) during the travels that he afterwards published—and chiefly employed in details personal to himself, and with no more specific relation to the '*Courts of Europe*' than we might expect to find in the memoranda of any English gentleman in those days when it was the fashion for travellers—fewer in number, and somewhat higher in qualifications than the swarm of more modern tourists—to be presented at the several Courts they happened to visit. We believe that if, out of 800 pages of which the work consists, all the scattered fragments of chit-chat that specially relate to the '*Courts of Europe*' were to be brought together, they would not exceed fifty or sixty pages.

The system of *puffing* in the newspapers, which has so long disgraced literature, though now practised with more impudence than ever, can only, we hope, deceive those whom no strictures of ours could undeceive; but the impudence of transferring this species of deception to the *title-page* and body of the book itself is so recent, as well as so heinous, that we indulge a hope that our animadversions may not be without effect on those—whether authors or publishers—who are solicitous about the respectability of their characters or the credit of their trade. We are here making no objection to the publication of the work itself; it is, as our readers will by and by see, very flimsy, but it is sprightly, and sometimes amusing, and a very legitimate publication for the circulating libraries at this season of the year: our present complaint is, that it hoists false colours, and attempts to pass itself off for a very different thing from what it really is.

But this title-page exhibits also an example of another abuse, of recent introduction amongst us—that is, of conferring on the most trumpery publications of the hour, the disproportionate honour of a PROFESSED EDITOR; which is about as ridiculous as if a poor author, inhabiting a small lodging, should call his *footboy*  
—groom

—*groom of the chambers*. But it is frequently worse than ridiculous. Sometimes a person who has written a scandalous book, and is afraid to publish it under his or *her* own name, puts forward as *editor* some poor devil who never saw it—nay, who may have been dead for years! Sometimes a writer, doubtful of the success of his work, puts his vanity under shelter by appearing only as the *editor* of the hazardous adventure. Sometimes an author without a name—or rather his publisher for him—gives another author who is lucky enough to have a name, ten or twenty pounds—or, if it be a *titled* name, forty or fifty—for the loan of the said *name* as *editor*, in the hope that the pseudo-editor may be suspected of being the real author of the work of which he has not even read a page: and sometimes (as we suppose is the present case) an *editor* appears to be announced for the purpose of giving an air of dignity and importance to a trifle which the publisher chooses to produce in a more substantial form and to sell at a higher rate than its intrinsic character would justify—as those who hire out glass-coaches venture to charge a few shillings more when they furnish the coachman with the additional dignity of livery and a laced hat. Such, we believe, is the secret history of the appearance on so many modern title-pages of the names of *editors* ‘who have no business there.’

But whatever may have been the motive of this ostentatious announcement of Charles White, Esquire, as *editor* of Mr. Swinburne's correspondence, assuredly a more unfortunate appointment never was made. In all the possible defects and absurdities of which an editor can be guilty—in not telling what ought to be told—in telling what need not be told—and in telling whatever is told ridiculously wrong—Mr. White seems to us to be *facillimè princeps*. On an ordinary occasion we should not waste time and paper in exposing such nonsense; but, as a sample of this new *editorial system*, we think it worth while to give our readers some specimens, which we think will equally amuse and astonish them.

Of the first class of defects—the not telling what ought to be told—it is hard to give examples, as it would be to prove a negative;—they are to be found in almost every page; but we may say, generally, that, although here and there some scanty information is given, there are numerous chasms and obscurities which might have been cleared up by reference to Mr. Swinburne's published travels, and that there are a crowd of little personal circumstances referred to in the correspondence which are partially or wholly unintelligible, and denuded of whatever interest they might possess, for the want of explanation of who were the persons, or what the occurrences, to which Mr. Swinburne alludes.

But of the more tangible error of telling, *en revanche*, what  
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need

need not have been told, we are bewildered with the choice of instances—half-a-dozen, however, will suffice.

Mr. Swinburne has occasion to mention '*John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France.\**' There have been so many Dukes of Bedford Regents of France, that the *editor* carefully adds a note, in a learned formula, to say

'\* John Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, *temp. Hen. VI.*'—vol. i. p. 5.

Mr. Swinburne tells us that *La Source* (which the *editor* carefully prints *La Sourée*) was '*the residence of Lord Bolingbroke during his exile.\**' There have been so many Lords Bolingbroke exiled, that, for fear of mistake, the *editor* thinks it right to ascertain beyond all doubt which of them was meant:—

'\* Henry, first Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne. He was attainted in 1714.'—[which he was not.] vol. i. p. 27.

Mr. Swinburne visits '*Poictiers,*' and states that '*the battle fought in 1356\* was within a stone's throw of the town:*'—the *editor* thinks it necessary to subjoin a note to say

'\* This was the celebrated battle of Poictiers, won by the Black Prince.'—vol. i. p. 44.

Mr. Swinburne alludes to Mrs. Macaulay, and mentions, as a pleasant caricature of her anti-monarchical prejudices, that she would not write the word *king*, but would put asterisks (\*\*\*) when obliged to allude to one '*in her history.\**' On which the *editor* sapiently adds—

'\* A history of England.'—vol. i. p. 357.

Mr. Swinburne says, '*some people were in raptures at Miss Farren's performance of Lady Teazle.\**' The *editor* clears up any obscurity as to the person meant by adding—

'\* Miss Farren, who married Lord Derby.'—vol. i. p. 391.

These, no doubt, are all recondite passages which required the careful comments of an accomplished *editor*.

Belonging to the same class of over-liberal explanation, though of a different species, is the *editor's* ready liberality, whenever Mr. Swinburne happens to light upon a joke—(as he does on a great many dull and stale ones)—in quoting one duller and staler, with—'this reminds me of the answer of a wit'—or 'a similar mistake once occurred'—or 'a similar anecdote is related'—there seldom being any similarity in the cases; and sometimes the interloped anecdotes are of worse than doubtful authority—even when the *editor* appears to vouch them on his own personal knowledge. For instance—Mr. Swinburne tells an anecdote of Lady Mary Duncan:—

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'She was an *heiress*, and Sir William Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry; and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bid him go home and open the Bible—giving him chapter and verse—and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read: "Nathan said to David, *Thou art the man.*"'—vol. i. p. 385.

Swinburne (as we shall see more fully by and by) seldom tells his stories right any more than his editor; for Lady Mary was not an *heiress*; *that* the editor does not discover, but tells us what he thinks a parallel story, which happened, he says, 'to a friend of his own;' to wit—that a pretty French widow, Madame Esther de —, asked Mr. White's friend if he could guess

'which of all the kings in the Old Testament she and all discreet women should prefer as a lover?—"No," replied he. "I will tell you," answered she. "*C'est Assuerus!*" "Comment?" exclaimed he: "*Mais,*" rejoined the fair widow with a very significant smile, "*c'est parce qu'il savait aimer Esther*" (*et se taire*). My friend took the hint, threw himself at her feet, and was accepted.'—vol. i. p. 385.

This, with all its 'replied he's' and 'answered she's,' and 'exclaimed he's,' is, it must be confessed, beautifully told; but we suspect that Mr. White's *friend* was imposing on his credulity, for the same very bad joke was made long ago, and is to be found—almost as clumsily told—in the old French jest-books: '*Un grand partizan de Racine disait qu'au spectacle il fallait voir Esther (et se taire).*'

Our readers, we suppose, are satisfied with these specimens of superfluous annotation—they will be astonished at the class of blunders.

We shall begin with one which it is a duty to set right, for there may be persons living to feel the undeserved scandal the editor has cast on a lady of rank. Swinburne mentions early in his travels the notorious *Nancy Parsons*, long before immortalised by Junius as 'the faded mistress of the Duke of Grafton.' Being at Naples some years after, he says, '*We have many English here—the prettiest is Lady Smith,\* daughter of Tom Delaval.*' To which the editor adds a note, referring back to the former passage, and saying

'\* Lady Smith was the *Miss Parsons* before alluded to.'—vol. i. p. 204.

Without stopping for a moment to inquire how *Miss Delaval* could have also been *Miss Parsons*, or how the beauty, *faded* so early as 1769, should have been revived ten years later! we need hardly say that the editor has made an egregious blunder, and that *Lady Smith* was not *Nancy Parsons*.

Swinburne says that Madame Dubarry on the death of Louis  
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XV. was exiled to *Dauphiné* (which was not the fact). Mr. White had discovered that Madame Dubarry possessed a country-house called *Luciennes*, and he therefore boldly subjoins a note to inform us that

'she was the proprietor of the splendid château of *Lucienne*, in *Dauphiné*, the furniture and decorations of which are said to have cost six millions of francs.'—vol. i. p. 19.

*Luciennes* happens to be near Paris, between three and four hundred miles from Dauphiny!

When Mr. Swinburne, writing from Naples in July, 1777, celebrates 'the refreshing breeze that allays the *fury of the Lion*,' most readers would imagine that he merely alluded to the zodiacal sign of the *Lion* which presides over the month of July: the learned editor has another version, and tells us

'*The Lion, or Sol-leone—the name given to the Dog-days.*'—vol. i. p. 155.

When Swinburne mentions the celebrated '*Madame de Prié*,'—whom with his wonted accuracy the editor calls Madame de *Prié*,—he adds,

'Mistress to the Duke of Bourbon, *Régent* after the death of the Duke of Orleans.'—vol. i. p. 216.

The regency having, as every one else knows, expired before the death of the Duke of Orleans.

Swinburne happens to state that Philip Duke of Burgundy married Margaret of Flanders. The editor thinks it necessary to authenticate this by particular dates—

'Philip of Burgundy, called the Bold, married at Ghent, in 1639, Margaret, daughter to Louis de Male, Count of Flanders. She had been previously *married*' [betroted] 'to Philip de Rouvre, Duke of Burgundy, in 1534—he being seven, and she only four years old.'—vol. i. p. 293.

By which accurate reckoning it appears that, if Margaret was married over young to her first husband, she amply made up for it by being 105 years old when she married her second; and, what is still more surprising, she *died* in 1405—that is, about 130 years before, according to the accurate editor, she was born! We should have attributed such errors as these, gross as they are, to mere haste and negligence, if the editor had not given us so many and such wonderful proofs of indisputable ignorance.

Mr. Swinburne, under the date 19th January, 1787, relates that he was '*that day presented to the Duchesse de la Vallière, aged 79. She was a famous beauty, and has yet wonderful eyes, &c.*' (vol. ii. p. 43.) This lady, who was not, we believe, quite so old as Swinburne says—(Grimm makes her age 50 in 1771; but



but she was probably some years more than that,)—was *Anne Julie de Crussol*, wife of the Duke de la Vallière, so well known to the whole literary world (except our editor) as the possessor of one of the finest private libraries in the world. But Mr. White, not suspecting that the human race could have produced two *Duchesses de la Vallière*, boldly decides that the *Julie de Crussol* seen by Swinburne in 1787 was *Louise de la Baume*, the celebrated mistress of Louis XIV., who retired from the world in 1674, only 113 years before! And this incredible blunder the editor enlarges on and *elaborates* in one of the longest notes which he contributes to the *elucidation* of these volumes.

After this nothing can surprise; but we shall add, to complete the series, one or two blunders of a more recent date.

Mrs. Swinburne, writing to her husband from Versailles, in 1789, mentions the *Assembly of the 'Etats Généraux in the Salle des Menus Plaisirs';* on which the editor adds,—

'The *Salle des Menus Plaisirs* is one of the apartments in the building of that name in the *Fauxbourg [sic] Poissonnière*.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

The *Faubourg Poissonnière*—in *Paris*! The editor of the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*' does not know, it seems, that the *Etats Généraux* met in the *Salle des Menus* at *Versailles*, and has never heard of the important and bloody struggle which ended in their being transferred to Paris about six months after. The superb *Salle des Menus* at *Versailles*, where the Assembly met, has long since vanished, and the site is occupied by barracks.

When Swinburne mentions the publication, in 1797, of the trial of Louis XVI., the editor takes notice of a work, which Mr. Swinburne had also bought in Paris, called *Liste des Condamnés*, and as that makes mention of the *guillotine*, he adds,—

'It may not be irrelevant to mention that this instrument of death was *invented before the Revolution by a Dr. Guillotin*, with the philanthropic intention of shortening the sufferings of criminals: *the projector went mad* when he *discovered* the horrible *purposes* to which his invention was applied.'—vol. ii. p. 189.

Now, whether the introduction of the history of the guillotine was *relevant* on this occasion or not we will not decide, but it so happens that every item of the history given is erroneous. It was not invented by Dr. Guillotin before the Revolution—it was not invented by Dr. Guillotin at all—though by a combination of circumstances it came to be eventually called by *his* name—it was first called *la Louison*, from Louis, an eminent surgeon and secretary to the College of Surgeons, in Paris, who, in March, 1792, improved the mechanism and recommended the adoption of an old instrument of the same kind. Nor did Dr. Guillotin '*go mad at discovering* the horrible *purposes* to which it was applied.'

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He was, no doubt, surprised, not at the *purposes*, but at the *extent*, to which it was applied, and very much annoyed at finding his name attached to this instrument of murder, but he lived to the Restoration in extensive professional practice and still much respected, in spite of the afflicting associations of his name.

Under the date of 15th November, 1796, Mr. Swinburne, then residing in Paris as Commissary for the exchange of prisoners of war, mentions the negotiations *then going on* between Lord Malmesbury and *La Croix*, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. On which the editor records that this was

‘ J. P. de la Croix, born in 1754, and originally bred to the bar. He was a man of undoubted abilities. Having embraced the popular cause, he rose from place to place to be Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was one of the most hostile to the royal family, voted the king’s death, and in his turn was guillotined with Danton 8th April, 1794.’—vol. ii. p. 127.

The text states that the man was alive and well and negotiating with Lord Malmesbury, while the editor says that he had been *guillotined two years and a half before*—imagining, from our own late political experience, that it was easier for a man to be minister two years after he had lost his head than that there should have been two citizens of the name of La Croix.

We would take no notice of mere typographical errors, but there are several mistakes of that nature which render the context unintelligible, and can have only been caused or permitted by sheer ignorance ;—such as, a certain ‘ *Lady Susan*,’ who took a lead in English society at Naples (vol. i. p. 237). After puzzling ourselves in vain to discover who this *Lady Susan* could have been, we at last are reduced to guess that *Lady Lucan* was meant. The Ostend packet was like to be lost, but was saved ‘ by the help of some *Tuscan* mariners who happened to be passengers on board,’ and who were, it seems, better acquainted with the coast of Holland than the crew of the packet. *Tuscan* mariners! very odd! But, after some pondering, we see reason to suspect that *Tuscan* is a misprint for *Dutch*. Mr. Swinburne talks of ‘ the beauty of the sequestered valley of *La Costello*,’ in Poitou (vol. i. p. 44)—so sequestered that it would be hard to find it; but the post-book would have informed the *editor* that *La Crou-telle* was meant. ‘ *Pruffee* is an ugly town, which belongs to M. de Broglie, a tyrannical master.’ (vol. i. p. 44.) The place is no doubt *Ruffec*. Even English names are equally mangled. In this work on the *Courts of Europe* we have some account of Mr. Swinburne’s travels in his native land. He visits Devonshire, where he crosses the river *Lavy*, and embarks for Mount Edg-cumbe at *Multon* Cove (vol. i. p. 292). We are startled to meet ‘ a prince of *Patagonia*’ in Sicily (vol. i. p. 186), and to hear of a  
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bas relief at Rome, representing 'Caspar and Alcyone!' (vol. i. p. 383.)

We believe that our readers are by this time—perhaps superabundantly—satisfied both as to the merits of the individual *editor* and of the new system of which he affords so remarkable an example. We have dwelt upon it at some length in hopes of checking a practice, not very creditable in itself, and which cannot fail to be injurious to that humble and useful style of editorship so necessary, within its proper scope, to wholesome literature.

We now proceed to give some account of the body of the work, a considerable portion of which goes, as we have already hinted, over the same ground which Mr. Swinburne had already treated of in his *Travels*; and we find in the prefaces to those old books some indications which induce us to doubt whether he would himself have approved the publication now made of these fragments of his familiar correspondence.

In the preface to the Spanish tour he says—

'Many things in my *private letters*, of which the following sheets are almost exact copies, were *not deemed proper for public inspection*; there are many *trifling occurrences* that *fill up a letter very agreeably*, but when printed become ridiculous.'—*Preface*, Ed. 1787.

This is very true—and offers by anticipation a very just criticism on a large portion of the present work. In the preface to the Italian tour he also uses some remarkable expressions:—

'The same principle [that guided him in the Spanish tour] shall direct my pen in this work. According to my plan the effusions of imagination are debarred all share in the composition. I deny myself the usual privilege of *working up a trivial event* into a sentimental or laughable adventure: the *lively dialogue of persons who honoured me with their confidence is excluded*; nor do I allow myself to *dress up the trite stories of an old book of jests*, and pass it off as the *scandalous chronicle of the day*.'—*Preface*, Ed. 1783.

This statement of the kind of loose gossip which he says he carefully *excluded* from his book is a very accurate description of a great portion of these letters, and we therefore doubt a little whether Mr. Swinburne's surviving friends have shown a due respect to his memory in thus publishing the private chit-chat which he himself seems to have deliberately rejected.

Keeping, however, in mind the candid hints which Mr. Swinburne himself has thus given us, that we must not rely on the accuracy or fitness for publication of private letters written to amuse distant friends, we see no great reason to complain of the publication, and on the contrary we confess that, bating some '*trifling occurrences*' not worth telling, many '*trite stories from old jest-books*' frequently mistold, and not a few very apocryphal  
extracts

extracts from '*the scandalous chronicle of the day*,' we prefer the vivacity and *commerage* of these original letters to the more serious and measured, but rather heavy, style of his published epistles; and we have only to regret that the former has not found a more intelligent and discriminating *editor*.

It is, however, our duty to say and to show that Mr. Swinburne's modest condemnation of some passages of his private letters is by no means too severe, and that, in his endeavour to amuse his friends, he certainly was not always punctiliously scrupulous as to the authenticity of his reports, and sometimes falls into inaccuracies which lead us to suspect that his acquaintance with the eminent persons he happens to mention was not always as intimate as it seems and as indeed might be expected from a gentleman of his station in life and long intercourse with continental manners.

Mr. Swinburne was of an ancient and respectable Roman Catholic family in Northumberland,—baronets as early as 1660. He himself had been educated in a Roman Catholic seminary in France, and he had married an English lady of the same persuasion who had been educated in a French convent. He was also connected with the Dillons by the marriage of his brother, Sir Edward, with Miss Dillon,\* whose younger sister married Monsieur d'Osmond. These circumstances might be expected to make foreign life more agreeable, and foreign society more accessible, to Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne than to ordinary English travellers; yet we do not see in the book itself much evidence of such a result. They appear to have received attentions from the Queen of Naples, whose sympathy towards them was peculiarly excited by their having lost a daughter † just at the same time (1779) the queen had lost a son. Her majesty recommended them to the notice of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France; and their son Henry was just before the Revolution appointed one of her pages, and was even wounded as her partisan in an affray between the royalists and Jacobins in one of the theatres of Paris. This youth afterwards entered the English army, and was lost with General Knox in the *Babet*. But with these opportunities—which induced us to expect some information from a work of his announced as the '*COURTS OF EUROPE*'—it seems wonderful that his private letters should not tell much more than they do of the interior of foreign society, and

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\* The editor calls her *Mademoiselle de Dillon*; but he does not tell us the degree of her relationship either to Lord Dillon or to the French Dillons.

† The editor says confidently, '*a fine boy*, who fell a victim to *malaria*,' vol. i. p. 226; but it seems (unless, which we do not believe, he lost *two* children about the same time) that it was a *daughter*.

that what he does tell is so frequently inaccurate. ‘ ’Tis not every man,’ said Johnson, ‘ who can *carry a joke*,’ and certainly Mr. Swinburne had that talent in so slight a degree that these letters lead us to suspect him of having been a much duller man than we had previously supposed. We select two or three instances :—

‘ *M. de Carondelet*, who has married Miss Plunket, daughter of Lord Dunsany, is fifty-four; she twenty-four. He is the most passionate lover ever seen, and cannot bear to be absent from her a moment: he even sits by her at table. He calls her “*Mimie*,” and says he has forgotten all music except two notes, “*mimi, là*,” laying his hand upon his heart. Some one said, “*Quand il mourra, on mettra sur sa tombe, Mimi là, mi là*.” He fell in love with her at Spa, by being sent, *à dessein*, to prevail upon her to join a party of pleasure, which she had refused. He stole upon her unawares, and found her reading his travels: *inde amor et connubium*. Madame de Sillery [Genlis] contributed to the success of the artifice.’—vol. ii. p. 40.

Now, as Mr. Swinburne must, we suppose, have been acquainted with the lady, and as he certainly was intimate in the society of Madame de Genlis, of which the gentleman was an *habitué*, it is surprising that he should have so blundered the story. In the first place, we know not how he comes to call the husband *M. de Carondelet*. He was, in fact, the Marquis of *Chastellux*, a gentleman well known in the literary as well as the fashionable circles of Paris. (See ‘*Mémoires de Bachaumont*,’ vol. xxxvi. p. 242; and ‘*Mémoires de Genlis*,’ vol. iii. p. 212, &c.) Then the anecdote of ‘*Mimi*,’ &c., does not belong to M. and Madame de Chastellux; and is moreover egregiously blundered. Some of our readers may not remember that the notes in music called by us *A, B, C*, &c., are called on the Continent *re, mi, fa, sol, la*, &c.; and when some dandy of the day was supposed to have fallen a sacrifice to his ardour for a celebrated opera nymph, *Mlle. Miré*, the wits imagined an epitaph for him, formed out of the names of the musical notes *mi-ré, la, mi, là*.

The merit of the joke, such as it is, is the triple allusion to the name and profession of the nymph and the *death* of the gallant; which could in no wise apply to M. or Madame de Chastellux.

Of the same kind is the following :—

‘ Monsieur de Crosne, the lieutenant de police, is not very bright, and is easily imposed upon; or, in other words, he is *quite a blockhead*. Somebody informed him that there was in a certain house “*une secte d’Anabaptistes, qui faisait beaucoup de bruit dans le quartier*.” He went thither, and began taking his information by asking whom the house belonged to. “*A Batiste*,” was the reply. “*Et qui sont ceux qui s’y assemblent, et qui font tant de bruit?*” “*Les Anabaptistes*.” “*Comment*

ment donc," said he, "*des ânes ? Envoyez les donc paître dans les prairies.*"—vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.

This is indeed, to use Mr. Swinburne's own words, '*a trite story from an old jest-book*,' much older than the days of M. de Crosne, who was a grave, sensible, honest, and well-informed man, and certainly not '*quite so great a blockhead*' as he who has made such laborious nonsense out of what was, even as originally told, but a silly conundrum.

Again,—

'When the King of Sweden was at Paris, the courtiers turned him into ridicule, as they do everybody. "*Enfin*," said Monsieur de C., "*c'est un roi*"—"couronné," interrupted a cautious friend, in order to put a stop to his invectives.'—vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

Does the reader see here any pleasantry—any meaning? What 'caution' was there in adding the epithet *couronné* to the word *roi*? Mr. Swinburne really seems to have been *un peu bête*. The true story, however, is rather a good one. The late king of Sweden, Gustavus, was, as is well known, even in youth, *flighty*: some one in society in Paris was talking rather freely about him, even in the presence of the Swedish minister; '*Enfin*,' said the assailant, '*c'est une tete*'—"couronnée," interrupted the minister, with equal presence of mind and good taste! Mr. Swinburne's version has ingeniously contrived to miss every point of the anecdote.

The following mistake is, from collateral circumstances, of more importance.

Under the date of the *4th March*, 1788, in the dawn of the Revolution, we find this memorandum:—

'Versailles.—Supped at Madame de Polignac's. The queen played at billiards all the evening. There are various reports concerning the true cause of the exile of the Duc d'Orleans [*Egalité*]. Some say he wanted to raise money himself, therefore did what he could to discredit the king's loan; others, that he had cheated the Prince of Wales, and that the King of England has complained of it. When he appeared at court here on his return from England, Louis XVI. asked him what he had been about there. "*J'y ai appris à penser*," he replied, fancying he had said something very sagacious. "*Oui, à panser les chevaux*," answered the king.'—vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

Subsequent events have rendered every detail of the intercourse of the elder branch with the Duke of Orleans and the causes of their mutual enmity, subjects of peculiar interest. Now here is Mr. Swinburne—supping at *Madame de Polignac's* apartments in the palace of *Versailles*, where the Queen comes in to play at billiards—who gives us a very recent, curious, and lively image of the *aigreur* already existing between the king and the Duke

Duke of Orleans. Who could doubt the authenticity of an anecdote so dated, and so told? Yet it is *utterly false*—it does not belong to Louis XVI., nor the Duke of Orleans, nor even to Mr. Swinburne's day. It will be found, *totidem verbis*, in the 'Mémoires de Bachaumont' (vol. iii. p. 34), under the date 30th May, 1766, and truly told of Louis XV. and the celebrated Comte de Lauragais.

These are only 'the trite stories of old jest-books'—but of a much more serious character are his credulous and calumnious extracts from 'the scandalous chronicle of the day,' which receive a new importance when repeated in this chit-chat style by a person in Mr. Swinburne's station—who it would naturally be supposed would be a most reluctant witness against persons who appear to have been his acquaintance, his friends, or his benefactors.

'8th. At Versailles, to the Duchesse de Polignac's. *Thé* with Mrs. S. and F., where there was dancing. The queen very gracious; she danced with Lord Strathaven.\*

'The Princesse de Lamballe is ill from a bruise in her head, which she got at *Raincy*, by a fall in romping with the little Comte de Beaujolois. She is said to be quite a *Messalina*.'—vol. ii. p. 42.

That a man thus mixing in the queen's society should have written such imputations on her majesty's dearest and most devoted friend is really very surprising, and would tend to give (with those who are not better informed) colour and consistency to the atrocious calumnies of which those two princesses were the victims. Of the *romping* scene—which, in the way in which Mr. Swinburne thinks proper to record it, seems to imply a blameable levity of character, it is very improbable that any of the details should have survived; but we happen, oddly enough, to know the real history of the accident, which does credit to the domestic virtues and amiability of Madame de Lamballe. The Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*) was exiled from court to one of his country-seats—not *Le Raincy*, but Villers Cotterets—and was accompanied by his wife (M. de Lamballe's sister) and children. Madame de Lamballe, extremely attached to her sister, though partaking the general dislike to the Duke of Orleans, left court to pay her a long visit in her solitude, and there, playing one day in the garden with her youngest nephew, the Comte de Beaujolois, then seven years old, her foot tripped, and she fell with her head against the stump of a tree, which occasioned a severe and even dangerous wound. An aunt, of the age of forty, playing in a garden with a nephew of

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\* It is singular that Lord Strathaven, afterwards Earl of Aboyne, and more recently Marquis of Huntly, who danced with Marie Antoinette in 1789, may have also danced with Queen Victoria. We have, we think, seen his Lordship bear his part in a quadrille at court in her present Majesty's reign. *The ruling passion strong in—life!*



seven years old, can hardly be said to have been *romping*. As to the atrocious imputation of her being '*quite a Messalina*,' it is true that such things were said in those disgusting libels that preceded and prepared the Revolution, and repeated by credulity and malevolence; but Mr. Swinburne ought to have known better. Madame de Lamballe was a model of every class of female virtue; married, in 1767, at the age of eighteen, to a dissipated youth, who left her, in little more than a year, a childless widow, she continued so to her death—twenty-five years later—dedicating herself chiefly to the society of her amiable, virtuous, and pious father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre—to whom she was more than a daughter, and who died of a broken heart at her death. When Marie Antoinette married the Dauphin, a natural friendship grew up between the princesses; on the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, Madame de Lamballe was invested with the first rank in the queen's household; and when the precursors of the Jacobins began—as the English *Roundheads* had done—to sap the throne by decrying the queen, Madame de Lamballe, as having at that period the greatest share of her favour and confidence, became enveloped in the same calumnies—which, however, no one but the most ignorant could have believed. At the time that the king and queen made their fruitless flight to Varennes, Madame de Lamballe was so fortunate as to escape to England, but was too devoted and too generous a friend to abandon them in danger; she accordingly returned to share their fate, and was murdered in the September massacres, with circumstances of horror and brutality *which cannot be written*. But it is very remarkable that the calumnies to which Mr. Swinburne lent so ready an ear, and which this publication has thus revived, had been dissipated even before the Revolution; in fact, they died away when Madame de Lamballe was in some degree superseded in the queen's favour by Madame de Polignac, to whom the libellists immediately transferred their rancour, and the groundless slanders against the first favourite were soon forgotten in the equally groundless slanders against the second. We have under our eyes one of these libels, entitled '*Essai Historique sur la Vie de Marie Antoinette*,' purporting to be *confessions*, written by herself, of every species of crime and horror of which human nature could be guilty, and in which her friends are all designated as her accomplices. Even in this abominable book, in which every other person, without exception, is charged with every species of vice, all that is said of Madame de Lamballe is, '*the prude Lamballe, disgusted with the consequences of her unhappy (funeste) marriage, began to hoist at this time [the queen's accession] signals of devotion*' (p. 15). So that her crimes, in the opi-  
nion



nion of the libellist, were only *prudery* and *piety*. Hear, also, what even the *Conventionalist* Mercier says of her:—‘The sincere attachment of Madame de Lamballe to the queen was her *only crime*. In our troublesome times she had played no part—she was under *no popular disfavour*, for she was known to the people only by her *frequent acts of charity and benevolence*—the most ferocious libellists, the most violent haranguers, had *never made any attack on her*.’ To which we may add that Madame de Genlis, who ridicules her manners and depreciates her *understanding*, and who, *pour cause*, confesses that she did not like her, never breathes a suspicion of her *morals*. And in the ‘*Biographie Moderne*,’ a candid and respectable work, we read, ‘Madame de Lamballe was handsome, gentle, obliging, and modest, even in the height of court favour. Her name, *without a spot*, was respected even by the libels of revolutionists: they murdered her—but they have not ventured to slander her memory’ (*flétrir sa mémoire*). This was reserved for the posthumous work of Mr. Swinburne. We trust our readers will excuse our having dwelt a little on this case, both because it tends to do justice to an injured woman and is moreover an instance of the strange and culpable *gobe-moucherie* of Mr. Swinburne. Of the same character is the following passage:—

‘The anti-court people say of the queen, that the difference between her and Madame du Barri is, that the latter “*quitta le public pour le roi, et la reine quitte le roi pour le public*.” Very spiteful.’—vol. ii. p. 51.

To which the editor very properly subjoins, ‘Mr. Swinburne ought rather to have said *most calumnious*.’ He certainly ought; and if the *editor* had been equally vigilant (for we do not doubt his candour) on other occasions, we should have forgiven the parade of the title-page.

We honestly confess that we do not know what to make of Mr. Swinburne:—he was certainly an accomplished man—this volume contains specimens, not below mediocrity, of his poetry in three languages, Latin, French, and English—he was a skilful draftsman,\* and had a love, if not a taste, for all the fine arts; yet his ‘*Travels*’ are dull and meagre; and *these* letters exhibit strong evidence of a trifling, credulous, gossiping turn of mind, deficient in the powers of combination and judgment—we had almost said of comprehension. Something of all this may be accounted for by the fact that the volumes are, as we have already said, composed of scraps of diaries and unconnected fragments of correspondence, having neither order nor object, and never intended to see the

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\* We take this on his own word, for the prints from his drawings given in his ‘*Travels*’ are contemptible.

light—or, at most, being the loose notes from which he might have had the design of composing some future work; but even with that allowance, we cannot quite explain to ourselves how a well-informed and sensible man could have recorded such idle stories, believed such vulgar calumnies, and made such superficial and trivial notes of scenes and circumstances so interesting and important as it was his fortune to witness. There is, however, in his gossip a good deal to amuse those who read as a mere pastime, and a few remarkable anecdotes, some of which—after this general warning as to the character of the narrator—we shall present to our readers. We shall take them chronologically. In 1779 he visits Florence:—

‘We went to the opera, where, for the first time, I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Comte d’Albanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in a corner of his box, at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pug nose. She always wears a hat. Alfieri, the Piémontese, is a constant attendant in her box, with her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Malgan.’—vol. i. p. 253.

‘A quack doctor was called to attend a friend of Lorenzi’s [a diplomatist celebrated for his *sautes*] who was dangerously ill, and ordered him to take forty of his pills. “*Il est mort au quatrieme*,” said Lorenzi in a rage, as he told the story; “*jugez, s’il les eut toutes prises!*”’—vol. i. p. 256.

At Parma, under date of 22nd [March?] 1780, Mr. Swinburne treats us with one of his apocryphal anecdotes:—

‘I learnt here the manner of the death of the late Infant Don Philip, who fell from his horse, and was devoured by his own hounds. It was given out that he was taken ill at Alexandria, where he had been to see a favourite lady whom he wished to marry.’—vol. i. p. 305.

The editor adds—

‘The Infanta Don Philip of Parma is said by his biographers to have died of small-pox in 1759.’—*ibid.*

We believe that since Actæon no man has been, otherwise than metaphorically, devoured by his own hounds, and we do not see why the tradition of a cloister should counterveil the general opinion of Europe in a matter which could be no secret: Don Philip’s wife and her father both happened to die of small-pox, and why not he? Mr. Swinburne’s anecdote can only be taken as another instance of his *gobe-moucherie*.

When Mr. Swinburne visited Vienna in the autumn of 1780, he was introduced at Court and to Prince Kaunitz by the British Minister; his account of the prince affords a good example of his style and a good measure of his intellect:—

‘We went afterwards, in Sir Robert Keith’s carriage, to dine with Prince

Prince Kaunitz. . . . After dinner the prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums; one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed, and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pocket for this purpose—such as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whims are innumerable. Nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the small-pox is enough to knock him up for the day. I saw an instance of this; for Burghausen, having been long absent, came out with it, and the prince looked as black as could be all the rest of the day. To derange the train of his ideas puts him sadly out of sorts. The other day he sent a favourite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him.

‘He is full of childish vanities, and wishes to be thought to excel in everything. He used to have a spiral glass for mixing the oil and vinegar for salads, which he shook every day with great parade and affectation. At last the bottle broke in his hands, and covered him and his two neighbouring ladies with its contents. A gentleman not opening a bottle of champagne to his mind, he called for one to give the company a lesson in uncorking and frothing the liquor: unluckily he missed the calculation of his parabola, and poured out the wine into his uplifted sleeve, as well as into his waistcoat, &c.’—vol. i. p. 334.

With a great deal more of such stuff. To be sure he adds—

‘He studied at Leipsic with great reputation, and is an excellent Latin scholar, but no Grecian; he understands English, French, and Italian, very perfectly, and reads a great deal, or rather a great deal is read to him. He has good taste, and has raised the arts from barbarism to great perfection at Vienna. In business he is intelligent, and far above any mean subterfuges or falsehoods.’—vol. i. p. 336.

But Swinburne's genius was rather for anecdotes of the vinegar-cruet and the corkscrew; and in his subsequent intercourse with Prince Kaunitz, he contrives to give us a very unfavourable picture of his own good manners:—

‘Kaunitz is the greatest tyrant and bashaw I ever knew; he has always some dishes and cakes (peculiar dainties) reserved for himself, which nobody dares to touch. *As he mostly makes me sit near him, Madame de Thun warned me not to transgress, which perhaps put it into my head to do so, for I did not care a halfpenny about him. Accordingly I took an opportunity, and, notwithstanding all the signs and distressed looks of my wife opposite, I succeeded in carrying off some of his favourite gauffres and sweetmeats. He looked very awkward, grew quite reserved, and me bouda for several days. I took no notice of his pettishness, which amused me extremely, and in about a week he came round of himself.*’—vol. i. p. 360.

Now, here was a stranger admitted to the table of a prince—prime minister of a great empire—a person of the highest consideration in Europe, and old enough to be Mr. Swinburne's grandfather, and on whose hospitality the guest had no other claim than the official introduction of the British minister; yet he has the extraordinary (we hope we may call it) impertinence and vulgarity to offend *prepensely* his kind and venerable host, in a way that a person of really gentlemanlike feeling would never have treated an inferior. A *bagman*, nowadays, would not be so rude to the hostess of an ordinary. He says soon after that he met three Americans at dinner in London:—

'The behaviour of the latter at table was truly ridiculous; it is not possible to conceive anything more vulgar and contrary to the manners of polished countries. A low farmer in England would not do so many awkward and improper things, because he would feel more shamefacedness.'—vol. i. pp. 393, 394.

'Awkward and improper' things may be 'ridiculous;' but ridicule is a far lighter feeling than what Swinburne's own proceeding excites. We do not believe that these Americans could have in any respect behaved as ill as he, without any 'shamefacedness,' describes himself to have done at Prince Kaunitz's table.

In 1786 he visited Paris, and, taking a house near St. Germain, lived there for a couple of years, pushing himself as it seems into society, and swallowing, as we have seen, as gospel the gossip of the hour; but it is really surprising, considering his opportunities and the interest of the time, how very little he tells us:—

'Dined at Mr. Eden's [the British Minister], and went to the court theatre, where the admission is gratis. All foreigners are seated sideways, on benches behind the orchestra, on account of the king's chair, which is placed in the middle of the pit, and nobody must turn their back to it. Before us sat the ambassadors, and a bench is left for princes of the blood. Opposite to us sat, on similar forms, *the ladies of easy virtue of Paris!* When there is an abundance of foreigners, one is forced to push and run for places, in a very disagreeable manner, as there are, in fact, only sixteen places.

'The introducteur came to the *salle des ambassadeurs*, where we were all assembled, and ushered the foreigners to their seats some time before the play began; he then fetched the *corps diplomatique*.'—vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

Our readers will see here the contradictions of a heedless storyteller: he in one paragraph says the foreigners scrambled for places—in the next line he states they were formally ushered to their seats by the proper officer; and then he would have us believe that there were in the king's private theatre, and in a prominent part of the theatre, in his own presence and that of the queen, seats reserved for the *ladies of easy virtue of Paris!*—

'The

'The Marquis de la Fayette has signed a remonstrance, and delivered it to the bureau for the king, setting forth the alarms of the public at his majesty's supplying the stockjobbers with money to support their gambling; also at the extravagant prices paid for L'Orient and Sancerres, and the absurdity of the king's buying estates at a time when he proposed to sell the domain. It is a bold letter, and forcible, but not well written.

'There have been strange doings in the Sancerres business; a job by which the Baron d'Espagnac, the proprietor, gained prodigiously. The *contrôleur-général* had five hundred thousand francs, Madame de Polignac three hundred thousand, and so forth.'—vol. ii. p. 20.

To the *bureau*. What bureau? Neither Mr. Swinburne nor his editor deigns to tell us. Those who happen to have the events of that day fresh in their recollection know that he alludes to one of the bureaux into which the *Assemblée des Notables* was divided; but how should an ordinary reader understand what is meant? As to La Fayette's denunciation, it came, like all the rest of that vapid mountebank's sayings and doings, to nothing; and as to Mr. Swinburne's absurd *apostille* that M. de Calonne had 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*), and Madame de Polignac 300,000 (12,000*l.*), for this job, it is like many others of his stories, utterly false:—it was so said, we have no doubt, in the Palais Royal; but neither of them had one penny; and the bargain for the sale of Sancerre, though officially concluded in M. de Calonne's administration, had been transacted by his two predecessors, who left him nothing to do but the formal ratification.

The following is the style in which Mr. Swinburne notices the first events of the Revolution:—

'July 6th.—Dined at Le Val [a villa of the Prince de Beauveau's, near St. Germain]; Mesdames de Boisgelin et d'Usson, the Princesse de Poix, &c. All at court are in a bustle, because the parliament of Paris will not hear of new taxes till the king lays before them a state of his debts and expenses, that they may be convinced of the necessity of fresh impositions. Calonne, who has fled to Rotterdam, has written to the king that he is gone off to have liberty to prepare for his defence, as the Archbishop of Toulouse is doing all he can to deprive him of the means of justifying himself.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

This is really the slip-slop of history. But he states, about the same date, three curious circumstances; one of which professes to be a prophecy, and the other two have turned out to be prophecies still more extraordinary:—

'It is a curious thing, that, by a very lucky hit, Matthieu Lansberg, the conjurer, almanac-maker of Liege, foretold Madame du Barri's fate, under the month of May, 1774. He said, *une grande favorite jouera son dernier rôle*. The almanac at the preceding Christmas was denied a licence on that account, and was obliged to be altered before its sale

was authorised at Paris. Louis Quinze died May 10, and Madame du Barri was sent about her business.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

'I learn from Monsieur d'Entraigue that the Comte d'Artois [Charles X.] had a warm conference with the king, on the dismissal of the Archevêque de Sens. The king asked him why he was so violent against that minister, and so anxious that he should be turned out. He replied, "*Parceque je n'ai pas envie d'aller mendier mon pain dans les pays étrangers!*"'—*Ib.*, p. 51.

'6th June, 1788.—Met Monsieur Le Maître, who was ten years in the Bastille for having published, in a periodical paper called "*L'Espion Turc*," the following story or prophecy:—"Catherine de Medicis was always surrounded by astrologers, one of whom, by her desire, composed a magic mirror, wherein she might see what would occur in the future. She beheld each of her sons on the throne; then her mortal enemy, Henry of Bourbon, his son, and grandson, the crown held up by the Jesuits. *When it came to Louis XVI. she saw nothing but mist, no king, and a set of cats and rats devouring each other.* On seeing this she fainted away. On her recovery, all was clear, and a prince of the name of CHARLES was seated on the throne."—*Ib.*, p. 60.

This is certainly very extraordinary to have been written by Swinburne in June, 1788, as we suppose it was; for, much as we complain of the editor's negligence, we have certainly no sort of right to suspect him of any interpolation.

In June, 1788, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne returned to England but Mrs. Swinburne returned to Paris with her son Henry early in 1789, and remained there till after the fatal 5th and 6th of October. It seems that Mrs. Swinburne, by means of the introduction of the Queen of Naples (and probably by her connexion with the Dillons), had obtained the good-will of Marie Antoinette, and Henry had been, in May, 1788, received as one of her majesty's pages. On which occasion she writes to her husband:—

'The queen is very low-spirited and uneasy about her son. [the first Dauphin, who died soon after], who, by all accounts, lies dangerously ill, and is not likely to recover. She inquired kindly after all our family, and assured me she should consider Harry as under her care, and also spoke of our business, which Madame Campan had told her was my reason for now returning to France. . . .

'The whole tenor of her conversation was melancholy, but she said little about public affairs; her child's illness seemed uppermost in her mind. The tears, which I with difficulty restrained in her presence, gushed from me as soon as I had quitted the room. She told me she should like to see me again soon. Poor thing! her kindness and sorrowful manner made me more interested and enthusiastic about her than ever.'—vol. ii. p. 79.

Two or three subsequent letters of Mrs. Swinburne are, we think, the most interesting portion of the volumes:—

' July



' July 1.—The fermentation seems to be strangely increased ; and if it were not for Harry's being here, I would return directly to England ; but I confess I am unwilling to leave him behind till I know all is settled and quiet. Yet I am assured there can be no danger for us, and that the unpopularity of the court will not affect private individuals. /

' The death of the dauphin prevented my seeing the queen again. It has been a bitter stroke for her, though she must have expected it. She mourns much, and receives no one without absolute necessity. I understand she considers *Monsieur* [Louis XVIII.] as a great cause of the evils now occurring, as it was he who proposed and insisted upon the number of the Tiers Etats representatives being double that of the other orders, on the plea of its being a larger body. He made a fine flummery speech to the king about the justice of its being so.

' The Tiers Etats have now established themselves apart as an *assemblée nationale*, with M. Bailly, their president, who convoked them in a tennis-court, where they have sworn to resist the clergy and the nobles. The Duke of Orleans attends this new assembly, and the Evêque d'Autun [Talleyrand] makes himself very conspicuous.'—vol. ii. p. 84.

' July 16.—Necker is dismissed, and banished from France, and the Baron de Bréteuil is come in. This has been the Comte d'Artois' doing. The departure of Necker was the signal of explosion. His bust and that of the Duke of Orleans were paraded round the town, and they were called "*les défenseurs de la patrie !*" All the theatres were closed, soldiers and populace filled the streets, fire was set to the barriers, cannons were fired, the tocsin sounded, and all was sedition.

' The Prince de Lambesc, with his regiment, appeared on the Place Louis XV., but the troops had no orders to act ; therefore, although they drove away some of the assailants, the latter very soon armed themselves *en masse*, and in less than a day they amounted to a corps of six thousand men, with M. de la Salle for their commandant. They have taken the colours of the Duke of Orleans' livery—blue, red, and white—for their cockade [a noble origin for the glorious tri-color]. They seized the arms at l'Hôtel des Invalides. The Gardes Françaises joined them, and the day before yesterday they attacked the Bastille, which they took without trouble. Poor M. de Launay, the governor, and some other officers, were massacred.

' They have insisted on the king's ordering the Maréchal de Broglie and his troops to withdraw, and he has, I fear, consented. The Duc de Liancourt has joined the rebel party.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

We interrupt Mrs. Swinburne for a moment to observe that this same Duke of Liancourt was one of the Girouettes who hastened to Dover in 1814 to pay homage to Louis XVIII. ; but the king received him very coldly ; and when his majesty was asked in which of the vessels assembled for the transport of himself and his attendants he wished the duke to be accommodated, he said, ' Anywhere



‘ Anywhere you please, except—with me.’ The Duke of Liancourt, of course, became again a great liberal:—

‘ The king has been to the Assemblée Nationale with Monsieur and the Comte d’Artois. The recall of Necker was insisted upon, and the king has sent for him. It is said the reason of his thus acquiescing in everything that is asked him is, that he makes a point of acting quite contrary to Charles I. in his dissensions with his people, and he is constantly studying his history. He has ordered the Comte d’Artois and his family to leave France, as well as the other princes of the blood; but Monsieur has refused to go. The Polignacs also, who are the objects of the detestation of the populace, are ordered away for their safety; and Madame de Tourzel is to be “surintendante des enfans.” There were only three prisoners found in the Bastille.’—vol. ii. p. 84.

‘ October 4.—The Duke of Orleans is becoming popular: they call him “le père du peuple!”

‘ The day before yesterday a troop of *poissardes* went about Paris, calling for bread! Hordes of *brigands* and women, with pikes and sabres, came on to Versailles. They say l’Abbé Gregoire led them on. The gardes-du-corps, under the command of the Duc de Guiche, defended the entrance of the palace, at the hall called l’Œil de Bœuf. [This is a strange blunder of the localities.] The mob begged to be heard, and the king allowed one of the women to enter. He gave an order to the directors of the royal granaries for bread to be distributed among them.

‘ The Comte d’Estaing behaved in a very cowardly manner, and deserted his post.’—*Ib.*, p. 87.

M. d’Estaing was commandant of Versailles, and behaved infamously; but we now know that it was not cowardice, or at least not cowardice alone, that actuated his conduct. He had an old grudge against the king, and particularly against the queen, for having been refused a personal favour which he did not deserve and which it would have been gross injustice to grant. His known enmity to the court was, we believe, the cause of his being elected to the command of the National Guard at Versailles, in which he behaved with the signal disloyalty noticed by Mrs. Swinburne. He was afterwards summoned as a witness against the queen, but his deposition, though mean, ungenerous, and cowardly, had nothing to criminate her, and failed to save himself; and he was sent to the guillotine a few months after. Such were the patriots of the day, and such their reward. Mrs. Swinburne writes a few days after—

‘ October 9.—We have had dreadful doings. On the 6th, at night, a set of wretches forced themselves into the château, screaming, “*La tête de la reine! à bas la reine! Louis ne sera plus roi,—il nous faut le Duc d’Orleans—il nous donnera du pain celui-là!*”

‘ Monsieur Durepaire, one of the gardes-du-corps, defended the queen’s door, and was killed. Others took his place, and were thrown down.

“ Sauvez

"Sauvez la reine!" was the cry of the gardes-du-corps. Madame Thibaud awoke the queen, who threw a coverlid of the bed over her, and ran into the king's room, and, soon after she was gone, her door was burst open. The king ran and fetched his son, and all together they waited the event.'—vol. ii. p. 89.

Here is another instance of the inaccuracy with which even eye-witnesses will state the most notorious facts. Mrs. Swinburne was living at Versailles, perhaps in the palace itself—her son was the queen's page—she herself was personally admitted to see her majesty in these disastrous times—yet she writes, three days after the event and when all the facts might have been well known, that *one* only of the gardes-du-corps was murdered, and that one M. Du Repaire; whereas M. Du Repaire was not killed, and MM. Deshuttes and de Varicourt were.

Mrs. Swinburne now found it was high time to escape from this scene of horrors, and we shall give large extracts from the interesting letter which on her arrival in London she addressed to her husband in the north of England, because it gives us an authentic sketch of the situation and feelings of the unfortunate queen under these calamities, which, extreme as they then seemed, were but the prelude to greater sufferings:—

‘ London, Dec. 1, 1789.

‘ I am just arrived, and so fatigued that it is impossible for me to set out for the north for several days. It will take me that time to recover. But, though weak in body, I am happy in mind to be again in England, and so soon to see you all. One sad drawback is my having left Henry; but he is well and safe, receiving an excellent education, much loved by his master, and under the special care of Madame de Talaru and Monsieur de Beauveau, who, on the very first appearance of danger, will send him directly to England. But all is quiet now, and I hope will remain so. The people are in high good humour since the royal family came to the Tuileries. It was, perhaps, natural that the Parisians should be jealous of the predilection of their sovereigns for Versailles. . . .

‘ When I had obtained my passports for myself and maid, I asked to take leave of the queen, and the interview was granted, which is a great favour, for she sees no one. She received me graciously, even kindly, and the manner in which she spoke of my son was calculated to set my heart at ease concerning him. She wished me every happiness. “*Vous allez dans votre heureuse famille,*” said she, “*dans un pays tranquille, où la calomnie et la cruauté ne vous poursuivront pas! Je dois vous porter envie.*”

‘ I ventured a few words of consolation, hinting that times were now improving, and that her popularity and happiness would be restored. She shook her head. We were alone. I know not how I was worked up to it, or had courage to make the proposal; but I did so—that, if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come with me to England in the disguise of my maid, whom  
I could

I could easily dispose of, by sending her under some pretext to her friends at St. Germain. She thanked me, and smiled faintly, but said nothing would induce her to leave her family. She added that she had refused other offers of the same sort, "Besides," and she looked round—" *si je voulais, cela ne se pourrait pas ; il y a trop d'espions.*"

'I took leave of her with regret and affection.

'I am sorry to say I have been informed by one of the queen's friends that there is some doubt of the perfect fidelity of Madame Campan.

'As it happened, it is lucky my offer was not accepted ; for on my arrival at Boulogne the carriage was assailed by a horde of poissardes, who accused me of being the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, going after him to England. They declared I should not leave France.

'Imagine my terror. I put my head out of the window to address them. "*Ecoutez, écoutez,*" said one or two of them. "*Mesdames,*" said I, as politely as my fear would let me, "*ayez la bonté de me regarder. Je ne suis ni jeune ni jolie ; Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, aurait-il si mauvais goût ?*"

'This made the creatures laugh, and some said, "*Pas si mal—pas si mal.*" Never did beauty long to be admired more than I did to be thought ugly. At last Mrs. Knowles, from the inn, came to my assistance, and vouched for my being otherwise than what they thought. But I never got rid of my terror till I found myself safely on board.

'I had a dreadful passage, but the storm of the elements alarmed me less than the torrent of human violence which I had just escaped. Adieu, for I am sleepy, and can write no more.'

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne seem to have settled themselves for several years at Hamsterley, their residence in Durham, and the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*' is occupied for several pages by fragments of commonplace letters written by him to her during occasional visits which he made to his country neighbours, and once or twice to London, between 1790 and 1796, from all which we can pick out but one paragraph. Madame de Genlis, with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Pamela, were at this time in England, and Swinburne, in return for her civilities in Paris, not only did them the honours of London, but visited them in the retreat which they had selected at Bury in Suffolk, and writes thus under date 10th June, 1792:—

'I have been staying at Bury with Madame Brulart [De Genlis]. . . . They say Sheridan is in love with, and wanting to marry, Pamela ; but whether his red face will charm her is, I think, doubtful, notwithstanding his wit.'—vol. ii. p. 111, 112.

It is well known that Sheridan admired, not improbable that he flirted with, Pamela ; and in the short interval between the death of his wife and the marriage of Pamela with Lord Edward Fitzgerald he may have had some thoughts of proposing for her, but

at the date of Swinburne's letter the first Mrs. Sheridan was still living; and therefore his *on dit* that Sheridan was *then* wanting to marry Pamela is only a fresh instance of his habitual inaccuracy.

In 1797, when Lord Malmesbury was sent to Paris to negotiate for a peace, Mr. Swinburne was also sent to arrange a cartel for the exchange of prisoners of war, and during his residence in France, from Nov. 1796 to Nov. 1797, he wrote a series of letters to his wife, chiefly about his private society and affairs, which occupy two-thirds of the second volume of the '*Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century*.' These letters give us little detail as to how he managed or mismanaged his public negotiations; they afford slender evidence of his capacity for business, and show him to have been good-natured and well-principled, but a vain, shallow, silly fellow. He seems to have done nothing, and, indeed, to have failed in all his objects. In April, 1797, he was ordered by the Directory to Fontainebleau, where he remained in a kind of sequestration till recalled by his own government in November. It was impossible that any man who had known Paris and moved in good society previous to the Revolution could have revisited it under the grotesque régime of the Directory without having curious scenes and interesting contrasts to relate; and though Mr. Swinburne has made as little of his materials as well could be—indeed, he modestly calls his letters *journals de bêtises*, and a *sarrago of nonsense* (which they very often are)—there are still some striking views of persons and manners:—

"Nov. 11, 1796."

'I have been walking about as freely as in London. Paris in this quarter [Rue Vivienne] is crowded more than ever, but both men and women are sad frights. The women dress shockingly, with immense bushy periwigs, quite discordant with their complexions and eyebrows, forming either a large *chignon*, or a great horse-tail behind, and brought very long over their faces in the front, only a little parted in the middle of the forehead, just like the men in Charles II.'s days; ows in iron bushes. They wear upon this, large flapping caps or mops, and over all a chip hat, like an umbrella, squeezed down at the sides, and staring up in front, lined with yellow, scarlet, or some such glaring colour. Shawls and blankets, projecting necks, black and gray stockings, and no heels.'—vol. ii, p. 122.

'The women here in the morning all wear dark purple or gray stockings, with orange cloaks; large coloured shawls over their shoulders, wigs and loose caps, with immense flapping wings to them;—such figures! You would be amused to see them tripping along the dirty streets, pulling their petticoats round them, and showing their legs up to the knees. The men all look like cut-throats, with their long hair falling over their faces, their coloured neck-handkerchiefs, strange cut coats, pantaloons, immense sticks, and fierce cocked hats.'—*ib.*, p. 159.

'The company [at a morning concert] assembled at two. The men were clean, many in English dresses, but there were also a good many *extravagants*, or *incroyables*, *en oreilles de chien*; that is, with their hair plaited and done up very tight behind, like an old-fashioned chignon, and in front two curls or tresses a foot long, just parted in the middle of the forehead, and hanging down the cheeks upon the waistcoat. Two of them I remarked as being particularly ridiculous; one side only was in curls hanging down, the other drawn back with the hair behind.

'The women were all in wigs, generally as different as possible from the true colour of their hair; their faces almost totally obscured. Their caps and hats had much gold and velvet, and very small feathers; their waists immoderately short, their faces daubed, their necks covered, their gowns muslin, with a great profusion of gold spangles and gold fringe.'—vol. ii. p. 181.

'Madame de Poix had a ball the other night, but I was lazy, and did not go. How comically I should have been accoutred, in worsted stockings and half-boots, with a red handkerchief round my neck! Such is the ball costume at present.'—vol. ii. p. 177.

So much for the fashions. Now for the appearance of the town:—

'How dull—how gloomy Paris is! All its hurry and crowds seem concentrated round the focus of this neighbourhood [Rue St. Honoré]. The rest of the town is deserted. The Fauxbourg St. Germain can never recover.

'I had been told by English republicans and Americans that wonderful things had been done and magnificent works undertaken. I see many things pulled down, but, except a repair in the roof of the Luxembourg, the alteration of the Palais Bourbon, and the finishing of the bridge, I have not seen one new stone put upon another.

'There are wood and plaster statues where brass and marble stood, dead poplar-trees of liberty, and the words "*propriété nationale*" upon more than half the houses. These are the present ornaments of Paris.

'The Hôtel du Parc Royal is now a printing-house; l'Hôtel de l'Université an office for the artillery. The Fauxbourg St. Germain is quite depopulated; its hotels almost all seized by government, and the streets near the Boulevard are choked with weeds. There is little bustle, except about the Palais de l'Egalité, which is a complete receptacle of filth. The buildings about it are ruinous.

'I have been at the site of the Bastille, now a timber-yard. As there have been fifty-seven new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an *ornament of their town*.'—vol. ii. p. 130.

'I went yesterday to see the Muséum or Galerie du Louvre. The dimensions are wonderful, and contain crowds of *chef-d'œuvres*, mixed with bad French pictures. Robert, the painter, attends us, to show what is intended to be done. The length is prodigious, but the colour gray, and unfavourable for pictures. Robert wishes the Directory to make skylights, but they have no money. It will be very fine when the  
statues

statues come into it; but there is hardly any light, and nowhere a good one, for the windows are all near the ground, and much too low for the purpose of lighting up paintings.'—*Ib.* p. 150.

We make this extract to remind our readers that it was not Buonaparte who appropriated the gallery of the Louvre to a *musée* of art. But the truth is that the design belongs neither to *Buonaparte* nor to the *Directory*, but to the times of poor Louis XVI., though the execution was suspended by the derangement of the finances and the troubles of the Revolution:—

'18th Oct., 1775.—Il est sérieusement question d'exécuter le projet de convertir en *un vaste et magnifique Musée* l'immense galerie du château de Tuileries regnant le long de la rivière—on y exposera principalement un multitude *des tableaux du Roi*.'—*Mém. de Bachaumont*, vol. xxxii. p. 317.

And we find, in the exhibition of pictures of the year 1779, a portrait of M. d'Angivillers, then Directeur des Bâtimens—

'unrolling a plan of the gallery of the Louvre; that superb Museum which is to collect all the talents and exhibit all the schools of art, which will be itself a great school for future artists, and which will immortalise the administration of M. d'Angivillers.'—*Lettre sur le Salon*, 28th Sept. 1779.

*Voilà une belle immortalité!* Who of the millions that pace that noble gallery ever think of any founder but Buonaparte?—who added, indeed, many plundered pictures and statues for its embellishment, but had nothing whatsoever to do either with the original design or execution.

As this subject is thus presented to us, we will add the same irrefragable evidence that two other important improvements of Paris, commonly attributed to Buonaparte, had been designed under the sanction of the unhappy king, though suspended by the same causes as the *Galerie du Musée*. Under the date of the 23rd Oct., 1778, we find, accurately detailed, the plan of opening what are now called the Rues de la Paix, de Castiglione, and de Rivoli; certainly the most striking and useful improvement ever made in Paris (*Mém. de Bachaumont*, vol. ii. p. 140); and under the date of 10th Dec., 1787 (vol. xxxvi. p. 227), we find—

'Le Roi a accordé des lettres patentes pour faire construire *un pont de fer* en face de l'Arsenal et du Jardin du Roi, avec le droit de lever un droit de péage sur ce pont.'

the exact description of the Pont d'Austerlitz—*sic vos non robis*.

We return to Mr. Swinburne.

'Paris, without police, is full of robbers and murderers. Last night at seven o'clock a woman was assassinated in her own room, nor far from us. There is a great want of money; so much so as to make it necessary



necessary for government to seize upon the recette at the opera. — vol. ii. p. 180.

' Murders are numerous. The police knows who the assassins are, but is not strong enough to put a stop to them. The depravity of all ranks (if one can talk of ranks) is past belief. Every one plunges into the mid-pool of vice, as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it, without fear of parental or political control. Nothing can be more disastrous than the situation of a virtuous parent who has a son or daughter of an age to marry or to choose a profession. — *Id.* p. 181.

' The other night, *Madame de Valence* [daughter of *Madame de Genlis*] gave a ball, *chez ma tante* [*Madame de Montesson*], to a vast number of *ci-devants*, who ate and drank, laughed and danced, as if they had not a friend absent, or one murdered, — when, behold! it comes *Madame Tallien*, and all the women went away. Can you imagine such folly, in their circumstances and misfortunes? I will venture to say there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favour of that woman, whose greatest crimes, perhaps, are her beauty and her riches. — *Id.* p. 183.

Mr. Swinburne is not very consistent in his alternate complaints of too much laxity and too much prudery, and it was not, as we shall see in the next extract, the *ci-devants* only who shunned *Madame Cabarrus Tallien* :—

' I went last night to the *bal donné* at l'Hôtel de Richelieu; it was very much crowded, but, as you may suppose, with few of my acquaintance except those I went with. *Madame Campan's* sister, *Madame Rousseau*, was there with a stout unmarried daughter, and a still stouter married one, dancing away all three. I saw many men and women kicking their heels about, whose age would have condemned them to the benches in former days.

' *Madame Tallien* was almost the only tolerable face, though haggard with hard duty and some thinking. She wore a black wig, *en tête de mouton*, sticking up behind, and interwoven with pearls and diamonds. Her dress had much gold and *poncéau*. She made a great display. Her shoulders are broad, and her figure robust. She dances well, has fine eyes, rather an Irish nose. I mean turned up at the end only. I do not know whether you understand me, but Burke's is so. She is exposed to hear many disagreeable speeches and scenes, of which I do not wonder. She looks sometimes dejected. The women of character, though belonging to the republic, do not associate with her. She had only a companion, or toastmaster.

' General Hoche was one of the company, a tolerable-looking young man, with nothing at all martial in his countenance; grave and quiet, not *en vainqueur d'Irlande*.

' When you consider how completely this nation has been demoralised, and the kind of persons who are to compose the rising generation, without control, education, or example before them, you will not wonder at my being incredulous as to the prompt return of *Astrea*. — vol. ii. p. 185.

'I am told there are weekly balls, *par abonnement* of thirty-six francs, for the winter, where the ladies appear in fancy dresses, chiefly as nymphs with flesh-coloured clothing. The complexion of the women seems to me to be much improved, and there is not such a quantity of rouge used as formerly.'—vol. ii. p. 131.

'Yesterday Madame de Gontaut gave as fine a ball as ever was given in days of yore: three hundred of the company had lost near relations by the guillotine! Some of the men there danced with their hats on, and with red heels. Two of the ministers (I do not mean foreign ones) were present.'—vol. ii. p. 188.

'There is a "*ba! abonné*," with Robert Dillon at the head, called "*Les restes de la Guillotine*." None are admitted but *femmes présentées*, and *fils de pendus*.'—p. 206.

On this last extract the editor remarks—

'*Femmes présentées*—those who had been presented at court prior to the Revolution; *fils de pendus*—sons of those who had perished by the lantern, guillotine, &c. A more painful instance of French levity can scarcely be adduced.'—p. 206.

French levity no doubt it was; but the editor might have observed that there was an Englishman 'at the head' of it.

We select some notices of remarkable men:—

'I dined to-day at Monsieur Formalague's, once a clerk to Boyd, with some noted people, viz., Mathieu Languinais [meaning, Mathieu—and Lanjuinais]; Roederer, late a Counsellor of Metz, editor of *l'Historien*; Bourgoign, author of the *Essay on Spain*, &c. They talked away as Frenchmen always did; morale, philosophy, &c.—then mirth and wit—then dispute and argument. They are all violently in opposition to the Directory—at least to outward appearance. They are concerned with the press, and profess anti-Jacobinism.'—vol. ii. p. 129.

'At a dinner I was at at Formalague's, Roederer and Lagrange got into an argument, and grew loud. The former at last *pulled out pistols*, and laid them at each side of him at the table.'—*Ib.*, p. 217.

This Roederer—the *Judas Iscariot*\* of the 10th of August—was not quite so ready with his pistols in that day of trial: he was afterwards one of Buonaparte's counts, and most obsequious tools. What an indication of the deserved tortures that conscience inflicted on this fellow is this habitual wearing of pistols!—

\* *Nec hoc evasisse putes quæ diri conscia facti.*

*Mens habet attonitos et surdo verberare credit,*

*Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.*

Against that assailant his pistols were no protection!

'I am just come from the petit Luxembourg, and from seeing Reubel receive petitions in his costume de directeur. Lynch† was with me.

\* See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lv. p. 324.

† The same who was mayor of Bordeaux in 1814, and was amongst the first functionaries that recognised the Bourbons.—Ed. This is another of the editor's blunders; they were different persons.

No one asked us any questions, as we handed in Mesdames d'Arenberg and Brancas, who wanted to see Barras. We went upstairs through a great crowd, and through halls full of dragoons and grenadiers. The audience-room is a large salon, where *Monsieur* formerly received his company. A bar across the middle divides the simply curious from those who have petitions to present, who are admitted within the bars by two sentinels. Those who were merely spectators, like myself, remained without the rails.

'The room was filled with tagrag and bobtail; a crowd of women presenting memorials, lame soldiers, &c., whilst aides-de-camp, secretaries, and well-dressed fellows, stood about the fireplace.

'The Directeur had a blackguard clerk, in a shabby greatcoat (forming a contrast with his gewgaws), sitting near him at a table. Reubel attended by rotation for an hour. He was very elegantly clad, his hair well dressed, his waistcoat and pantaloons of white satin, with a blue belt and blue ribbons in his shoes, and a Roman sword hanging to a gold chain. Over all this a scarlet surtout or tabard, lined with white, faced and caped with white, and embroidered with gold. The cape wide and lying on the shoulders—the sleeves at the wrist turned back, and a Vandyck ruff. It is by no means a dignified habiliment; it wants amplitude and simplicity for a *toga*, and tightness as well as simplicity for a *paludamentum*. His hat with feathers lay on the table, near which he stood all the time.

'The petitioners gave their memorial to the director; he stood between two soldiers with bayonets, who could read the papers over his shoulder. He perused them, and gave some answer or other. Behind him were huissiers, dressed in short black cloaks, with red caps and feathers, very like Crispin's habit in the play, and quite as ludicrous. Some of the ministers stood round the fire.

'This puppet-show work cannot expedite business, but it amuses the people, and those who were accustomed to solicit and plead. The populace, easily fascinated by any humbug, went away satisfied that they had seen their chief take their memorials with his own hands, and *gratis*, although probably he never thought any more of half of them. At one the great man bowed, and went into the inner room.'—vol. ii. p. 154.

'I dined yesterday en grande compagnie, at a dinner given to me by Perignon, avocat de la marine. His wife is handsome; she was the only lady there; an American consul and myself the only foreigners. We sat down thirty-two. The principal personages were Isnard, Muraire, Portalis, Cambacères, Jubries, (?) Augustin Moneron, Vance, Janet, &c. *Isnard was very noisy and drank hard*. He gave us an account of his hiding during Robespierre's reign. He was locked up four months in Dauphiny, at a friend's house, lay in bed all day, and was in the garden all night. He laughed much at Louis XVIII. offering to pardon the Regicides, which he said was an unnatural thing for him to do; and he said, if ever the French people took it into their heads to recall Louis, he for one *would slip out of some corner of the realm, as the king stepped into the other*.'—*Ib.*, p. 20.

Our readers recollect this Isnard's *fanfaron* speech, as President of the Convention, to the seditious petition of the commune of Paris, on the 25th of May, 1793, 'that, if they violated the national representation, Paris would be annihilated, and that posterity would seek on the banks of the Seine the spot where she had stood.'\* This speech accelerated the ruin of his party, and six days after, the bold Isnard basely abdicated his seat at the mandate of the populace he had roused:—we are amused to see the same noisy and cowardly character showing itself even at a dinner-table.

'Cambacères is a *deep, black, silent lawyer, very like a king's judge*; Portalis a pleasant, unaffected jurisconsult. There was a fine set-out. It being the day when Brottier's conspiracy had been discovered, that subject afforded conversation.'—vol. ii. p. 203.

'I dined yesterday with Perregaux, whose cordial kindness to me I am apt to acknowledge in every letter, and met there Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun, lately returned from America. We renewed acquaintance very well. He is a very pleasant man, though a *diable boiteux*. He is moving heaven and earth to get employed by the Directory. We had also my old friend St. Foix, who is now a great crony of Talleyrand's.'—*Ib.*, p. 194.

'I have been dining at Perregaux's with St. Foix, Talleyrand, Roederer, and Beaumarchais; the latter is quite deaf, but still clever and sprightly. Yesterday I dined at Madame Charles de Damas', with all the Laborde family, and spent the evening with Madame d'Houdetot, once the wit and life of the court, and connected with the Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "*Les Saisons*." He is now old and infirm, but came to supper, and was very merry. We had also the Duc de Rohan, Madame de Beauveau's brother. It was of Madame d'Houdetot that Rousseau was enamoured.'—*Ib.*, p. 213.

These are interesting names to any one acquainted with French literature and society under the old *régime*, but the following extract will be more so to the generality of readers:—

'Dr. Gem was imprisoned four months. The Doctor is eighty-two, and very stout. He was a violent democrat, but I fancy his prison, and the strange work he has been witness to, have cooled his ardour for the extremes of liberty. He is great-uncle to Mr. Huskisson, and a very good physician. His nephew was bred by him a surgeon, and was then as revolutionary as himself. He was made secretary of the club des Feuillans,† and when Lord Gower [the late Duke of Sutherland—our ambassador to Paris in 1790] came to be in want of a secretary, this young man was recommended to him, as being the son of a Trentham tenant. This brought him to England, and his cleverness and knowledge of French recommended him to Dundas, who probably is ignorant of that language.'—vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.

\* Quarterly Review, vol. liv. p. 556.

† The Club of Feuillans, established by Mirabeau, in the building of the old convent of that name, which then occupied a portion of the Rue Castiglione.—Ed.

We have often heard Mr. Huskisson reproached with having been a member of the *Club of the Jacobins*—but if Mr. Swinburne be correct, and that it was to the Club of the *Feuillans* that he belonged, it would be quite another thing—for the *Feuillant* Club was composed of constitutional royalists, and was instituted (not by Mirabeau, as the editor absurdly states, but) to oppose the growing democracy of the Jacobins. We doubt, however, whether Mr. Huskisson belonged to either club. The *Feuillans*, we believe, were scarcely formed when he became attached to the British embassy, and *we think* we have heard him deny that he had ever belonged to the Jacobins. We have, moreover, now before us an official list of the Jacobin Club on the 21st December, 1790, signed '*Mirabeau, président*,' in which Mr. Huskisson's name does not appear—which seems to us decisive of the question.

Here we close our extracts; but we shall bring Mr. Swinburne's personal history to its conclusion. He returned to England from his fruitless mission in the winter of 1797. In the winter of 1800 his eldest son was lost in the *Babet*, an affliction which he felt deeply, and which was prolonged and aggravated by the doubt which for some months hung over the fate of that vessel. In Nov. 1801 he accepted the place of Vendue-Master at Trinidad, which he probably owed to the good offices of his friend Lord Pelham. Here, after a few months' residence, he wrote (on the 31st of March, 1803) to his family the following account of his situation and prospects:—

'My house at St. Juan's is almost finished. I have made it very convenient, and it would hold you all very well, if you liked to come; but I have not here *des objets majeurs* to justify the expense of bringing you, or endangering all your healths. To me, Trinidad is a delightful climate, and I can ride in its sun or sit on its waves with the same unconcern that I did near dear Istria and Capri;—but that is no reason why it should be so for others.'—vol. ii. p. 377.

Next day he died!

We cannot on the whole express a favourable opinion of the book which has been thus published under Mr. Swinburne's name, but for which his literary character cannot be held responsible. He himself never contemplated, and would, as it appears, have highly disapproved, such a publication; yet, if his correspondence had been limited to one half its present bulk, and judiciously edited, it would have afforded—not indeed what its present title promises, but—a collection of amusing, though slight and desultory, sketches of men and manners at the interesting period which divides the ancient from the modern régime of European society.

ART. VI.—1. *History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times.* By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, President of the Geological Society of London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1837.

2. *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences founded upon their History.* By the Rev. William Whewell, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840.

**I**F the moral and intellectual relations of Man have ever been justly regarded as transcending in importance all other subjects of human interest, the necessary dependence of his duties and responsibilities on his natural faculties must render it impossible to appreciate or define the one without entering into a close investigation and analysis of the other. And if, in the course of this inquiry, it appear, by reference to history and experience, that there exist in the intellectual constitution of our species springs of power and capacities of intelligence which have been but rarely drawn upon, and which have lain, as it were, torpid and dormant during long portions of history and among vast masses of population, it will become not less our interest than our duty to study with the most earnest solicitude the conditions under which the vigorous development and worthy employment of that power and those capacities can subsist.

That man is a speculative as well as a sentient being, searching in everything for connexion and harmony, the perception of which mixes itself with his choicest pleasures, is what we need not to be reminded of. To call up their images, even transiently, in his mind, the powers of his imagination and fancy are continually tasked, while to trace them through the realities of universal nature constitutes at once the noblest and most delightful, but, at the same time, the most arduous exercise of his reason. Chained, however, to the ground by his material wants, and solicited unceasingly by his passions, which tax to the utmost all his faculties for their gratification, man has been found in every age but too ready to forget this lofty privilege, and, degrading reason from its highest office, to employ it, now as the laborious drudge of his appetites, and now as the subservient instrument of his designs. The experience of all history has shown that the gratification arising from the exercise of the purely intellectual faculties is especially apt to be postponed to almost every other, and in its higher degrees to have been as unduly appreciated by the many, as it has been rarely enjoyed by the few who are susceptible of them. The mass of mankind, too happy in a respite from severe



toil and bitter contention, are well content with easy pleasures which cost them little exertion to procure and none to enjoy. To the poor and overwrought, a mere oblivion of care and pain; to the rich and refined, luxurious ease and pleasing objects and emotions presented in rapid succession, and received and enjoyed without effort—offer a paradise beyond which their wishes hardly care to roam. The most robust and vigorous constitutions only, whether of mind or body, find a charm in the ardour of pursuit, and feel that inward prompting which excites them to follow out great or distant objects in defiance of difficulties. Even these, for the most part, require the stimulus of external sympathy and applause to cheer them on their career; and great indeed, and nobly self-dependent, must that mind be, which, unrepressed by difficulty, unbroken by labour, and unexcited by applause, can find in the working out of a useful purpose, or in the prosecution of an arduous research, attractions which will lead him to face, endure, and overcome the one, and to dispense with or despise the other. The sympathies of mankind, however, have rarely been accorded to purely intellectual struggles. Men seldom applaud what they do not in some considerable degree comprehend. The deductions of reason require for the most part no small contention of mind to be understood when first propounded, and if their objects lie remote from vulgar apprehension, and their bearing on immediate interests be but slender, the probability is equally so that they will experience any other reception than neglect. And thus it has happened that, in so many cases, the impulse of intellectual activity, even when given, has failed of propagation. The ball has not been caught up at the rebound and urged forward by emulous hands. The march of progress, in place of quickening to a race, has halted in tardy and intermitted steps, and soon ceased altogether.

The consequence of these and similar hinderances—which have operated at every period of history, and in every state of humanity, against the effective exercise of our reason in its pure and proper field, and on those high objects with which it has been found competent to grapple—will appear, if we look for its results among the more ancient monuments of human thought and action. As a conquering, contriving, adorning, and imaginative being, the vestiges left by man are innumerable and imperishable; but, as a reflective and reasoning one, how few do we find which will bear examination, and justify his claim! How few are the conclusions drawn from the combined experience and thought of so many generations which are worth treasuring as truths of extensive application and utility! How rarely do we find in the writings of antiquity or of the middle ages any general and serviceable

viceable conclusion respecting things that be—any philosophical deduction from experience beyond the most obvious and superficial on the one hand, or the most vague, loose, and infertile on the other—any result fairly reasoned out, or any intelligible law established from data afforded by observation of phenomena ; whether material, having reference to the organization of the system around us, or psychological, bearing on the inward nature of man !

But from the epoch, comparatively so recent, when Man began to consider himself not merely as the denizen, but as the interpreter of Nature, and, warmed and inspired by the noble prospects opening on him from this exalted point of view, to speculate on her laws, less in the spirit of an interested occupant than of an admitted and privileged spectator, humbly but diligently seeking to unravel some of the lowest of her mysteries, and catch thereby a glimpse, however dim and distant, of the designs of her glorious Author—since this inspiring note has been sounded in our ears, and found its responsive chord in innumerable bosoms, how different is the scene which has opened ! Instead of barren and effete generalities—of vague and verbal classifications—of propositions promising everything to the ear, but performing nothing to the sense—of maxims grounded on pure assumption, and argument dogmatically taking its stand on the appeal to our irremediable ignorance, we find that it has been practicable for human faculties to attain a knowledge of truths based on a foundation co-extensive with the universe, yet applicable to the closest realities. And while thus exercising our faculties in these their primary essays within the narrower and safer circuit of material laws, (which yet, opening out in vista after vista, seem to lead onwards to the point where the material blends with, and is lost in, the spiritual and intellectual,) may we not look forward with no presumptuous hope to the attainment of a position from which—with an eye schooled and disciplined by such experience, and with a mind thoroughly familiarized with the characters of truth as it presents itself to us in these passionless researches—we may follow out its traces and recognize its features through the mist of interest or in the storm of emotion, when engaged in those far more difficult subjects of inquiry which the social and intellectual world afford ? It is a hope long deferred and often damped, but never utterly extinguished ; springing afresh in youthful and ardent bosoms in perpetual aspiration ; and which finally to dismiss would be to deprive philosophy of its most sacred object, and of its only abiding charm.

With the indulgence of such hopes, and with the steadily increasing conviction of the possibility of their ultimate realization,

which every fresh advance in science affords, arises a necessity of occasionally, and indeed frequently, passing in review both the assemblage of the results obtained, and the mode in which they have been obtained; with a view not only to the duly estimating the real value of our actual acquirements, and the direction in which further progress appears most immediately practicable, but to the deducing from our experience of the progress already made, maxims and principles available in our future career. Science itself thus comes to be considered as an object not simply of philosophical interest, but of inductive inquiry. If we cannot succeed in laying down rules which shall conduct us infallibly to the discovery of unknown truths, we may at least expect to ascertain, by thus passing in review the history of science, what have been the stages and conditions of society in which its greatest acquisitions have been made; what symptoms have been their usual precursors; what tendencies have arrested them in their development; what is that attitude of mind which affords the most favourable condition for the occurrence of discovery to individuals, and that state of public feeling and general occupation and interest which contributes to make one age or one nation more distinguished than another for their magnitude and frequency. Grave questions these, since, as we have already remarked, there are duties and responsibilities, individual and social, attached to their discussion.

But not only has the philosophy of science this practical object—it has its speculations as well as its applications, its theories as well as its maxims, which constitute it a *philosophy*; and these, it must be confessed, lie among very thorny, difficult, and abstruse considerations, which is no wonder, seeing that it is occupied with the grounds of human belief, the reality of human knowledge, nay, the very nature of truth itself, and the competency of the human faculties to its perception; all subjects of the utmost obscurity, and which involve us, at its very outset, in the most intricate and puzzling discussions of metaphysics. What is the nature of general and of universal propositions? Are all true universal propositions *necessary* truths, or is any truth, or all truth, necessary? What is the act, or series of acts, of the mind in constructing general propositions—and when constructed, in what manner do we rest in them as expressive of truth? Is it that we simply admit them as results of experience, until habitual acquiescence and unbroken verification render dissent first difficult, next impracticable, and finally, inconceivable? Or do we recognize in them but the echo of a voice within our own bosoms, which for the first time we have learned to interpret, and whose announcements we receive as revelations? In other words, whether any, and what portion of our knowledge be innate, or whether the whole

whole be a mere collection of deductions from experience—systematized by the act of the mind, continually reviewing and arranging its acquisitions, and moulding them into forms of its own, whether merely adapted for ready use and recollection, or as essential to their recognition as parts of a whole, or as subject-matter for high and abstract meditation. Do we apply to the objects of our reasoning, ideas of which we have a perception, and propositions of which we have a conviction antecedent to experience—(and which may therefore be regarded as impressed on our intellectual nature by the Author of our being)—linking them together by their appropriateness to form subjects of these innate propositions in the way of special application, and by the conformity of the perceptions connected with them to these innate fundamental ideas? Or do we simply distribute all the phenomena of the world around us, and of our own minds, into groups, according to the analogies of the impressions they make on our perceptive faculties, whether bodily or mental—(the perception of such analogies being itself one of the primordial faculties of our minds;)—and do we then, by a peculiar and irresistible impulse of our intellectual nature, which we term generalization, attribute to all the members of such group—not only those with which we have become familiar, but also all those which we do or can conceive in our minds as appertaining to it—the same attributes, properties, and relations, according to their special natures, which we have observed to belong to any one of them, and especially that which has served as the ground of analogy and the motive for so connecting them?

These at first sight appear widely different, and indeed almost diametrically opposite views of the Philosophy of Knowledge; and we are thus, at the very outset of the subject, presented with two Schools of such Philosophy—that which refers all our knowledge to *experience*, reserving to the mind only a high degree of activity and excursiveness in collecting, grouping, and systematizing its suggestions—and that which assumes the presence of *innate conceptions* and truths antecedent to experience, intertwined and ingrained in the very staple and essence of our intellectual being, and commanding, as with a divine voice, universal assent as soon as understood. The author of the very striking, profound, and in many important respects, original works of which we have undertaken to give some account, belongs to the latter of these Schools; and, indeed, appears disposed to press its doctrines and assumptions to a very far greater extent, and to place them in an infinitely bolder prominence, than we have been at all aware of having been before done, except perhaps in the writings of some of the later German metaphysicians. We confess in ourselves a leaning, though

though we trust not a bigoted one, to the other side. And this it is as well to notice at the outset, as it will occasionally tend to place us involuntarily in the apparent position of objectors to the form in which the matter of these works is propounded and treated ; while yet we are impressed with a most hearty conviction of their substantive value and importance, and a most genuine admiration of the extraordinary talent and boundless command of resources displayed in their conduct. And after all, it seems far from certain that this opposition of views is anything more than apparent ; for among the infinite analogies which may exist among natural things, it may very well be admitted that those only are designed, in the original constitution of our minds, to strike us with permanent force, to embody around them the greatest masses of thought and interest, to become elaborated into general propositions, and finally to work their way to universal reception, and attain to all the recognizable characters of truth, which are really dependent on the intimate nature of things as that nature is known to their Creator, and which have relation to their essential qualities and conditions as impressed on them by Him ; so that the power bestowed on the mind of seizing on those primordial analogies, and its impulse to generalize the propositions which their consideration suggests, on the one view of the subject—are equivalent to its endowment with a direct recognition of fundamental ideas and relations not derived from experience, and the evolution from those ideas of necessary truths equally independent of experience, in the other. And, perhaps, with this explanation both parties ought to rest content—satisfied that, on either view of the subject, the mind of man is represented as in harmony with universal nature ; that we are consequently capable of attaining to real knowledge ; and that the design and intelligence which we trace throughout creation is no visionary conception, but a truth as certain as the existence of that creation itself.

We must, however, proceed to our analysis of the works before us, which, though separated by a considerable interval in the times of their publication, stand nevertheless to each other so essentially in the relation of parts of one continuous whole, that they cannot be rightly appreciated otherwise than in connexion—the first of them, or the ‘History,’ being so constructed, while passing in chronological review the several steps of progress in each department of physical science, as to bring forward in especial salience those features and epochs of scientific discovery in which general principles have been contained and comprehensive views elicited, in such a manner as to lay bare the workings not only of the inventor’s mind, but of that of his age. From such a review the ‘Philosophy’ of the subject is not simply left to be collected—

collected—it is pointedly led up to; and it is by their combination that we can alone expect to have at length presented to us, in the Philosophy of Inductive Science, what Horace has so clearly and happily indicated as the one great desideratum in that of Life and Morals—

‘*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo*  
Doctum imitatore, et VERAS HINC DUCERE CAUSAS.’

A work which professes to present a history, so philosophically arranged, of Physical Discovery in all its departments, and afterwards—(passing that history in review—examining it in its various lights—comparing its parts with each other, and from each deriving its appropriate lesson)—to deduce therefrom a body of philosophy based on legitimate inductions—to trace out the nature and sequence of the intellectual processes which have led and must continue to lead to discovery—and not only to do this in a general way, but to show by reference to the history of each science that these processes have actually been followed out in its particular case, and to point out in what special mode the application has been made:—and all this with the professed ulterior object of deducing from the greatest body of assured and dispassionate truths which the world has yet seen collected, guides and rules, hints and warnings, to aid us in our future researches after truth in more mixed and agitating inquiries;—a work conducted on such a plan, and having such objects, if in any way answering to its design, must deserve to be considered, and must take its rank accordingly, among the most important contributions which have ever been made to the philosophy of mind: nor can it fail to exercise a powerful influence on the future progress of knowledge itself in all its branches.

Mr. Whewell appears on all occasions to be fully alive to the extent of these pretensions, and the consequent importance and dignity of his task. There is, however, no arrogance in the tone in which they are put forward—and, so far as we can perceive, no partiality in the bias, and assuredly no levity in the temper, of his decisions on the many delicate and difficult points on which, as an historian and a philosopher, he has to pass judgment—not merely as to simple personal questions of priority, but as to the substantial merits and value of inductions and discoveries themselves. His own words, in which he states his views and feelings on these essential points, deserve to be cited in illustration of the spirit in which he writes:—

‘It is impossible not to see that the writer of such a history imposes upon himself a task of no ordinary difficulty and delicacy; since it is necessary for him to pronounce a judgment upon the characters and achievements of all the great physical philosophers of all ages and in all sciences.’



sciences. But the assumption of this judicial function is so inevitably involved in the functions of the historian (whatever be his subject) that he cannot justly be deemed presumptuous on that account. . . . And if I may speak my own grounds of trust and encouragement in venturing on such a task, I knew that my life had been principally spent in those studies which were most requisite to enable me to understand what had been done; and I had been in habits of intercourse with several of the most eminent men of science in our time, both in our own and other countries. Having then lived with some of the great intellects, both of the past and present, I had found myself capable of rejoicing in their beauties, of admiring their endowments, and, I trusted also, of understanding their discoveries and views, their hopes and aims. I did not therefore turn aside from the responsibility which the character of the historian of science imposed upon me. I have not even shrunk from it when it led me into the circle of those who are now alive and among whom we live. . . . I trusted, moreover, that my study of the philosophers of former times had enabled me to appreciate the discoveries of the present, and that I should be able to speak of persons now alive with the same impartiality and in the same spirit as if they were already numbered with the great men of the past. . . . With all these grounds of hope, it is still impossible not to see that such an undertaking is in no small degree arduous, and its event obscure.—*Pref. Hist.* vol. i.

‘ I rejoice on many accounts to find myself arriving at the termination of the task which I have attempted. One reason why I am glad to close my history is, that in it I have been compelled to speak as a judge respecting eminent philosophers whom I reverence as my teachers in those very sciences on which I have had to pronounce, if indeed the appellation of pupil be not too presumptuous: but I doubt not that such men are as full of candour and tolerance as they are of knowledge and thought; and if they deem, as I did, that such a history of science ought to be attempted, they will know that it was not only the historian’s privilege—but his duty—to estimate the import and amount of the advances which he had to narrate: and if they judge, as I trust they will, that the attempt has been made with full integrity of intention and no want of labour, they will look upon the inevitable imperfections in the execution of my work with indulgence and hope. There is another source of satisfaction in arriving at this point of my labours. If after our long wandering through the regions of physical science we were left, with minds unsatisfied and unraised, to ask “Whether this be all?” our employment might well be deemed weary and idle. If it appeared that all the vast labour and intense thought which had passed under our review had produced nothing but a barren knowledge of the external world or a few arts ministering merely to our gratification; or if it seemed that the methods of arriving at truth, so successfully applied to these cases, aid us not when we come to the higher aims and prospects of our being;—this history might well be estimated as no less melancholy and unprofitable than those which narrate the wars of states and the wiles of statesmen! But such is not the impression which our survey

survey has tended to produce. At various points the researches which we have followed have offered to lead us from matter to mind—from the external to the internal world; and it was not because the thread of investigation snapped in our hands, but rather because we were resolved to confine ourselves for the present to the material sciences, that we did not proceed onwards to subjects of a closer interest.’ —*History*, vol. iii. p. 62.

This is excellent; but in illustration of the general spirit in which the work is written, we must yet cite a few more sentences:—

‘Bacon’s purpose was that his New Organ should produce material as well as intellectual profit—works as well as knowledge. That the study of the order of nature does add to man’s power, the history of the sciences since Bacon has abundantly shown; but though this hope of derivative advantages may stimulate our exertions, it cannot govern our methods of seeking knowledge without leading us away from the most general and genuine forms of knowledge. The knowledge of nature must be studied in itself, and for its own sake, before we attempt to learn what external rewards it will bring us. I have not therefore aimed at imitating Bacon in those parts of his work in which he contemplates the increase of man’s dominion over nature as the main object of Natural Philosophy; being fully persuaded that, if Bacon himself had had unfolded before him the great theories which have been established since his time, he would have acquiesced in their contemplation, and would readily have proclaimed the real reason for aiming at the knowledge of such truths to be,—that they are true.’—*Philosophy of the Ind. Sci.* Pref. xiii.

‘As we have already said, knowledge is power, but its interest for us in the present work is—not that it is power, but that it is knowledge.’ —*Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 576.

This is a chord which we rejoice to hear sounded: Science has scattered her material benefits so lavishly wherever she has been in presence, that no small number of her followers—and all the multitude—have left off gazing on the resplendency of her countenance in their eager scramble for her gifts. From those who frequent her courts with such views she veils her brightness and withdraws her spirit, leaving them to grovel, poring like Mammon on the golden pavements of her mansion, while their ears are deaf to its celestial harmonies, and their nostrils closed to its breathings of paradise. Our age and our nation, we grieve to say it, too often need to be so reminded.

In presenting the *History of the Sciences*, Mr. Whewell pursues a course not a little novel, and which gives a picturesque or rather epic interest to his narrative, while it secures the eminent advantage of concentrating attention on the most important and characteristic epochs. These, to which he attaches the epithet

‘Inductive

‘Inductive Epochs,’ or those ‘in which the inductive process by which science is formed has been exercised in a more energetic and powerful manner,’ are each, in his mode of presenting the subjects, considered as led up to, and ushered in by, a *prelude*, during which ‘the ideas and facts on which they turned were called into action ; were gradually evolved into clearness and connexion, permanency and certainty ; till at last the Discovery which marks the Epoch seized and fixed for ever the truth which had till then been obscurely and doubtfully discerned.’

‘And again, when this step has been made by the principal discoverers, there may generally be observed another period, which we may call the *sequel* of the epoch, during which the discovery has acquired a more perfect certainty and a more complete development among the leaders of the advance ; has been diffused to the wider throng of the secondary cultivators of such knowledge and traced to its distant consequences. This is a work, always of time and labour, often of difficulty and conflict.’

Every such Epoch in short we may look upon as the hunger, the meal, and the digestion of one intellectual day ; or, if we prefer a less ignoble simile, the muster, the victory, and the pursuit of each decisive intellectual struggle ; though, perhaps, our author’s idea of the *sequel* may be better illustrated by the occupation and settling of the country under the dominion of the conquerors, quelling the insurrectionary movements of ignorance and prejudice under the new régime, and partitioning out the land in provinces and domains.

In presenting Scientific History under this form, Mr. Whewell has been led almost unavoidably to assign to each of the most active Inductive Epochs its hero, on whom all the strong lights of his pictures are thrown—its Protagonist, on whom the highest interest of the drama is concentrated. Thus we have the inductive epochs of Hipparchus and of Copernicus in formal, and of Newton in physical astronomy—of Galileo in mechanics—of Young and Fresnel in photology—that of Stahl, of Lavoisier, and of Davy and Faraday in chemistry, &c. It may perhaps be objected to this course, that it can hardly be pursued without throwing into comparative shade, and so far lightly treating, characters of great eminence, to whom Science is deeply indebted, who have either pioneered the way before, or beaten it after the passage of those triumphal cars in which the more fortunate leaders receive our homage. Provided the selection, however, be duly made, and merit be always accorded in other cases where merit is really due, we see no injustice in this. It must be remembered that the History of Science is the History of the Mind—of that which is most essentially and emphatically personal. The thoughts of  
a philosopher,

a philosopher, and his incursions into the realm of unexplored truth, are far more strictly his personal exploits than the victories of the general or the combinations of the statesman. Every step in the higher theories has been an achievement in which the *spolia opima* have fallen to the leader's prowess, and in falling have decided the day, however the masses may have then rushed in and secured the conquest. It is too much the present fashion to ascribe all progress—at least all modern progress—in inductive science, and indeed in every department of human thought and action, to 'the Age,' as if there were some magic in the word, and as if by its use it were possible to elude or abate down the acknowledgment of individual pre-eminence. True it is that in the collection of facts, and in those subordinate inductions by which classes are established and laws evolved—in all that is the province of mere experiment and observation, and in much that conduces to their right understanding—the great command of means and leisure enjoyed by multitudes of clever men, and the spirit of open-eyed inquiry which pervades all the educated part of society, will do, and is doing, much to facilitate those last steps of the inductive processes which terminate in *established theories*. But no merely *clever man* ever struck out a great theory, and it remains no less true that these steps are in all cases gigantic strides, in which a gulf is passed, a barrier overleaped; and that, from the advance so gained, all precursory knowledge suddenly assumes an aspect of novelty, and may be said almost to have been at that moment entirely rediscovered, so effectually is it summed up in its new form of enunciation. Nor is it less certain that this final and consummating step is, in all cases, an impossibility to any mind but one which grasps and controls the sum of what is known, with a force capable of crushing it into condensation, and moulding it into a form congruous with yet more general harmonies. And—what in a philosophical point of view is of chief importance—these, to use the language of Bacon, are the 'glaring instances' (*instantiæ ostensivæ*) in which the phenomena of the inventive faculty stand out in their strongest and most eminent form, and whose study promises to lead by the nearest induction to a knowledge of the laws and conditions of this faculty. It is precisely these steps which it is of most importance to contemplate, both as the most difficult in themselves and as leading to the widest consequences. The following very striking passages from Mr. Whewell's *Reflections on the Epoch of Newton*, and the doctrine of Universal Gravitation, will put our readers in possession of his views on this subject, which appear to us to have both truth and originality:—

Such then is the great Newtonian doctrine of Universal Gravitation,  
and

and such its history. . . . Any one of the five steps into which we have separated the doctrine would of itself have been considered an important advance; would have conferred distinction on the person who made it and the time to which it belonged. All the five steps made at once formed not a leap, but a flight—not an improvement merely, but a metamorphosis—not an epoch, but a termination. . . . The requisite conditions for such a discovery in the mind of its author were, in this as in other cases, the idea, and its comparison with facts; the conception of the law, and the moulding this conception in such a form as to correspond with known realities. . . . In the mere conception of universal gravitation Newton must have gone far beyond his contemporaries both in generality and distinctness; and in the inventiveness and sagacity with which he traced the consequences of this conception he was, as we have shown, without a rival, and almost without a second. . . . It is not easy to anatomize the constitution and the operations of the mind which makes such an advance in knowledge. Yet we may observe that there must exist in it, in an eminent degree, the elements which compose the mathematical talent. It must possess distinctness of intuition, tenacity, and facility in tracing logical connexion, fertility of invention, and a strong tendency to generalization. . . . Newton's inventive power appears in the number and variety of the mathematical artifices and combinations which he devised, and of which his books are full. If we conceive the operation of the inventive faculty in the only way in which it appears possible to conceive it—that while some hidden source supplies a rapid stream of possible suggestions, the mind is on the watch to seize and detain any one of these which will suit the case in hand, allowing the rest to pass by and be forgotten—we shall see what extraordinary fertility of mind is implied by so many successful efforts: what an innumerable host of thoughts must have been produced to supply so many that deserved to be selected. And since the selection is performed by tracing the consequences of each suggestion, so as to compare them with the requisite conditions, we see also what rapidity and certainty in drawing conclusions the mind must possess as a talent, and what watchfulness and patience as a habit.—*History*, ii. 180, *et seq.*

The personal character of Newton, and the painful interval of suspension in which at one period his mental faculties appear to have been held, in consequence of excessive fatigue and over-excitement, have been of late so much discussed, that we must be pardoned if we prolong this extract beyond what is immediately necessary to our present purpose, by a few sentences bearing more directly on his individual character and habits. He has been represented as in some degree deficient in the loftier and more powerful elements of moral, as distinguished from intellectual character. We deem otherwise; and that, had circumstances, unhappily for mankind, forced the development of his faculties in some other line, he would have shown the same ascendancy

ascendancy of a determined purpose—the same predominance over difficulties and obstacles—the same profound and perseveringly executed plans, that characterized the scientific career which consumed the vigour of his best years. Mr. Whewell would seem to have formed a similar estimate.

‘The stories which are told of his extreme absence of mind probably refer to the two years during which he was composing his *Principia*, and thus following out a train of reasoning the most fertile, the most complex, and the most important which any philosopher had ever to deal with. The magnificent and striking questions which, during this period, he must have had daily rising before him, the perpetual succession of difficult problems, of which the solution was necessary to his great object, may well have entirely occupied and possessed him. He existed only to calculate and to think. Often, lost in meditation, he knew not what he did, and his mind appeared to have quite forgotten its connexion with his body. His servant reported that in rising in a morning he frequently sate a large portion of the day half dressed on the side of his bed; and that his meals waited on his table for hours before he came to take them. *Even with his transcendent powers, to do what he did was almost irreconcilable with the common conditions of human life, and required the utmost devotion of thought, energy of effort, and steadiness of will—the strongest character as well as the highest endowments which belong to man.*’—*Hist.* ii. 185-6.

It is not our purpose to enter into any minute analysis of the historical part of Mr. Whewell’s work. Admirable as it is, and justly as it might claim a more detailed criticism, the far higher interest of the philosophical volumes demands our chief attention. The field into which it would be necessary to enter were we disposed to pursue a different course is so wide that a separate article, and that of no ordinary extent, would be required to convey an adequate impression of its merits. A general sketch of its arrangement and conduct will be, however, necessary for the understanding of what follows, and must suffice for our present purpose.

It is among the Greeks that we are to look for the first dawn of inquiry into the causes and principles of natural events and the constitution of the world—the first at least of which any distinct knowledge has descended to us. Their versatile and inquisitive character led them by no cautious or measured steps into the most obscure and abstract, as well as into the most obvious and tempting paths of speculation. Mind and matter, moral and physical relations, seemed spread before their eager gaze, rather as a flowery field where brilliant discoveries and general truths freely offered in spontaneous growth, might be gathered up with little effort, than as (what it really is) a tangled region of dark  
and



and thorny enigmas to be resolved by patient thought no less than by happy divination. Their early philosophers therefore 'entered upon the work of physical speculation in a manner which showed the vigour and confidence of the questioning spirit, as yet untamed by labours and reverses. It was for later ages to learn that man must acquire slowly and patiently, letter by letter, the alphabet in which Nature writes her answer to such inquiries. The first students wished to divine, at a single glance, the import of the whole book.'

The signal and complete failure of every attempt of the early Greeks to establish any sound principle in Physics contrasts remarkably with their brilliant successes in abstract Mathematics. But whence this failure? The question is one of great importance in the outset of a Philosophical History of Science, and accordingly is made by Mr. Whewell the subject-matter of his first book. We may condense in a few words his solution of this curious problem. The founders of the Greek School Philosophy sought, it is true, the elements of their inductions in the phenomena of nature; but sought them not in a careful and philosophical analysis of facts, but rather in a minute examination of the *words and forms of language* in which those facts are expressed by superficial observers in the crude and commonplace parlance of every-day life. Were Language a true picture of Nature, a perfect *daguerreotype* of all her forms, this proceeding might be pardonable. Half the labour of the modern inductive philosopher is to construct a language which shall be such. But common language is a mass of metaphor, grounded not on philosophical resemblances, but on loose, fanciful, and often most mistaken analogies. From studying such language as the representative of Nature, no pure and fundamental classification of facts, such as legitimate Induction requires, can result; but, on the contrary, the greater the acuteness and the broader the induction, the wider will be the departure from sound philosophy. 'In Aristotle,' says Mr. Whewell, 'we have the consummation of this mode of speculation. The usual point from which he starts in his inquiries is, that *we say* thus or thus in common language.' And this he exemplifies in various instances. Hence the doctrine of contraries, a most fertile source of Aristotelian confusion, in which

'it was assumed that adjectives or substantives which are in common language, or in some abstract mode of conception, opposed to each other, must point at some fundamental antithesis in nature which it is important to study:'

thus, for example, *light* came to be considered as the opposite to *heavy*, not as its inferior degree, to the utter vitiation of the Aristotelian statics and dynamics.

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We see, then, that in the Greek School Philosophy facts *were* appealed to, but facts as they stand distorted and falsified in vulgar language, not as they really existed in nature; still less as subjected to any process of just analysis. Hence, in their classifications, though they had in their possession both facts and ideas, the ideas, to use Mr. Whewell's pointed form of expression, were neither *distinct* nor *appropriate to the facts*; without which there can be no science.

'It will appear from what has been said,' says Mr. Whewell, 'that there are certain *ideas or forms of mental apprehension* which may be applied to facts in such a manner as to bring into view fundamental principles of Science; while the same facts, however arranged or reasoned about, so long as their appropriate *ideas* are not employed, cannot give rise to any exact or substantial knowledge.'

We call the reader's attention to this passage, because the 'forms of mental apprehension' to which he alludes in it play a very conspicuous part in his philosophical views. The obvious sense of the passage, to those who are familiar with what has previously been written on this subject, would seem to be that there are both appropriate and inappropriate *Heads of Classification*, under which facts may be grouped; and that, if grouped under the former, *causes* (whether proximate or ultimate) or laws fitted to form elements of higher inductions, will *ipso facto* be suggested—if under the latter, nothing but vague and fallacious inductions will be raised, while the true principles will elude our grasp. But this is not *all* Mr. Whewell's meaning, as will abundantly appear in the sequel.

Archimedes alone among the Greeks succeeded in obtaining clear hold of one, and that the most important, of these fundamental *ideas*, viz.—force or pressure as a *measurable* quantity, and as measured by the conditions of its equilibrium with other forces assumed as known. A '*glaring instance*,' drawn from vulgar experience, furnished the axiom which served him to render a true account of the property of the lever, viz.—that the weight of a body or collection of bodies, or its pressure on the point of its suspension, is not altered by moulding the body into different forms or by changing the arrangement of the individuals of such collection. 'The weight of a basket of stones is not altered by shaking the stones into a new position.' Now it must be observed that the '*instance*' in question is a general, not an individual one. It is in the strictest sense an *inductive* proposition, drawn not from a single case, but from the unbroken experience of all mankind. That which makes it fertile in Philosophy is, that the individual facts which have gone to make up this general one were grouped by Archimedes under their appropriate head,

head, *i. e.*, *Total pressure regarded as the sum of partial pressures.* That which can be variously subdivided, and yet always summed up into the same total, must be quantitatively measurable, susceptible of precise numerical relations, and capable of affording a handle to exact mathematical reasoning. Mr. Whewell's comment on this induction is remarkable. The general fact, he says,

'is obvious, when we possess in our minds the ideas to apprehend it clearly. When we are so prepared, the truth appears to be manifest, *independent of experience*, and is seen to be a rule to which experience *must conform*.'—*History*, book ii. p. 93.—(The italics are our own.)

Here we have the first instance of that erection of a standard *physical*, as distinct from logical truth, yet wholly *within the mind*, a standard different from and paramount to experience, and so far, therefore, antecedent to it, which forms, as we have before observed, so distinguishing a feature of Mr. Whewell's Philosophy. We cite it thus early as it occurs, to show how entirely it pervades every part of his speculations, and how integrant a portion it constitutes of them.

We owe to Archimedes also the discovery of the fundamental principles of Hydrostatics. The character of this philosopher offers many points of close resemblance to that of Newton. We trace in him the same paramount development of the mathematical faculty—the same tendency to apply it to physical subjects—the same acute perception of really important and essential features, such as admit of general and abstract statement, and are thereby fitted to become axioms in science—the same fertility of resource in the creation of new geometrical methods when the powers of the old ones proved inadequate to his objects; methods which in effect, and as involving the passage from the finite to the infinite, contained the germ of the fluxional or differential calculus, and enabled him to resolve problems which peculiarly and essentially belong to the domain of that calculus. We find in him, too, the same habits of intense, continued, and abstracted thought, nay, even the same tendency to mechanical constructions and optical improvements; in a word, the only combination the history of mind has offered which we can believe capable, if placed in Newton's position, of accomplishing what Newton did. When Archimedes perished, in the wreck of his nation, a light was extinguished which, had it been suffered to shine, might have accelerated by a thousand years the maturity of the inductive philosophy.

The Formal Astronomy of the Greeks forms the subject of the third book of Mr. Whewell's '*History*,' and both in that work and in the '*Philosophy*' affords room for much valuable and instructive

structive remark, The earlier stages of this science, the determination, with some degree of exactness, of the relation between the year, the month, and the day—the establishment of cycles expressive of this relation, and of others adapted to the prediction of eclipses by their periodic recurrence—the recognition of the earth's sphericity, &c. ; these are matters which involve little theory, and draw but little on the inventive faculty. On these, however, Mr. Whewell observes that

'the familiar act of thought exercised for the common purposes of life, by which we give to an assemblage of our impressions such a unity as implied in the above notions and terms *a month, a year*, and the like, is in reality an *inductive* act, and shares the nature of the processes by which all sciences are formed,'—*Hist.*, b. i, p. 109.

If the term *inductive*, applied here to this very important mental act, be understood in that technical sense in which it is commonly used when speaking of physical discoveries, viz. as the concluding of something more general by the assemblage of particulars of a less general kind, we must demur to this remark ; but if it be intended to designate every inductive act of the mind as an instance of the exercise by it of that peculiar constructive or plastic faculty in virtue of which out of the assembled perception of qualities it constitutes an object—out of extension, figure, resistance, colour, smell, a body—out of a series of dots an outline, &c.—then we not only agree with the assertion, but regard it as expressing a full and complete theory of induction itself, and of the mode in which our minds not only form to themselves conceptions of numerical aggregates by the contemplation of units, but *construct general propositions themselves from the contemplation of particulars, and attribute to them a universality which experience alone is incapable of warranting.* When by repeated verifications of its assertion in individual cases the course of a general proposition is, so to speak, *dotted out* before the mind, and when the particulars are brought so close that the attention glides easily, and is, as it were, conducted from one to the other, so as to suggest a law of connexion, there requires no more to induce the mind to fill up by its own act the intervals between them. Urged by a powerful and ready impulse, of which we can give no account but that it is so, but which would seem to be a modification of the influence of habit—(if it be not itself the origin of that influence)—*we assume a continuity where we find none*, and in this manner are led to believe the cases where we have no experience, on the evidence of those in which we have. We are far from imagining, however, that Mr. Whewell would be disposed to acquiesce in this view of the inductive *nus*. His views assume something yet more active and independent in the operation of the mind in

such a case. According to his conception of the matter, the mind supplies much more than the mere completion of continuity. It spins from a store within itself that thread, on which, and on no other, the pearls shall be strung. It finds, already self-traced on its own tablets, that subjective line to which the *dots* of experience only give the semblance of an objective reality. Experience, according to him, only exemplifies, cannot prove a general proposition. Its truth stands on the higher and independent ground of *inherent necessity*, and is recognized to do so by the mind so soon as it becomes thoroughly familiarized with the terms of its expression.

The hero of the inductive epoch of the Greek astronomy is Hipparchus, having for his forerunners in its prelude Eudoxus and Calippus—the epicyclic theory its matter of induction, and the development of this by Ptolemy and his successors down to Aboul Wefa and Tycho, its sequel. This theory, though clumsy as a physical hypothesis, and consistent only with a part of the facts of the system it undertakes to explain—and we may add, assuredly not believed in as a mechanism by its devisers—was yet a bold and fine conception for the embodying a large assemblage of facts, and one which, as regards those facts which it does include, has continued, under a very different aspect, to maintain, and even to extend its ground in modern theory; being in effect a shadowing forth of the now demonstrated principle of the sufficiency of circular functions of the time to represent all the phenomena of the planetary motions. We have here, then, a case of very high philosophical interest. The general proposition of the epicyclic theory remains true, though stated in the language of falsehood, and though arrived at by fanciful analogies and untrue assumptions. ‘We thus see,’ observes Mr. Whewell,

‘how theories may be highly estimable, though they contain false representations of the real state of things; and may be extremely useful, though they involve unnecessary complexity. In the advance of knowledge, the value of the true part of a theory may much outweigh the accompanying error, and the use of a rule may be little impaired by its want of simplicity.’—*Hist.*, b. iii. p. 181.

‘The principles which constituted the triumph of preceding stages of science may appear to be subverted and ejected by later discoveries, but in fact they are (so far as they are true) taken up into the subsequent doctrines and included in them. They continue to be an essential part of the science. The earlier truths are not expelled but absorbed, not contradicted but extended; and the history of each science which may thus appear like a succession of revolutions is, in reality, a series of developments.’—*Introd.*, *Hist.*, b. i. p. 10.

The discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler, which complete the history of formal astronomy, (thenceforward to be merged in the  
more

more extensive views of its physical theories,) form the subject of Mr. Whewell's fifth book. But before entering on this theme, his narrative is suspended, to afford opportunity for a general view of the state of science in the middle ages, or, as he terms it, the stationary period, in which,

'along with the breaking up of the ancient forms of society, were broken up the ancient energy of thinking, the clearness of idea, and steadiness of intellectual action. This mental declension produced a servile admiration for the genius of better times, and thus the spirit of commentation. Christianity established the claim of truth to govern the world; and this principle, misinterpreted and combined with the ignorance and servility of the times, gave rise to the dogmatic system: while the love of speculation, finding no sure and permitted path on solid ground, went off into the regions of mysticism.'—*Hist.*, i. 355.

These several heads, therefore, viz. the indistinctness of ideas—the commentatorial spirit—the mysticism—and the dogmatism of the middle ages—furnish matter for four admirably written chapters of the book devoted to the history of this period;—while a fifth, replete with interest, is assigned to the progress of the arts in those ages, in so far as that progress can be said to have any bearing on science. We regret that our limits will not allow us to cite several of the many striking passages with which these chapters abound, and one in particular on the revival of architecture in the twelfth and succeeding centuries—(a subject which appears to have occupied much of our author's attention)—by reason of the ingenious manner in which it connects the curious and original views of Mr. Willis on the character and formation of the Gothic style with the revival of sound mechanical ideas.

The Copernican or heliocentric doctrine of the planetary system is so familiar to us, and so entirely identified with the ideas we have received as elementary, that perhaps it may startle some of our readers to be told that the Epicyclic theory formed an essential part of Copernicus's views—so much so indeed, that his chief, nay his only merit, in the revival of this ancient doctrine, and the only ground on which we can justifiably continue to attach his name to it is, that he demonstrated the applicability to the heliocentric system of this theory, which had been previously found efficacious in embodying all the then known parts of the geocentric.

In discussing the reception and diffusion of the theory of Copernicus, Mr. Whewell is necessarily led to the subject of the persecutions of Galileo for their advocacy. In his observations on these transactions, and on the general subject of the scientific interpretation of scriptural expressions, there is a right-mindedness, a tolerance, and a moderation, which we would recommend



to the especial notice of all who venture on the bitter and troubled waters of religious controversy:—

‘The meaning,’ he observes, ‘which any generation puts upon the phrases of Scripture depends, more than is at first sight supposed, upon the received philosophy of the time. Hence, while men imagine that they are contending for revelation, they are in fact contending for their own interpretation of revelation, unconsciously adapted to what they believe to be rationally probable. And the new interpretation which the new philosophy requires, and which appears to the older school to be a fatal violence done to the authority of religion, is accepted by their successors without any of the dangerous results which were apprehended. When the language of Scripture invested with its new meaning has become familiar to men, it is found that the ideas which it calls up are quite as reconcilable as the former ones were with the soundest religious views. And the world then looks back with surprise at the error of those who thought that the essence of religion was involved in their own arbitrary version of some collateral circumstance.’—*Hist.* i. 403.

The philosophical character of Kepler is admirably drawn; the quest in which this most garrulous and amusing writer, but at the same time most ardent and truth-loving man, set forth in the heavens, has much analogy to that of Columbus on earth. Each was urged by a strong inward conviction that there must be a body of truth capable of detection, a new realm to be laid open in that particular direction in which his researches tended. Each made its discovery the object of his entire devotion—pursued it with a dogged, and what might be thought a desperate perseverance—and not content with partial success when attained, renewing the attempt again and again, and always with increasing good fortune. In all that regards the tone of personal character there cannot be a stronger contrast, than between the grave and stately bearing of the noble Genoese and the mercurial vivaciousness and naïve self-exposure of his astronomical parallel; but in the earnest devotion of each to his dominant idea, and the magnificent disclosures with which that devotion in each case was rewarded, the parallel is close.

Kepler was indefatigable in framing and trying hypotheses, and many of those which he did try, and which proved unsuccessful, have been since censured as visionary and fanciful, while some have felt scandalized that *any* perseverance in a mere system of guesses should have been so brilliantly rewarded. But, in the first place, it is difficult to say, among mere guesses, in the absence of all sound principle, that those which proved successful were to be deemed less fanciful than those which failed: and in the next place, it must be remembered that almost all Kepler's guesses were grounded on what he considered as physical assumptions. ‘In making many conjectures which on trial proved erroneous,

erroneous, Kepler was not more fanciful or unphilosophical than other discoverers have been. Discovery is not a "cautious" or a "rigorous" process in the sense of abstaining from such suppositions.' Kepler's guesses, Mr. Whewell goes on to say, 'exhibit to us the usual process, somewhat caricatured, of inventive minds—they rather exemplify the rule of genius than, as has been hitherto taught, the exception.' (*Hist.* i. 412.)

'This is the spirit in which the pursuit of knowledge is generally carried on with success: those men arrive at truths who eagerly endeavour to connect remote points of their knowledge, not those who stop cautiously at each point till something compels them to go beyond it.'—*Hist.* vol. i. p. 423.

'Kepler's talents were a kindly and fertile soil which he cultivated with abundant toil and vigour, but with great scantiness of agricultural skill and implements. Weeds and grain throve and flourished side by side almost undistinguished, and he gave a peculiar appearance to the harvest by gathering and preserving the one class of plants with as much care and diligence as the other.'—*Hist.* vol. i. p. 415.

The sixth and seventh books of Mr. Whewell's *History* contain a condensed, but well arranged and philosophical summary of the completion of the science of dynamics, and its triumphant application to physical astronomy, in the inductive epochs of Galileo and Newton, with all their noble train of consequences. This is beaten ground, and admitting of little novelty in the mode of traversing it. In that which Mr. Whewell has chosen, and which was necessary to his plan, the chronological order of discovery in the general science and in its application is pursued separately:—a condition which gives rise to some confusion in details, inasmuch as the creation of new methods in dynamical science, and the generalization of its conceptions, were mainly consequent on and directed to the solution of those great problems which the system of the world involves, and which have stamped their own character on the larger portion of the general science.

Until the laws of mechanical action were discovered, and applied, through the intermedium of mathematical analysis, to the explanation of natural phenomena—all physical science might be considered as groping in the dark. In no previous instance had speculation been able to lead up to a clear perception of efficient causes—far less to an exact apprehension of their mode of action, so as to trace them into their effects. In the broad daylight which the discoveries of Newton and his followers poured over every part of the system of nature, men saw with astonishment in how wondrous a complication of reciprocal actions and influences its frame subsists; and in attempting to carry their newly-acquired principles into all its details, they beheld, developing themselves

as corollaries and dependencies on each particular point of those discoveries, branches of science either altogether new, or receiving from the new light thrown on them such novelty of aspect and such vast and rapid accessions as may justify us in regarding them of modern creation. Moreover, it speedily became evident in the endeavour to give a purely mechanical explanation of phenomena, that whatever forces act to produce certain classes of them, must be conceived to act through the medium of some organization or mechanism, different according to their nature, and so imposing peculiar characters on their explanation. And we may now further add, on a review of those classes and of the phenomena which later research has brought to light, that although, undoubtedly, all sensible changes and movements of matter are *directly* referable to acting *forces*, and are therefore the *immediate* results of mechanical effort; yet in the explanation of innumerable phenomena, it is impossible to limit our views to such effort even as an *ultimate physical* cause. We have to ascend a step higher, and to assign—or if not to assign, to seek—if not to seek, at least to recognize as admissible, an ulterior cause (as something distinct from a *motive* or a *reason*) for the exertion or development of force itself under the circumstances; nay, to admit the possible agency of more than one such cause, giving rise to the development of forces under a variety of different but definite aspects. In a word, we seem on the verge of obtaining a glimpse of causes, which, though strictly physical, are yet of a higher order than force itself, and of which this latter is one of the direct or indirect effects. Such a cause we think we recognize as an object of consciousness, in that effort (accompanied with fatigue and exhaustion) which intervenes between the mental act of mere volition and the muscular contraction which moves our limbs.\* Such causes, too, may possibly lie at the root of chemical affinity, of electric and magnetical polarity, and thence, by no remote analogy, of gravitation itself, and of all those material forces whose action is not merely temporary or occasional, but permanent and continuous.

But not to plunge deeper at present into a line of speculation which is very forcibly suggested by several passages in Mr. Whewell's work, and to which we shall probably again be led in our further remarks on it,—it is clear, meanwhile, that the multi-

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\* On this subject see Cabinet Cyclopædia, Astronomy, § 370, and the note thereon. The appeal is to the consciousness of those who will very carefully attend to their own sensations and mental acts. Disease, by retarding and disturbing processes which in health are performed almost unconsciously, will often enable us to analyse phenomena that common observation regards as simple. In Dr. Holland's 'Medical Notes and Reflexions,' (p. 504,) a work replete with profound philosophy, we find cases recorded strikingly in point to the idea in the text.

tude of branches into which, from the Newtonian epoch downwards, the path of science has been constantly diverging—renders it necessary to define and classify them, in order to follow out their history with anything like distinctness, and with any regard to philosophical views in its treatment. The classification which Mr. Whewell adopts, though not unexceptionable, is perhaps, in the present state of human knowledge, as convenient for his especial purpose as any which could have been made. Under one general head ('The Secondary Mechanical Sciences'), he includes acoustics, optics, and thermotics, because 'in these, phenomena are reduced to their mechanical laws and causes in a secondary manner,' or by the intervention of a *medium*. Under the 'Mechanico-chemical' sciences he classes electricity, magnetism, and galvanism, or voltaic electricity, with its new appendage of electro-magnetism. Chemistry itself is classed as 'The Analytical Science;' mineralogy as the 'Analytico-classificatory,' constituting a sort of link between the science of pure analysis and those which he regards as purely classificatory, such as botany and zoology. Under 'Organical Sciences,' we have physiology (or, as he terms it subsequently and more properly, biology) and comparative anatomy; while geology forms the nucleus of a class of especial and novel interest under the title of 'Palætiological Sciences,' 'whose object it is to ascend from the present state of things to a more ancient condition from which the present is derived by intelligible causes.'

It must be quite obvious that this enormous bill of fare, if taken in detail, can, by no conceivable process of intellectual cookery, be brought within the compass of a single meal; nor within our limits, and with the deeper interest of the philosophical volumes yet soliciting our attention, can we undertake even to condense a quintessence, or select a leading flavour from each course. The fact is that the eleven books, of which the remainder of Mr. Whewell's History consists, must rather be regarded as philosophical epitomes of their several subjects—outlines struck with a large and free hand, and destined to fix attention on leading features (though traced with perfect mastery and with consummate skill), than as digested histories of the above enumerated branches. To have made them such, would not only have been impracticable within thrice the compass to which the work extends, but would have utterly overlaid and defeated the author's objects in writing it as we have above stated them. Accordingly, he expressly disclaims any such intention. (*Hist.* vol. ii. p. 293.) Regarding as we do, both in the remarks we have already made and in those we are about to offer, the merely historical as quite subordinate to the philosophical interest of the subject, we entirely  
approve

approve of this mode of proceeding—though we could perhaps have wished that, by some modification in the title, the particular scope and limits of the work itself had been more pointedly expressed.

Of these books we find most to admire and approve in those which treat of the purely Classificatory and Palætiological Sciences, while on the other hand, that on the ‘Analytico-Classificatory Science,’ or Mineralogy, though apparently laboured with more care than any of the rest, strikes us as somewhat less successful, not from any want of perfect and intimate acquaintance with the subject, but rather, on the contrary, from a too intimate perception of its weakness as a science. Mineralogy, indeed, is of all sciences perhaps the least satisfactory; nay, we are even disposed to question whether it ought not rather to be struck out of their list, or degraded from an independent rank. A mineral which is neither a definite chemical compound, nor a recognizable crystalline aggregate, must assuredly stand low as an object of scientific attention and inquiry, though as a deposit it may interest the geologist, or as a material the artist. To dignify the science itself Mr. Whewell is obliged to generalize it.

‘We have seen,’ he says, ‘that the existence of chemistry as a science which declares the ingredients and essential constitution of all kinds of bodies, implies the existence of another corresponding science which shall divide bodies into kinds, and point out, steadily and precisely, what bodies they are which we have analysed. But a science thus dividing and defining bodies is but one member of an order of sciences, different from those which we have hitherto treated, viz., the Classificatory Sciences. Mineralogy is the branch of knowledge which has discharged the office of such a science so far as it has been discharged; and indeed has been gradually approaching to a clear consciousness of its real place and whole task.’—*Hist.*, vol. iii. pp. 188, 190.

This is assuredly very ingenious. But it amounts to merging the science of *Mineralogy* in that higher and purer branch which Mr. Whewell has the great merit of here, for the first time, distinctly pointing out, and which has for its objects the classification of chemical elements and combinations in general by their crystalline and optical relations and mechanical and external qualities, and thus connecting the sciences of chemistry, optics, and crystallography, and perhaps many others, by the most important fundamental relations of polar forces. Classification in such a case is only another word for the announcement of general laws, the results of inductive observation: results, that is to say, of a more elevated order than those which depend on a mere remarking of general resemblance, or even on the specification of particular arbitrarily selected points on which the logical proof of such resemblance

semblance can be rested. Accordingly, in so far as, in this last sense of the word, mineralogy is to be regarded as a classificatory science, its history offers only a succession of failures. Perhaps the most remarkable of these are precisely those in which the specified points of resemblance are the most distinct and systematic, viz., those of Berzelius and Mohs, both which Mr. Whewell condemns, and we think justly.

In geology our author is a catastrophist, or rather an anti-uniformist.

‘*Time*,’ he says, ‘inexhaustible and ever accumulating his efficacy, can undoubtedly do much in geology:—but *Force*, whose limits we cannot measure, and whose nature we cannot fathom, is also a power never to be slighted: and to call in the one to protect us from the other is equally presumptuous, to whichever side our superstition leans.’—*Hist.* vol. iii. p. 616.

This is sensibly as well as pointedly stated. The most strenuous advocate for the exclusion of paroxysmal epochs will not contend for *perfect* uniformity so long as earthquakes are not of daily occurrence and calculable intensity: and the question as to what is and what is not paroxysm,—to what extent the excursion from repose or gentle oscillation may go without incurring the epithet of a catastrophe, is one of mere degree, and of no scientific importance whatever. Geology as a body of science has been always too much divided by antagonist doctrines and by the opposition of rival schools. The eagerness of the combatants in the Plutonic and Neptunian controversy surpassed the bounds of amicable discussion, and decidedly retarded the progress of sound theory: and—now that these rival divinities have sacrificed their exclusive claims and agreed to act in unison—the cataclysmal and uniformitarian systems, though advocated in a far better spirit, are yet, we think, rather too deeply tinging the views of modern geologists and biasing their course of speculation. Mr. Whewell, by mooted the question as to what is uniformity, has afforded the antagonist schools a point of approximation where they may merge their differences and unite their efforts.

Though we are glad to observe that a small part only of these chapters is devoted to controversial points, yet we were hardly prepared to expect so decided an undervaluing of Dr. Hutton’s really important contributions to geological science as we find in Mr. Whewell’s section ‘on premature geological theories,’ where his ‘*Theory of the Earth*’ is simply mentioned to be condemned as such, and in which Playfair’s fascinating ‘*Illustrations*’ of that theory—a work which we cannot but believe to have exercised a most important influence on the science generally by showing the complete untenability of a simply aqueous doctrine, and the absolute



lute necessity for admitting heat at least to a share in its explanations—is passed unmentioned. But, on the other hand, the chapters on Systematic Descriptive Geology, and those on Geological Dynamics, are not only excellent as historical compendiums, but so abundant in philosophical views, and present so graphic a picture of the science, that we cannot recommend to the student of that science a better guide to his reading, and key to its speculative difficulties, than he will find in their perusal. In particular we would recommend a careful perusal of the section headed ‘Question of Creation as related to Science,’ and that which follows it, as admirably calculated to infuse a spirit of sobriety and caution into all future speculations on the subject of the gradual introduction and extinction of species—a subject doubtless the most startling and bewildering which has ever yet gained admission within the pale of legitimate physical inquiry.

Mr. Whewell divides the ‘Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences’ into two parts; the first treating of ‘Ideas,’ the second of ‘Knowledge;’ divisions which, for our purpose, and perhaps also as respects the probable influence of the work on the progress of science, it will be proper to regard as the theoretical and practical departments of this philosophy. The subject of Ideas, which occupies somewhat more than one of the two volumes of which the work consists, is subdivided into ten books. The first, ‘of Ideas in general,’ being devoted to the explication of metaphysical views on the nature of scientific truths, the grounds of our knowledge of them, and the analysis of those mental acts by which we attain and recognize them:—the remaining nine books exhibit the application of these general views and principles to the philosophy of each of the great subdivisions of science adopted in the historical work, *seriatim*; with the superaddition, however, of a preliminary book on the philosophy of the pure sciences (the mathematics). These our author has excluded from his history, on the ground of their not being *inductive sciences*. ‘Their progress,’ he says, ‘has not consisted in collecting laws from phenomena, true theories from observed facts, and more general from more limited laws, but in tracing the consequences of the ideas themselves,’ which lie at the root of them, viz., space and number. As a matter of philosophy, we think this distinction untenable, on grounds we shall presently state, though there can be no doubt that the *inductive part* of these sciences, so far as it has yet been carried, offers no historical points, furnishes no matter of history. Their highest axioms have been quickly and readily arrived at; and it is only on their *deductive* part that any great amount of intellectual effort has been expended. It is on this very ground, however, that we perceive

perceive the greater propriety in their occupying a prominent place in the philosophy of inductive science, in which we hold them to exemplify what Bacon would term *clandestine instances*—a class always replete with instruction.

As it is in the first of these books that Mr. Whewell develops and distinctly lays down those peculiar *à priori* views to which we have before alluded, and to which, as already said, we feel unprepared to yield entire assent, it will be necessary for us to examine rather in detail this part of his work, at the risk, it may be, of some degree of tedium to our non-metaphysical readers; though we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to divest our observations of technical metaphysical phraseology, which, sooth to say, we do not think that very obscure and imperfect science yet sufficiently advanced to indulge in otherwise than sparingly, and as it were *emphasis gratiâ*.

Mr. Whewell's general aim in this book is to show that there exist 'certain fundamental ideas or forms of mental apprehension,' which, whether by reason of their simplicity, clearness, facility of suggestion, or otherwise, but more especially by reason of their *appropriateness* to the subjects, are peculiarly fitted to become, and have accordingly become, as of necessity they must, the leading features of particular branches of science, and the bases of all sound knowledge in those branches:—that these ideas, or some of them (according to their appropriateness), are, in virtue of the activity of the mind, superinduced on, or in some intellectual manner combined with our perceptions, and thus bind together in a certain unity, and according to a certain mode of apprehension,—first, all those sensible perceptions, which, simultaneously affecting the mind, impress it with the conception of *a fact*; secondly, all those facts, which, when contemplated together, appear to have a certain relation fitting them to be so united or bound together by one or other of these fundamental ties; which facts, when so bound together, constitute facts of a more general kind, or *theories*: which, when confirmed by long experience, rendered perfectly familiar by habit, and adopted into common language, come to be regarded as facts, and spoken of and referred to as such—(as when, for instance, we speak of the earth's rotation on its axis, or its revolution in our ecliptic orbit round the sun, as *facts*).

This aggregation, or rather intellectual *cementation*, of facts into theories, is, however, usually performed, not by the direct intervention of the fundamental idea appropriate to each theory—such idea being frequently of an order too elevated and remote for that purpose—but commonly by the intervention of certain 'modifications and limitations of the fundamental idea,' which  
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may be termed 'ideal conceptions.' Thus an ellipse is an ideal conception, a *modification* of the fundamental idea of space; genus, a modification or *limitation* of the fundamental idea of resemblance, and so forth. Were we to express this in ordinary language, we should say that we rise by steps only to the highest degree of abstraction and generality, and in working our way upwards in that direction, we employ terms and phrases more or less abstract, according to the degree of generality which we feel ourselves competent to attain. The line, therefore, between the fundamental idea and the ideal conception appropriate to each step of advancing science, and to each scientific theory, is necessarily indefinite—and accordingly we observe that throughout the work Mr. Whewell uses the one term for the other with little hesitation. The formation of a theory out of facts, and the nature of the inductive process itself, are thus well and clearly described:—

'When we have become possessed of such ideal conceptions as those just described, cases frequently occur in which we can, by means of such conceptions, connect the facts which we learn from experience, and thus obtain truths from materials supplied by experience. In such cases the truth to which we are thus led is said to be collected from the observed facts by induction.'—*Phil.*, vol. i. p. 42.

After giving examples of this, Mr. Whewell proceeds:—

'And in like manner in all other cases the discovery of a truth by induction consists in finding a conception, or combination of conceptions, which agrees with, connects, and arranges the facts. Such ideal conceptions, or combination of conceptions, superinduced upon the facts, and reducing them to rule and order, are theories.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 43.

'The act of the mind, by which it converts facts into theories, is of the same kind as that by which it converts impressions into facts. In both cases there is a new principle of unity introduced by the mind, an ideal connexion established: that which was many becomes one: that which was loose and lawless becomes connected and fixed by rule. And this is done by induction, or, as we have described this process, by superinducing upon the facts, as given by observation, the conception of our minds.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 44.

'Thus it appears that, understanding the term *induction* in that comprehensive sense in which alone it is consistent with itself, it is requisite to give unity to a fact no less than to give connexion to a theory.'—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 45.

It is impossible to express with more precision than Mr. Whewell has done in the passages above extracted, or in a more luminous manner, the true nature of the inductive processes, as regards facts and theories. Two important points, however, remain to be decided: first, the origin within the mind of these ideal conceptions or fundamental ideas themselves; and, secondly, whether, and

and in what manner, we are justified in extending *theories* so framed, or propositions so concluded, beyond the limits of the individual facts on which our conceptions have been superinduced.

There can be no doubt that the origin of all induction is referable to that plastic faculty of the mind which assigns an unity to an assemblage of independent particulars.\* But in order to carry out this idea to its entire meaning, it is necessary to extend the field in which this faculty exerts itself to every description of impression of which the mind is susceptible. Thus, from the impression it receives from its own acts, states, and faculties—which are never for two consecutive instants the same, or equally exerted—so inductively bound together, the ideas or conceptions of personal existence and identity, time, and mental power arise within it. Again, from those which it receives directly (and antecedently to all *other* experience), from its connexion with the body, it is led to form in a similar way its conceptions of space and mechanical force, which are therefore, we apprehend, in the most complete and absolute sense *suggested* by experience—by the experience, that is to say, of certain *peculiar mental sensations* (if we may coin a word for the purpose) which distance, direction, and force, when perceived, excite within us. Then again, from that mixed multitude of impressions received through the bodily senses, it frames to itself, by a similar induction, the conception, fact, or theory, as we please to call it, of an independent external world. Moreover, from the impressions it receives on contemplating these external relations—(which, besides bringing back on it, confirming, and elucidating in innumerable modes, all those more original and simple conceptions, furnish in a thousand ways that which is the true ‘fundamental idea’ of all science, viz., harmony, regularity, or law)—it rises by a constantly extending and unbroken chain of experience to the *law of continuity*—which is perhaps the highest inductive axiom to which the mind of man is capable of attaining—and, as one of the most important results of this law, to the perception and admission of general truths, on the ground of particular verifications.

By contemplating our own faculties of attention, recollection, and other similar processes, whereby the mind continually influences the succession of its own thoughts—or rather, in the same instant that we experience that *peculiar mental sensation* which is connected with the exercise of these faculties—we come to have suggested the notion of mental power. By dwelling on the *effort* whereby we put our limbs into motion, the conception of vital effort as expended in the production of mechanical force is in

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\* On this subject we will merely refer the reader to Mr. Douglas's excellent work on the Philosophy of the Mind (Ed. 1839), p. 182, *et seq.*

like manner suggested ; and by dwelling on the only feature these remarkable phenomena have in common, viz., *change*, predictable beforehand, as sure to be consequent on their *voluntary* exercise, we attain to an abstract conception of *cause* as the origin of *all* change :—a conception which once so originated within our minds by this, our highest form of experience, personal consciousness, is reflected back, and verified by all external experience, though in forms far less pure and unadulterated than that in which it is presented to us by these internal phenomena. Lastly, by the experience of our own intentions as capable of being carried out into execution by material or moral combinations, we have suggested to us the notion of *design* or final cause ; and by that of our emotions as dependent on the result of our designed acts, the conception of *motive* and of moral responsibility.

Mr. Whewell, however, puts a most decided and unhesitating negative on the claims of experience to the origination of these ideas. We must, therefore, examine the argument by which he supports this negative :—

‘ We have seen,’ he says, ‘ that there are propositions which are known to be necessarily true, and that such knowledge is not and cannot be obtained by mere observation of actual facts. It has been shown also that these necessary truths are the results of certain fundamental ideas, such as those of space, time, number, and the like. Hence it follows inevitably that these ideas and others of the same kind are not derived from experience. For these ideas possess a power of infusing into their developments that very necessity which experience can in no way bestow. This power they do not borrow from the external world, but possess by their own nature. Thus we unfold out of the idea of space, the propositions of geometry, which are plainly truths of the most rigorous necessity and universality. But if the idea of space were merely collected from observation of the external world, it could never enable or entitle us to assert such propositions ; it could never authorize us to say that not merely some lines but all lines not only have but must have those propositions which geometry teaches. Geometry in every proposition speaks a language which experience never dares to utter, and indeed of which she but half comprehends the meaning. Experience sees that the assertions are true, but she sees not how profound and absolute is their truth.’—*Phil.* i. 71.

The necessity of geometrical truths has never, we believe, been questioned, nor is it our disposition to do so now. It is not, however, with their *necessity* that we are just now concerned. All true propositions about realities are necessarily true, provided their subject-matter be necessarily such as it is, since every reality must be consistent with itself. Whether space be, as we conceive it to be, a substantive reality independent of our minds, and whether capable of being directly contemplated by them

them or not, or as Mr. Whewell, adopting the Kantian doctrine, maintains it to be, a *real condition* of the perception of our own and all other existence—if it be a *necessary* reality, or a *necessary* condition, then are the expressions of its properties, in geometrical language, necessary truths. The truths of geometry *exist* and are verified in every part of space, as the statue in the marble. They may depend on the thinking mind for their conception and discovery, but they cannot be contradictory to that which forms their subject-matter, and in which they are realized, in every place and at every instant of time.

But it is with the *universality*, not the necessity of its truths that we are concerned—or rather with the nature and grounds of our conviction of their universality:—

‘Experience,’ says Mr. Whewell, ‘must always consist of a limited number of observations; and however numerous these may be, they can show nothing with regard to the infinite number of cases in which the experiment has not been made. . . . Truths can only be known to be general, not universal, if they depend upon experience alone. Experience cannot bestow that universality which she herself cannot have, nor that necessity of which she has no comprehension.’—*Phil.* i. 60, 61.

Now we conceive that a full answer to this argument is afforded by the nature of the inductive propensity—by the irresistible impulse of the mind to generalize *ad infinitum*, when nothing in the nature of limitation or opposition offers itself to the imagination—and by our involuntary application of the law of continuity to fill up, by the same ideal substance of truth, every interval which uncontradicted experience may have left blank in our inductive conclusions. What we contend for is, not that the propositions of geometry are other than necessary and universal, but that space being a reality (or a real condition), the mind, applying itself to that reality, discovers its properties by such application, which is experience, and embodies the results of that experience in axiomatic propositions. For what, we may ask, *can* impress us with a sense of truth other than a clear perception of *meaning*? And what is a perception of meaning other than *an intellectual experience of the real qualities and relations of the objects of our thoughts, as exemplified in special cases*?

And after all, the truths of geometry are summed up and embodied in its definitions and axioms. The definitions we need not consider, but let us turn to the axioms, and what do we find? A string of propositions concerning magnitude in the *abstract*, which are equally true of space, time, force, number, and every other magnitude susceptible of aggregation and subdivision. Such propositions, where they are not mere definitions, as some of them are, carry their inductive origin on the face  
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of their enunciation. Of those which expressly relate to space, the axiom which declares magnitudes equal which exactly fill the same space, is clearly only a rule of interpretation declaring how the word equal is to be understood when space is the object of reference, and how the measurement of space is to be executed, and is only the ordinary practical process of measurement embodied in words. Those which declare that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and that two straight lines which cut one another cannot both be parallel to a third, are in reality the only ones which express characteristic properties of space, and these it will be worth while to consider more nearly. Now the only clear notion we can form of straightness is uniformity of direction, for space in its ultimate analysis is nothing but an assemblage of distances and directions. And (not to dwell on the notion of continued contemplation, i. e., mental experience, as included in the very idea of uniformity; nor on that of transfer of the contemplating being from point to point, and of experience, during such transfer, of the homogeneity of the interval passed over)—we cannot even propose the proposition in an intelligible form, to any one whose experience ever since he was born has not assured him of the fact. The *unity of direction*, or that we cannot march from a given point by more than one path *direct to the same object*, is matter of practical experience long before it can by possibility become matter of abstract thought. We cannot attempt mentally to exemplify the conditions of the assertion in an imaginary case opposed to it, without violating our habitual recollection of this experience and defacing our mental picture of space as grounded on it. What *but* experience, we may ask, can possibly assure us of the *homogeneity* of the parts of distance, time, force, and measurable aggregates in general, on which the truth of the other axioms depends? As regards the latter axiom, after what has been said, it must be clear that the very same course of remarks equally applies to its case, and that its truth is quite as much forced on the mind as that of the former by daily and hourly experience.

We have considered the perception of space, in its ultimate analysis, as resolvable into perceptions of distance and direction; into line and angle; but it may be urged that our ideas of superficial and solid space involve something more than these elements—that surface and solidity are not in their essence resolvable into mere distance and direction. It is here that we trace, as we conceive the matter, the result of the mind's plastic faculty, by which, out of the assemblage of simple perceptions, it forms to itself a *picture*, or *conception*, or *idea* (call it what we will) in which those perceptions are mentally realized, but which seems to us to  
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be something more than those perceptions—what the Lockian school terms, in short, *substance*; and which we consider to be no other than the mind's *perception of its own active effort* in this process. The conception of solid extension stands, we apprehend, to these simple elementary perceptions of distance and direction in the same relation as that of *body* to the perceptions of resistance, extension, colour, figure, &c., which are all that common experience affords us of *matter*; and this is the only sense in which we can agree with, or indeed attach any distinct meaning to, a remarkable passage in Mr. Whewell's chapter 'On the Idea of Space':—

'By speaking of space, as an idea, I intend to imply that the apprehension of objects as existing in space, and of the relation of position, &c. which thus prevail among them, is not a consequence of experience, but a result of a peculiar constitution and activity of the mind which' [*i. e.*, the activity] 'is independent of experience in its origin, though constantly combined with it in its exercise.'—*Phil.* b. ii. p. 81.

But when he goes on to declare, in the next page, 'that space is not a notion obtained from experience,' and in addition to the argument from the universality and necessity of its properties which we have already considered, supports this doctrine by such arguments as these:—

'Experience gives us information concerning things without us, but our apprehending them as without us, takes for granted their existence in space. Experience acquaints us with what are the form, position, magnitude, &c., of particular objects, but that they have form, position, magnitude, presuppose that they are in space.'—*Phil.* i. p. 82.

we cannot avoid placing on record our dissent from the conclusion, and our inability to perceive the cogency of the reasoning. The reason, we conceive, why we apprehend things as without us is, that they *are* without us. We take for granted that they exist in space, because they *do* so exist, and because such their existence is a matter of direct perception which can neither be explained in words, nor contravened in imagination: because, in short, space is a *reality* and not a matter of mere convention or imagination. Still less can we attribute the smallest force to such reasons as those in p. 86, where it is denied that space 'exists as a thing,' because 'that thing is infinite in all its dimensions, and moreover is a thing which, being nothing in itself, exists only that other things may exist in it.' We might meet such reasoning in its own spirit, by declaring that that which has parts, proportions, and susceptibilities of exact measurement, must be 'a thing.'

The philosophy of the pure sciences involves not merely the idea of space, but of magnitude in the abstract. It is common indeed to represent, in elementary books, such magnitudes by

geometrical lines and areas, and thus to demonstrate the truths which serve as the bases of the sciences of arithmetic, algebra, &c. But this is only legitimate, because the axioms of abstract magnitude are verified among such lines and areas in the same manner as they are verified among the various other objects to which they apply, and *by induction from which* they have been concluded to be generally true. That equals added to equals produce equal aggregates is true of equal times, equal weights, equal numbers, as well as of equal spaces. Were we to grant (which we do not) that the truth of the proposition in each of these forms is a direct result of simple intuition involving no induction—no consideration of particular cases, *i. e.*, no experience—still the combination of all these separate truths into one general expression equally applicable to all the forms, must surely be allowed to be an act of inductive generalization. To maintain the contrary, is to maintain that the mind conceives and reasons on the abstract in anticipation of the concrete, on the general before the particular, which is in fact Platonism, and to which indeed, in many respects, and as purified of its more extravagant features, Mr. Whewell's theory closely approximates. A remarkable instance of this is afforded by his reasoning respecting *time* :—

' Since all particular times are considered as derivable from time in general, it is manifest that the notion of time in general cannot be derived from the notion of particular time. The notion of time in general is therefore not a general conception derived from experience.'—*Phil.* i. p. 124.

This is as if any one should argue that as there is but one material universe, of which all particular bodies are necessarily parts—therefore our notion of the material universe is not a general conception derived from our experience of individual bodies. The fact is, that if we were to select an idea which must more emphatically than another be derived from experience, it would be that of time :—for what is it which excites in us the perception of its lapse, but the internal comparison of our mental state at the beginning and end of each instant, which is experience, if the word have any meaning?—The lapse of the instant is a *reality* ; a very obscure and mysterious one, no doubt ; and our notion of it (the result, or perhaps we should rather say the perception, of the active effort of the mind to connect its present and past state) is that substantive conception which may be considered as bearing the same relation to the reality of time, whatever that be, as our substantive conception of space bears to the realities of distance and direction.

As respects *number*, Mr. Whewell has adopted a mode of considering

sidering it which has lately grown much in vogue, but which we regard as, to say the least, very problematic; viz., that it is a mere modification of the idea of time. Now things may be repeated in space as well as in time, and though it may be perfectly true—(though of that we have some doubts)—that the attention at each instant is so wholly absorbed in the contemplation of one object, that every other is absolutely *unperceived*, and is to us, to all intents and purposes, as if it existed not; yet this would only go to show that, owing to the imperfection of our faculties, time is necessary as a *mean* to enable us to *count* number, but not that it enters otherwise than as a mean into an idea of any particular number, as two. Two horses are two horses, whether we require time to count them or not, and whether counted or uncounted. On precisely the same principle, time might be declared an element in our conception of figure, and indeed of space itself. Number, therefore, we cannot help regarding as an abstraction, and *consequently* its general properties or its axioms to be of necessity inductively concluded from the consideration of particular cases. And surely this is the way in which children *do* acquire their knowledge of number, and in which they learn its axioms. The apples and the marbles are put in requisition, and through the multitude of gingerbread nuts their ideas acquire clearness, precision, and generality. And it is so impossible for us to divest ourselves, either as respects number, or any of those primary relations, as space, time, &c., of the bias given to all our notions by the unbroken influence of an experience which commenced with our birth and perhaps even before it, that we may well be excused if we more than hesitate in our assent to a doctrine, which requires us so entirely to un-mould and unbuild the whole structure of our mental habits and acquirements, as does that of the non-suggestion of ideas of this class, and the non-establishment of their axioms by experience; including always, be it observed, in our notion of experience, that which is gained by contemplation of the inward picture which the mind forms to itself in any proposed case, or which it arbitrarily selects as an example—such picture, in virtue of the extreme simplicity of these primary relations, being called up by the imagination with as much vividness and clearness as could be done by any external impression, which is the only meaning we can attach to the word *intuition*, as applied to such relations.

Into the philosophy of the abstract sciences the notion of *cause* does not explicitly enter—relations, not events, being the subject of inquiry in these sciences. But in those where phænomena come to be explained, the reference of these to their causes, and the development of the processes by which the action of such

causes is carried out through a chain of intermediate effects, till they result in the phænomena observed, is our sole, at least our ultimate, object of inquiry. Now it deserves especial notice that most of the phænomena which nature presents are cases of indirect causation. Conceptions of *cause* suggested by such phænomena can hardly be other than crude, imperfect, and even perhaps erroneous. For example, invariable antecedence of cause and consequence of effect is laid down by writers on this subject as an essential feature of this relation. But this must be understood in reference to the *state of things*, historically speaking, which precedes and that which follows that indivisible instant of time in which action takes place, as the two portions of a line separated by a point are necessarily the one on one side, the other on the other of that point. If the antecedence and consequence in question be understood as the interposition of an interval of time, however small, between the action of the cause and the production of the effect, we regard it as inadmissible. In the production of motion by force, for instance, though the effect be cumulative, with continued exertion of the cause, yet each elementary or individual action of the force is, to our apprehension, *instantanter* accompanied with its corresponding increment of momentum in the body moved. In all dynamical reasonings, no one has ever thought of interposing an instant of time between the action and its resulting momentum; nor does it appear necessary. The process has more the character of a simple transformation of force into momentum, without gain or loss. The cause (this particular cause) seems to be neither destroyed nor enfeebled, but absorbed, and transformed into its effect, and therein treasured up. In this view, which seems quite as tenable as any other which has yet been taken of the relation of physical cause and effect, the time lost in cases of indirect physical causation is that consumed in the movements which take place among the parts of the mechanism set in action, by which the active forces so transformed into momentum are transported over intervals of space to new points of action, the motion of matter in such cases being regarded as a mere carrier of force. So also, when force is directly counteracted by force, their mutual destruction must be conceived, we think, as instantaneous. It appears to us, therefore, well worthy of consideration, whether, in deriving any part of our abstractions of cause and effect from external phænomena, *we be not misled in assuming sequence as a necessary feature in that relation*, and whether sequence, when observed, is not rather to be held as a sure indication of indirect action, accompanied with a movement of parts. Certain it is, that the higher we ascend in the scale of physical causation the more inconceivably

conceivably rapid do we find the *propagation* of action. The *play* of the mechanism (if we may borrow a metaphor) seems less, and the approach to perfect fitting and contact of its parts more near.

The direct personal consciousness of causation which we have when we either exert voluntary force or influence the train of our own thoughts, has been much and singularly lost sight of by many writers on this subject. Whatever be the essential nature of that relation (or whether even it be in all cases the same), we are no more left in doubt of its being a real relation, when we experience this consciousness, than we are of our own reality, or of that of an external world. When once suggested (as we conceive it to be) by such experience, as a kind of mental sensation, it is seized and dwelt on with a force and tenacity which strongly indicates its real importance to our knowledge and well-being. The energy and assurance with which it is generalized, or rather universalized, and extended to all the events of nature, must be held as another indication in the same direction. Nothing can be imagined more different than the two lines of experience by which this consciousness of effective action is impressed. They agree in nothing but in change consequent on or simultaneous with voluntary effort, and predictable beforehand, as sure to accompany such effort. Yet this point of analogy is siezed and made the basis of a *universal theory*, with an invariable verification by experience, and a decisive acknowledgment of its irresistible cogency, which proves it to be one of those grand primordial analogies alluded to above; an analogy by which the physical and intellectual world are brought into inseparable contact, by establishing the influence of *will* over both.

There are, no doubt, other lines of experience in which we also receive, but more obscurely, and as it were conversely, through the medium of effect, the idea of cause. But from the very diversity of these modes of suggestion it follows that this idea is, as Mr. Whewell admits it to be, an abstraction. And from this consideration alone it seems to us imperatively to follow that whatever axioms (if there be any) belong to this idea, must be inductively concluded from their verification in each of those several particular lines of experience in which we recognize and insulate the peculiar mental sensation of *causality*. It must be very clear, for instance, that an axiom which, though verified in one form of causation, is yet unmeaning or incorrect in another, cannot be an axiom of causation in the abstract, or must be inadequately worded as such. And the same must surely be the case with axioms requiring limitations and conditions dependent on the *kind* of cause.

These considerations seem to us essential to forming a right understanding



understanding of the metaphysics of Mr. Whewell's three books on the Philosophy of the Mechanical Sciences. For the basis of these he takes the fundamental idea of cause—not that this relation is not to be considered equally involved in other sciences, but emphatically, because in these we have succeeded, in those not, in tracing phænomena up to one of those causes of whose existence our own consciousness assures us, viz., force. In pursuance of his general plan of ascribing a necessary universality to physical as well as to every other class of general truths, and deriving this necessity and this universality from the assumed *à priori* origin within the mind of whatever abstract principles are involved in their enunciation, he lays down three axioms of causation as flowing, not from experience but from our fundamental idea of that relation, viz. :—1. Nothing can take place without a cause. 2. Effects are proportional to their causes, and causes are measured by their effects. 3. Reaction is equal and opposite to action. Of these the first in our view of the matter is the mere generalization of our internal consciousness in the two distinct lines of experience above mentioned—a generalization cogent doubtless in the highest degree, as all such impulses of the generalizing instinct are when the mind feels no obstacle, and finds itself contradicted by no opposing experience. The second axiom presents only a vague, if any, meaning where causes are unsusceptible of numerical addition or conjoined agency—and where they are so susceptible Mr. Whewell admits that 'there may be circumstances in the nature of the cause which may further determine the *kind* of effect which we must take for the measure of the cause.' But it is clear that we are now discussing the relation of causes to their *direct* effects, and that consequently we are allowed no latitude of choice. We are not to range about the results of their action till we find some one, be it direct or remote, by which our rule shall be saved. We are to take the direct effect as we find it, viz., that which is separated from the action of the cause by no interval of time and by no intermedium of mechanism; and if with *this* for an effect the axiom be verified, all is well.

On the third axiom Mr. Whewell reasons as follows :—

'The reaction is an effect of the action, and is determined by it. And since the two, action and reaction, are forces of the same nature, each may be considered as cause and as effect, and they must therefore determine each other by a common rule. But this consideration leads necessarily to their equality: for since the rule is mutual, if we could for an instant suppose the reaction to be less than the action, we must by the same rule suppose the action to be less than the reaction.'—*Phil.* i. p. 175.

'Like our other axioms, this has its source in an idea, viz., the idea of

of cause under that particular condition in which cause and effect are mutual.'—*Ibid*.

We trust Mr. Whewell will believe that we speak in all sincerity, and not without diffidence in our own impressions, when we declare that this is a modification of the idea of cause, which we can no how bring ourselves to conceive. It seems to lead direct to the conclusion, with no escape, that a cause can cause itself. For if A be the cause of R, and R, by the rule of mutuality, the cause of A; then is A the ultimate and R the proximate link in a chain of causation by which it is derived from itself. This, it may be said, is a verbal quibble. But if it be (which we think it is not), it is one that inevitably forces itself on the thoughts on the bare mention of such a proposition, as that cause and effect can in any case be justly regarded as mutual. If indeed we admit the doctrine of sequence as a general feature of causality, and suppose ever so small an interval of time interposed between cause and effect, the rule of mutuality is evidently impossible. This doctrine, however, as already said, we regard as untenable; and from a single, short, and insulated sentence in p. 252, which seems to have called up when written no further mental remark, it appears that Mr. Whewell herein agrees with us.

It would not be difficult, however, so to word this axiom as to render it applicable and intelligible in every form of causation, and at the same time to avoid introducing the term Reaction, which, though highly convenient, and therefore readily admissible in dynamical reasonings, ceases altogether to present any distinct meaning when used in reference to other than mechanical cause. The axiom, for instance, taken as a general proposition, deduced from and verified by experience in every form of causality, may be held to assert the limitation of a finite amount of cause to the production of a finite amount of immediate effect, in consequence of which limitation the total effect must be such as to leave no part of the energy of the cause outstanding and applicable to the production of further effect. In other words, it must be such as to exhaust, or absorb, or transform into itself, as the case may be, *the whole cause*. Dynamically interpreted, this leads to the law of reaction, while physiologically, it expresses merely fatigue or exhaustion, which every one is conscious of on bodily or mental exertion. For it must be observed, and the remark appears to us of great moment, that in the production of voluntary motion we do not conceive the mind or will as directly exerting force on, and so producing motion in, matter. Were such indeed the case, we might reasonably ask what becomes of reaction where mind is at one end of the rod and matter at the other? Here we recognize

nize the importance of that intermediate link in the chain of causation, that physiological effort, dependent on the will, but yet distinct from mere volition, already before alluded to. Of the nature of this effort it seems impossible to frame any other conception than this—that without being itself force it evolves or creates force, having all the characters of molecular attractions and repulsions, either among the contiguous particles of the muscles directly; or else indirectly in them, through a chain of polar arrangements among those of the nerves—a cause, in short, of a higher order than force, and which, for anything we can know to the contrary, may be in action even among the particles of inanimate matter, whenever force is exerted, though whether in all cases under the immediate control of a directing will, transcends of course our faculties to decide on physical grounds. However convenient it may be in common language, or in dynamical reasoning, to speak of force as the action of one body upon another, and as accompanied with a reaction of the other back upon the first, it is far more consonant with this view of voluntary action, and indeed with the mass of facts in other sciences, to regard it as a cause or disposition to motion, originating indifferently between them, and manifesting itself by an effect which has always a twofold or polar character, i.e., the production (unless counteracted) of equal momenta in opposite directions at either extremity of its line of action: the sum of such momenta being, (as in all cases of polar action) equal to zero.

Mr. Whewell, in his chapter 'On the Origin of our Conceptions of Force and Matter,' traces them simply to our sense of muscular action and resistance, but without distinguishing, as we have done, between the effort and the action, and of course without drawing from that distinction the consequences which we have above suggested, and which seem to us so important. He then proceeds to treat at great length in separate chapters of the establishment of the principles of statics and dynamics. These chapters are extremely valuable. We recognize in them the results of great labour and a long series of intense and persevering thought bestowed on their subjects, the fruits of which have from time to time appeared in several previous works,\* and are here brought together as in a focus. Of these works it is but justice to say that we know of no treatises extant which afford so complete and philosophical a view of the principles of these sciences, and of the steps by which they have acquired their ultimate development and demonstrative character. Though assuredly not the most

\* *Elementary Treatise on Mechanics*. Cambridge, 1819.—*On the Free Motion of Points, and on Universal Gravitation*. Cambridge, 1832.—*The First Principles of Mechanics*. Cambridge, 1832.—*The Mechanical Bunch*. Cambridge, 1837.

brilliant of the many gems which adorn our author's wreath of merit, their sterling value will secure them an estimation superior even to that of many original discoveries.

In these chapters, as well as in the works alluded to, the whole of mechanical science is made to depend on a few simple propositions of axiomatic self-evidence—and with this, as regards systematic and logical deduction, we can have, of course, no quarrel. It is when we find it put forward that these axioms owe their evidence and universality solely to our fundamental and abstract idea of causation, and to the general axioms thence derived, and in no way to experience, that we demur. As we admit no such propositions, *other than as truths inductively collected from observation*, even in geometry itself, it can hardly be expected that, in a science of obviously contingent relations, we should acquiesce in a contrary view. As we conceive matter to have been created, and to admit of annihilation, we can of course conceive the non-existence of force; and if so, it certainly does appear a violent inroad on the liberty and power of thought to maintain that we may not, or cannot, conceive the laws of force to have been otherwise established than as we find them. But let us take one of these axioms and examine its evidence: for instance, that equal forces perpendicularly applied at the opposite ends of equal arms of a straight lever will balance each other. What but experience, we may ask, in the first place, can possibly inform us that a force so applied will have any tendency to turn the lever on its centre at all? Or that force can be so transmitted along a rigid line *perpendicular to its direction*, as to act elsewhere in space than along its own line of action? Surely this is so far from being self-evident that it has even a paradoxical appearance, which is only to be removed by giving our lever thickness, material composition, and molecular powers. Again, we conclude that the two forces, being equal and applied under precisely similar circumstances, must, if they exert any effort at all to turn the lever, exert equal and opposite efforts: but what *à priori* reasoning can possibly assure us that they *do* act under precisely similar circumstances?—that points which differ in place, *are* similarly circumstanced as regards the exertion of force?—that universal space may not have relations to universal force—or, at all events, that the organization of the material universe may not be such as to place that portion of space occupied by it in such relations to the forces exerted in it, as may invalidate the absolute similarity of circumstances assumed? Or we may argue, what have we to do with the notion of angular movement in the lever at all? The case is one of rest, and of quiescent destruction of force by force. Now how is this destruction effected? Assuredly by the counter-pressure which

which supports the fulcrum. But would not this destruction equally arise, and by the same amount of counteracting force, if each force simply pressed *its own half* of the lever against the fulcrum? And what can assure us that it is not so, except removal of one or other force and consequent tilting of the lever?

The other fundamental axiom of statics, that the pressure on the point of support is the sum of the weights, is derived by Mr. Whewell from the principle of reaction. 'If it be not an axiom,' he asks, 'deriving its truth from the fundamental conception of equal action and reaction, which equilibrium always implies, what is the origin of its certainty?' Equilibrium implies, however, not merely equal action and reaction, which law subsists whether equilibrium take place or no, but equal action and *counter-action*. The pressure on the fulcrum is *not destroyed by the reaction* of the fulcrum, for that would subsist were the fulcrum pushed from its place by the pressure. If it be destroyed at all, it must be destroyed by a *counteracting force applied* for that purpose, and the question is, what is the amount of the force that must be so applied? Were the pressure on the fulcrum ten times the sum of the weights, its *reaction* would still be equal to that pressure. Such reaction, in our view of the nature of force, is simply the simultaneous and opposite manifestation of its polar action, and can in no case afford an available measure of its intensity. Force can only be measured by motion produced, or by amount of force *elsewhere originating* necessary to prevent motion.

What then, it must of course be asked, is the origin of our certainty of the axiom? We reply, simple experience. It is merely a scientific transformation and more refined mode of stating a coarse and obvious result of universal experience, viz., that the weight of a rigid body is the same, handle it or suspend it in what position or by what point we will, and that whatever sustains a body sustains its total weight. Assuredly, as Mr. Whewell justly remarks—

'no one probably ever made a trial for the purpose of showing that the pressure on the support is equal to the sum of the weights. Certainly no person, with clear mechanical conceptions, ever wanted such a trial to convince him of its truth, or thought the truth clearer after the trial had been made.'

But it is precisely because in every action of his life from earliest infancy, he has been *continually* making the trial and seeing it made by every other living being about him, that he never dreams of staking its result on one additional attempt made with scientific accuracy. This would be as if a man should resolve to decide by experiment whether his eyes were useful for the

the purpose of seeing, by hermetically sealing himself up for half an hour in a metal case.

In making these remarks on Mr. Whewell's *à priori* doctrines, we are most anxious to be understood as limiting our disapproval strictly to the point of view from which he has contemplated his subject. In its handling there is every thing to admire, nor are we aware that we have ever in the same compass encountered such a mine of recondite thought, searching inquiry, and pointed and brilliant illustration. But to these views he recurs again and again, and always with increasing decision, *vires acquirit eundo*, as if their force had grown upon him in their contemplation. Thus, even in the midst of his mechanical applications, he suspends his argument to insert a chapter on 'the *paradox* of universal propositions obtained by experience,'—a paradox in which, however, we see nothing that strikes us as paradoxical. If there be necessary and universal truths (which we unconditionally admit) expressible in propositions of axiomatic simplicity and obviousness, and having for their subject matter the elements of all our experience and all our knowledge, surely these are the truths which, if experience suggest to us any truths at all, it ought to suggest most readily, clearly, and unceasingly. If it were a truth, universal and necessary, that a net is spread over the whole surface of every planetary globe, we should not travel far on our own without getting entangled in its meshes, and making the necessity of some means of extrication an axiom of locomotion.

The only tests of abstract truth are entire consistency in itself, and accordance with its exemplification in particulars. A mingled host of individual relations is suggested to our understandings by every object and event. It is *consistency of suggestion* by many particular events and objects which leads us to make any abstract propositions at all, since without such consistency we must forever remain not merely passive but bewildered percipients. But, on perceiving this consistency, we are not simply led, but urged to make them by the most irresistible of all our mental impulses—the generalizing or inductive *nisus*. 'We do not,' as Mr. Whewell most justly remarks, 'acquire from mere observation a right to assert that a proposition is true in all cases.' But that we do the *propensity* is clear from this, that we generalize the abstract suggestion of mistaken relations, if of frequent occurrence, as readily as of true ones, nor ever dream of abandoning our conclusions till their inconsistency with further observation stares us in the face.

There is, therefore, nothing paradoxical, but the reverse, in our being led by observation to a recognition of such truths, as *general propositions*,



propositions, co-extensive at least *with all human experience*. That they pervade all the objects of experience, must ensure their continual suggestion *by experience*; that they are true, must ensure that consistency of suggestion, that iteration of uncontradicted assertion which commands implicit assent, and removes all occasion of exception; that they are simple, and admit of no misunderstanding, must secure their admission by every mind.

Necessity and universality are large words—perhaps somewhat too large for the human understanding fairly to handle. Mr. Whewell himself does not “venture absolutely to pronounce whether the laws of motion, as we know them, can be rigorously traced to an absolute necessity in the nature of things;” though ‘some of the most acute and profound mathematicians have believed that for these laws of motion, or some of them, there was a demonstrable necessity compelling them to be such as they are, and no other.’ Such phrases, after what has been stated of his views, might give occasion to much remark—the only one they suggest to us is the nicety of the line in such matters between belief and demonstration, between belief spontaneous and belief compelled.

The moment we get out of particulars, we get into abstractions, out of real into logical relations. The test of truth by its application to particulars being laid aside, nothing remains but its self-consistency to guide us in its recognition. But this in axiomatic propositions amounts to no test at all. *It is the essence of such propositions to stand aloof and insulated from each other.* One abstract proposition can only be shown to be consistent with another in two ways—either by both being verified in one particular, or concrete as the logicians call it, or by the one being logically derivable as a necessary consequence of the other, in which case one or other ceases to be axiomatic. Axioms, rigorously such, can admit of no meaning in common. *Their mutual compatibility, as fundamental elements of the same body of truth, can only be shown by experience*—by the observed fact of their co-existence as *literal truths* in a particular case produced.

A truth, necessary and universal, relative to any object of our knowledge, must verify itself in every instance where that object is before our contemplation, and if, at the same time, it be simple and intelligible, its verification must be obvious. The sentiment of such a truth cannot, therefore, but be present to our minds whenever that object is contemplated, and must therefore make a part of the mental picture or idea of that object which we may on any occasion summon before our imagination. If that sentiment be wanting, the picture is unfaithful: it is, in fact, no picture at all. It is, therefore, impracticable for us to frame any logically  
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true and consistent proposition concerning such object, in which that sentiment is not at least implicitly involved, much less one in which it is explicitly contradicted. All propositions, therefore, become not only untrue, but *inconceivable*, if necessary axioms be violated in their enunciation.

It is requisite, also, to bear in mind in this argument the prerogatives of experience. The mind cannot give to arbitrary combinations of its own that impress of reality and unity which it acknowledges when it contemplates realities. It cannot imagine, to itself, for example, a being in which time is solidified, space set in motion, matter invested with the property of being in two places at once, &c. It may jumble the ideas, or conceive them in succession, but finds them always incoherent, and can no-how educe from its own stores the substantive conception of a being or reality in which they shall co-exist. In the case of space, if the axioms of geometry be not present to our minds directly or by implication, when we think of it, there is nothing left for us to think of—for these axioms express its whole essence. If we try to frame a conception of space in which they shall not be verified, or shall be replaced by others essentially different, we find it impracticable, and this is our criterion of their necessity. Some such notion the Hibernian must have formed of space, when he declared that if all the people were in the hall, the hall would not hold them. Again, in the case of matter, if inertia be not present to our minds in any act of reasoning, it is no longer matter about which we reason, but that which may subsist if inertia be absent; for instance, moveable and coloured extension, which we can no-how figure to ourselves as '*a thing*.' And, if we admit into our conception an idea contradictory to those suggested by experience as belonging to it, such as immobility, then again it is not matter about which we reason, but a new creature, such as experience has never presented. Such a being, if it exist, must exist according to its own laws, but they cannot be the laws of matter and motion, which remain therefore unaffected by the supposition. Relations which pervade all human experience, and all human power of conception grounded on that experience, we may call necessary relations without much violence to language or reason.

It may, however, be alleged, that one criterion of abstract truth remains unconsidered—its direct recognition *in the abstract* without mental reference to *any* particular case, to *any* example, to *any* experience. How truth may or may not impress conviction in other minds, it is doubtless presumptuous to assert, for which reason we have dwelt only on the received tests of truth, as conveyed from mind to mind by the intervention of language. If there

there be those who can persuade themselves that they are yielding a rational assent to the terms of an abstract proposition on the mere jingle of its sound in their ears, while refusing to test it by calling up in their minds those images with their attributes, which experience has inseparably associated with its words, they have certainly a very different notion of logical evidence from our own.

That our success in abstract and physical research may aid us in extending our views to what may be called the social sciences, it is of primary importance in our choice, *if choose we must*, between a logical and an empirical philosophy, that we should be well aware how far and with what restrictions and humiliating conditions the former is possible or practicable. The citadel of truth equally vindicates its altitude whether we measure it by toil and upward struggle, or by throwing ourselves headlong from its battlements. It is then that we are taught caution and reserve when observation presents us its axioms in a form inextricably involved, and when experiment is fraught with hazard to our own happiness and that of others. A logical philosophy in such sciences which shall start from necessary and universal formulæ can only be safe when human history shall be complete and the book of events on the point of closing for ever. Logically speaking, we may indeed so limit the acceptation of our terms as to make our axioms, if other than barren truisms, intelligible only when empirically true. Yet what is this but to bind our philosophy for ever in the leading-strings of experience, and declare it, with the aspirations of maturity, in a ceaseless state of pupilage? Mr. Whewell's good sense, which may always be trusted, whatever be the phase under which his excursive intellect delights to manifest itself, has led him direct to this conclusion—a conclusion which draws the teeth of the general doctrine and renders it perfectly innocuous. Speaking of the laws of motion—but in language generally applicable—he says they

'borrow their form from the idea of causation, though their matter be given by experience; and hence they possess a universality which experience cannot give. They are certainly and universally valid; and the only question for observation to decide is, how they are to be understood. They are like general mathematical formulæ which are known to be true even while we are ignorant what are the unknown quantities which they involve. It must be allowed, on the other hand, that so long as these formulæ are not interpreted by a real study of nature, they are not only useless but prejudicial, filling men's minds with vague general terms, empty maxims, and unintelligible abstractions, which they mistake for knowledge. Of such perversion of the speculative propensities of man's nature, the world has seen too much in all ages. Yet we must not on that account despise these forms of truth, since without them no general knowledge is possible. Without general terms and maxims and abstractions,

abstractions, we can have no science, no speculation; hardly, indeed, consistent thought or the exercise of reason. The course of real knowledge is to obtain from thought and experience the right interpretation of our general terms, the real import of our maxims—the true generalizations which our abstractions involve.’—*Phil.* i. p. 242.

In such a spirit we may trust the philosopher, let him take what ground he will. The high *à priori* Pegasus, so curbed and guided, is a noble and generous steed who bounds over obstacles which confine the plain matter of fact roadster to tardier paths and a longer circuit. There is no denying to this philosophy, for one of its distinguishing characters, a *verve* and energy which a merely tentative and empirical one must draw from foreign sources, from a solemn and earnest feeling of duty and devotion, in its followers, and a firm reliance on the ultimate sufficiency of its resources to accomplish every purpose which Providence has destined it to attain.

The distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of bodies has given some trouble to metaphysicians. We are not quite sure that this distinction, as usually taken, is tenable. All sensible qualities of material objects, not excepting even their extension and figure, are manifestations, *by multitude*, of powers, arrangements, mechanisms, and movements, in particles individually imperceptible. We have not the shadow of a proof that the particles of bodies are extended. The contrary seems to us all but demonstrable—and if not, then are extension and figure merely dotted outlines which the mind, acting according to the law of continuity, fills up and unites. Primary qualities, therefore, can only be received by us as provisionally such (like the undecomposed elements in chemistry), while such as can be referred to a traceable mechanism ought assuredly not to be so considered. But these again may be advantageously subdivided according to the mode of their manifestation to our senses, and the line which Mr. Whewell has drawn, by classing under one head those which depend for their perception on the intervention of a medium between the bodies in which they originate and our organs of sensation, is at once natural, and convenient as a ground of classification. The idea or conception of *a medium*, therefore, is made by him the bases of those sciences, as acoustics, photology, and thermotics, which relate to such qualities.

On the other hand, there is a class of sciences in which the powers of matter, whether primary or derivative, manifest themselves in their action only incidentally on us as percipients, but immediately in the production of visible movements and modifications, permanent or transitory, of the material agents themselves. Such are those which relate to the intimate construction  
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and mechanism of matter, and which, so far as yet developed by chemical, optical, and electrical research, all agree in bringing forward, in a more or less prominent form, that which Mr. Whewell has pitched upon as the 'fundamental idea' of these sciences: viz., *polarity*—or, as he abstracts and generalizes it (not finding it ready made in our minds), the conception of 'opposite properties in opposite positions.' Thus generalized, speculations on the ultimate identity of all the forms in which it occurs throughout nature appear no longer extravagant or fantastic, and can hardly even be considered premature, when, as in Mr. Whewell's chapter 'on the Connexion of Polarities,' we find these manifestations so closely linked, two by two, as to form an unbroken chain pervading all nature. Thus we have, first, magnetic brought into immediate relation with electrical polarities, by the great discoveries of Oersted and Ampere; electrical with chemical, by those of Davy and Faraday; chemical with crystallographical, by those of Haüy and Mitscherlich; and these, again, with optical polarities, by the striking experimental researches of Brewster, and the grand dynamical generalizations of Fresnel. We have certainly never seen the case so strikingly put. The main link in this wonderful chain of connexion—and, we may add too, a link inferior to none in the clearness and steadiness of thought and refinement of experiment, demanded for its establishment—is that supplied by the recent electro-chemical researches of Dr. Faraday, to whose transcendent merits as a philosopher we are delighted to find Mr. Whewell here, as on all occasions, doing full and cordial justice. Not a little pleased also are we to find him, in this chapter, dealing out equal justice, though of a very different kind (not, however, without a leaning to the side of mercy), to the ravings of Hegel and Schelling on the subject of magnetic and optical polarizations; thereby separating himself in the most decided manner from that exaggerated *à priori* school of metaphysical speculation which finds in 'the Absolute,' or in the proposition ' $A = A$ ,' the totality of all existence and all knowledge discovered or discoverable!

The fundamental ideas assumed for the philosophy of chemistry are 'affinity' in that sense in which it is understood by chemists, and 'element' as a modification of the idea of material 'substance'—the indestructibility of which is laid down as an axiom of universal, undisputed authority, on the somewhat singular ground (for an axiomatic proposition) of its *opposition* to the common course of our experience, and its apparently paradoxical air (vol. i. p. 391) when proposed. As we are quite sure that it is not Mr. Whewell's intention to maintain the necessary and eternal self-existence of matter, we would recommend him, in the  
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next edition of his work, to modify the expressions in the passage alluded to, which go to place the idea of material substance in this respect on a par with those of space and number. The general notion of substance is applied to chemistry, by the additional axiom that a body is equal to the sum of its ponderable elements; which excludes the phlogistic theory, on the ground of its assuming a *negative* element, and gives occasion for the assertion, as a general maxim, that 'imponderable fluids are not to be admitted as chemical elements of bodies'—nay, that such fluids are to be regarded as incapable of being affected by mechanical impulse and pressure—which is in effect to deny them altogether the properties of matter (vol. i. p. 400, note). We are hardly prepared for so sweeping a conclusion, though we may admit that impulse and pressure must be conceived in a very refined way when dealing with such subtle agents.

The atomic doctrine is treated in this and the next book, 'On the Philosophy of Morphology,' as applied especially to crystallography, in which we find enunciated a principle whose importance is best felt on a contemplation of its utter neglect by all who have attempted to frame distinct conceptions of the intimate atomic structure of chemical compounds. The principle is this: 'that all hypotheses concerning the arrangement of the elementary atoms of bodies in space must be constructed with reference to the general facts of crystallization.' We cannot help believing that this principle will prove a fertile one, and that by admitting the *particles* of bodies to consist—not as has been done hitherto, by Dalton, Wollaston, and Ampere—of a few only, but of great multitudes—of thousands perhaps, or millions—of *atoms*; not only may the facts of crystallography be represented, but much light thrown on many obscure points in the theory of the absorption of light, the colours of bodies, and their power of conducting heat. The great stumbling block of the atomic chemistry—the occasional necessary subdivision of an 'atom'—would at once disappear under such a mode of considering ingredients.

The 'Philosophy of the Classificatory Sciences' is full of interest and instruction. The fundamental idea of resemblance traced into assemblages of items and adjuncts, variously associated and differing in degree in different kinds—the unity of object emerging from the multiplicity of such particulars—the substitution of type for definition, of central grouping for determining limit—the important office of terminology in such sciences, and the conditions under which terms must be applied 'so as to make general propositions possible' (an apophthegm which merits to be regarded as the axiom of systematic terminology)—are all admirably treated. Our limits leave no room but for a single and somewhat garbled



extract, where the conditions of our perception of an object as an individual are stated. And here we must observe, once for all, that Mr. Whewell, of all authors we have read, is perhaps the most difficult to *extract* briefly. The copiousness of his illustration and the point of his language are such that it is scarcely possible to draw a line, or to omit; we are led on from sentence to sentence, from image to image, from point to point—all adding to the general effect of the picture, and none capable of being sacrificed without real detriment. It is a flowing and embroidered robe, but which sits so well to the person that it will not bear to be trimmed or curtailed.

‘*Condition of unity.*—The primary and fundamental condition is, that we must be able to make intelligible assertions respecting the object, and to entertain that belief of which assertions are the exposition. A tree *grows*, *sheds* its leaves in autumn, and *buds* again in spring, *waves* in the wind, or *falls* before the storm. And to the tree belong all those parts which must be included in order that such declarations, and the thoughts that they convey, shall have a coherent and permanent meaning. . . . The permanent connexions which we observe—permanent among unconnected changes which affect the surrounding appearances—are what we bind together as belonging to one object. This permanence is the condition of our conceiving the object as one. . . . We may therefore express the condition of the unity of an object to be this:—that *assertions concerning the object shall be possible*; or rather, we should say, that the acts of belief which such assertions enunciate shall be possible.’

The application of this principle is wider than the domain of natural philosophy—it applies in literature, and especially to the unity of dramatic, nay, even of historical and national character; and will often serve as a criterion of truth in assertions relative to such characters.

The application of the axioms and principles of resemblance to natural history, with especial reference to mineralogy, finishes this volume. Our author here returns to the charge, in advocacy of the extension of mineralogy to the classification of chemical products and inorganic bodies in general, whether natural or artificial, by sensible qualities, and on some principle of graduated resemblance. Some of the widest and deepest questions, as he justly remarks, of the philosophy of classification are here brought under consideration. The most essential is, what we are to understand by individuals and species, where life and reproduction are absent. Mr. Whewell’s definition of a mineralogical individual is at least precise. It is ‘*that portion of any mineral substance which is determined by crystalline forces acting to the same area*,’ a definition which applies, in the absence of all natural faces, and makes the individual co-extensive with the reasons which determine

mine it to be one body rather than another—so far at least as *crystalline polarities include those reasons*. As regards species, these must be determined, here as elsewhere, by *the predominant principle of the existence of the object*, and, the principle of reproduction being absent, the forces which make the individual permanent and its properties definite must stand in place of those which preserve the race where individuals are generated and die, and thus we are of necessity led to make the crystallization of bodies, on both grounds, the basis of arrangement, and in cases where, owing to pulverulence, or the liquid or gaseous state of a body, this character cannot be *observed*, it must be *concluded*, provisionally, from its chemical, electrical, or other habitudes. Mr. Whewell has certainly made out so strong a case for the admission of this new science on our list, that we earnestly desire to see the work of constructing it fairly undertaken, whatever denomination, whether External chemistry, Mineralogy, or the Natural history of inorganic bodies, may appear best suited to it.

In applying the fundamental idea of resemblance to natural history, we are of course led to the consideration of natural families; of their object in nature, as means to an end, or whatever else we may interpret as the *philosophical import* of such families; and of the criteria by which, among positive arbitrary arrangements, such families may be recognized. These last are of the utmost importance, and they resolve themselves into one which is, in fact, the criterion of all true induction, viz., what Mr. Whewell terms ‘the consilience of inductions.’ ‘The maxim,’ he says, ‘by which all systems, professing to be natural, must be tested is this, that the arrangement obtained from one set of characters coincides with the arrangement obtained from another set.’ That such families do exist among animals and vegetables is not a matter which can now be called in doubt—but the part they play in nature is no way to be understood without reference to a deeper and more mysterious philosophy—the Philosophy of Life and of Final Cause. These, accordingly, form the subjects of Mr. Whewell’s consideration in the next or ninth book.

That the idea of Life, of which we are all conscious, should be so obscure as to render it even in a high degree difficult to say in what *life* consists, may well seem strange; but the wonder vanishes if we reflect that it is only of our bodily sensations and mental acts that we have that consciousness which makes them objects of direct attention. Of the principle of life within us, and the means by which the nourishment and action of our organs are maintained—nay, even of most of the functions they are continually performing—we have absolutely no consciousness whatever—the whole process going on without our knowledge and without the

concurrence of our will. There is a profound mystery cast about the whole subject, which all attempts to explain by mere reference to chemical affinities and changes on the one hand, or to mechanical movements of particles on the other, have utterly and miserably failed. The notion of a vital fluid, conducted along the nerves and consumed or changed in its operation on the organs, offered a better promise. Electrical action ~~is~~ so communicated, and *does*, to a certain extent, produce effects simulating some of the manifestations of life. But however abstract our conception of such transferable agent, the question still arises, whence the supply, and whence the organization by which it is conveyed and acts at its point of destination. Mr. Whewell seems disposed to lean to the conception of an *animal soul*, or ultra-material agent—(to which we know not why he should have hesitated in applying the word *life*, in its simplicity, and as applicable alike to plants and animals)—a ‘soul,’ however, from which all the higher attributes which that term involves are utterly and carefully excluded. The *psychical* theory (which is as old as Aristotle), he observes—

‘not only gives unity to the living body, but marks more clearly than any other the wide interval which separates mechanical and chemical from vital action, and fixes our attention upon the new powers which the consideration of life compels us to assume. It not only reminds us that these powers are elevated above the known laws of the material world, but also that they are closely connected with the world of thought and feeling, with will and reason. . . The psychical school are mainly right in this, that, in ascribing the functions of life to a soul, they mark strongly and justly the impossibility of ascribing them to any known attributes of body.’—*Phil.* ii. 29.

We pass over the various definitions which have been given of *life*—the attempts which have been made, with more or less success, to break up the general conception of it into an assemblage of separate (and possibly independent) ones of vital forces or powers—nay, even the curious and interesting speculations of Mr. Whewell on that marvellous subject, *animal instinct*—to extract some passages from his chapter on Final Causes, which (albeit our limits begin to press) appear to us indispensable to conveying a fit impression of that earnest yet right-minded, that strong and solemn yet sober feeling with which our author contemplates and powerfully induces and persuades his reader to contemplate all those dispositions, intellectual and material, which tend to lead the mind from the frame of nature to its Eternal Author. The argument of design has never been more pointedly, more irresistibly urged than in this chapter—and that chiefly from being made to rest on its main point of strength—*organization* as distinct from *law*. ‘An organized product,’ says Kant, ‘is that in which all the

the parts are mutually ends and means,' and it is therefore not without reason that the idea of final cause is here introduced in an especial manner:—

'It has been objected that the doctrine of final causes supposes us acquainted with the intentions of the Creator, which, it is insinuated, is a most presumptuous and irrational basis for our reasonings. But there can be nothing presumptuous or irrational in reasoning on that basis which, if we reject, we cannot reason at all. If men really can discern and cannot help discerning a design in certain portions of the works of creation, this perception is the soundest and most satisfactory ground for the convictions to which it leads. The ideas which we necessarily employ in the contemplation of the world around us afford us the only natural means of forming any conception of the Creator and Governor of the universe, and if we are by such means enabled to elevate our thoughts, however inadequately, towards Him, where is the presumption of doing so? or rather, where is the wisdom of refusing to open our minds to contemplations so animating and elevating and yet so entirely convincing? The assertion appears to be quite unfounded that, as science advances from point to point, final causes recede before it and disappear one after the other. . . . We are rather by the discovery of the general laws of nature led into a scene of wider design, of deeper contrivance, of more comprehensive adjustments. Final causes, if they appear driven further from us by such an extension of our views, embrace us only with a vaster and more majestic circuit: instead of a few threads connecting some detached objects, they become a stupendous network which is wound round and round the universal frame of things.'—*Phil.* ii. 92 *et seq.*

On these extracts, and on the whole of this admirable chapter, we shall only add one remark. Cause, design, and motive are, as we conceive them, abstractions drawn from observed analogies of which our own personal and conscious experience supplies the chief materials. It is by these primordial analogies that we are led upward from creation to Creator, and animated by the prospects of our own immortal destiny. And these are precisely the analogies which, by the original constitution of our minds, we seize and generalize with the strongest impulse and fullest reliance. In such a constitution, no less than in our physical organization, we trace *design*, but a design as much loftier in its ends as our minds excel our bodies in worth and dignity—and pointing, as its origin, to a *motive* of which whatever is good and great in humanity is only a dim and feeble adumbration.

In the 'Philosophy of Palætiology,' Mr. Whewell pushes on his frontier to the verge of all that is dark, awful, and overwhelming in antiquity. Every trifling pedantry and consecrated puerility of grammar and history, the tales of senachies, and the dreams of cosmogonists, shrink and die away before the profound and solemn but shadowy images which this subject calls up; as  
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the light Nymphs of fountains, and Dryads of the woods, before the fabled throne of ancient Night and Demogorgon: Yet the darkness which rests on that vanishing point to which every line, though broken, converges, is far different from the gloom of elder and despairing mythology—it is the palpitating reaction of an effulgence ineffable and intolerable, before which our gaze is sealed and our faculties prostrated. We will not injure the effect of this book by extracts.

The remaining books of this Philosophy, constituting its second part, treat of *knowledge*—of the construction of science. To this all that has gone before is, properly speaking, subordinate and preparatory—in that sense, however, in which the base of a pyramid is subordinate and preparatory to its apex. Whatever be the origin of our fundamental ideas, and whatever the nature of the faculty by which we frame out of them ideal conceptions applicable to the explanation or connecting of phenomena, it is clear that, possessing such ideas, and the faculty of framing such conceptions, every step in our *knowledge* must consist in bringing them to bear upon facts, and binding together the latter in ideal connexion by means of them. Those processes, therefore, by which the ideas appropriate to particular classes of facts are brought into view and rendered more clear, and by which conceptions involving such ideas are made to fit and bind together the facts more closely, are those by which science is constructed. The former of these Mr. Whewell terms the explication of conceptions, the latter the colligation of facts: terms which strike us as particularly neat and well chosen, and which will doubtless henceforward become part of the fixed nomenclature of the subject. To the former belong almost all scientific controversies and discussions, which are thus seen to be anything but vexatious and injurious (as often thought) to the true interests of science, however too often fatal to the happiness of the disputants. They are the struggles by which thinking men emerge from darkness into day, and in trying to convert or confute their adversaries get to understand themselves. All battle, it has been well remarked, is misunderstanding, and all victory terminating in permanent conquest has been said to have right in some form or other on its side. The latter maxim, though we deem it profoundly false in history and politics, if permanence mean anything short of eternal, is yet certain in science. When controversy terminates, the defeated party is not suppressed, but extinguished. The inconsistency of its tenets becomes ‘unfolded into self-contradiction,’ and they are thenceforward regarded ‘not only as false, but as inconceivable.’

The battle, as Mr. Whewell justly observes, is often one of definitions—

definitions—for these are not, as is too commonly supposed, arbitrary. On the contrary, in science their office is to embody in precise terms the very conception which is to serve as a key to the whole subject. Hence a definition is always followed by a proposition of more or less generality dependent on it for its truth, and which expresses the manner in which many facts are intelligibly bound together by the conception it involves. In geometry, for example, the definition of a straight line is immediately followed by the axiom that two such lines cannot include a space; on which all geometrical truth depends. ‘In many cases, perhaps in most, the proposition which contains a scientific truth is apprehended with confidence, but with some vagueness and vacillation, before it is put in a positive, distinct, and definite form.’ Definition is here of essential service by compelling the propounder to give clearness and body to whatever was shadowy and indefinite in his conception. Still, in this shadowy state, it must exist, in the mind of him who first perceives that facts *can* be so availably connected. The sagacity of him who frames a sound and pregnant definition must be preceded by the equal, or superior, sagacity of those who, from the assemblage of facts, are led to perceive what are the ideas and what the nature of their modifications which the definition ought to embody.

The ideas must be appropriate to the facts; but in discerning what ideas *are* appropriate lies one of the difficulties of inductive discovery—in modifying them into a suitable conception another, and usually a far greater. For these processes no rules can be given, nor does Mr. Whewell attempt it. In the analysis which he gives of the inductive process into three steps, which he describes as ‘the selection of the idea, the construction of the conception, and the determination of the magnitude,’ he says, ‘no general method of evolving such ideas can be given: such events appear to result from a peculiar sagacity and felicity of mind—never without labour—never without preparation; yet with no constant dependence upon preparation, upon labour, or even entirely upon personal endowments.’ (vol. ii. p. 553.)

The true *idea*, it is to be observed, in Mr. Whewell’s sense of the word, often presents itself almost spontaneously. Accident, by throwing before the most careless observer a ‘glaring instance,’ or vulgar experience of the mutual dependence of phenomena, has, in innumerable cases, done for us this part of the work. Reference of facts to the right fundamental idea generally takes place in what Mr. Whewell calls the prelude of an inductive epoch. One age proposes a problem in terms referring facts to a right principle—a subsequent age resolves it by applying the principle according to a right conception. This step is always  
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the result of sagacity, labour, and intimate acquaintance with the subject. The other may, but this can never be accidental.

Let us now consider the colligation of facts. All facts, as we have seen, are theories—all true theories; facts, according to the position from which we contemplate them. Sensations (mental as well as bodily) inductively bound together, make *things* and (as we conceive the matter) *ideas*; things and ideas, *facts*; facts and ideas, theories or *general facts*; and so on. In binding together our fagot of facts, therefore, it is impossible to exclude from them ideas—they form an essential part of the bundle; indeed the most essential of all, for its strength and coherence depend upon them. It is not, however, a collection, but an assortment that we aim at making. Our facts therefore have to be examined and *decomposed* so as to bring into view the elementary ideas which they involve, with a view to the exclusion, or at least disregard, of all which are unsusceptible of scientific precision or otherwise inappropriate to inductive inquiry. Of the latter class are all which refer to emotions of wonder or terror, to passion or interest. Science is essentially abstract, passionless, and disinterested. Results are to be accepted for their truth alone; joy and fear have no part in their approval or disapproval; and the facts on which it depends must be selected in this view of its character; the precise, the abstract, and the measurable, being the grounds of their selection.

Hypotheses must of all things be framed—not loose and incapable of being exactly tested by following them into consequences, like those which Newton proscribed in his celebrated ‘*hypotheses non fingo*,’—but such as can be so tested by reference to number, time, quantity, &c.; such as refer rather to modes of action of known causes than to the assumption of unknown—or (if that be necessary) which point out an intelligible and traceable line of connexion between the cause assumed and the results observed. Our facts may be homogeneous and well assorted—nay, they may have an obvious disposition to lie side by side and fit well together, yet be incoherent for want of the bond which is to unite them. For this we have to search, and the search consists in framing hypotheses and testing them by their legitimate results. Kepler constructed no less than nineteen for representing the apparent motion of Mars, before that of an elliptic orbit about the sun suggested itself to his mind—which proved the true one and the simplest of them all.

The rule of referring phenomena to known rather than to unknown causes (which is what Newton meant by his *vera causa*), is no doubt a good one. Like a new element in chemistry, a new cause must not be resorted to till all known causes are proved  
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at fault. Nevertheless, seeing, as we do in the actual state of science, far beneath the surface of things, having acquired as it were new senses in the powerful agents we employ, new causes *may* work their way into evidence—may mark their peculiarities in so many lines of inquiry, as to render it impossible not to admit them into the list of *true causes*, or those which are understood among philosophers to be available for explanation. The rule of the *vera causa* Mr. Whewell, as we understand him, very justly limits in its acceptation to this sense, and with equal justice and force of argument combats that dry and unsatisfactory philosophy which declares *laws*, not *causes*, to be the legitimate objects of human research. To proscribe the inquiry into causes is to annihilate science under shelter of ‘that barren caution which hopes for truth without daring to venture in quest of it.’

It is of great moment to distinguish the characters of a sound induction. One of them is its ready identification with our conceptions of facts, so as to make itself a part of them, to engraft itself into language, and by no subsequent effort of the mind to be got rid of. The leading term of a true theory once pronounced, we cannot fall back even in thought to that helpless state of doubt and bewilderment in which we gazed on the facts before. The general proposition is more than a sum of the particulars. Our dots are filled in and connected by an ideal outline which we pursue even beyond their limits,—assign it a name, and speak of it as a *thing*. In all our propositions this *new thing* is referred to, the elements of which it is formed forgotten; and thus we arrive at an inductive formula; a general, perhaps a universal, proposition.

Another character of sound inductions is that they enable us to predict. We feel secure that our rule is based on the realities of nature, when it stands us in the stead of more experience; when it embodies facts as an experience wider than our own would do, and in a way that our ordinary experience would never reach; when it will bear not stress, but torture, and gives true results in cases studiously different from those which led to its discovery. The theories of Newton and Fresnel are full of such cases. In the latter, indeed, this test is carried to such an extreme, that *theory* has actually remanded back *experiment* to read her lesson anew, and convicted her of blindness and error. It has informed her of facts so strange as to appear to her impossible, and showed her all the singularities she would observe in critical cases she never dreamed of trying.

Another character, which is exemplified only in the greatest theories, is the *consilience of inductions*, where many and widely different lines of experience spring together into one theory, which

which explains them all, and that in a more simple manner than seemed to be required for either separately. Thus in the infinitely varied phenomena of physical astronomy, when all are discussed and all explained, we hear from all quarters the consentaneous echoes of but one word, GRAVITATION. And so in optics—each of its endless classes of complex and splendid phenomena being interpreted by its own conception—when these conceptions are assembled and compared, they all turn out to be translations into their peculiar language of the single phrase TRANSVERSE UNDULATION. Mr. Whewell has given us, as examples of the ‘logic of induction,’ what he terms ‘inductive tables’ of each of these noble generalizations, which form not the least interesting feature of the work—enabling us, as they do, to trace, as in a map, the separate rills of discovery flowing at first each in its own narrow basin, thence confluent into important streams, which, uniting at length into one grand river, bear downwards to an ocean of truth beyond our tracing.

The theory of the construction of science being thus reduced to an analysis of these three processes—the decomposition of phenomena, the explication of conceptions, and the colligation of facts—the important question of course arises, how far the theory avails us in the practice; what progress it enables us to make to an *art of discovery*? and if, as Mr. Whewell acknowledges, such an art be, strictly speaking, impossible, what benefit do we derive from thus breaking up and reviewing its principles? The reply is clear: whatever we do, it is desirable at least to know fully *what is to be done*, and to be familiar with every facility and every method by which particular parts of the process have been ascertained to be materially aided or shortened. Thus the measurement of phenomena being an essential part of the process by which facts are rendered precise and strictly comparable with theories, *methods of observation* come to be considered with a view to the detection of general causes of error, the means of obviating them, and the establishment of maxims and habits which shall afford the inexperienced observer the benefit of his predecessor’s failures and successes. An art of observation at least is possible, though an art of invention is not. Again—the research of causes is of necessity preceded by that of laws, which to be useful as tests of hypotheses must be quantitative, and involve precise numerical data. In the discovery of these much trouble may be saved, and much clearer insight gained, by regular systematic methods of grouping and combining observations. Four such methods are laid down by Mr. Whewell in his chapter on this subject—those ‘of curves,’ ‘of means,’ ‘of least squares,’ and ‘of residues.’ Of these, the method of *curves* depends on the very principle on which

which we have metaphorically explained the nature of inductive generalization itself, the power which the mind possesses of connecting a series of dots by a continuous outline—in virtue of which it has the especial and invaluable quality of detecting and eliminating casual errors. Mr. Whewell has exhibited the principle of this very powerful method with much clearness, and carefully traced the limits of its applicability. We may add, too, that nowhere will be found more beautiful instances of its systematic application than in his own elaborate and most successful researches on the tides. The methods of *means* and of *least squares*, which are properly one and the same, depend on the laws of probability—a subject which we are somewhat surprised to find slightly, or not at all, alluded to in any part of these works. That of *residues* is susceptible of far wider than mere quantitative application, and is in fact one of the most fertile and certain means of discovery that we possess.

A very large space is devoted by Mr. Whewell to a ‘review of opinions on the nature of knowledge, and the methods of seeking it,’ from Plato and Aristotle downwards. It is curious to observe the grand antithesis between an ideal and an empirical philosophy propagating itself onwards from these great masters to the present day, with little or no approach to a decision. Mr. Whewell, in the work before us, gives a masterly specimen of what may be done to make Platonism a solid and compact body of philosophy, while the views we have attempted to advocate (we are but too conscious how inadequately) are fundamentally Aristotelian, strange as it may seem to find the Stagyrte, of all philosophers, figuring as the father of induction.

Among the ‘innovators of the middle ages’ brought into especial notice by Mr. Whewell in this review, Roger Bacon claims the first rank—a rank scarcely, if at all, inferior to that which the universal suffrage of posterity has vindicated to his great namesake Francis. The way in which he ‘sticks fiery off’ from the general darkness of his era is indeed something marvellous; nor is the marvel diminished when we come to compare his ideas, as delivered in the ‘*Opus Majus*,’ with those of his illustrious successor, in the ‘*Novum Organum*.’ The resemblance indeed is so close as to be more than a mere resemblance—it is all but identity. When reading his exposition of the four general causes of human ignorance, his animated and impatient recalcitration against the authority of Aristotle (as then understood, or rather misunderstood, but at all events supreme in the schools), and his urgent and eloquent recommendation of mathematics and experiment, as the only true roads to knowledge, we fancy ourselves transported over the broad gulph of  
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four centuries, and communing with the spirit of the great reformer. In one respect he far surpassed his successor, having been quite as remarkable for successful research in the practice of physical and experimental inquiry as the latter was unfortunate in every attempt to apply his principles to practice.

But science, as a body, has its aids and modes of progress, which may be considered in general, and without reference to the ways in which it may be advanced in detail. In this, as in many other cases, the whole may be advantageously considered as something different from the sum of its parts. The great value and importance of scientific truths as conducive not only to the physical, but, as we firmly believe, to the moral well-being of man, justifies us in regarding it as *a duty inseparable from our claim to civilization, to push forward the frontier of sound and well-established knowledge in every possible direction and by every form of individual and national effort.* Herein we conceive to consist one of those grave responsibilities consequent on acquisitions made, and powers ascertained, which we have alluded to in the commencement of this article. Already the public mind is beginning to be awakened to the sense of these responsibilities, nor was there ever a period in the history of mankind in which the sober and well-weighed judgments of men earnest in the cause, and competent to the task of suggestion, were listened to with more deference, and acted on with more readiness and sequence. We feel therefore grateful, and listen with doubly-excited attention, when one who has shown himself in so decided a manner and on so many occasions a leader in the van of Science, and whose influential position in one of our great Universities enables him to carry out into practice his own suggestions in a field where they are sure to be productive of immediate effect, places before us the results of his thought and experience on the subject of intellectual education as a means of securing the spread and general reception of clear scientific ideas. ‘The period,’ he says, in a short but important chapter on this subject, which we most earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of all who have anything to do with public education,

‘appears now to be arrived when we may venture, or rather when we are bound to endeavour, to include a new class of fundamental ideas in the elementary discipline of the human intellect. This is indispensable if we wish to educe the powers which we know it possesses, and to enrich it with the wealth which lies within its reach.’—*Phil.*, vol. ii. p. 512.

The ideas to which Mr. Whewell especially alludes in this passage, in addition to those of space and number, which form the basis of a purely mathematical discipline, are those of force and

and *definite resemblance*, as the grounds of instruction in the principles of mechanics and natural history—the latter more especially being introduced as a corrective, and, we must say, as appears to us, a very valuable one, of those habits of thought and reasoning from mere definitions and axioms which a too extensive attention to mathematics is sure to generate. The lessons afforded by this study, he says,

‘are of the highest value with regard to all employments of the human mind; for the mode in which words in common use acquire their meaning approaches far more nearly to the *method of type* than to the method of definition. The terms which belong to our practical concerns, or to our spontaneous and unscientific speculations, are rarely capable of exact definition. They have been devised in order to express assertions often very important, yet very vaguely conceived, and the signification of the word is extended as far as the assertion conveyed by it can be extended by apparent connexion and analogy.’—*Phil.*, vol. ii. p. 518.

In Mr. Whewell’s recommendation also of ‘a continued and connected system of observation and calculation,’ imitating the system which has been found so efficacious in astronomy, and extended to other branches of science, we cordially join. Such a system is commenced on a scale worthy of our nation in the magnetic and meteorological observations recently set on foot by the British Government and the East India Company, and though only intended in their origin for a temporary purpose, we entertain little doubt that the results they will furnish will prove of such importance as to induce their continuance.

The great length to which this article has extended prevents our giving any account, as we had originally intended, of a highly elaborate dissertation on the language of science, *i. e.*, on nomenclature and terminology, which, under the form of *aphorisms, illustrated and explained*, Mr. Whewell has prefixed to his *Philosophy*: the more so as the subject itself, though important, being far from inviting, and the pages assigned to it being kept as it were in a perfect foam of unpronounceable Greek, Latin, and German technical terms, it is not unlikely to be passed over by readers anxious to become acquainted with the substantial matter of the work. It is full, however, of valuable instruction, the great need of which, arising from the absence of general and distinct views on the subject among those who invent and use new terms, is much to be deplored. The *ultimatum* of unintelligible and unmanageable nomenclature, however, seems at length to have been reached, since we can hardly conceive it possible in those respects to go beyond the system lately adopted by the French chemists for the designation of organic compounds.

Of the style of Mr. Whewell’s work it may be expected that  
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we should say something, the extracts above given having been selected rather with a view to their matter than their manner. Its chief characters are a remarkable occasional point and felicity of expression, and the almost systematic adoption, as a mode of illustration, of a great assemblage and variety of metaphorical allusion, much greater indeed than we should like to see adopted by an author less thoroughly imbued with his own meaning, and less capable of curbing the exuberance of a lively fancy into an entire subordination to his reason. We say systematic—for we have no doubt that it is intentional; and the object, moreover, is attained; the convergence of illustrations from so many different quarters rendering it perfectly impossible to mistake the point to which they are directed. Among our author's various and brilliant accomplishments not one of the least remarkable is his poetical talent, of which we have specimens in the mottoes prefixed to the several books of his '*History*,' and in the following perfect little *bijou* from Goëthe, with which, as with a sweetener after such a dose of bitter metaphysic as we have been forced to inflict upon our readers, we shall endeavour to win them back to smiles and good humour:—

'Thou, my love, art perplexed with the endless seeming confusion  
Of the luxuriant wealth which in the garden is spread.  
Name upon name thou hearest; and, in thy dissatisfied hearing,  
With a barbarian noise one drives another along:—  
All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another.  
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law,—  
Points at a sacred riddle. Oh! could I to thee, my beloved friend,  
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle is read!'

ART. VII.—1. *An Essay on Free Trade; its absolute Value in Theory; its relative Value in Practice; Error and Consequences of its Application to the Corn Laws.* By F. C. London, 1841. pp. 155.

2. *The Common Sense View of the Sugar Question; addressed to all Classes and Parties.* pp. 16.

3. *Statements illustrative of the Policy and probable Consequences of the proposed Repeal of the existing Corn Laws, and the Imposition in their stead of a Moderate Fixed Duty on Foreign Corn.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. Longman, pp. 38.

4. *The Factor, the Miller, and the Baker get more than the Farmer and ten times more than the Landlord out of the Loaf.*  
—A few

- A few Facts on the Corn Laws defending the Agricultural Interests.* Richardson. pp. 32.
5. *The Speeches of Lord J. Russell, 7th May,—the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, 10th May,—of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 17th May,—and of Viscount Palmerston, 19th May.* Ridgway, pp. 15, 12, 26, 23.
6. *The Speech of Sir Robert Peel on the Ministerial Budget, 18th May.* Murray. pp. 29.
7. *Letter from Lord Western to Lord John Russell on his proposed Alteration of the Corn Laws, and on the Causes of Commercial Distress.* Ridgway. 1841. pp. 53.

THE adage, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, has become popular, because it affords a charitable way of accounting for that large class of sinful outrages for which the *ordinary* infirmities of human nature afford no adequate motive or palliation; and, in this sense, we do not wonder that it should have been frequently applied to the recent conduct of her Majesty's ministers. But in truth the converse of the proposition would be more applicable to the present case. The ministry has not been endangered by losing their senses, but they have lost their senses, or at least act as if they had lost them, from feeling the imminence of their danger; and the measures which look at first sight like *mere* insanity, are really the fermentation of distress, disappointment, and despair. The ministers are like—or rather, in fact, they *are*—people holding an illegal possession: barricaded in their false position, they disregard all the usual and legal *notices to quit*; and when at length they find themselves on the point of being ejected, they have recourse to external violence, and—utterly careless in their fury of the mischief they may do to neighbours—would rather set fire to the house than deliver it to the peaceable possession of their opponents.

We have always been slow—even in spite of the most urgent symptoms—to believe that any minister can mean either wanton or deliberate mischief; and our readers will do us the justice to recollect that, ever since the first enormous folly of the Reform Bill, we have been disposed to lay the blame of the successive errors which we have had to deplore rather on the fatal influences of that measure, than on any individual culpability of the successive ministers. We have said of their worst measures, that '*their poverty and not their will consented.*' They were forced, in order to keep their places, to compliances of which we are satisfied that they—some of the most eminent at least—felt the personal degradation and saw the political danger; and though we are not inclined to palliate the culpability in any case of sacrificing one jot of opinion or of dignity to the

mere

mere love of office, yet we admit that the ministers who carried the Reform Bill might very excusably have thought it a duty to their party, and still more to their principles, to endeavour to show that their great measure was not an utter failure; that England was *governable* under that bill; and that the authors were justifiable—beyond what a ministry would be in ordinary circumstances—in endeavouring to keep the progress of that great experiment in their own hands. We even made large allowances for the difficulties of their position when they successively failed to execute what they had promised, or when they abandoned measures which they had introduced and declared to be indispensable. We allowed them the benefit of the old Whig axiom, that parties are like snakes, of which it is the *tail* that moves the *head*.\*

But all such apologies and palliatives for an undue tenacity of office have been long worn out. The Reform ministry has ceased to exist: the most eminent of its members—those particularly to whom it owed most of its respectability, and all its popularity—have gradually disappeared, and their Whig vacancies in the cabinet have been so frequently *darned* with Radicals—as Sir John Cutler's silk stockings with worsted—that it is now composed altogether of the inferior material. Citizen Vergniaud discovered too late that it is the nature of a Revolution to devour, like Saturn, its own children. The *Revolution*, as Lord John Russell has called it, of 1832, is no exception to the rule; and Lord John himself will find, notwithstanding the '*flattering speeches*' and '*intoxicating draughts*' with which he endeavours to conciliate the favour of the *monster*, his only reward will be to be devoured a little later.

Οὐτὶν ἐγὼ πύματον ἔδομαι μετὰ οἷς ἐτάροισι,  
Τέσδ' ἄλλως πρόσθεν τόδε τοὶ ξεινήϊον ἔσαι !

Let it be remembered that the Reform cabinet consisted of

Lord Grey,  
Lord Brougham,  
Lord Spencer,  
The Duke of Richmond,  
Lord Carlisle,  
Lord Ripon,  
Lord Durham,  
Lord Holland,  
Lord Auckland,  
Lord Glenelg,  
Sir James Graham,  
Lord Stanley,

Lord Lansdowne,  
Lord Melbourne,  
Lord Palmerston,  
Lord John Russell.

\* See Lord John Russell's '*History of Europe*,' vol. ii. p. 461. 4th edition.

Of these sixteen ministers, and four others—Lords Monteagle, Sydenham, and Howick, and Mr. Ellice—who have since *walked across the stage*, no less than *fifteen* (Lord Holland only dying a natural death) have been, in various ways (which it is not within our present object to detail), successively *eliminated* from a cabinet which still professes to stand on the same basis, and to act on the same principles, as when originally formed by those whom it has thus expelled from its councils.

Is not this a most remarkable fact—unparalleled, indeed, in our history, and worthy of deep consideration, as to the practical workings of the *new Constitution*—that a cabinet so closely combined, so powerfully supported, so successful in the great object of their original policy—with the favour of the Crown and the cry of the people—should have been thus broken to pieces, without any hostile shock, without any pressure from political opponents, without so much as any avowed motive or tangible cause of difference (except only in the case of Lord Stanley and his friends);—and more surprising still, that when the most eminent in talents, station, and public confidence, were thus successively *shelved*, the Rump should have constituted itself a ministry, and continued for six years to manage, however weakly and awkwardly, the business of the country?

All this would have appeared ten years ago monstrous, incredible, impossible; but the fact is notorious to every eye; and though the causes of this phenomenon, and their influences on our present anomalous condition, are not quite so obvious, they are equally certain. The Reform Bill has altered the practical constitution of the country—the governing power has changed hands. A seat in such a cabinet as Lord Melbourne's requires neither talents, nor station, nor stake in the country, nor political connexion, nor public confidence. If his ministry comprises any portion of such qualities, it is because it happens to include some men formed in better days; but they are accidental and superfluous. All that is essential is, that the leading minister should be able to keep friends with the Papists, Sectarians, and Republicans, composing that indefatigable party that have been for two centuries—in a great variety of forms, but with one constant spirit—the rancorous enemies of the Crown and the Church. As long as Lord Melbourne's elasticity of conscience could accommodate itself to this party, while it avoided any violent aggression on other and greater public interests, his post was tenable. The Conservative party—that is, the Property, the Rank, the Education, the Established Religion of the country—will, for their own sakes, enable the administration to do all that is necessary for the routine service of the country. It only opposes them in those

measures which are dictated by their Sectarian and Radical supporters, and on which, when it does not immediately shake their tenure of office, the ministers have no great objection to be defeated; for the defeat quiets whatever slight qualms of constitutional conscience they may feel, while it strengthens them with their party, by exciting a still greater virulence against their common enemy—the Tory!

This is the real condition and tenure of the present cabinet. The long senatorial services and distinguished qualities of Lord Grey—the vast knowledge, eloquence, and energies of Lord Brougham—the solid and brilliant powers of Lord Stanley in council and in debate—the personal confidence inspired by Lord Spencer—the sharp and adventurous intellect of Lord Durham—Sir James Graham's practical usefulness both in office and in the House—Lord Ripon's long and extensive experience in public affairs—the Duke of Richmond's love and aptitude for business—all these talents and qualities—of various kinds and different degrees, but all of a high order—were, within a short period, lopped off from the Reform cabinet, without leaving so much as a scar behind—without the loss, we believe, of a single inferior follower—without, we are satisfied, the slightest diminution of confidence in the party from which that ministry really derived its power. Nay, we believe that the removal of most of these eminent persons—who, as clever men will do, chose sometimes to have opinions of their own, and would not always submit to the dictation of obscure demagogues and intrusive prompters—produced homogeneity and uniformity in the administration—and gave satisfaction, because it gave additional authority, to the cabal of underlings—the real governing power, for whose secret purposes the *vicarious* cabinet is suffered, and none but a vicarious cabinet would be suffered, to exist: and we further believe that if Lord Melbourne were to be juggled out of office tomorrow, as Lord Grey was six years since, it would not lose the ministry one vote in the House of Commons, nor one partisan in the country: on the contrary, if it had taken place six weeks ago, before his Lordship had sung his palinode upon corn, and done homage before the Anti-Corn-Law League, it had been received as gladly as Lord Howick's resignation last year, and would have even helped to strengthen the *polypus* cabinet, which seems to thrive on amputation, and can survive the loss of its members—of its head, and of everything—but its tail.

Such being the condition and character of the ministry, it may seem superfluous to consider their late proceedings in any other light than as a mere party trick, probably suggested by the clique who are viceroys over them, and played off by them more in the  
hope

hope of embarrassing their antagonists than of relieving themselves, and without the slightest idea that the measures either could pass, or, if passed, could produce anything like the financial effect required by the exigencies of the crisis. But as it is a part of the manœuvre to endeavour to persuade the people that the *Budget* was founded on a *deliberate* and *bonâ fide* system of commerce and finance, we think it our duty to unmask the fallacy of the arguments on which it is defended, as well as the fraud of the pretences under which it was proposed.

In the first place it has been confidently, nay, indignantly, denied that ministers produced their Budget '*on the spur of the moment.*' (Lord John Russell's Speech, p. 2.) We should of course have implicit confidence in any personal assertion of Lord John's, but we cannot, we confess, be so satisfied with a rhetorical metaphor—of which we are not sure that we rightly understand the meaning. We must therefore say that we believe, and think we can show, that the budget, as announced, formed no part of the original financial scheme of the year, and that, if the ministers had not suffered such a succession of mortifications and defeats, their budget would probably have been of a very different character.

We do not deny—on the contrary we are well aware—that the principle of a *further* modification of the tariff of import duties had been under consideration—not of this ministry alone, but of every ministry since 1825, and not of ministries only, but of many individual writers, and of the public at large. Last session there was appointed a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into this matter: it was indeed a one-sided committee, and made a one-sided report of evidence carefully selected and classed with one-sided views, and at utter variance with the assurance given to the House of Commons by the mover, at the time of the appointment of the committee. This report was made the subject of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of last January, attributed to two *official* pens, strongly recommending the abrogation of all protecting duties, and the revision of all others, with the same promises on which the Post-Office experiment was recommended—but we hope on better data—that a great decrease of duty would infallibly produce a great increase of revenue. We can therefore have no doubt that the Cabinet—which, as well by the individual opinions of its own members as by those of some of their leading supporters in the House of Commons, would be inclined to what is called the free-trade system—may have had the subject under general consideration; but we have every reason to believe that they had *not* come to any fixed resolution, and, above all, not to the determination of making their experiment on the three special items of sugar, timber, and *corn*, and in the extraordinary form of



a *budget*, until—defeated during the whole session on every proposition in which they had not the countenance and aid of Sir Robert Peel—not venturing to propose any measure at all adequate to the financial emergency they had created, and, indeed, feeling their official seats slipping from under them—they determined to make a desperate plunge, which might, they hoped, create such an agitation in the manufacturing districts as would enable them either to rally and recover their small and wavering majority, or to try a general election with a popular cry, or, finally, if everything else should fail, to embarrass their successors, and lay the foundation of a new system of opposition in which all the prejudices and passions of the populace should be brought into direct action against all the great classes of property.

Such we are sorry to believe to be the real history of this budget, and this belief is forced upon us not merely by the *primâ facie* evidence of time and circumstances, but by some other, not so obvious but nearly as important, indications. In the first place, the official essay in the *Edinburgh Review* points rather to a general *inquiry* into the subject of tariffs than to the possibility of any immediate or sudden experiment on any two or three articles. In much of what is said in that essay we concur—on some points we doubt—on others we should be decidedly adverse; but all, we admit, were deserving calm and deliberate consideration—and that is all the paper advocates: it even concludes with these words:—

‘ In the course of the above remarks we have not said a word that has reference to party. Let Mr. M’Gregor’s plan [Mr. M’Gregor is one of the secretaries of the Board of Trade] of a tariff be referred to a select committee of the House of Commons, and let Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Lord Sandon, and Mr. Herries, be appointed members of the committee. The reform of the poor-laws was a more difficult task than the proposed reform of the custom duties, but the main difficulties were overcome by submitting it to the *investigation and judgment of the leading men of both parties*, and so, in all probability, would be the case with regard to the so strongly called for reform of our economical legislation.’—*Ed. Rev.* vol. lxxii. p. 455.

Does this proposal for ‘*consideration*,’ for ‘*investigation*,’ for *inquiry* before a select committee—of which Sir R. Peel and Sir James Graham, Lord Sandon and Mr. Herries, should be members—into the general state of the whole customs tariff, including *eleven hundred and fifty* items, give any idea of such a thunder-clap legislation on the three items of sugar, timber, and *corn*, as was announced the night after Lord Morpeth’s bill was defeated?

This *article*, be it further observed, was published just at the opening of the session, when ministers must have been fully  
aware

aware of their financial difficulties, and when they were, or at least ought to have been, already prepared with the means of meeting them—means which, whatever else they might be, could certainly not have awaited the result of a *select committee of inquiry* on the reduction of the tariffs.

But still more important is it to observe that the Speech from the Throne does not give the slightest hints of such a fundamental alteration of our colonial, commercial, and domestic system as the budget proposed;—though if any such idea then existed in the minds of ministers, it was their duty,—their bounden duty,—to have recommended from the Throne the consideration, if not of these special questions since raised, at least of the general system of import duties, with a view of ascertaining whether the public revenues might not be increased by a modification of the tariff without any additional burden on the people. This we hesitate not to say the ministers *would, and must have done*, had they at that time entertained the slightest idea of meeting the *existing* and pressing *deficit*, by the uncertain, and at best but slow and gradual, operation of a mere reduction of certain duties.

But if, by denying that this resolution was taken on *the spur of the moment*, Lord John Russell only meant to negative an assertion that it was taken between the final defeat of Lord Morpeth's bill and the introduction of the budget, we agree with him: as that interval was not quite twenty-four hours, it would have been indeed a very hot *spur of the moment*; and no one, we believe, can have said or imagined that so extensive a scheme of iniquity had been concocted and matured, *ab ovo*, in one morning. But though Lord Morpeth's bill was not finally strangled till the evening of the 29th of April, does Lord John Russell expect us to have forgotten that from the day—the 25th of February—on which its second reading was carried by a majority of 5 only, in a house of 598 members (642, including pairs), the *fate of the bill was decided!*—that he himself confessed as much, when, after pondering for four days over that fatal victory, he announced, on the 1st of March, the cabinet resolution of postponing the further consideration of the bill for two months—everybody—friends and foes—anticipating, from that moment, and with perfect confidence, its ultimate fate? We may safely concede to his Lordship that it was not on the *spur* of the defeat on the 29th of April that the whole budget of the 30th was fabricated;—but it will be nevertheless true that it was prepared and produced on the *spur of disappointment and despair* at the series of defeats which the ministers had suffered since the commencement of the session, and more especially at the failure of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registry Bill, which, though consummated on the 29th of April, had been  
long

long anticipated, and was perhaps *waited for* as a favourable occasion for producing a budget which was to console the Destructive party for the loss of one revolutionary measure by the proposal of three others still more revolutionary.

This explanation is consistent with the *terms* of Lord John Russell's explanation—consistent with all the known facts of the case—consistent with the manifest temper and undisguised tone of vexation and revenge in which the notices were given on the day subsequent to the death of Lord Morpeth's bill,—and, above all, consistent with the ministerial character and system—the only character they have acquired, and the only system they possess—of endeavouring to escape from every difficulty they create for themselves, by appealing to the worst prejudices and passions of the populace, and by plunging still more deeply and desperately into the slough in which they are already struggling.

Lord John Russell was also very indignant that Sir Robert Peel should have alluded to a prevalent report that ministers had prepared a *fair weather* budget and a *foul weather* budget; he totally denied the fact, and we believe the noble Lord's assertion. We are satisfied that, so far from having two budgets, they had no budget at all—till, as we have said, the fate of Lord Morpeth's bill forced them to collect their scattered thoughts into that explosion of vexation and despair which they call their Budget. This, we think, is additionally proved by their financial proceedings in all former years, in which, instead of producing a budget—that is *the ways and means* of equalising the public income with the public expenditure—they went on as if it were really their system of finance to diminish the revenue as they increased the expenditure. A Tory opposition is so little inclined to thwart the Queen's government in their conduct of business, that this extraordinary circumstance has not been sufficiently noticed, and we think it therefore of importance to place on record a summary of their mode of dealing with financial difficulties:—

On the 1st Jan., 1835, there was a surplus income of . . .		£ 626,000
In that year taxes were reduced by . . .		£ 156,000
Expenditure increased . . .		340,000
		<hr/> 496,000
<i>Surplus reduced to . . .</i>		<hr/> 130,000
<hr/> 1836. Surplus income . . .		1,012,000
Taxes repealed . . .		1,018,000
Expenditure increased . . .		972,000
		<hr/> 1,990,000
<i>Surplus changed to a Deficit of . . .</i>		<hr/> 978,000
		<hr/> 1837.

1837.	Deficient income . . . . .	£ 655,760
	Increased expenditure . . . . .	972,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i> . . . . .	1,627,760
1838.	Deficient income . . . . .	345,228
	Increased expenditure . . . . .	783,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i> . . . . .	1,128,228
1839.	Deficient income . . . . .	1,512,000
	Tax repealed . . . . .	£ 1,200,000
	Expenditure decreased . . . . .	147,000
		1,053,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i> . . . . .	2,565,000
1840.	Deficient income . . . . .	1,593,970
	Increased expenditure . . . . .	760,000
	Taxes imposed . . . . .	2,200,000
		1,440,000
	<i>Total Deficit</i> . . . . .	£ 153,970

Thus for six consecutive years they went on creating an annual *deficit*, without making the slightest effort to meet it—(except by the single, commonplace, and ineffectual one made last year of putting a per-centage on the customs, excise, and assessed taxes)—till at last, on the 5th April, 1841, their total deficit having accumulated to the sum of 5,168,109*l.*, with a certainty of further deficit on the 5th April, 1842, of 2,421,000*l.*, making a total accumulated deficit of 7,590,000*l.*, they crown their long series of combined neglect and extravagance by proposing—as the budget of 1841—a farther increase of expense, and no plan for increasing the revenue but a *reduction of existing duties*!

We cannot be expected to enter on this occasion into a *detailed* examination of either of the two great questions—each large enough to occupy a volume—which this strange mode of meeting a financial emergency has raised—1. The extent to which a reduction of duty may be expected to increase income; and 2. The general policy of any species of protecting duties; but we shall offer a few observations on both points, to expose the futility and mischief of the ministerial application of these theories.

1. We are far from deprecating a *bonâ fide* plan of revising and modifying the tariffs, with a view to enlarging the revenue: as far as it may be found effective, it is undoubtedly the best of all *ways* and *means*. But we are confident that the economists very much exaggerate

exaggerate the efficacy of this system. The cases in which it is likely to succeed are too special and exceptional to be a safe foundation for a general principle. If a Chancellor of the Exchequer should parody the poet, and say,—

‘ My *gain* is great, because my *duty*’s small,’  
he would be liable to the retort—

‘ Then ’twould be greater, were it none at all.’

It is clear that such a principle cannot be universally applicable; but its results, wherever it should be found to apply, would be so beneficial that it demands and deserves most careful inquiry and consideration:—but to adopt and act upon such a theory without any deliberation, and above all for the professed object of meeting a financial *emergency*, is manifestly absurd and deceptive: because, as we have already hinted, the operation of an increase of revenue, by diminution of duties, must be, even in the most promising cases, in some degree problematical, and at all events gradual: not only must the habit of *consumption* be extended, but the power of *producing* must be also enlarged—and both are the work of time. If you could suddenly create a permanent and growing want of the article, you could not calculate on an adequate increase of revenue till you had afforded time for producing also the enlarged supply. With therefore a *bonâ fide* intention of employing these means to meet the exigencies of the current year, ministers, instead of waiting to the middle of the session, must have been anxious to announce their project as early as possible, in order that the increased demand and the increased supply might be brought into the earliest possible operation.

2. On the second point we observe, as a most important preliminary, that under a system of PROTECTING DUTIES, *the commerce, wealth, and general prosperity of this country have been carried to an unparalleled height and extent.* With such practical results before our eyes, we cannot implicitly adopt the theory that so sweepingly condemns them *all*. But as little should we be prepared to stickle for them all, and under all circumstances. Protecting duties are *in their nature*, and by the very *principles on which they were originally founded*, liable to revision, alteration, and even extinction. Our predecessors, when induced by motives of commercial or national policy to *protect* any individual branch of trade, never intended that the *protection* should last beyond the occasion. The *go-cart* would naturally be laid aside as soon as the child was strong enough to walk alone. We are aware that in some instances this wholesome rule was forgotten or neglected: in others powerful influences may have prolonged  
*protection*

*protection* beyond its proper bounds: in all cases it is hard to hit the exact moment of transition, and still harder to accommodate existing interests and old habits to a change of system. But though protection has thus a natural tendency to last too long, that is no valid argument against its existence within proper limits, and certainly is rather an additional reason why any alteration rendered necessary by the alteration of times and circumstances should be made gradually, cautiously, and with nice discrimination. In fine, we say, *protecting duties* ought not to be laid on without a clear necessity, nor removed without the greatest caution and examination of the bearing of *each individual case*.

And this leads us to observe that there are two classes of protecting duties of which the motive is so permanent and of such predominant importance that, although they certainly ought to be reduced to the lowest possible amount that will effect the desired protection, they can never be wholly abandoned. We mean duties which tend to insure—

1st, *The Subsistence of the People*; and,

2nd, *The means of National Defence*.

*SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX.* That *supreme law—the Welfare of the People and the Safety of the State*—must never be sacrificed, nor so much as *risked*, either for the theories of speculative philosophers, or even for the positive interests of individual classes. We shall, before we apply ourselves to the first of these objects—*the Subsistence of the People* as connected with the Corn-laws—say a few words on the protection due to the elements of *Public Safety*, which will be found to have a considerable bearing on the two other branches of the Whig budget, the Sugar and Timber Duties.

The safety of this country depends on its *NAVY*; and a Navy is not merely a collection of well-fabricated machines—which may be created at any time, and to any extent, by almost any nation able and willing to undertake the necessary expense. The real essential strength of a navy is that which never can be created, *pro re natá*, by any expense or any efforts,—an ample and constant supply of hardy and skilful *Seamen*. An army may be created in a comparatively short period out of any population and out of the least-instructed part of any population; but seamen can only be made by early practice and long experience of the sea; and these again can only be supplied by maritime commerce. This was the policy and basis of our navigation laws; and this is the true, or at least the greatest, value of our colonial possessions: this accidental and *exceptional* necessity which distinguishes the *insular* empire of Britain from all other States, creates and imposes on us an *exceptional* line



line of policy—to which the situation of other countries affords no analogy, and the general theories of economists have no application. If foreign ships could bring us sugar at 1*d.* a pound, while, if conveyed by the better and therefore more expensive system of English navigation, it were to cost 2*d.*, the additional penny would not be a mere *tax upon sugar*, but part of the *price paid for the education, the maintenance, and increase of a superior class of native seamen*—without whom in the day of danger it would little avail us that we had during a long peace obtained sugar at 1*d.* a pound.

Jamaica and Canada are sources of private wealth, and, indirectly no doubt, of public wealth also; but in a strictly national view they are rather causes of expense and anxiety to the mother country; for they make no direct returns to the national treasury, and are—by their liability to hostile aggression—the reverse of conducive to the national strength—*except* by the employment and encouragement of native seamen; by which they contribute in the hour of danger, not merely to their own protection, but to the first safeguard of the *existence* of England herself. Of this great but not sufficiently considered truth we have the evidence of an experiment made on a vast scale, and with signal and indubitable results, in the case of the *United States*. No one, we believe, doubts that, in a merely commercial view, the *States* are quite as profitable customers as if they had remained *provinces*. More fortunes have been made, and more general interests promoted, by trade with America as a *nation* than could have been if she had remained a *colony*; but see, on the other hand, what a positive, and, still more, what a comparative, diminution of our naval power has been caused by her rivalry—see the whole of her vast maritime force, not only subtracted from our security, but actually thrown into the opposite scale. We need not say more to direct the thoughts of our readers to what we conceive to be the main advantage of a colonial empire, and the duty, nay, the necessity, of *protection* for colonial trade, *not as trade*,—for trade, we admit, will take care of itself,—but as a branch of *national defence*, which has a tendency the very reverse of taking care of itself.

The same principle applies to our fisheries. The wages of every species of industry, fishing included, is at least one-third less on the opposite coasts than on those of England; and, in fact, Dutch and French fishermen could afford to catch fish on our own shores and sell them in our own markets cheaper than our native fishermen. The advantage of *cheap fish* is the same in principle as that of *cheap bread* or *cheap sugar*:—why therefore do not our free-trade advocates invite the foreigner to come to Billingsgate

lingsgate\* as well as to Mark Lane? Because every one sees that the British fishery is an important nursery for seamen, and that by any discouragement of it we should create a double misfortune, by decreasing our own naval power, and increasing that of our most formidable rivals.

On the same principle, however desirable it is to supply this great metropolis with *cheap coals*, and although we know that the Swedes and Dutch would gladly ply between the Tyne and Thames at a cheaper freight than our English colliers, yet we suppose no free-trade advocate would be bold enough to transfer our best nursery of seamen to Holland or Sweden for the sake of a shilling or two of saving on a ton of coals.

These considerations lead naturally to our conclusion that there are classes of industry and trade which call for protection, not so much for their sakes as for reasons of national policy and public safety, and apply with great force against the repeal of that protection to colonial sugar and timber which is necessary to keep the carrying trade in our own hands; but there are, moreover, special, though temporary causes, affecting the colonies chiefly interested in those branches of trade, which would have deterred a prudent government from tampering with them at this moment.

1. *The Sugar Duties.*—We are not such puritans as to rest our objection to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposition on the mere preference which it gives to *slave-grown* sugar—though that consideration is not to be omitted in a fair examination of the whole subject. We are not disposed to renounce the use of cotton, because cotton is chiefly produced in slave-cultivated regions; but in any and every case we should think ourselves bound to give a great, nay, a biassed, degree of favour to the *free-grown* article. But at the present moment the protection to our own West Indian colonies stands not merely on grounds of theoretic humanity, if we may venture such an expression, but on the clear and urgent additional motives of policy and justice. We have just made a most remarkable revolution in the West Indian world. We have paid—dearly in a financial, but cheaply, we hope and believe, in a moral, view—for the encouragement of free-labour sugar. We have directly *subscribed*—so we will call it—twenty millions of public money, and we have adventured a still larger amount of private and colonial interests, for this great achievement. We have been told—and—high above all other voices—by the present ministry and their special adherents—that this country can be abundantly supplied by *free-grown* sugar; and we have, at their persuasion, made the greatest sacrifices that a nation ever made

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\* See 'Report of Special Committee on British Fisheries, 16th August, 1833.' Printed by the House of Commons.

towards the realisation of that benevolent problem. If therefore there was one duty more imperative than another on the whole country, but more especially imperative on the ministry which claims (too largely, as we have before shown in our review of Lord John Russell's speech at Stroud, but which does claim) the exclusive merit of this great experiment—we do say it was to give that great experiment *fair play*—to protect, for a reasonable time, the working of the new system—to endeavour to convince the other incredulous and reluctant nations of the world that so vast a sum had not been spent—such immense interests have not been risked, and so much of both active and theoretic humanity exercised—in vain! But hardly has this great measure got into operation—hardly have these important interests had time to recover from so great a shock—hardly has humanity begun to indulge its hope of eventual though slow success—than suddenly the whole course of the experiment is disturbed—all the prospects of benevolence clouded—and, worse than all, the prejudices, the passions, the courage, and the *obstinacy* of the slave-holding powers revived, reinforced, and rewarded—by the admission of Brazilian and Cuba sugar into our home market, on terms which we shall not otherwise describe than by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's own calculation, that there is to be an increase of the sugar-duties of *above one million and a half*. It will, we suppose, be admitted that the increase of a million and a half of duties must imply a profit of some six or eight millions to the proprietors and cultivators of the imported sugar. We add that the calculation, though worth—like the rest of the budget—little for the present year, is probably *so far* not erroneous that the slave-grown sugar would come in—by fits and starts—in quantities that would ruin your own colonies—and, by and by, when your own colonies were ruined beyond redemption, Cuba and the Brazils, from accident or from design, from failure of seasons or from the occurrence of hostilities, might be unable or unwilling to supply you—and where would you then be?

But supposing no such accidental or political interruption, can any one believe that such a system should not lead to the conversion of every sugar-growing colony in the world which has not the misfortune—so lately a protection and a glory—of being dependent on England, into an active, extensive, and obstinate dealer in slavery, while your British colonies—that great source of the wealth and power, and, above all, of the *naval power* of the country—would degenerate into barbarous jungles and savannas, the brutal haunts of a savage population?

Was there ever in the annals of a great country such a spectacle as we now exhibit? Here is the whole nation, with one  
cry

cry and one effort, abolishing sugar slavery; here is Lord Palmerston publishing every year enormous folios of his angry expostulation and fruitless negotiations for the restriction of slavery in the Brazils and Cuba; and at the same moment, when we are thus offending independent countries, and violating the rights of nations, in our theoretic zeal in this cause,—the cabinet produces a measure which is to do more for the encouragement of the slave-trade than all our efforts, our sacrifices, and our bluster have ever been able to do against it. *We*, too, might invoke the *passions* of the multitude on this subject; but we will only appeal to their *reason*; and we ask simply whether there can be any rational excuse for this sudden and premature interruption given by the ministry to their own experiment, for the mere trial of which we were so lately persuaded to pay such a sum as twenty millions?

2. *The Timber Duties.*—This is a question between our own province of Canada and the foreign nations of the Baltic; and no doubt also a question for England herself—which ought, abstractedly speaking, to possess the power of having the best timber at the lowest cost. But we have already shown that it may be for the real interests of this country to cultivate her naval resources by some even expensive favour to her own colonial produce,—as a landlord in private life might find it advantageous to buy produce from his own farmer somewhat dearer than he might obtain it from a rival proprietor. But, exclusive of such considerations, we ask whether anything—whether even the sugar proposition—was so ill-timed as the proposed injury to the staple—the *only*—trade of Canada? *Canada!* that for the last three years has been the subject of the greatest anxiety, and the cause of the most enormous expense to the mother-country—*Canada!* the scene of two rebellions within three years—*Canada!* trembling in the balance of our eventful discussions with America—*Canada!* the real object of the Boundary dispute, and of the *Caroline* controversy—*Canada!* which, under all these difficult circumstances, has been just subjected to the very doubtful experiment of the Legislative Union!—*Canada* is selected as the subject of this new financial experiment. The colony which of all others required, *at this moment*, the greatest caution and consideration, is attacked in her most material interests;—and the new system of colonial government—adopted by the ministry, contrary, we believe, to every opinion but their own—is, by the same ministry, put into the crucible of fiscal experiment, to repair the dilapidated finances of her improvident and unnatural parent. We are not now to give any opinion as to the success or failure of the legislative experiment which the ministry are making

making in Canada. We have assumed no more than that it is an experiment; but that they should at the same moment attempt the *counter-experiment* of sacrificing Canada in the English *budget* seems to us one of the most extravagant inconsistencies of which a bewildered and desperate ministry could be guilty.

3. *The Corn-Laws*.—Of equal importance with *National Defence*, but of still more pressing urgency, is the duty of providing for the *Subsistence of the People*; and *that* was, until the late budget, the first and indeed the only object of *any* corn-law in England or in any other country that we know of. The budget of 1841 is the *first attempt*, that we remember, in which any government in any country has attempted to *raise a revenue from the food of the people*. We are well aware, as we have already said, that the real and ulterior object of the government was very different—that they well knew that their scheme would produce no amount of revenue worth looking for, and that, if it were by chance to do so, it could not be endured for six months. But what does that prove but that the budget was a pretence, and, worse still, an equivocation? It might be right or wrong to abolish the corn-laws—but at least it was indefensible to propound their measure under the professed motive of increasing the *revenue*, when the real object was to attack the landed interest, and to excite popular agitation. Let the ministers take which horn of their own dilemma they please:—if they meant to raise a revenue, they meant to *tax the food of the people*—if they did not mean to tax the food of the people, the budget was a fraud, and they were preparing a *national bankruptcy*! We do not see how they can escape from this alternative—certainly none of their speeches or pamphlets afford a shadow of exculpation upon this preliminary but most important point. They must think meanly of the popular understanding to believe that it was to be deceived by such transparent juggling.

We shall not waste time in repeating what we have already suggested as to the inopportunity in point of time, and the irregularity in point of parliamentary practice, of the introduction of the measure. Neither shall we attempt to recapitulate—for we could do no more—the variety of statistical facts and reasonings with which the subject has been, we had almost said, overlain. We shall chiefly endeavour to give a short, common-sense view of the subject, and to expose the unparalleled wickedness—we are sorry to be forced to use hard words, but we really can find no other adequate term—of the ministry, which has converted a question of political economy, which of all others requires the most cautious and dispassionate treatment, into an engine of party vengeance—an electioneering  
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cry—and a brand of discord between the two great classes of the people of the empire. We have had a pretty long experience of the virulence of party; but we do not believe that this last—*last* we hope in every sense—act of Lord Melbourne's administration can be paralleled in the darkest annals of faction. With the *ministers*—or at least some of them—we trust it is mere faction—an attempt to recover a low popularity, and to preserve disreputable, because powerless, place; but we are satisfied that the party out of the Cabinet, under whose guidance the Cabinet moves, has deeper and more extensive objects and designs—nothing short of the overthrow of the landed interest, as the first and most effectual step to a *radical revolution*. This is not merely our opinion—not the opinion only of Tories and Conservatives—but of those Whigs and Reformers who (as Lord John Russell preached, but does not practise) would ‘not have a *Revolution* every year.’ Mr. Western, late member for Essex, was during a long public life—having sat, we believe, in not less than twelve parliaments—a Whig and a Foxite. Mr. Western was even a staunch Reformer. In the great struggle in 1832 he went so far in that cause as to disgust the county of Essex, which rejected him; and the Reform Ministry made him a peer. Now my Lord Western is alarmed at Lord John Russell's proceedings, and has addressed a letter of expostulation to his noble friend, in which he shows to demonstration that the proposed measure will not accomplish Lord John's *ostensible* object, but that on the contrary—

‘Your lordship will have reason deeply to regret the daring experiment you are anxious to try upon the fundamental interests of the country. The misfortune of your proposed change in the corn-laws is, that the evils attending upon it are certain and very serious, the benefits very precarious and uncertain. You must be aware that, whether you succeed or not, you will *frightfully agitate the country, from one end of it to the other*; you must be aware that you will countenance the unfounded clamour against the landed interest, which is continually sounded from motives the honesty of which is certainly very questionable. I know you have no control over the leading press which supports you, but you must feel a little uneasy to think that the most unwarrantable vulgar abuse of the landed interest that ever issued from the most venomous pen is daily seen in those pages, and that those writers even will *receive some degree of sanction from the step you have taken*. You cannot fail to see that there is a disposition amongst many persons, and some of considerable weight too, and that has been some time in full action, *to influence the passions, to madden the minds of the working class, and instil into them bitter hostility against all persons of large property; thus destroying the chain of society*, and breaking the links which should bind the different classes together in confidence and amity; these persons will revel in delight at the prospects of the struggle which your measures will induce.



induce. These, I say, my lord, are the *certain evils attendant upon your measures*; and it is my thorough belief that the *fancied benefits will never be realised*.'—Lord Western, pp. 20, 21.

The extent to which the attempts denounced by Lord Western 'to madden the minds of the people' have been carried, is incredible. We have before us heaps of the most seditious and inflammatory publications, from which we could make extracts that would equally disgust and alarm our readers; but we fear, from the activity with which the ministerial partisans appear to be distributing this—as we trust—*overdose* of poison, that every reader will have more than sufficient specimens under his own eyes; we shall, therefore, only say on this point, that every one of these pamphlets and placards affords an additional proof of the danger to the *peace* as well as the *prosperity* of the country from the existence of such a ministry, and increases our regret that we must be subjected for a month longer to such shameless misrule.\*—We gladly turn from this painful exhibition of unworthy motives acting upon bad passions, to a more rational and temperate discussion of the question.

The existing law acts on the principle of a graduated duty varying according to the variations of the home supply—the *duty rises as the price falls, and falls as the price rises*—so that importation is discouraged as it becomes superfluous, and encouraged as it becomes desirable. This scheme, which is supposed to have been the invention of Mr. Huskisson, appears to us one of the most effective and ingenious that could have been devised for balancing the general protection of agriculture with the occasional, and always to be regretted, expediency or necessity of admitting foreign corn to the supply of the home market. We omit for the moment the consideration of the *rates* of duty now established; we at present confine ourselves to the *principle*—

\* One instance we shall give. The *Reverend* Thomas Farr has published a pamphlet to which he subjoins, as an appendix, what purports to be Mr. M'Gregor's plan for a new tariff. In this plan he gives, in a tabular form, the *proposed* and the *present* rates of duty on each article. One would think it hardly possible to introduce inflammatory falsehood into such a dry document—but what will not the malignity of faction accomplish? The duty on corn is thus represented in this table:—

Articles.	Proposed Rate of Duty.	Present Rate of Duty.	Revenue for 1839.	Estimated Revenue on proposed Scale.
Food:—	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£.	£.
Wheat, per qr. . .	0 8 0	<i>Prohibited except at nearly</i>	1,089,779	2,000,000
Barley, Rye, Peas, } &c. . . . . }	0 4 0	<i>famine prices.</i>		

What malignity, to misrepresent the graduated scale of duties as *prohibition* unless nearly at famine prices! and what folly, to add in the next column that in 1839, which assuredly was not a year of famine, this *prohibition* produced a *revenue of a million*!

it is the principle only that the ministerial plan *affects* to supersede, and it is of that principle that we are desirous to record our entire approbation.

Now what are the ministerial project and professions? They allege—not what would have been a fair matter of opinion and discussion, that the rates were too high—but that the principle of a *fixed duty* would ensure at all times a lower and steadier price; or, in other words, a more abundant and regular supply. Let us examine these propositions practically. Would a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter lower prices?—we readily answer yes—at those times when prices should be already low; but when prices should rise to that *inconvenient* height at which the graduated duty rapidly diminishes—and still more if they should attain to that *distressing* price at which the graduated duty would totally *vanish*—then the *fixed duty* would come into operation with, we hesitate not to say, *intolerable* severity. So that, in a few plain words, this absurd scheme would lower prices when they were already low, and inflame them when they grew distressingly high.

Of the comparative operation of the two systems we shall give a striking example—not one of our own supposing—not even one of our own selecting—not a theoretical—not a conjectural—not a distant possibility, but a clear, plain, and *present* fact, supplied to us by the great advocate against the corn-laws—Mr. M'Culloch himself:—

‘The truth is that, under the scale proposed by Lord John Russell, the *duties would be higher than they have proved to be under the present law.*’—p. 30.

He then gives a table, from which it appears that, ‘*on the whole quantities of wheat imported under the existing fluctuating scale, the duties actually paid were 5s. 9d. per quarter, whereas Lord John’s fixed duty would be 8s. ;*’ and he adds—

‘*It is seen from this comparative statement that the duty (8s.) Lord John Russell proposes to lay on wheat exceeds the duty (5s. 9d.) that has been actually paid on it under the existing law by no less than 2s. 3d. a quarter, or very near 40 per cent.*’—*Ib.*

Is not this astonishing?

The present law has been in operation about *twelve years*—in that period Mr. M'Culloch tells us (App. V.) that 9,300,000 quarters of wheat have been imported, producing 2,670,000*l.* duty, making the average before stated of 5s. 9d. per quarter. So that, if Lord John’s scheme for *lowering prices* had been for these twelve years past in operation, the people would have had to pay for their bread 40 per cent., or about 1,064,000*l.*, *more* than they have paid under the actual laws.

This statement, which Mr. M'Culloch intends as a *sop* to the farmers

farmers, might perhaps admit of some question, but we will accept it on his authority, and then we ask, what possible apology, or pretence, or sophistry, can be adduced to persuade or delude the *consumer* into a preference of Lord John's *fixed duty* to the graduated scale, which on the average of twelve years has produced so astonishing a difference in his—the consumer's—favour? But, triumphant for the graduated scale as this statement is on its face, it is still more so when examined with reference to seasons; the twelve years which it embraces have been, on the average, plentiful years—the duty therefore, under the sliding scale, has been higher than a period of ordinary years would have produced—ininitely more so than in a period of unfavourable years. If such periods—and such periods must in the cycle of seasons be reasonably expected—were brought into the account, the advantage to the consumer—whether of 40 per cent., as stated by Mr. M'Culloch, or any other amount—would be proportionably increased.

Let every candidate who may be reproached on the hustings for opposing the ministerial plan for *cheapening bread*, produce Mr. M'Culloch's testimony as to what the effect of that plan would have been for twelve years—the whole period—during which the present law has been in operation; and let him add that it is one of the chief advantages of the present law that its operation must inevitably, and at all seasons, have the same good or—even in the ordinary course of nature—better results:—for that, whenever corn should happen to grow dearer, the ministerial plan would inevitably establish a still greater disadvantage to the consumer;—and let our candidate finally add that the mode in which this disadvantage would operate is still more formidable than can be represented by the mere amount of general loss—for *in good years it would RUIN THE FARMER, and in bad years STARVE THE ARTISAN*. In fact, these last words contain the whole pith and substance of the argument against a fixed duty and in favour of a graduated scale, and we are friends to the graduated scale because we are quite as anxious that the *artisan should not be starved* as that the *farmer should not be ruined*.

The single argument that we have ever heard for a *fixed* in preference to a graduated duty is, that under the latter system jobbers may have greater facilities in affecting the import by fictitious sales. This evil, we are satisfied, is very much exaggerated; jobbers, we believe, much oftener burn their own fingers than produce any considerable effect on the market; and be it recollected that *fictitious sales*, though of course made for *individual interests*, must generally, if not always, be in the direction of what the anti-corn-  
law

law advocates consider as *a public benefit—the lowering the duty*. No man jobbing in foreign corn can have any interest in *increasing* the duty ; and therefore the fraud, whatever it may be, tends to the very object which the free-trade men profess to have in view. But, moreover, if experience has shown that the present scale of duties affords opportunities for such practices, it would be easy to regulate them so as to render such operations very difficult and very rare ; as, for instance, by taking the averages in longer periods, and making the scale of duty less rapid, and perhaps somewhat lower. And, after all, is an inconvenience which can be only occasionally and surreptitiously created, to be compared with the permanent and flagrant injustice of a fixed rate, applied to the most fluctuating of all articles, like a quack nostrum recommended for all diseases ?

But the truth is, that neither Lord John Russell, nor Mr. M'Culloch, nor any one else, contemplates for a moment the maintenance of a fixed duty ;—and the proposition is therefore neither more nor less than a wicked and delusive fraud. A thousand times better would it have been for the characters and for the purposes of the ministers, if they had had the mischievous honesty of disdaining so shallow a pretence, and of boldly proposing the unconditional abolition of *all* protection to the agriculturist : that is their object—why have they not had the courage to avow it ?

Let us then consign to the fate which it deserves—the derision of their own partisans and the contempt of every one else—the proposition of a *fixed duty*—we will not waste our time on that shadow—let us grapple with the substance, and we shall put the question in a way that our opponents will admit to be the largest and fairest—Would the abolition of the corn-laws benefit the community at large—nay, would it benefit any class of the community ?

We think not, and we hope to be able to prove that it could not.

Two or three crack-brained professors of paradox have, we believe, maintained that the corn-laws are no protection to the farmer, and that he would be better without them ; but the great mass of mankind, even the most violent orators of the Anti-Corn-law League, reject so gross an absurdity, and we must be excused from entering into any detailed discussion of such a proposition.

We shall confine ourselves to asking a single question, which, besides its other bearings, has a special relation to this point.

By what possibility can it improve the condition of any producer—be he farmer or artisan—who happens to be heavily charged

with taxes and impositions weighing directly on the object of his industry, to be compelled to meet in the market another producer of the same article who is free from all such burdens? Would Lord Fitzwilliam call it a fair match if of two nearly equal horses one carried a feather-weight and the other twelve stone? Suppose that taxes, and poor-rate, and county-rate, and the nature of our soil, and the price of labour (to say nothing of a superior decency of clothing and lodging, and some attention to the education of children), oblige the English farmer to ask *fifty* shillings per quarter for his wheat in Mark Lane; would it be no injury to him—but on the contrary an advantage, forsooth—to meet in that same market a Polish farmer, who could afford to sell his wheat at *thirty* shillings, with a profit equal, *under his circumstances*, to that which the Englishman derives from fifty shillings?

Our readers will have observed that in our allusion to the charges on land we have not mentioned either rent or tithes, because they are likely to affect both cases *proportionably*—and our argument applies only to that enormous and disproportionate difference of the *public* charges imposed on English agriculture in comparison with that of continental nations. But, moreover, the argument is the same whether the corn is grown by a farmer who pays rent or by a small proprietor on his account; and Lord Western, as staunch a Whig as Lord Fitzwilliam and a practical farmer, has shown that in the generality of cases the farmer could not compete with his continental antagonist, *even if he paid no rent at all*.

Lord Brougham—who never fails, when he is desirous of doing so, to hit the right nail on the head—explained this clearly in his speech of the 30th of May, 1820—in which he advocated with his usual ability the claims of the corn-grower to protection—(a protection which then existed at 80s. the quarter of wheat)—by reference to the exclusive burdens laid on the land, among which he placed, as it deserved to be, most prominent of all—the *poor-rate*, a burden from which many continental countries are altogether free, and which affects, as he showed, in a very unequal degree, manufacturing wealth:—

‘Now, he would ask, who was it that paid the *poor-rates*? Was it principally the manufacturer, or the owner and occupier of land? He could easily imagine, that he saw, and in fact, nothing was more common than to see a manufacturer erect a fine tall building, a matter of great ornament to the neighbourhood, no doubt, and certainly of great use to him. This building was erected on a comparatively small portion of land; and within its four walls were carried on the manufacture of two very important articles, *cotton and paupers!* [He might have added, and of *petitions.*] And though this manufactory produced to its proprietor an income frequently of not less than 30,000*l.* a-year,

a-year, yet he only paid poor-rates as for a property of 500*l.*, while his poor neighbour, the farmer, who rented land to that amount, paid the same proportion, though his income was not the fourth part of his rent. Besides this there were the *bridge-rates*, the *county-rates*, the *militia-rates*, and all the other blessings which were heaped on this favoured class, the agriculturists. They, of course, were not to murmur at all those imposts, nor were they to raise their voices for the same privileges which the other classes enjoyed. But the moment a word was said of any restriction affecting the manufacturers, then the House heard murmurs and complaints from all parties.'—*Hansard's Debates*, vol. i., N. S., pp. 685, 686.

If indeed it could be shown that the abolition of the corn-laws would extinguish rates and taxes—or at least reduce them to the level of those paid by the Polish cultivator, and assimilate our 'stubborn glebe' to the fat plains of the Vistula, and lower the style of clothing and dwelling of our cultivators, and their moral and social habits, to the Polish standard—*then* we should admit—not that the English farmer would be *benefited* by the abolition of the corn-laws—far from it—but that—as *far as prices were concerned*—he would be enabled to meet the Pole on *fair terms* in a common market. We therefore recommend to him who advocates the abolition of the corn-laws as a boon to the agriculturist, to begin by proving the preliminary proposition, that the abolition would relieve British corn from these disproportionate disadvantages; when he shall have done that, we may listen to his conclusions. In the mean while, we may leave him in the undisturbed indulgence of his own visions:—

'Atque idem jungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.'

But the main argument of the Anti-Corn-Law League—that on which the whole scheme of agitation is built—is, that the abolition would ensure a plentiful and constant supply of *cheap bread*, and that by *cheap bread* the condition of the working classes of all denominations would be greatly and permanently improved. Now, to neither of those propositions can we assent; nay, we think we can show that the *very reverse* would be the result in both cases.

First, it would not ensure a plentiful and constant supply of cheap bread, because it would not *ensure* any supply at all. It is admitted in argument, and proved in fact, that the British Isles produce under the protecting duty in ordinary years about a sufficient supply for their own subsistence, and, as we have shown from Mr. M'Culloch, at a less imposition in the shape of duties than the ministerial proposition—but if the protecting duties were repealed, would or could our home supply be maintained at that level? Hear the answer to this question given by *Lord Charles*.

Fox



*Fox Russell*—the brother of Lord John—at the Bedford meeting on the 15th of May last:—

‘ If the protective duties are repealed, 2,000,000 acres of land *must* go out of cultivation, and immense numbers of labourers be reduced to a state of starvation!’

*Two millions of acres must go out of cultivation!*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer also gives his evidence to a similar result, when he calculates the future annual import of corn at about *four* millions of quarters. Four millions of quarters at present prices are worth 12,000,000*l.*, and thus 12,000,000*l.* would be decreased from the agricultural income of England—and accordingly, as much land as is equivalent to 12,000,000*l.* of agricultural produce must *go out of cultivation*.

Lord Brougham, in the speech to which we have alluded, on the corn-laws (30th May, 1820), gives a still larger estimate. In reply to those who proposed ‘ that we should go for our grain to Poland, where the serf cultivated the soil for his lord, because in Poland it could be bought cheaper than England could now produce it,’—he asks,

‘ If that principle were extended, what would be the consequence? The inevitable consequence would be, that in the next season 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 *of acres would be thrown out of cultivation*, and those dependent on them out of employment;—the tenants would be expatriated, and the landlords in the workhouse.’—*Hansard’s Debates*, p. 687.

Lord Brougham’s estimate differs from Lord Charles Russell’s, probably because he contemplated and deprecated a *total abolition*, and that Lord Charles, and certainly the Chancellor of the Exchequer, supposed the possibility of still maintaining the fixed duty of 8*s.* If this be so, Lord Brougham’s estimate would be the more correct; but we are content to take the argument on the lower amount, which is sufficiently alarming. The most superficial observer will feel, as it were instinctively, the calamitous effects of such a desolation—but when further examined it becomes still more frightful. Will it produce *cheap bread*?—Yes, say the anti-corn-law lecturers—these 12,000,000*l.* will be diminished from the price of bread.

No such thing. In the first place, these gentlemen forget that, however cheap foreign corn may appear, it still has a price, and must be paid for. According to the official returns (Lord Western, p. 12), the average prices in Berlin for the last ten years have been about two-thirds of the English prices—at that rate, therefore, of the 12,000,000*l.* lost to the British agriculturist, 8,000,000*l.* would pass away to the foreign grower, and 4,000,000*l.* only would go to the diminution of the price of bread at home—which comes to about 2*s.* per head per annum, or about *one-fourth*

*fourth of a farthing* per day, on our population. But even this is too favourable an estimate. For when we come to make such enormous demands on foreign markets, it is plain that *foreign prices will rise*. When during the war we were obliged to call in foreign corn, the prices in the Prussian and Polish markets rose from 28s. as high as 76s. (Lord Western, p. 12). This was indeed an extreme and extraordinary price, but, in degree and according to our demand, the same thing would and must happen at all times; and it is highly probable that, *even in ordinary circumstances*, foreign corn might absorb a still greater proportion than two-thirds of the sum of English income thus sacrificed to wild theorists and desperate politicians.

We say in *ordinary circumstances*—but who can answer for the natural variations of seasons or the political relations of foreign countries—for short harvests or for continental wars? Generally speaking, there is a great degree of assimilation between the harvests of the whole middle regions of Europe; when they fail in England, they are very seldom abundant in France or Poland. Suppose, when you have put two millions of acres out of cultivation on the banks of the Trent or Avon, there should be a short harvest on those of the Vistula or Oder, will bread continue cheap?—nay, as you have calculated wholly on this foreign supply—will you not be in danger of actual famine? A circumstance, —very slightly observed, for the danger blew over—occurred so lately as 1839, which is a strong indication of what would be our situation. In that year the English harvest was unpromising—so was that of France. The French government, on the first aspect of the danger, laid an embargo on all their ports from Dunkirk to Bordeaux—exactly the ports from which England would seek her first supplies. It turned out, fortunately, that England did not need the assistance of the Continent to any great extent; but, if she had, she was at its mercy, and that mercy would have been shown to her in the shape of prohibition on the part of France; and, if not of absolute prohibition, at least of greatly advanced prices in the Baltic ports. And this *danger* is always impending—it *may* happen any year—in the course of nature it *must* occur at no distant intervals; it is *then*, if we are so mad as to adopt the present visionary schemes of *cheap bread*, that the pressure on all ranks, but particularly on the manufacturing classes, will make us curse the evil hour and the evil councillors that *threw two—not to say, seven—millions of English acres out of cultivation*.

Less frequent, but more permanent when it occurred, would be the danger from political causes. The destinies of a country, like those of an individual, are to a large extent in the hands of those

those who feed her, and it is a miserable, or at least a most perilous, condition for a great nation to be dependent for a considerable share of her means of subsistence on powers which may any hour withdraw it. But there is another serious consideration which applies to this particular case. We are told, as one of the main advantages of the proposed system, that the Continent will take our manufactures in the proportion that we receive their corn. We admit that we doubt this proposition, at least in its full extent; but if it were true, it follows that whenever political events might induce or oblige them to refuse us their corn, we must expect the concomitant difficulty of the rejection of our manufactures, and our artisans will suffer at the same time the double calamity of an increase of the price of bread and a decrease of the means of buying it.

We are well aware that such evils are to a degree possible under the present system; but why enhance the danger?—why, by throwing two millions of your own acres out of cultivation, and robbing your own subjects of twelve millions of income, are you to make yourself, to that enormous extent, liable to additional, and, we may say, gratuitous peril?

This is a short and slight, but we believe a true, summary of the reasons for which—if all other protective duties were to be abolished—we think that a *protective duty in favour of the subsistence of the people* should be maintained; and that, far from discouraging home production, every effort should be made to protect and extend it. ‘Buy,’ say the economists, ‘whatever you want at the best market!’ We say so, too: but the *best market* is the market least liable to fail you in the hour of need. ‘Buy whatever you want at the best market!’—we say so, too: but our first want is the *public safety*, and that can only be bought *at home*, and at the price of paying for the necessaries of national existence a little more, in order to secure a never-failing supply.

We now arrive at the part of the subject which is likely to create the greatest popular feeling, but in which, in our opinion, popular interests are the least concerned—we mean the effect of cheap bread on the comforts of the working classes. *Cheap bread* is a popular cry, but CHEAP BREAD is but another term for LOW WAGES, than which nothing can be less popular. Labour is the primal condition of our existence—‘*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*’ is the penal ordinance of the Creator, and no human institutions can essentially vary that first law of nature. For the infinite majority of the human race, composing what are called the working classes, the reward of labour is neither more nor less than the means of subsistence. In the simpler states of  
society—

society—not yet entirely extinct in some parts of Europe—labour was paid in kind ; the labourer was fed, clothed, and lodged by his employer—and that was all. In the progress of society money was adopted as the measure and representative of those wants—and in different stages of civilization, in different countries, and at different times, and for different kinds of work, the value of these necessities will vary, both in their own nature and in their nominal money value.\* Superior abilities, industry, and economy, will enable an individual to lay by small surpluses, which, when accumulated, change his position from that of a mere workman to being more or less of an employer—but still the great mass must follow the original condition of our nature, and there is always a spirit of competition at work which keeps the scale of wages to a rate a little over what will produce food, clothes, and lodging. When, therefore, the prices of these necessities rise, wages must rise also ; and when they fall, competition steps in, to lower wages to the corresponding standard. All this may seem truism and commonplace, and so it is—but when we see a government trying to excite and delude the people into a different doctrine, and to make them believe that *cheap bread* and *high wages* can exist together, we may be allowed thus shortly to state the moral, we might say the physical, impossibility of any such result. It follows then that, in a healthy state of society, wages can never *permanently* be either much too high or too low, and that their real *measure* is the *means of subsistence* according to the habits of the country and the class of workmen required. What therefore the working classes should be really solicitous about is neither *high* nor *low* wages—but *constant work and steady prices*.

There is, thank God, a great and growing spirit of intelligence in our labouring classes, which cannot be long blind to this truth ; and however pleasant may be the sound of '*cheap bread*,' or distasteful that of '*low wages*,' they are, we hope and believe, pretty generally convinced by experience that these terms mean nearly the same thing ; and their natural good sense, and knowledge of the competition with which they are surrounded, will teach them that, if they *buy bread at Polish prices*, they must be prepared to *work at Polish wages*. We had intended to exemplify this proposition by a comparison with the price of bread as compared with the rate of wages in England and Poland, but we were met by a difficulty which affords a stronger argument in our favour than any comparison could have,—the Polish workman eats no

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\* The value of money has a vast influence on this, as on all such questions ; but we have been unwilling to complicate our arguments with that important element beyond what is absolutely necessary.

wheaten bread at all. In fact, we believe that eastward of the Rhine—the great region whose corn we are to import—the working-classes know no more of wheaten bread than they do of pine-apples. They eat, when they eat bread at all, a black rye-bread, which they share with their cattle, and which Voltaire truly describes as ‘*certainne pierre dure, noire, et gluante, composée, à ce qu’on prétend, d’une espèce de seigle ;*’ a kind of hard, black, and glutinous stone, composed, as some pretend, of a species of rye! In France, indeed, the working-classes do eat wheaten bread, but of so inferior a quality to that given even to paupers in England that it would afford no fair comparison with English food: but we can state generally, on a careful examination of the rates of food and wages throughout Europe, that wages vary exactly in the proportion of the prices of food,—and that, upon the whole, food is as cheap in comparison with labour in England as in any other country.

But there is another effect of the corn-laws to which we have already alluded as of more real importance than any raising or lowering of wages could be, and that is the promotion of *constant work and steady prices*.

It is not pretended that our present corn-laws do or can produce a uniform price of wheat—which is a result happily unattainable either by any law or without any law. We say *happily* unattainable, because, if it were possible to prevent an increase of prices in any country, when Providence has, by a bad harvest, awarded an inevitable diminution of the average production, it would be obviously absurd to expect that grain should be cultivated in that country. The condition of the farmer would, in such a case, be, that when his land yielded a fair average, he should receive a moderate remuneration for the employment of his skill, labour, and capital; but that, whenever the seasons should be unfavourable, and the return deficient, he must still be compelled to sell his grain at the same price—in other words—to be ruined. The graduated scale makes the happiest approach that has ever been devised to the solution of this difficult problem. It cannot alter the course of nature and equalise harvests, but it tends to prevent either scale of the balance being suddenly or *permanently* depressed; and we may confidently assert that it does all that human legislation can do to prevent fluctuations sufficiently serious to affect the general arrangements of society at large. Such violent fluctuations are disastrous to every class, but particularly to the poor, who have no capital to enable them to tide over such vicissitudes. If provisions run suddenly high, the employer is unprepared for so large an increase of wages, and discharges his workmen at the moment  
they

they are in the greatest need of assistance. When, on the other hand, wages fall, all the working man's little arrangements are disturbed, his small comforts are retrenched; if he has sent his children to school, he must take them away; if he has prided himself on the decent appearance of his family or his dwelling, he must exchange it for squalidity; and, in this state of *see-saw* and uncertainty, he loses the regular habits and steady views which are the great safeguards of the morals, the happiness, and the welfare of the poor. We need not throw away a word to show that a *fixed* duty, acting *invariably* on such *fluctuating* elements, would aggravate all those evils.

Having thus shown that neither the fixed duty, nor even the total abolition of the corn-laws, could really benefit the working classes as to the price of bread and the rates of labour, let us look a little more closely at the ministerial argument that the increased and constant importation of continental corn would extend, in at least an equal proportion, the export of our manufactures, and consequently their growth and general prosperity—including of course that which we have just admitted to be the true advantage to the working classes—constant work and steady prices. Before we examine the general bearings of this argument, we will say a few additional words on the latter branch of it—the effect on the personal condition of the operatives of the promised extension of the market.

We begin by noticing a very obvious fact, which, however, has been so generally disregarded, that we do not remember to have seen it noticed by any of the ministerial advocates—namely, that *all* the working classes of the empire are *not* employed in what are commonly called *manufactures*. On the contrary, we find by the population returns of 1831 (Marshall's Tables, p. 3) the number of *manufacturers* stated at 2,400,000 persons, while the *agricultural labourers* were no less than 4,800,000, just double the number; and if it be argued, as the ministerial writers do, that the 2,400,000 manufacturing labourers are to partake so largely of the general prosperity of *their* branch of employment, it must be admitted that the 4,800,000 agricultural labourers must also expect *their* proportion of the general agricultural distress, arising from the admitted loss of 12,000,000*l.* of the existing agricultural income. So that this plan, professing as its main object the *general* benefit of the *working classes*, offers to one class a prospective and problematical benefit, while it dooms another class, *double in number*, to *expatriation*—according to Lord Brougham; according to Lord Charles Russell—to *starvation*!

But we more than doubt, indeed we feel justified in denying, that this enlarged continental market would benefit even the working manufacturers. We have shown that cheap bread would

not



not raise wages ; and even if *increased work* should do so for a *spurt*, it would be but a short one ; for it is admitted that the operative is already over-worked, and the new work would only bring new hands, and not higher wages, into the market. We fear that *more work*, however advantageous it may be to the capitalist and the mill-owner, is only more misery to the poor operative.

But would the enlarged market for manufactures—which is thus promised to us—be really created ; and, if created, would it produce corresponding benefits to the country at large ? This is the point of the whole ministerial argument which has had the most effect on the very few rational and impartial men who have given any countenance to their scheme. Lord Palmerston, who made, we think, the most ingenious ministerial speech—though no more solid than the rest—put forward this argument with a high air of authority :—

‘ I have had to discuss these matters with most of the foreign states with which we have commercial relations, and they are all in the same story. They invariably give us to understand that, when we ask them to permit a more liberal admission of our manufactured goods into their markets, we ought to set them the example, by allowing a more liberal admission of their produce into our market. Commerce, they observe, is a system of barter ; and if we exclude from our ports their corn, their timber, their sugar, their coffee, every great article, in short, of their produce, which they could offer us in exchange for our commodities, how can we suppose that they can carry on trade with us ? (Cheers.)

‘ I have said that one great evil of our restrictive system is, that it induces other states to fancy that it is the secret of our prosperity, and that it sets them to imitate our example. Is this an imaginary evil ? Far from it. In proportion as the increase of communication between countries in time of peace has enabled every country to be better informed as to what is going on elsewhere, other nations have seen more deeply into the details of our restrictive system, and have been tempted, some by ignorance, some by prejudice, some from a spirit of retaliation, to imitate our example.’—*Lord Palmerston's Speech*, pp. 16, 17.

And then he proceeds to show how each of the countries of Europe *imitates our bad example*, and has laid on duties protective of various articles of its own manufactures, and of course restrictive of ours. He then adds :—

‘ When you preach to these foreign nations the absurdity of such practices, they reply, It is all very well ; but we observe that *England has grown wealthy and great by these means*, and it is only now, when other nations are following her example, that she has discovered that this system is a bad one : when we shall have attained the *same pitch of commercial prosperity which England has reached*, it will then be time enough for us to abandon a system which perhaps may then no longer be necessary.

‘ It is in vain we tell these people that England has grown great and prosperous not by means of this fallacious and mischievous system, but

but *in spite* of it. It is in vain we tell them that this protective system has checked our growth, and has prevented the full development of our national resources. Until we prove by our practice that we are sincere in our doctrines, neither France, nor Belgium, nor Germany, nor Russia, nor Sweden, nor any other country in either hemisphere, will be induced to relax their own restrictive and prohibitory laws.'—*Ib.*, p. 18.

We have thus, in perfect fairness, allowed the best ministerial advocate to state the best part of their case, and yet we trust that we shall be able to show that he proves little on the real practical point at issue, and that *little* is against him. In the first place he admits that, under the old system, England has *attained the highest pitch of commercial prosperity*, and that other governments attribute (whether rightly or wrongly) that prosperity to that system: wrongly, as his Lordship thinks; but it cannot be denied that we have the *fact* of our own *experience* and the *judgment* of the rest of the world against his opinion; and we cannot think it politic in principle, or safe in practice, that we, who have *attained the summit of prosperity*, should abandon the paths that have led to it, in the generous design of teaching less prosperous nations a shorter and easier course of successful rivalry. If we have only reached our supremacy *in spite* of our system, why does not the good sense of all the rest of the world see that, instead of perpetuating their inferiority by imitating us, they might distance us in the race by merely taking the opposite course, under the able guidance and authority of Professor Palmerston? We confess we had rather see those countries where the lights of new philosophy shine so bright—France or Belgium, for instance—begin the experiment. *We* are pretty well as we are; and we cannot but think with some awe of the celebrated Italian epitaph, —‘*Stava bene, per star meglio sto qui!*’—*I was well, would be better, and here I am!* It is in matters of trade, above all others, that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory.

But, in the next place—Lord Palmerston's arguments, and indeed his statements, go to the immediate and total abolition of all protecting duties of all kinds—not merely on colonial timber and sugar and on British corn, but on every species of British manufacture—hats, gloves, glass, carriages, cutlery, hardware, spirits, silks, linens, woollens, cottons—everything!

This, our readers will see, though a perfectly fair carrying out of the general principle, is very far from the *present* proposition; and if, in addition to this, his Lordship were to add the obvious corollary that *all species of property* should equally bear the charges which now fall almost exclusively on *land*, we do not know that our agriculturists could complain, as far as their own interests were concerned; though we should still assert that, even if all other protection were to be removed, that which may

be necessary to *secure the subsistence of the people from our own resources* ought to be religiously maintained.

But would the increased import of continental corn force the continental nations to take in return more of our manufactures than they naturally want? Assuredly not; no more than their wanting our manufactures would force us to take in return more than we want of their corn. Facilities of intercourse and light duties will, no doubt, tend to increase consumption, but, after all, the real wants of the parties must be the measure of their respective demands. The balance of trade cannot be maintained by glutting a market beyond its natural demand; and when two nations have interchanged all that each wants of the produce of the other, the ultimate balance must be settled in *cash*. And we have little hesitation in saying that the first operation of the ministerial system would be a drain of cash to pay for the excess of our imports over our exports. This, which is suggested by common sense, is proved by a most curious fact. It appears by the official returns laid before Parliament, that an increased import of corn has not produced any corresponding export of our manufactures to the corn-growing countries; that, on the contrary, it happens that the periods of largest importation do not always exhibit the greatest export, as will be better seen in the following table. The official returns only give the *total* import of corn from all countries;\* but as Germany and Prussia afford our chief supply, and we have the value of our exports of manufactures to those countries, we select them as the best subjects for the comparison:—

Years.	Total quantities of corn imported. Qrs.	Declared value of produce and manufactures exported to	
		Germany. £.	Prussia. £.
1827	247,116	4,654,618	174,338
1828	722,459	4,394,104	179,145
1829	1,652,181	4,473,555	189,011
1830	1,584,562	4,463,605	177,923
1831	2,079,128	3,642,952	192,816
1832	332,417	5,068,997	258,556
1833	183,230	4,355,584	144,179
1834	109,735	4,547,166	136,423
1835	43,800	4,602,966	188,273
1836	234,503	4,463,729	160,722
1837	544,150	4,898,016	131,536
1838	1,355,314	4,988,900	155,223
1839	2,862,680	5,212,155	206,886

*Par. Tables, No. IX., pp. 64, 122.*

\* The account for *Scotland* distinguishes the quantities imported from each foreign country, and we know not why the account for *Great Britain* does not do the same; but the comparison with *Scotland* bears nearly the same proportion as the general account.

It appears from the same tables that our importation of corn from *Prussia* (which includes Poland) vastly exceeds that from *Germany*, yet how comparatively inconsiderable appear our exports to Prussia. That does not seem to indicate that buying corn in a country is a sure mode of creating a corresponding market for our manufactures. We also see that the increased or decreased importation of corn during these twelve years had little correspondence with the increase or decrease of our exports to those countries. Some slight influence it must have had, as is indeed indicated in two or three instances (but not in all) by a small increase of exports in the year following a large increase of importation; but, on the whole, throughout the fluctuations of the import, the export was surprisingly steady. The reason is *that* which we have already suggested—our wants fluctuated by the vicissitudes of harvests, while the exports were regulated by the permanent and regular consumption in Prussia of manufactured articles not dependent on seasons. We are aware that the economists give another reason: they say that the uncertainty of our duties prevents a regular scheme of traffic, and forces us to send cash for our occasional purchases—whereas with a *fixed duty* there would be a *steady interchange* of commodities. But this is a *verbal fallacy*—a mere confusion of terms. A *fixed duty* on an article decreed by nature to *fluctuations* in its original value can never create a *fixed price*—on the contrary, it tends to enhance the variation of prices by its disproportionate operation. An 8s. duty on corn at 40s. is an entirely different thing from an 8s. duty when corn is at 80s. In one case it is *one-tenth* of the whole value; in the other only *one-fifth*. Can any one in his senses expect *steady* results from a duty whose relation to the value of the object is so variable? A *fixed duty*, therefore, has no tendency at all, but the very reverse, to a *fixed price*; and it is only on the *fixed price* that fixed returns could be calculated. The graduated scale cannot, indeed, fix the price; because no human laws can fix what nature condemns to fluctuations; but it tends to moderate them—as the springs of a carriage cannot level the inequalities of a road, but they diminish the jolt.

We are far from denying that, if the importation of the staple produce of Prussia into England were to be established to the enormous amount stated, some permanent increase in our exports might be expected, because, as the agricultural population of that country grew enriched by our agricultural losses, they could afford to use more of our manufactures;—but we deny entirely that this would operate in any such degree as to balance the account—while, on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that,

that, in proportion as the Prussian agriculturist is thus enriched, the British agriculturist will be impoverished, and that a supposed increase of the foreign market will be ruinously purchased by the loss of the best customers at home.

But—even if it could be shown that the spread of our manufactures would bear any proportion to our consumption of continental corn—could the market be safe and steady—a market that would then altogether depend on the vicissitudes both of harvests and politics, and which would place England at the mercy of the Continent, not only for food for her people, but for employment for her industry? If, by any accident, the Continent could not supply us with corn, it could not take our manufactures, and the whole organisation which had been created for the supply of its usual demands would be in a moment ruined.

Then consider the various other uncertainties (exclusive of harvests and politics) to which a *foreign market* is liable—the improvement of their own manufactures, stimulated by the knowledge of all improvement, agricultural wealth—the rivalry of adjoining countries—the changes of fashions and tastes—the cupidity and miscalculation of the government in taxing *your* production. All these are elements of instability which lead us by a thousand roads to our original conclusion—that the ministerial experiment would be nearly as perilous to the British manufacturers themselves as to the British agriculturists, and that Lord Palmerston's vision of a general abrogation, by all nations, of all protection to their own natural productions, is mere insanity, or something worse.

If every country produced one or two staple articles peculiar to itself, and which it could supply at the best advantage, a free interchange would be conceivable—but such a state as that is unnatural and impossible; and England, who has no native article (except, perhaps, tin and coal) which can be considered peculiarly her own, and who, nevertheless, invades with her manufactures all the industry of the world, can never reasonably expect, by any sacrifice she should consent to make of her dearest interests, to become the absolute *officina gentium*—workshop of nations—to the exclusion of their own industry. Could it be supposed that the respective governments should permit Manchester to destroy Rouen, even though Lyons were to be allowed in return to ruin Coventry—or Birmingham to ruin Liege, even though Courtrai should retaliate on Belfast? The British manufacturer boasts that he can undersell the world—the world knows that as well as he, and will never consent to be undersold in its own respective markets. And if Lord Palmerston were to-morrow to offer—as his speech proposes—to all the courts of Europe, to remove all our protective duties, he would find that he would

be as far as ever—nay, farther—from obtaining any real and effective reciprocity. Yet such are the visionary schemes with which a desperate ministry is endeavouring, by such cries as ‘*cheap bread*’ and ‘*no monopoly*,’ to delude a great nation to its ruin—with, as we are sincerely sorry to believe, no other hope or object but to continue themselves a few weeks longer in office—to render more difficult the task of those who may succeed them—and to break down—because it is naturally opposed to those revolutionary tendencies—the fundamental basis of English prosperity and the natural bulwark of our monarchical constitution, the landed gentry of the empire!

In a work published a few years since, and which gives a short account of the growth of the science of *political economy* amongst us, the author—though a strong Whig, and very favourable to the abstract doctrine of free trade—limits its application to a country like ours by conditions and exceptions very analogous to those which we have suggested in the present case. He begins by stating that Adam Smith’s first principle of the *wealth of nations* was, that, ‘*as far as mere wealth is concerned*, the fewer restrictions on industry the better.’ But he adds that the disciples of Smith, not reflecting that there are many other points to be considered in political economy than *mere wealth*, fall into the dangerous error of imagining that this abstract principle might be successfully applied in *all cases*. This notion the author proceeds to combat, with due respect for the general doctrine, but with much good sense as to the cautions and exceptions under which it should be applied:—

‘Undoubtedly,’ he says, ‘the writers on the wealth of nations are entitled to the gratitude of mankind; but they seem to me to fall into some *mistakes* and *exaggerations*, the causes of which I shall endeavour shortly to point out.

‘First, an application of general principles to all times and seasons, to the neglect of the remedy required at the particular emergency. A nation is subject to frequent vicissitudes in the course of its progress to prosperity. At particular periods there occurs a glut of manufactures or of corn, or a sudden distress in some branch of industry. We naturally look to those whose study is the wealth of nations for a *remedy*, but they are occupied only with *general* truths—the transition from one state of employment to another does not seem to occupy their thoughts—they keep their eyes fixed on the end, and do not afford us any defence against the evils to be met with in their way. Whatever your complaint is, they repeat their abstract dogma [of free trade], and *a nation may be ruined* before it can hope to have the benefit of their precepts.’—p. 289.

This is the very error which our ministers are now committing on so large a scale; they would apply their abstract dogma of



second is, "*when some tax is imposed at home upon domestic industry.*"—p. 290.

These, our readers see, are the very same excuses made to the ministerial application of their 'abolition,' 1st, the expediency of protecting our own collieries and shipping interest, with a view to 'the defence of the country,' and, 2ndly, our own agriculture, on considerations of domestic impositions with which, as Lord Brougham answerably shown, it is charged.

With regard to the transition from a state of monopoly to a free trade, the opinions of the author and ours are in unison with ours:—

'Adam Smith likewise teaches us that "it may be a matter of deliberation how far, and in what manner, to restore the free importation of foreign goods when manufactures, by means of high duties or prohibitions, have been extended as to employ a great multitude of hands. In this case require that the freedom of trade be restored by *gradations and with a good deal of reserve and caution.*" (*Wealth of Nations*, b. iv. c. 2.) These are wise restrictions so much to limit the action of political economy, that modern professors seem to throw them entirely aside as objects to their *sweeping laws*, that numbers will be employed, they wonder at the ignorance which does not see that if one employment be lost, another and a better will be created. In spite of *this clamour*, a *temperate man* will consider the conversion of silk-weavers into blacksmiths, or *furriers* into *spinners*, is one of pain and suffering.'—p. 291.

Our readers are by this time desirous to know

After having thus, by anticipation, answered his own speech on the budget, Lord John proceeds to answer Lord Palmerston's. The second mistake of the economists is, he says—

‘ A want of attention to the distinctions and modifications required by the division of the world into many independent nations. Were there no such thing as war, no such thing as commercial disputes, no such thing as a national debt, it might be easy for the ministers of different communities to come to an understanding upon a plan of general freedom, and regulate the world according to the rules of universal liberty. But the existing fact is, that every nation is obliged to guard its independence with the utmost jealousy; to avoid with the greatest care putting itself under the control of any other power; and to check its industry by taxes, which are absolutely necessary for the preservation of its separate existence. . . . It is not only internal but external situation also, that must be consulted in arranging economical laws for a nation. In deciding every question that comes before him, a legislator ought to consider that he has to provide, not for the execution of a project of perpetual peace, but for the welfare and prosperity of his own country. Without going the length of a Venetian proverb, “*Pria Veneziani, poi Christiani*,” I am disposed to say, “*Let us first be Englishmen, then economists*.” ’—*Essay, &c.*, pp. 293, 295.

Lord John Russell next reprobates the extreme dogmatism of those teachers who would apply fixed principles without allowing for the accidental causes which may disturb them in practice; and then concludes with a short but pithy observation on restrictive duties generally, which we recommend to his own special attention and that of the citizens of London at the present moment:—

‘ The last observation I shall make is, that, although it is absurd to impose restrictions on industry for the express purpose of favouring the production of wealth, yet it may be very wise to do so for the purpose of preserving the sources of wealth.’—*Ib.*, p. 298.

But it is not only in a speculative Essay that our author has advocated these sound principles,—he has directly applied them to the practical circumstances of this country. In January, 1822, Lord John Russell was the representative in parliament of the county of Huntingdon. In 1821 a clamour, infinitely louder than has ever since been heard on that subject, demanded alteration of the corn-laws;—a committee was appointed to examine the case—the extent of agricultural distress was admitted in their Report—‘time’ and ‘patience’ were recommended to the suffering farmer—but, moreover, the committee signified their opinion that the corn-bill then in operation ought to be modified. Lord John Russell was pleased to infer from this Report that the government of Lord Liverpool—the Tory government of George IV.—meditated an attack on the agricultural interests of Great Britain, more cautious and insidious, but in fact not less baleful

in its purpose and tendency, than that to which at this moment exposed by the Whigs. Mr. Russell on this occasion chose to be bold; he felt it to be his sacred duty to warn his countrymen of the peril to which reckless Tory innovators were about to subject them; and he drew up an Address to the Yeomanry and Farmers of Huntingdonshire, January 4th, 1822, which was published on the 18th of the same month—and the following paragraphs:—

‘ I am inclined to believe that, with many of the Report intended to lay the foundation of the corn-bill altogether, and introduce free trade into the market; for—the principle of ad valorem duties being once granted—it would be to counterbalance the taxes paid by the English; for 50s. per quarter upon foreign corn could be enacted, certainly would not be persisted in. I think that, if foreign corn were admitted, *taxes to pay*, it would not be easy for the English to require to live in a certain degree of respect with the lords of Poland and Russia, who are unacquainted with the wants of a civilised nation (to use our new phraseology) cheaply. *wretched ploughs, wretched horses, and wretched*

‘ There is a party amongst us, however, who are ignorant of the science of political economy, who wish to have the land and Russia for our own. Their principle is to buy where you can buy cheapest. They say that the nation pays a tax of 25,000,000*l.* yearly to the Government, and count as nothing the value to the country of the land and labourers. They care not for the *difficulties* of the *manufacturing population* in all the parts of the nation, strength, and national tranquillity. They care not for their speculation; *nor do they much consider the interests of people who may be reduced to utter bankruptcy by their operations.* This they call diverting capital to other operations. Their reasonings lie so much in abstract terms, that they are much by the gross, that they have the *sufferings of a people* that a General has been wearied by his operations.

‘ It is to these men, I suspect, that our countrymen are to look for the question of trade in corn. I would, therefore, that any new measure of legislation relative to the corn trade is apt to be carried away by any wind that blows. Political economy is now the fashion; and it is likely, if they do not keep a good look-out,

What can we add to this *historical picture* of Lord John and his present associates, *painted by himself*, except his portrait by his skilful friend Mr. Sydney Smith?—

‘ There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter’s—or assume (with or without ten minutes’ notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church tumbled down—and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise Liberals: and *it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.*’—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 114.

We ourselves acknowledge Lord John Russell’s *moral*, or we should rather say *mental*, courage; we should even admire it, if he could raise it to the pitch of being *consistent with himself*, and of daring to talk to the citizens of London, when he asks their votes, the same language that he wrote to the farmers of Huntingdon when he was ambitious of retaining theirs. But as it is, we are forced to agree with Mr. Sydney Smith, that *it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch!*

Such are the grounds on which the ministers have appealed to the people, and such are the grounds on which we think the people should give a condemnatory answer to that appeal. But these are not the only grounds: amongst the motives which induced the Cabinet to propose their extravagant budget there is one, and we believe a very, if not the most, powerful one, that we have not yet alluded to. They were well aware—as everybody else was—that their days were numbered—their ministerial life drawing to its close:—resignation or dissolution had long been the only alternatives with which even the most sanguine could flatter themselves—resignation was the obvious and constitutional remedy; but it was too bitter, and they rejected it. Nothing remained but dissolution; but here was another embarrassment. An appeal to the country on their *general conduct* would be but a short reprieve, pregnant with more signal condemnation; they therefore determined to shift their ground—to give to the inevitable dissolution a new colour—to start new, and as they believed popular, topics, under which they hoped all their preceding misfortunes and mischiefs, their failures and humiliations, might be, in some degree, concealed or forgotten. They did not dare to meet their constituents on the real causes of their difficulties—the  
disorder

*disorder of our finances, and their subserviency to Mr. O'Connell* but they saw that an *agitation* had been growing up in the country on the subject of the corn-laws—an agitation which, even so lately as last year, they seemed (as was their duty) anxious to suppress—an agitation which the first minister in his place in parliament denounced in the most emphatic terms. This agitation so lately discountenanced, was now supposed to offer the most plausible and popular motive for a dissolution, and was accordingly embraced with all the zeal of interested proselytes. Lord Melbourne made a humiliating but hearty meal on that *cheap bread*—his own words. Lord John Russell—the great revolutionary maker of the day—forgetful of his *Constitutional Essay* and *Huntingdon Letter*, took the chief item of the pretended budget out of the natural hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Cheap Bread and No Monopoly* were to be the motto of the electioneering banners, and the country was to be told that they were called upon to decide—not upon the conduct of ministers—the real point at issue—but on a question which, until they had determined on the dissolution, the ministry not only had not connected itself with, but had absolutely and solemnly reprobated. Do we deceive ourselves when we believe that such a flagrant juggler cannot be successful, and that this appeal from the *reasons of the people* to the *passions of the populace* will meet the fate that it deserves?

Fraud and folly, fortunately for the interests of mankind, can never be consistent; and the best concerted conspiracies are defeated by some irrepressible escape of truth. The ear of the *wolf* will obtrude itself from the skin of the *lamb*; and we cannot believe that there is a man in the country capable of forming judgment on the subject who is not convinced—whatever may be his opinion on the abstract question of the corn-laws—that with the ministers it is a mere pretence, a kind of scape-goat, by which they trust that all their sins are to be expiated. But instead of this, we hope that, in their anxiety to propitiate a party which has no sympathy with any of the great interests of the country and whose only object is to overthrow them all, they will have united all those interests against them.

The *friends of the Church* will remember their proposal of the appropriation clause; and the *enemies of the Church* their abandonment of it.

The *supporters of our establishments* will remember the paltry and malevolent economy which has distressed individuals, while it has disorganised and weakened the public service; and the *friends of economy* will recollect the profligate jobs to ministers and favourites; and the rapid and unprofitable increase of the public expenditure—

expenditure—not in the departments connected with the honour and safety of the country, the *army* and *navy*, but in the convenient mysteries of the *miscellaneous estimates*.

The *moneyed interest* will recollect that they have increased the public debt without honour, diminished the public income without saving, and left a *deficit* of seven millions without an attempt to meet it.

The *colonial interest* is in no danger of forgetting the direct attacks which have been so lately baffled—nor the *shipping interest* the avowed intention of sacrificing it to their free-trade theories.

The *manufacturers*, to whom they seem to pay such court, at the expense of every other interest, feel that they never suffered greater distress than at this moment; and they ought to feel—and we hope will—that the success of the ministerial projects would only render their situation more precarious.

The *landed interest* need not to be reminded that they are the chief objects of ministerial hostility, and that their rescue at this moment can only be accomplished by ministerial defeat.

The *English farmer* knows that he is menaced by the invasion of ‘the serfs of Poland,’ and feels that his own condition, if the ministers were to succeed, must be levelled down to theirs.

The *working classes* of all descriptions will discover, by the natural instinct of self-preservation, that the promise of *cheap bread* is but a threat of *low wages*; and that a position which should render them dependent for employment and for food on the caprice of foreign seasons or foreign governments, would be the most deplorable and perilous to which human society can be exposed.

The *friends of justice* cannot have seen without alarm and disgust the appointments of partisan magistrates, and the countenance and patronage which have been bestowed on men whose prominent merit was their influence with a faction. And neither the *loyal subject* nor the *Chartist* will forget that this ministry preached up public meetings, and then punished them; and made men magistrates who were soon after (without any change of principles on their part) condemned to death for high treason, and are now suffering ignominious exile as felons.

The *friends of the Constitution* have not forgotten the petticoat intrigues by which—after confessing that they had lost the confidence of Parliament—the present Cabinet returned to office; nor are they ignorant of the unconstitutional means by which they endeavour to maintain their influence.

The *friends of Morality and Religion* remember with deep and lasting disgust that Lord Melbourne introduced Robert Owen to  
sully



sully the virgin presence of the Queen with his abominable trines, and they have long been indignant witnesses of a system of discountenance and affronts to everything that honours and reverence.

And, finally, *every lover of his country*, every heart that for the safety, honour, and integrity of the British empire exert his voice and his influence against the allies—the more truly the clients and *protégés*—of the Irish Repe

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. AMERICA—*Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.*

By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1841.

2. *NOTES on the United States of America, during a Phrenological Visit, in 1838—39—40.* By George Combe. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1841.

WE have had of late no scarcity of books on the United States. Soldiers, sailors, divines, dandies, apothecaries, attorneys, methodists, infidels, quakers, actors and ambassadors, projectors and bankrupts—wives, widows, and spinsters:—we thought we had had something from almost every possible class and calling—but here are two new contributions from, we think, a new variety. Here are two professional lecturers—not persons installed as teachers in any university, college, or any other institution—unless, perhaps, the Mechanics' Institute—but self-elected illuminators who, from land to land, from town to town, perambulate the world, to spout science in whatever ball-room or tap-room they may get access to—each of course impelled by a pure abstract love of mankind and burning anxiety to extend the possession of painfully expiscated wisdom—but each also condescending to pocket a comfortable honorarium upon every explosion.

We know that good service has been done by persons falling to a certain extent, *primâ facie* at least, under this sort of category. But we apprehend that, with hardly an exception, such beneficial results have attended popular lectures on subjects requiring the exhibition of plans, diagrams, models, specimens, or *experiments*. Whatever good may have been done in any other cases, we are confident greater good would have been done had each disciple been a reader instead of a listener; and common sense has gone far to restrict the system, in all well-informed communities, within the limit which we have indicated. There can be no objection to ladies and gentlemen attending Faraday's lectures in Albemarle-street;—if the same discourse were put printed into their hands, they could make comparatively little of it, for want of the Doctor's adroit manual illustrations—and if they do not derive much from their attendance but the pleasure of gazing upon his bottles and wires, and starting at his chemical metamorphoses and electrical shocks, there is no harm done—

pulations whereby various learned Ovids have loves of the plants *virginibus puerisque*. But as to lectures in which reading is evidently all-sufficient, I expect again to hear of any man of real talent choosing to deliver a set of lectures in place of a volume. The only attempts of the sort made in recent days have been those of our friend Mr. [?], whose lectures give so poor a notion of what he can do—or unhappy ghosts of his books—that we would have thought thrice, not at all that he stopped then.

Our readers have probably heard of Mr. Silvester and Mr. Combe, and their lecturing achievements. They were both invited, they say, by respectable persons to go over to the New World; but, according to the New World ought to have confined the call to itself, and taken some other method of testifying its respect.

Mr. Buckingham seems to have lectured on various subjects:—*first*, the personal history of Mr. Buckingham; his ill-usage about a Calcutta newspaper, put down by authority; his subsequent appeals to the English public, strenuous professions of sympathy and indignation, a course of years down to the era of Reform;—a neglect and abandonment of his cause (as well as of the people) from and ever after their accession to power—whereby it came to pass that, though Mr. Buckingham was sent into the first purified parliament by the Sheffield, and, as he might truly say, distinguished

of one Course ;—and we are bound in so far to qualify our previously-suggested opinion respecting it, since it must be admitted that a Course so pathetically autobiographical might be expected to derive some additional interest from the bodily exhibition of the Confessor. At the same time we own ourselves to be not dissatisfied with the succedaneum supplied by the portraiture prefixed to the present work.

The second Course appears to have been directed more peculiarly to the religious portion of the transatlantic public—the theme being the worthy gentleman's travels in the Holy Land—performed by him between the expulsion from Hindostan and the siege of Hobhouse. We should have thought Mr. Buckingham might have communicated his views respecting Palestine in a book, like other modern hajjis, male and female ; and we sincerely believe the book would have been as valuable as even that of Mr. Rae Wilson. But here again we must qualify our criticism, for it appears that Mr. Buckingham, occasionally at least, gave a peculiar life and animation to this second series of orations, by delivering them in 'the oriental costume,' (vol. i. p. 474) :—thus enabling the auditors to transport themselves more easily in imagination to the scenes of sacred history—in fact placing before their eyes an express image, all but the beard, of the ancient patriarchs—nay, why may he not have had a beard in his box too, though he does not mention it ?

Course the third—Tea-totalism. We are not aware how long Mr. Buckingham has abstained from fermented liquors as well as opium and tobacco. No doubt the corporeal aspect of the lecturer was counted on for affording a lively attestation to the beautifying influences of Temperance ;—yet here again we should have thought a portrait might do—though certainly a coloured print would have been preferable to one in black and white.

So much for Buckingham. We do not remember to have alluded to him on any former occasion in this Journal, but our readers were introduced to his brother lecturer, Mr. George Combe, several years ago. We refer to that article (vol. lvii. p. 169) for our opinion, as yet unmodified, of this author's 'Philosophy of Man,'—and especially of his 'Outlines of Phrenology.' It was on this new Science that the requisitionists desired to hear him ; and, as he had published various books and tracts on the Science, and his republican admirers had of course read all these, their invitation attested a 'development' of 'veneration' which must have been peculiarly gratifying to his 'organs' of 'love of approbation' and 'self-esteem,' and might very naturally stimulate his 'locomotive propensities.' As it seems to be generally admitted that this new Science can never be advantageously ex-

pounded apart from a visible display of the bumps and hollows of Buonaparte, Bentham, Thurtell, and other distinguished individuals—as casts undoubtedly do set forth these organs and manifestations in a still more satisfactory manner than cuts—and hardly even a cast could convey such a complete notion of Nature's masterpiece in the skull-constructing department as the personal appearance of Mr. Combe without any hat or periwig whatsoever—we admit that the call for his pack of plaster-work, and for the proprietor himself to accompany it, was philosophically justifiable.

When professional orators deal in letter-press they usually take a good measure. On this occasion we are indebted to the Cræologist for three dumpy post-octavos, containing 1259 pages—the other pilgrim for three still larger and heavier tomes, published in 1663; in all here are *two thousand nine hundred and twenty* more pages of 'Travels in America.'

These gentlemen appear to have been kindly and honourably received throughout the States. In a few places there were symptoms of darkness and apathy; but, generally speaking, they found audiences for the lectures, and such private hospitalities as pleased them well. No wonder—to say nothing of their literary and scientific renown, both were importers of *notions* that must have suited the market. Neither came burthened with the slightest lingering prejudice in favour of any of those old theories of government, civil or ecclesiastical, which the wisdom of America has discarded and abolished. Neither had any doubt about the vast superiority of republic over monarchy—the egregious absurdity of all hereditary distinctions among men—the monstrous sinfulness of all Church establishments. The free-trade system of everything, from divinity, law, and medicine, down to corn, sugar, and calicos, was equally dear to both. They both carried with them a serene contempt for the petty conventional delicacies of European manners; neither had the least tincture of classical learning, ancient or modern, nor the least shadow of respect for any such vanities; both appear to have manifested throughout becoming care and reverence as to dollars; and, in fact, if except the one trifle of a leaning to the abolition and amalgamation side in the Negro Question, we should be at a loss to suggest any point on which either differed essentially from the incomparably most influential section of what Mrs. Butler calls 'the Joseph-Hume Nation.'

We are very willing to suppose that personal deportment came in both instances, to the aid of these advantages. We should gather from his various books, notwithstanding the querulous tone of some passages in them—and also the dismal portrait here engraved

that Mr. Buckingham is a good-humoured man. Whoever subjects a patriot to the microscope will, in ninety cases out of a hundred, be distressed to see so many pervading veins and blots of sourness and sulkiness; and pride, though, in King Solomon's opinion, not made for man, is certainly rather common among philanthropists. But we repeat, Mr. Buckingham seems to be a harmless person in every point of view. Many may, like ourselves, dissent from some of the doctrines which he professes to uphold, but all must admit that he does not himself understand his theories, or at least that he totally wants talent for supporting and extending them; and on the other hand, however overweening his self-love may be considered, its very copiousness seems to have extinguished bitterness. Weak and washy no doubt is the whole concern; but there is milk as well as water in the tea-totaller.

We should not suppose the bump of Benevolence to be so large in the case of Mr. Combe—(who, we regret to say, does not give a preliminary portraiture)—or, if so, it must be balanced by others of a less amiable periphery. Though it is to be inferred from his treatises that Nature has given him a large brain, or at least a large head, we should not guess that she had made up for that (as Sydney Smith said she did in Mackintosh) by 'forgetting the gall-bladder.' But he is a Scotch philosopher; and though Charity may be 'moderate,' Caution is probably 'large.' He does not conceal that not all his enthusiasm could induce him to enlighten any town where the subscribers were too few to produce the *quant. suff.* of 'consideration;' and the same judicious principle which made him turn a cold shoulder on those whose *cents* were not forthcoming, may be presumed to have dictated a decorous amenity towards those whose bags were less strait-laced. Besides, in this case also, due allowance must be made for the humanizing influence of 'well-developed' Self-esteem. Many people pass for goodnatured in this world, merely because their vanity reflects a portion of its radiance on surrounding objects.

Though both of these travellers had generally a hospitable reception, it is apparent that in any place where they passed more than a few days, their private society was to a great extent engrossed by circles to which their peculiar tenets were especially congenial. We presume it is much the same with all such lights, whether at home or abroad. They can only breathe freely in the atmosphere of the *coterie*—but the most perfectly 'self-contained house' of all is, we fancy, the No. 1 of the Phrenological family.

That authors so circumstanced would furnish a pleasing contrast



trast to the bejaundiced pages of the Halls, Hamiltons, &c. &c., was a natural prognostication; and yet—though neither the sanguine exuberant Buckingham, nor the somewhat dry and dogmatical Combe, left America with one iota of his credence in the republican polity disturbed—our augury has not proved entirely correct.

Mr. Silk Buckingham, justly estimating the weight of his own authority, expresses his hope, in an Introduction, that nothing published by him about the Americans may

‘weaken our reciprocal regard, or render my name and memory less *revered* among them or their children than *it* has hitherto had the honour and good fortune to be.’—vol. i. p. 11.

We have not the least doubt of Mr. Buckingham’s sincerity in the hope thus gracefully expressed—but if it be ‘realised,’ our reverence for American philosophy will be deepened.

He is modest enough to say—

‘To suppose that I may not in some cases have received imperfect impressions, and in others have formed erroneous conclusions, would be to suppose a freedom from the ordinary frailty and fallibility of mortals.’—*ibid.* p. 9.

But still he does not hesitate to lay claim to better preparation for his task than any preceding traveller could pretend to, more copious opportunities for observation while in the country, and a ‘more Catholic spirit of impartiality.’ (p. 6.)

In selecting extracts from the work thus prefaced, we shall adopt a method to which the author cannot refuse his approbation. His INDEX is a very elaborate one—evidently done by his own hand—an example which every bookmaker, who reveres himself, ought to follow. We turn to the head ‘Americans’ in this careful *précis*—it being obvious that the passages referred to in its 39 articles are those which, on revising the whole mass of his lucubrations, Mr. Buckingham desired to stamp with the highest importance as characteristic of ‘the Americans’—and we shall either transcribe simply the summing up of the Index, or quote or abridge the page to which it so authoritatively directs our attention. One or two *items* may be thought insignificant—but we shall exclude not one of them, lest we should afford any handle for being charged with the want, in our own humble department, of ‘Catholic impartiality.’

1. ‘AMERICANS—*peculiarly sensitive to the censures of foreigners, especially English*, vol. i. p. 9; ii. p. 449.’

2. ‘AMERICANS—in general either hostile or indifferent to the abolition of slavery, vol. i. p. 78, 83.’

In the pages here indicated the statement is distinctly made, and supported by several anecdotes of arson and murder, perpetrated with the connivance (at least) of every legal and administrative authority, and with the general approbation of the press and of society, upon the houses and persons of abolitionists—particularly one Mr. Lovejoy, whose own article in the *Index* is in these words:—

‘*Lovejoy*, Rev. Elijah, persecuted for his advocacy of slave emancipation—and finally murdered.—vol. i. p. 81.’ ‘His murder in general noticed by the Americans either with slight censure or approval, *ibid.*’

3. ‘*AMERICANS—liberal supporters of benevolent institutions*, vol. i. p. 128.’

The chapter referred to is a very pleasing one—embracing Mr. Buckingham’s visits to and accounts of—‘Alms-house for the poor at Bellevue’—‘Dutch farm for charitable labour’—‘House of refuge for destitute boys and girls’—‘Asylum for the insane at Blooming Dale’—‘Institution for deaf and dumb’—‘Institution for the support and education of the blind’—‘Asylum for lying-in women and Dispensary’—‘Society for the reformation of juvenile delinquents’—with various ‘Benevolent Institutions for seamen,’ all in or near the city of New York. Mr. Buckingham says that the support of such institutions as these is a ‘very prominent feature of the national policy.’ There is no doubt of the fact—and the same may be said with equal truth of the policy of every civilised community in the world. According to the ratios of population and wealth, New York is, we believe, on a par as to this ‘prominent feature’ with Liverpool, Glasgow, or Bristol. We met with nothing very ‘peculiar’ in our author’s narrative of his visits to these places, except that in the ‘House of Refuge, to which all youths of both sexes, under maturity, who have been convicted of crime, are taken for reformation’—‘the coloured delinquents are made to sit in a different part of the room from the whites.’—vol. i. p. 130.

4. ‘*AMERICANS—deplorably indifferent to sanguinary outrages*, vol. i. pp. 133, 137, 155.’

The pages contain elegant extracts from the ‘*Planter’s Intelligencer*,’ the ‘*New York Transcript*,’ ‘*New York Sun*,’ &c. &c. For example, we have a paragraph headed ‘*Fatal Rencontre*,’ and detailing the slaughter of Mr. Reeves, ‘an elderly gentleman of 60,’ by Mr. Fisher, ‘a young man of about 23,’ who stabbed him with a bowie-knife on a race-course, the provocation being some words said by the elderly gentleman ‘playfully and in jest.’ The newspaper says—

‘Fisher ran him through the body—Reeves arose, *remarking* that he  
was

was a dead man. Fisher immediately gave himself up to the magistrate, who acquitted him. Public opinion, it appears, fully justified him in the act.' (*Plant. Intel.*, Nov. 1837.)

'Then comes what the New York editor calls 'a very savage act of assassination,' which occurred on the 7th of the same month at Clinton, in Kentucky — performed by Judge James 'Mr. Binford, candidate to fill a vacancy in the House of Representatives.'

'Judge James was arrested, tried, and acquitted by an examining court consisting of four highly respectable magistrates—the killing of Mr. Binford being considered justifiable homicide.'—*N. York Tribune*, Nov. 30, 1837.

Next we have—

'The Speaker of the House of Assembly in Arkansas, having taken offence at something said by one of the members of that legislative body instead of calling him to order, or appealing to the sense of the House, went deliberately from his chair towards the member, and then drawing a bowie-knife, plunged it into his bosom, and killed him on the spot.' vol. i. p. 135.

Mr. Buckingham quotes on the next page a subsequent paragraph, stating that Mr. Speaker 'was forthwith arrested by civil authorities, and his name stricken from the roll of the House by nearly a unanimous vote.' He adds that Mr. Speaker was speedily released 'on a bail of about 400l.;' and at p. 201 vol. ii. he quotes this paragraph:—

'The trial of John Wilson, Speaker of the Arkansas House of Representatives during the last legislative session of that State, who, on a certain occasion, walked down from his chair and slew Major T. Anthony with a bowie-knife, on the floor of the House, took place a few days ago. The verdict of the Jury was—"Not guilty of murder but excusable homicide."—*Louisville Journal*.'

Be it observed it is not the occurrence of such outrages with such results to the perpetrators, that Mr. Buckingham is commenting on—they in fact mostly belong to very rude parts of the country—what he complains of in his text and points to in the Index, is the cool, indifferent, sometimes even jocular, style in which the affairs are mentioned by his friends the New York editors. His next reference leads us to their own long-peopled and civilized region.

5. 'AMERICANS—too much characterised by an inordinate love of gain and mania for speculation, vol. i. pp. 160, 171, 172, 173. 'And too often fraudulent effect, vol. i. p. 164.'

6. 'AMERICANS—Deplorable demoralisation among them, vol. i. p. 168.'

We hope none of our readers will for one moment fancy that

we are disposed to give an undue breadth of application either to the statements accumulated under these heads by Mr. Buckingham, or to the deductions which he draws from his various facts and quotations. We are aware how easy it would be for an American critic to compile from the English papers of 1825-6 a series of mercantile insanities and frauds hardly less deplorable than that supplied to Mr. B. by the New York press of 1837 and 1838. With this explanation, however—passing over the long detail of particular absurdities and delinquencies—we must copy part of an extract from the New York Sun of Feb. 2, 1838—a print enjoying, it seems, the immense circulation of 30,000 copies daily.\* The passage may be read with profit in London.

‘*Enterprise* has long been spoken of as a characteristic of our nation; and in the way of enterprise Uncle Sam certainly deserves the credit of having outstripped his older neighbours. No undertaking which promised any adequate return has in any difficulty short of impossibility found cause sufficient to deter us Americans. Even impossibility must be demonstrated beyond a question, by a score or two of abortive attempts, before it is admitted. “Try” is the first word the meaning of which is thoroughly mastered. Boys are men before they are loosed from their leading-strings. They are educated in the belief that every man must be the architect of his own fortune. There is, to be sure, a limited class, who look forward to the arrival at majority, or to the decease of parents, as the commencement of an era in which they will have no duty to do but to enjoy the property bequeathed them. But as a class, it is too small to be considered in the estimate of national character. The great majority look forward to manhood as the time to act, and anticipate it by juvenile participation in the events of busy life. Boys argue upon polemics, political economy, party politics, the mysteries of trade, the destinies of nations. Dreams of ambition, or of wealth, nerve the arm which drives the hoop—the foot which gives the ball its impetus. Toys are stock in trade. Barter is fallen into by instinct, as a young duck takes to the water.

‘There is scarcely a lad of any spirit who does not, from the time that he can connect the most simple ideas, picture to himself some rapid road to wealth—indefinite and obscure, it is true. But he reads the history of Girard, and of others who have amassed wealth. He sees the termini of the race,—poverty at one end, affluence at the other,—and jumps the intermediate years. He fancies that the course of amassing will be as easy as imagination. He dreams of dashing into a fortune by some lucky speculation. Contentment with competence he learns to regard as a slothful vice. To become rich, and, of course, respected—influential, great, powerful—is his darling object. He contemns the

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\* It appears, from a valuable article in the last Number of the ‘Transactions of the London Statistical Society,’ that one New York paper has a daily average of about 1200 advertisements, while ‘*The Times*’ seldom exceeds 800—unless, indeed, when the great London journal favours us with a Supplement, in which case its average reaches 1400.

honest labour which was considered the road to wealth before enterprise was so rife, and, if he respects his father, he respects him as a honest old drudge, with old-fashioned notions, but altogether barous, and behind the age. If maternal fondness, and juvenile pacity in preferring requests, succeed, he is launched, at one-and-two on the sea of enterprise, with all his father's available capital embarked with him. If the old gentleman is too stubborn to yield his opinion, if other circumstances make it imperative that he should for a while content with honest but sure gains, the result of industry, he embarks the first opportunity to leave his craft for speculation—to throw a in the hand away, and commence the pursuit of those in the bush.

‘ One great cause of our present state is the almost universal tempt into which industry in producing has fallen. The agricultural States—those we mean which produce the direct necessities of life are not half cultivated. The youthful energies, which should be devoted to improving lands and the mode of culture, to embracing and putting the lessons of experience, to blending and testing the discoveries of agricultural theorists with practical cultivation, are devoted, instead to speculating in the scanty product which old lands yield under present improvement. Even the old farmers themselves, men, one would think clear enough of *enterprise*, betray that national characteristic, in grasping for territory. They measure the value of farms, not by their productiveness, but by their extent. They grasp territory, till the farms on its nominal value are, contrasted with its actual wealth, a severe burden. They pursue even a more foolish course than the hoarding of inactive money, because, while the miser's gold pays him nothing, it costs him nothing for keeping; while the farmer's pride, in the acquisition of acre to acre, is an expensive investment, even aside from purchase-money.

‘ In our cities, a natural consequence of this mania for speculation was the increase of banks, and the distention of their issues. Bank facilities were in everybody's reach. Almost everybody was on the board of directors, or had a father, brother, cousin, friend, or acquaintance there. Where that was not the case, an endorser could be found for a premium, or the money of banks could be obtained through bank jackals.

‘ Now Speculation in her glory walked. Joint-stock companies of every possible description started into existence. City lots, town lots, highland lots, swamp lots, granite quarries, India-rubber companies, railroads, canals, and every possible description of investment were offered, to absorb this redundancy of nominal currency. Associations to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, *à la Swift*, and moonshine from sunbeams; Texas speculations, cotton speculations, and fancy speculations, drove out the legitimate business of the merchant; and coaxed the mechanic, the student, and the professional man, into the vortex—to be ruined.

‘ In the midst of this glare of fictitious business, luxury has appealed to to evade thought of the future, as the gambler drinks while his all is at stake. Luxury and extravagance have been the

of all classes, from the richest down almost to the very poorest. European nobles and princes, with sure incomes and immense, have been taken for models; and with true American enterprise the models have been outdone. Troops of servants have taken the place of the cook, the chambermaid, and the boy John. Three have been installed where one formerly served. High-seasoned dishes and expensive knickknacks have driven out the plain joint. Silver services have supplanted china, delft, and Britannia ware. Expensive carriages have taken the place of the comfortable old family coach; and coaches and chaises have been set up by families who are really puzzled to find a use for them. The fine arts, which are capable of exerting a refining and excellent influence, have only served to minister to the insolvency of those whose only standard of value is price, and whose rules of taste are graduated by dollars. Travelling in foreign countries has been abused. Once it was a great means of improvement. Now our young men are returned rogues and fops, with extravagant anti-American notions, and a disposition to hug and imitate all the follies of European travellers in this country. The heads of American wives and daughters are turned, and infant children look forward to travel to *finish* them. Amusement has been eagerly sought at any cost; and the more extravagant its price the more genteel.'

Mr. Buckingham is, as we have already mentioned, a strenuous apostle of *free trade*, and, above all, an implacable enemy of the English system of corn-laws. Mr. Buckingham, however, quotes, without drawing any sort of *home-lesson* from it, the following very remarkable facts respecting the commercial mania of the Atlantic cities, in its effects on the supply of food:—

'The instances of death from destitution and want are much more numerous than I had thought possible. This indigence in a country where food can be raised so cheap, where labour is in such demand, and always paid so well, would seem unaccountable, but for the fact, that in the late mania for speculation the cultivators of the soil, instead of following up their agricultural pursuits, had left off farming, to become speculators in stocks, buyers of shares in railroads never begun and canals never opened, as well as purchasers of lots of land on which towns were *intended* to be built; in which extfavagant schemes they spent all their time and money; so that agriculture, the great basis of the national wealth, and the surest and steadiest security of individual prosperity in these fertile States, was so neglected that the country was obliged to import grain for its own consumption, instead of supplying, as it ought to do, from its own surplus, the older countries of Europe.... It is stated in the public journals of this city, that in the year 1837 the single port of Baltimore alone received 800,000 bushels of wheat, and 140,000 bushels of rye, from Europe.'—vol. i. p. 160, 161.

7. 'AMERICANS—*amusing specimen of their inflated language*, vol. i. p. 180.'

This is the description of the procession at New York on  
'Evacuation



‘Evacuation Day’—November 26th—the anniversary of evacuation of the town by the British forces in 1783. Two sentences will do:—

‘First came a band of youthful heroes arrayed with cap and plume and braided coats, and knapsacks at their backs, unshrinkingly encountering the fury of the elements, without great-coat or cloak, or even the worsted comforter to guard their throats against the damp and cold; then followed the bold musicians, pouring the martial strain from fife and drum and trumpet—giving old winter blast for blast; then came the grim and frowning cannons—two of them—each with its tumbril charged with the fiery dust that emulates the volleying thunder; last, though far from least, the sturdy veterans of the ancient corps, disdainful of the foppery of Mars, and braving the pitiless northern wind and driving sleet, in their plain blue coats. And so they marched along, unmindful of the storm, while the shrill notes of the trumpet struggled through the snow-encumbered air.’—vol. i. p. 180.

We find quoted by Mr. Buckingham, a little farther on, the following paragraphs from a Washington paper:—

“THE WAR OF THE GIANTS.—The debate among the great men of the Senate still continues, and continues to be distinguished by passages of arms, of unexcelled skill and ability. Yesterday, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster encountered, and held a large audience wrapt in admiring attention to the conflict for several hours.”

“Mr. Boon commented with great severity on Mr. Halsted’s speech of yesterday, and avowed his intention ‘to skin’ that gentleman. He said his speech evinced the advantage of being high-born and college-bred; characterised its strain of language as low and vulgar, and every way unworthy of a representative; referred to Mr. Halsted’s consumption of pens and paper, as being ten times greater than his own; remarked upon his dress as being that of a dandy, &c.; and concluded by comparing the whole speech to butter churned without a cover, which was splashed on all around,” &c.—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 370.

8. ‘AMERICANS—their reading of a light and trifling character,’ vol. i. p. 210.’

9. ‘AMERICANS—their views erroneous and prejudiced,’ vol. i. p. 210.’

The text says:—

‘The only reading in which the bulk of the community indulge is that of the newspapers, the reviews, and the novels of the day. . . . The reading of graver and more important works, in their complete state, even when these are attainable, which is but rarely, is thought too great a labour for any but professors and heads of colleges to undertake. Thus the most erroneous ideas are engendered and propagated respecting men and things, which strengthen into prejudices, and take so deep root as to defy all logic, reason, and experience.’

10. ‘AMERICANS—have in general made very limited progress in the fine arts,’ vol. i. p. 212.’

11. ‘AMERICAN

11. 'AMERICANS—*are fond of music, though never having produced any one eminent in it*, vol. i. p. 212.'

12. 'AMERICANS—*have made some progress in painting*, vol. p. 213.'

13. 'AMERICANS—*have made some progress in architecture*, vol. i. p. 216.'

14. 'AMERICANS—*fond of a quaint and ludicrous style*, vol. i. pp. 226, 229, 451.'

The corresponding text is occupied chiefly with the small bombast of newspaper editors about their own importance; but we cannot think this an American peculiarity. Two-thirds of the 'leading articles' in our own papers seem written upon the supposition that the public feel a profound interest about editorial squabbles, explanations, and recriminations, though beyond their own circles no human being cares one fig about any such concerns. What is *peculiar* is the editorial indulgence in a species of fun and drollery, not tolerated on this side the water, except in the society of provincial clubs, and now and then, perhaps, in a local unstamped broadside. The fine arts, too, are enlisted in this mummary. One American newspaper always repeats above each marriage announcement a wooden cut of 'a large trap sprung,' with this motto, '*The trap down—another fool caught.*' There is plenty more of the same stuff. Elsewhere Mr. Buckingham gives an account of several bodies of negroes being found packed in barrels on board a small vessel about to start from New York for some town where there is a medical school. Not the least inquiry was made as to the deaths of the blacks; and the editor headed his paragraph with 'MORE PORK FOR THE SOUTH.'

15. 'AMERICANS—*Have a nasal tone*, vol. i. p. 238.'

16. 'AMERICANS—*Uncle Sam, familiar national name, corresponding to John Bull in England*, vol. i. p. 171.'

17. 'AMERICANS—*Extremely jealous of foreigners, and especially the English*, vol. i. p. 283-285.'

18. 'AMERICANS—*Far advanced in the skill and arts subsidiary to war*, vol. i. p. 367.'

He instances some liberalities to an officer, Mr. Bell, who had invented some improvement in artillery;—but our author is too candid not to add:

'How liberally the arts of destruction are rewarded, compared with the arts of preservation, one need not visit America to learn. All Europe furnishes many striking examples of the same kind; but while such is the perverted taste and judgment of mankind, that the warrior, whose life is devoted to the slaughter of his fellow-men, shall be crowned with honours and rewards—while the schoolmaster who instructs them shall  
pine

pine in neglect and obscurity—who can wonder that it is deemed honourable to *save* than to *destroy*?’—vol. i. p. 368.

It is a pity that the title of Duke of Buckingham is engaged.

19. ‘AMERICANS—their profound veneration for the memory of Washington,’ vol. i. p. 378.’

It would be idle enough to multiply illustrations of this doubted truth. One fact, however, we must record here, namely, that the remains of General Washington, who died forty years before, were at last, during Mr. Buckingham’s stay in America (December, 1838), transferred from the wooden vault alluded to more than once by Sir A. Foster, and the event is described in the *Gazette*:—

‘GENERAL WASHINGTON.—The remains of this illustrious man, father and saviour of his country, were recently placed in the sarcophagus made by Mr. Struthers of this city, from whom we learn that when the vault and coffin were opened, “where they had lain him,” the sarcophagus of Washington was discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. The high pale brow wore a calm and serene expression, and the lips pressed still together, had a grave and solemn smile, such as doubtless wore when the first President gave up his blameless mortal life for an immortal existence,—

“When his soft breath, with pain,  
Was yielded to the elements again.”

‘The impressive aspect of the great departed overpowered the feelings of those whose lot it was to transfer the hallowed dust to its last tenement, he was unable to conceal his emotions. He placed his hand upon his ample forehead, once highest in the ranks of battle, or throbbing with the cares of an infant empire, and he lamented, we doubt not, that the voice of fame could not provoke that silent clay to life again, or pour the tones of revival into the dull cold ear of death. The last acts of poetic sepulture were thus consummated; and the figure, which we scarcely dissociate from an apotheosis, consigned to its low dimension, to be seen no more until mortal shall put on immortality and bright garments of endless incorruption.’—vol. i. p. 380.

This Gazette-writer is evidently above his business. Buckingham goes on to say—

‘Next to General Washington, Lafayette ranks higher than any other public man in the general estimation of Americans. About Jefferson and Madison, Monroe and Adams, there are still differences of opinion, and still greater differences respecting General Jackson and Mr. Buren. But Lafayette, like Washington, seems to unite all suffrages, and accordingly the portrait of this venerable Friend of Liberty is generally to be found accompanying that of his *hardly more illustrious companion in arms and partner in glory*.’—vol. i. p. 380, 381.

20. ‘AMERICAN

20. 'AMERICANS—*superior to all other people in disinterested benevolence*, vol. i. p. 199—vol. ii. p. 81.'

At the page first indicated we find a long list of the sums subscribed at New York in 1837 for 'the printing and distributing of missionary tracts'—the amount being \$5,000 dollars. No one can dispute the benevolence thus shown; and its disinterestedness is meant, we presume, to be made peculiarly striking by the order in which the various sums are printed. We have for '*Tracts in China*, 4000 dollars'—'*Tracts in Singapore and Indian Archipelago*, 3000 dollars'—*Siam*, 2000—*Birmah*, 4000—*Ceylon*, 2000—the *Shans*, 800—*Smyrna*, 1000—*Greece*, 2000—*Constantinople*, 1000—*Russia*, 3000 dollars, &c. &c. &c.—and at the close of the catalogue this item:—

'FOR NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS—200 dollars.'

21. 'AMERICANS—*instances of coarseness and violence in their manners*, vol. ii. pp. 198, 209.'

The former reference guides us to a variety of scenes—one in the Supreme Legislature at Washington, sitting of 1st June, 1838—to wit—

'INDIAN HOSTILITY APPROPRIATION BILL.

'Mr. Turney resumed the floor, and finished his speech in support of the bill.

'Mr. Bell rose, and, having complained of the attack of his colleague as unprovoked and unexpected, disclaimed any particular ill-will to him, on the ground that he was acting only as a conduit for the concocted and long-cherished malice of others, who had never thought proper to meet him personally. His colleague was acting as an instrument—as a tool, as the tool of fools.

'Here Mr. Turney (who sat immediately before Mr. Bell) rose, and, looking him in the face, said "It is false, it is false!"

'*Mr. Bell thereupon struck at Mr. Turney in the face, and blows were for a short time exchanged between them.*

'Mr. Turney repeated his assertion that it was *false*, and the attack was renewed.

'Great confusion ensued. Members rushed from their seats, and cries were heard for the "Speaker," and the "Sergeant-at-arms!"

'Mr. Duncan said that such things must be the consequence of the abuse which was going on. One or two other members, while crowding to the spot, had some rather sharp verbal encounters.....

'Mr. Bouldin moved that the House adjourn. The motion was negatived without a count.

'Mr. Pennybacker said that it was a farce that the House should have rules and refuse to enforce them. He then moved the following resolution:—

'The Hon. H. L. Turney and the Hon. John Beil having violated the privileges of this House by assaulting each other in the House whilst sitting, it is therefore

' "Resolved,

“Resolved, that the said H. L. Turney be reprimanded for violating its privileges, and

‘Mr. Bell then rose and said he had been obliged to acknowledge that he had violated the order of the House, and appealed to the older members of the House for their aid to use unparliamentary language in the House extremely that he had violated the decorum and dignity of the House.

‘Mr. Turney followed, but in a tone so low that he could not be heard. He was understood to be insulting the House or to violate its rules.

‘The resolution was then laid on the table and referred into committee of the whole.’—vol. ii. p. 14

The other page treats us to this interesting

*St. Louis, May 1, 1838.*—The following is a true and correct account of a negro, named Tom, cook on board the ship *the* passage up from New Orleans to this place, who have been able to gather them. On Friday a deaf and dumb German girl was found in the room. The door was locked, and at first Tom, the girl's father came, Tom unlocked the door and secreted in the room behind a barrel. Tom used violence to the girl, but how she came there. The captain was not informed of this discovery until morning some four or five of the deck-passengers about it; this was near breakfast time. He informed them that the negro should be examined at St. Louis, when the matter should be examined and be punished by law. Here the matter seen. At breakfast returned on deck, passed the cook and his own room. Immediately after he left the deck-passengers rushed upon the negro, and carried him forward to the bow of the ship, and threw him overboard, and was reprimanded of the deck—and in an instant he was picked up by the captain hearing the noise rushed out in time. The engine was stopped immediately. The ship was of Liberty. Several men on shore seeing the ship pushed from shore in a yawl, and arrived at the negro as he sunk for the last time. ‘and throwing him overboard scarcely occurred precipitate that the officers were unable to save him.’—vol. ii. pp. 202, 203.

This murder, the reader will observe, is a coarse and violent manner.

22. ‘AMERICANS—prone to have faith

This is a stingy reference.

23. 'AMERICANS—*sciolists in gastronomy*, vol. ii. p. 254.'

We did not expect to find such an article as this in our philosopher's budget. He quotes a solemn diatribe from a newly published work of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, who, among other things, says :—

'The Americans are the grossest feeders of any civilised nation known.' And he adds in his own person :—

'I feel persuaded that one of the most valuable reforms that could be effected in America would be a reform in the culinary and dietetic system of the country.'—vol. i. p. 254.

24. 'AMERICANS—*their great dislike of domestic service*, vol. ii. p. 231.' See Trollope.

25. 'AMERICANS—*their excessive national vanity*, vol. ii. p. 332.'

This again strikes us as a penurious article. He gives us, however, at the page in question, *Mr. Nicholas Biddle's* speech to the '*Alumini*' of the college at Princetown in New Jersey, wherein the Bank-President says :—

'Startled at first by language which when addressed to other sovereigns we are accustomed to ridicule for its abject sycophancy, constant repetition makes it less incredible. By degrees, although we may not believe all the praise, we cannot doubt the praiser, till at last we become so spoiled by adulation that truth is unwelcome. If it comes from a stranger, it must be prejudice—if from a native, scarce less than treason; and when some unhappy traveller ventures to smile at follies which we will not see, or dare not acknowledge, instead of disregarding it, or being amused by it, or profiting by it, we resent it as an indignity to our sovereign perfections. This childish sensitiveness would soon be only ludicrous if it did not expose us to the seduction of those who flatter us only till they are able to betray us—as men praise what they mean to sell—treating us like pagan idols, caressed till we have granted away our power—and then scourged for our impotence.'

26. 'AMERICANS—*sedulously inculcate lessons of freedom on the young*, vol. ii. p. 350.'

27. 'AMERICANS—*their bitter mutual recriminations*, vol. ii. p. 449.'

'If a collection could be made of all that the American speakers and writers say of all parts and sections of their own country in turn, it might be pronounced, upon their own respective authorities, to be worse than Sodom and Gomorrah in the very height of their wickedness. While this warfare against each other still goes on, however, let but an English traveller venture to express an opinion of the inferiority of the American people to his own countrymen, in any the most trifling particular, whether in beauty or healthiness of appearance, dress, manners, accomplishments, taste, or any other quality, and every one will be up in arms against him.'

28. 'AMERICANS—*progressive deterioration of manners among them*, vol. ii. p. 440.'



29. 'AMERICANS — *forwardness of young people among the* vol. ii. p. 441.'

'The inferiority of the young to the old among the men in high is as great in their conversation as in their manners. Even Mr. Cooper, a writer of their own nation, has remarked upon this degeneracy and decline, and all I have seen fully justifies his remarks. He says,

"There is no doubt that, in general, America has retrograded in manners within the last thirty years. Boys, and even men, wear their hats in the houses of all classes, and before persons of all ages and conditions. This is not independence, but vulgarity; for nothing sooner distinguishes a gentleman from a blackguard than the habitual attention of the former to the minor civilities established by custom. It has been truly said that the man who is well dressed respects himself more, and behaves to himself better, than the man that is ill dressed; but it is still more true that the man who commences with a strict observance of the common civilities, will be the most apt to admit of the influence of refinement on his whole character. The defects in American deportment are, notwithstanding, numerous and palpable. Among the first may be ranked the subordination in children, and a general want of respect for age. The former vice may be ascribed to the business-habits of the country, which leave so little time for parental instruction, and perhaps in some degree to the arts of political agents, who, with their own advantage in view, among the other expedients of their cunning, have resorted to the artifice of separating children from their natural advisers, by calling meetings of the young, to decide on the fortunes and policy of the country. Even an advertisement calling assemblies of the young to deliberate on national concerns, ought to be deemed an insult to the good sense, the modesty, and the filial piety of the class to which it is addressed."'

To this quotation from Mr. Cooper his English admirer adds

'The young, indeed, of both sexes carry on matters just as they please. The young women reigning supreme in parties of pleasure, as the young men do in deciding on political affairs; so that the old seem either to be laid on the shelf altogether, or only brought upon the stage to look on and bestow their approbation, and pay the expense.'

30. 'AMERICANS—*singular haste, coarseness, and discomfort in the way in which they dispa'ch their meals*, vol. ii. p. 442.'

See also Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, and Co.

31. 'AMERICANS—*characterised by feverish bustle*, vol. ii. p. 443. vol. iii. pp. 340, 341.'

'We are born in a hurry (says an American writer); we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in the same manner—to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at the rate of ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric shock.'—vol. ii. p. 444.

32. 'AMERICANS—*their fondness for dramatic effect and pageantry in public ceremonies*, vol. iii. p. 74.'

Here is the account of the procession, dinner, speechification, &c., at the opening of a new railway. Mr. Buckingham benignly adds that there is still much of the same folly in the Old World—instancing particularly the ‘Pageantry of a Coronation;’—which touch might not, perhaps, have been ventured upon had Mr. Buckingham, when the sheet went to press, thought of inscribing his book (which he does in fulsome enough style) ‘To His Royal Highness Prince Albert.’

33. ‘AMERICANS—*decay of military spirit among them*, vol. iii. p. 160.’

The author in his text refers to the ‘testimony of most persons;’ but the only specific fact he gives is, that most persons who can afford it prefer paying a fine to attending the quarterly muster of the militia.

34. ‘AMERICANS—*instances of grossness in their manners*, vol. iii. p. 339.’

He quotes a paragraph from the ‘Boston Evening Gazette’ of Oct. 27, 1839, beginning: ‘We shall really be compelled to invite Madame Trollope to pay the country another visit;’ then come ‘hats in the dress circle at the theatre,’ ‘wrap-rascals in a ball-room,’ ‘chewing tobacco in the house (Qy. playhouse?)’ &c. &c.

35. ‘AMERICANS—*much addicted to verbosity*, vol. iii. p. 223.’

Here he gives a very good extract from Nicholas Biddle, Esq.—the same Princetown Address.

‘A crude abundance is the disease of our American style. On the commonest topic of business, a speech swells into a declamation—an official statement grows to a dissertation. A discourse about anything must contain everything. We will take nothing for granted. We must commence at the very commencement. An ejectionment for ten acres reproduces the whole discovery of America—a discussion about a tariff or a turnpike summons from their remotest caves the adverse blasts of windy rhetoric—and on those great Serbonian bogs, known in political geography as constitutional questions, our ambitious fluency often begins with the general deluge, and ends with its own. It is thus that even the good sense and reason of some become wearisome, while the undisciplined fancy of others wanders into all the extravagancies and the gaudy phraseology which distinguish our western Orientalism. The result is, that our public affairs are in danger of becoming wholly unintelligible—concealed rather than explained, as they often are, in long harangues which few who can escape will hear, and in massive documents which all who see will shun. For this idle waste of words—at once a political evil and a social wrong—the only remedy is study. The last degree of refinement is simplicity; the highest eloquence is the plainest; the most effective style is the pure, severe, and vigorous manner, of which the great masters are the best teachers.’

36. 'AMERICANS—*surpass all people in supporting humane and charitable institutions*, vol. iii. p. 354.'

Mr. Buckingham is of opinion that the abundance of such institutions in America 'speaks volumes in favour of the Voluntary System.' If so, the at least equal munificence of *Rome*—the Rome of the Popes—the Rome of 1841—(to say nothing of other cases) must be attended to *per contra*. All this has nothing to do with systems of ecclesiastical management and discipline, any more than with forms of civil government.

37. 'AMERICANS—*according to Mr. Orville Dewey, much addicted to over-reaching*, vol. iii. pp. 423, 424.'

Mr. O. Dewey is, it seems, a writer of 'deservedly high reputation,' author of 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics in America.'

38. 'AMERICANS—*fastidious in their notions of exclusiveness and sensitiveness as to rank*, vol. iii. pp. 426, 427, 429, 430.'

These pages all belong to the chapters on Boston; and though the author quotes abundance of native eloquence on the absurdity of 'the wife and daughters of the man that sells by the bale, refusing to associate with the wife and daughters of the man who sells by the yard,' &c. &c., we beg to assure the ex-member for Sheffield that he need not have crossed the Atlantic for the discovery of such 'absurdities.'

39. 'AMERICANS—*a larger proportion of both sexes among them have more delicate health than among European nations*, vol. iii. p. 432.'

If so, we are sorry for it. Of course tea-totalism is the panacea. See '*America Descriptive*,' &c., *passim*.

This is the last item in the Index; and we think no one can doubt—certainly no one who has studied the book can possibly do so—that by exhausting, as we have done, this emphatic catalogue, we have placed before our own congregation the *cream* of Mr. Buckingham's '*America-Descriptive*.' The '*America-Statistical*' and the '*America-Historic*' we must leave for the present untouched—being anxious to save a few pages for Mr. Combe.

With the most decided faith in the abstract merit of the American institutions—and being evidently a cold, phlegmatic person, not only not pretending to anything like delicacy of taste but throughout sneering at all such pretensions—it seems to us nevertheless, that his report confirms, as to almost every point of *mere detail*, the accounts of various preceding travellers of different tastes and entertaining opposite opinions. We could, at all events, produce parallel passages from Mr. Combe for every article in our catalogue of observations from Mr. Buckingham,

and

and probably the contrast of the two lecturers' styles might have made a little of such an exhibition somewhat entertaining. Only a little, however—for Mr. Combe is not a better Radical than Mr. Buckingham, and he is, perhaps, still more dull.

The novelty and amusement consist in this being the record of a 'phrenological tour' in the States. The incidents on which alone he dilates *con amore* are those indicative of his own success in the application of his master-science. The only delineations of men of mark which have any particular force are done with the assistance of the cranioscope. Indeed the Preface sufficiently prepares us for all this. It contains a short abstract of the Science for the use of the uninitiated, illustrated with two cuts of model organisations—the low type being the skull profile of Hare, the partner of Burke in the Cowgate murders—the happy extreme, that of 'the Rev. Mr. Martin, a highly amiable and respectable dissenting minister'—of what particular persuasion the author does not state.

On the 4th of February, 1839, he is at Philadelphia, and his journal says—

'Dr. Parrish, jun., called and introduced a man of slender stature, bilious and nervous temperament, retreating forehead, and prominent eyes, a policeman, about thirty-eight or forty years of age, who, after sleeping in a very cold bed in December last at Harrisburg (whither he had been conveyed as a soldier to suppress the riot), had felt some uneasy sensation in his head, and then discovered that he had lost the use of words. Although he understood language, and could articulate, he could not find words with which to express his own ideas. He saw distance erroneously: a house distant one street appeared distant a mile or a mile and a half; he lost the perception of numbers also, and could not reckon. He felt no pain in any particular part of the head. He gradually recovered the use of the lost faculties; but even now he cannot use numbers readily. He calls numbers "times." In endeavouring to name dates, he says it was "last time," or "a time before that." The lower part of the anterior lobe is narrow, and projects considerably. If one may hazard a conjecture, I should say that the intense cold had produced congestion of some of the intellectual organs; those most affected being the organs Language, Size, and Number; the other intellectual faculties were unimpaired. The cause of these affections is obscure; but the fact of only three faculties, and these so distinctly marked, being involved in this case, not only confirms the general principle of a division of the brain, but affords grounds for *presuming* that the phrenological divisions are real.' —Combe, vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

We think Mr. Combe 'affords grounds for presuming' that this case required more sifting. First of all, we should have liked to be told in how far the policeman was remarkable, before going to Harrisburg, for command of language. Secondly, we should have wished

wished to be told how, when a policeman can no longer command intelligible language, doctors conversing with him can ascertain the exact number of his mental faculties that are in a disturbed condition. Thirdly, if allowed the honour of cross-examining the policeman himself, we should have taken the liberty of inquiring whether, during the row at the seat of the State legislature, no blows had been sustained in the region of the retreating forehead, and also what potations were indulged in after 'the suppression of the riot.' As the report stands, we should like to have it explained why, if the injury inflicted by the cold bed affected only one particular department of the policeman's cerebral organization, he felt 'an uneasy sensation in his head,' but 'no pain in any particular part of the head.' And we should also wish to be told how so much injury was done to 'the lower part of the anterior lobe,' while regions that would naturally come into closer contact with the cold bed had escaped. Mr. Combe will probably answer that the patient, especially if groggy, might have lain with his face to the pillow; but a 'bilious and nervous' policeman had, there seems reason to conjecture, opposed his 'anterior lobe' and 'projecting eyes' to the bludgeons and brickbats of the *locofocos*.

At Philadelphia Mr. Combe had large audiences. Baltimore, to which he thought of proceeding, appears to be more backward. His journal of the same date has this entry:—

'*Phrenology in Baltimore.*—After repeated advertisements in the Baltimore newspapers, requesting those citizens who desired that I should lecture there, to enter their names at a book-store, twenty-six individuals have appeared, and this success has been reported to me. As the number which I require is 150, I have declined to lecture in that city.'—*Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 50.

Nevertheless the traveller is found by-and-by at Baltimore; and though the general indifference remained, he was there welcomed by a small circle of admiring adepts, including 'several eminent medical men,' and among these Dr. Stewart, to whom Mr. Combe expresses his sense of obligation for the following extraordinary fact:—

'He mentioned to me that some years ago he had removed a tumour from the head of a man, a manager of slaves on a plantation, who, when in health, was remarkable for steadiness, firmness, and decision of character. The tumour was situated externally over the Organs of Firmness, and after it was formed he lost these characteristics of mind, and became undecided, and finally imbecile. He lingered for some weeks after the operation, and died. A *post-mortem* examination of the head showed that the convolutions of the brain below the tumour, and constituting the two Organs of Firmness, were disorganised by suppuration. Dr. Stewart received the report of the state of the brain from a country

country surgeon who knew nothing about phrenology, and the account of the change of character from the gentleman who had employed his late patient. Neither of these knew the relation of the fact which he communicated to the fact communicated by the other.'—*Ib.*, vol. ii., pp. 82, 83.

Now we, though not perhaps 'eminent medical men,' have read of, and even observed sundry cases of tumour on the head—we mean visible and tangible external tumours—and as far as our experience and memory serve us, whenever such a malady extends to 'suppuration in the brain,' it signifies little, as to the effects on the patient, through what particular bit of the skull the tumour has struck root. Whether the mischief has its seat in the anterior or the posterior lobe, and whether the sufferer was or was not distinguished in health for 'steadiness and decision of character,' the result is the same. There ensues either intolerable agony and *phrenzy*, or *ramolissement de cerveau*, and consequent *imbecility*, that is, *idiotcy*. The symptoms are often alternated; but whichever prevails, there is equal destruction to 'Firmness.' Death is at hand. According to Mr. Combe and Dr. Stewart, Cæsar's disease of course confined its influence to 'the convolutions of the brain constituting the two Organs of Firmness,' when he called for 'a little drink, like a sick girl.' We, on our part, should not have been astonished if he had behaved himself in much the same manner after sustaining the blow of a Nervian hammer on the Ideality or Causality bump of his laurelled head-piece—or on his hucklebone.

We must now treat our readers to a small specimen of Mr. Combe's own delineations:—

'Feb. 20, ther. 29°. *The Capitol and Congress*.—This morning we proceeded to the Capitol. In approaching it I could not help feeling ashamed of the barbarism of my countrymen, who, in the war of 1814, consigned it to the flames. The external walls have been painted white, to obliterate the smoky traces of that unworthy deed. The grand vestibule is under the dome, and has no opening upwards to allow of the escape of air. The consequence is, that the effluvia of human bodies and of tobacco-juice greet the nostrils and afflict the lungs the moment it is entered. We found also that the senate-chamber and house of representatives are, in this weather, hermetically sealed, except at the doors and chimneys. Although these may provide some change of air for the members, who are all accommodated on the floor, the unhappy visitors in the galleries receive all the vitiated air from below, render it worse by their own breathing, and are nearly doomed to suffocation. The ladies are accommodated with the front seat, and occasionally faint from the impurity of the atmosphere. I sat three hours in the gallery of the senate-chamber to-day, and afterwards experienced those debilitating, irritable, and unpleasant sensations, which are generated by imperfectly decarbonized blood.

'Mr.



‘ Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina spoke two or three times. He seemed to be about sixty, tall and slender, and of a highly bilious and nervous temperament [like the policeman]. The lower ridge of forehead projects much [as in the policeman], indicating great power of Observation ; but the superior ridge, devoted to Reflection, is much smaller. Although the latter region looks narrow and retreating, there is enough of brain to give average power to his reflecting faculties. He has very large Self-Esteem and Firmness. The head indicates much Self-will and Determination ; great powers of Perseverance ; capacity for details, but little profound judgment.

‘ I saw also Mr. Clay, but he did not speak. He is nearly bald. The anterior lobe of his brain is long and high, the middle perpendicular portion predominating. He seems to have large Acquisitiveness, and considerable Ideality. In him also Self-Esteem and Firmness are large. The coronal region rises moderately high above Cautiousness and Causality, and the head altogether is high and long, rather than broad. It is of ample size. His temperament is nervous-sanguine, with a little bilious. He is tall and slender, and apparently between sixty and seventy. This combination indicates great natural vivacity, readiness of apprehension, facility of illustration, with force of character ; but there are two defects in the brain which will prevent such an individual from rising to the first class of minds. Causality and the moral Organs do not present the highest degree of development. Men thus constituted do not sufficiently appreciate the influence of the moral sentiments on natural power, nor do they trace the causes with which they deal to their first elements, nor follow them to their remote consequences. Mr. Clay’s head, however, bespeaks a man greatly above an average point of mental power, and also practical in his tendencies ; and the forehead well adapted to the general American mind of the present day.

‘ Here also sits Daniel Webster, looking like an intellectual giant among the senators. His enormous anterior lobe, and generally large head, *reinforced by large lungs*, mark him as a natural leader ; but his reflective organs are too much developed in proportion to his Individuality to render his eloquence equally popular with that of Henry Clay. Mr. Webster needs a great subject, involving a profound principle and important consequences, before his strength can be called forth. Give him these, and he will rise to the highest eminence as a pleader and a statesman ; but his intellect is too profound and comprehensive to be fully appreciated by the people. On seeing the man, therefore, I am not surprised at a circumstance which I have remarked, that while Mr. Webster is regarded by a few as *the* great political character of the United States, Mr. Clay has at least a hundred devoted followers for each one of Mr. Webster’s admirers. Webster, however, like Burke, will be quoted for the depth of principle and wisdom involved in his speech when the more fascinating but less profound orations of Mr. Clay have sunk into oblivion.’—*Ib.*, vol. ii. pp. 95-98.

We may be all in the dark ; but it certainly seems to us that all this comes simply to translating the results of ordinary observation of life and conduct out of the common language of man-  
 ki

kind into the pompous gibberish of a pseudo-science. The Cranioscopist appends this marginal note :

‘ Busts and portraits of all the public men whose heads I here describe abound in the United States. As they are thus presented to public inspection, I do not consider myself as guilty of any indelicacy in introducing sketches of them into this work.’

The line he thus indicates would leave a wide scope ; but Mr. Combe’s note at least shows that he feels how apt this school of description is to run into insolent personalities. He is himself above wishing to indulge in anything so offensive ; but the inferior doctors of his sect are the pertest little pedantical libellers now on foot among us. By the way, not the least stringent objection to the whole system seems to us to be the adhesion of certain persons of that class to its doctrines. We cannot believe that they would be so zealous in its behalf, if it really had told them what all their acquaintance know otherwise to be the truth about themselves.

Our author has been considerate enough to give in his closing chapter a succinct summing up of the results of his examination of the United States. It is entitled ‘ Address to the American People,’ and formed substantially the last of his last course of lectures delivered at Boston and New York. In this address Mr. Combe congratulates America to her utmost heart’s content upon the exalted wisdom of her democratic polity, and over and over again asserts his belief that to doubt of its final triumph is to doubt that man is a rational creature ; but he feels himself bound to state here, as he has done in other forms in various pages of his travelling diary, that as yet the practical result of the experiment has not been satisfactory. Mr. Combe *virtually*, nay, scarcely with any shadow of disguise, tells his American People that the pictures of their social condition which have most deeply offended them are in his judgment just representations. The two great blots—which come to one—the tyranny of the populace and the impotence of the law—these he repeatedly assumes to be plain undeniable realities. For example :—

‘ It is an evil certainly to live in subjection to an ignorant and self-willed multitude ; but in proportion to the pressure of this evil the desire to escape from it is strong ; and there is only one means of deliverance in the United States, namely, by raising the people in their moral and intellectual condition.’—vol. i. p. 349.

Again—he quotes from the eighth book of Aristotle’s ‘ Politics,’ as translated by Dr. Gillies, these words :—

‘ Above all, *demagogues* must never cease to convince the people that under their favourite democracy they will be at liberty to live as they list ; this will procure for them the assistance of the majority—  
for

for the greater part of mankind will always be better pleased to live licentiously than to submit to the restraints of salutary discipline.'

And adds :—

' I have often heard the [American] Judges complain of the want of power in the law, and of the deficiency of the means for executing as evils which characterize their institutions. The remarks of Aristotle seem to be recognised by them as too applicable to this country.' vol. ii. p. 152.

In the solemn valedictory Address itself—after an elaborate series of special pleadings against the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the old world—Austria, Prussia, but especially Great Britain—he thus speaks to the Americans—

' In Europe, independent courts of justice and a strong executive direct or repress the animal propensities. Here your executive is feeble; and when a general excitement seizes your people, your laws are as cobwebs in restraining the propensities. Your institutions have relied on one sole power to regulate all the faculties in their manifestations,—*the power of Public Opinion*. But what is Public Opinion?'—vol. iii. p. 402.

' *I desire to see Public Opinion, which is here your great restraining power, composed, not of the sum of the ruling prejudices, passions, and interests of the day, but of the concentrated wisdom and virtue of millions of trained and enlightened minds. Such a Public Opinion I should regard as the best and safest of all governing powers. An ignorant public opinion is, to the wise and good, a revolting tyranny.* In this country you have chosen Public Opinion for your chief regulating influence, and it is impossible for you to substitute for it any other. You have established universal suffrage, placed supreme authority in the hands of your majorities, and no human means short of military conquest can deprive that majority of its sway. You have therefore only one mode of action left to *reach the goal of national happiness*: enlighten your people.'—vol. iii. pp. 404, 405.

The 'Public Opinion,' then, by conceding all power to which Mr. Combe 'desires to see' America in the fair way of 'reaching the goal of national happiness'—*that Public Opinion is not yet in existence; and the sway of any Public Opinion but that 'to the wise and good a REVOLTING TYRANNY.'*

In the same Address Mr. Combe says to the Americans:—'One great obstacle to your moral, religious, and intellectual progress appears to me to be the influence which the *history*, institutions, manners, habits, and opinions of Europe are still exercising over the minds of your people.' (vol. iii. p. 430.) This looks as if our professor had no great respect for *experience* as a teacher of wisdom—since, if the Americans can derive no good from the study of the 'history of Europe,' it is pretty clear that they can learn nothing from any civil or political history whatever, always excepting

excepting that of their own republic, now of about fifty years' standing. We are at a loss, however, to reconcile this contempt for the aggregate experience of mankind with the reverence which Mr. Combe expresses for the experience of individual men. He says, what the Americans want is *education*—an improved system of *schools* :—

‘ In this country you need not only education, but an education *that shall communicate to youth the knowledge, maxims, and experience of age.*’—vol. iii. p. 407.

‘ As you *do not wait* until your voters, who wield the destinies of your country—who make peace and war—who make and unmake banks—who make and unmake tariffs affecting industry to the core—and who make and unmake even your schools, colleges, and churches,—I say, *as you do not wait until age has given them wisdom and experience,* but place the helm at once in their hands, and allow them to act, while they are still full of young blood, and all the energy, confidence, and rashness that attend it,—you are called on by every consideration to perfect *your schools* so as to communicate to them the dictates of a wisdom which cannot be dispensed with, and which *will not* otherwise be attained.’—vol. iii. p. 409.

Nor does Mr. Combe enable us to see our way in this mystery when he adds—

‘ In the election which took place in November, 1839, the question of the currency was actually brought to the polls in the State of New York. The mottos were—banks and paper currency on the one side—hard specie and sub-treasury laws on the other. These are questions on which Dr. Adam Smith, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and the profoundest political economists have differed in opinion. Does your education enable your people to understand them and decide on them? No! Yet your people *act*, whether they understand them or not. They vote the supporters of paper into power, and paper flourishes. If evil ensue, they vote the advocates of specie into power; and paper and credit go to the wall. They try the experiment. But what an awful experiment! How many thousands of individuals and families are ruined by the violence of every change!’—vol. iii. p. 409.

We do not understand how the American people, old or young, are to understand Smith, Ricardo, and M'Culloch, and ‘decide on them’ in such a manner as to avoid the risk of ‘awful experiments’—unless they have studied the *history* as well as the *opinions of Europe*. It is from that history that all our political economists pretend at least to draw the facts on which they defend their several theories—and we are obliged to confess that we often do not understand the theories, even with the advantage of not condemning the history.

‘ Yours is a noble destiny. Providence has assigned to you the duty of proving by experiment whether man be, or be not, a rational and moral being, capable of working out his own way to virtue and enjoyment, under

under the guidance of Reason and Scripture, unfettered by despotism, and unchained by law-enacted creeds. Your institutions and your physical condition call all your faculties into vivid action. And these, the animal propensities, as I have remarked, are not dormant, but those observers err who allow their attention to be arrested only by the abuses of the propensities which appear in your people. Virtue consists in *meeting* and overcoming *temptation*. As you, by possessing freedom, are tempted above other nations, you *will show* virtue above them all, *if you nobly resist* every seducing influence, and march boldly onward in the paths of rectitude and wisdom. The subjects of a despot, whose every thought and action are ruled by his commands, have little merit in exhibiting order and decorum in their private conduct. You *will prove* the true strength of your moral principles if you restrain your passions by your own virtuous resolves, and obey the laws enacted by yourselves. It is to aid you in this *admirable course of action*, in so far as the feeble abilities of one individual will go, that I now address to you these observations. And I again ask, Do your schools teach all that your young voters should know? all that the wisest of your citizens would wish them to know, when they act as electors and arbitrators of the public welfare?—I believe not. *If you ask how the state can be improved, you will be answered by as many projects and proposals for education as if you had inquired for the Philosopher's Stone.*—*Ib.*, vol. iii. pp. 411, 412.

Mr. Combe appears to think that virtue consists in courtship as well as in overcoming temptation. For the rest, it is obvious that this is all a prophecy of 'ifs' and 'whens.' He admires the 'noble destiny;' but it is only one of 'proving by experiment' certain things which he *wishes* to see proved. The Past and the Present he is forced to give up;—and it is from intense anxiety about the 'noble destiny,' and the 'experimental proof,' that he proceeds to lecture them as follows:—

'All your aberrations from the dictates of morality; the "collusion" and false swearing at your elections (see vol. ii. p. 242); the practice of betting on elections; your mobs, your Lynch laws, your speculations, your bank suspensions, with the injustice to so many of yourselves which accompany them; your negro slavery; your treatment of the Indians (vol. ii. p. 350); the incessant abuse which the organs of your political parties heaps on the distinguished men of the other nation, or of their constituents; the excessive number of bankruptcies; the very imperfect police for the prevention of crime which characterises some of your great towns, such as New York; the enormous calamitous conflagrations which scourge your cities, the results either of recklessness or incendiarism; the great self-complacency of the masses of your people, who, although very imperfectly educated, are persuaded by political orators that they know everything, and can decide wisely on every question; the general absence of reverence for authority and superior wisdom, displayed first in childhood, and afterwards in

general progress of life; the regardlessness of the obligations of contracts and agreements that occur in trade, commerce, and personal service;—all these, and every other fault and imperfection, real or imaginary, which can be ascribed to you with any shadow of plausibility, are carefully collected, blazoned, and recorded in Europe,—not to *your* disparagement alone, but to the degradation of human nature, and to the unspeakable injury of the cause of liberty all over the civilized world.

‘And I ask,—What have you to oppose to these charges? Generally your press hurls back accusations of crimes and follies as bad or worse, as fairly chargeable against European governments and nations. But admitting this to be true, the philanthropist, using a common phrase, replies that two blacks do not make a white, and that this forms no legitimate defence for your imperfections. You have proclaimed the supremacy of man’s moral and intellectual nature over his animal feelings, and adopted this principle as the basis of your social fabric, and of your hopes.’—*Ib.*, vol. iii. pp. 414, 415.

‘Basis of your *hopes*!’—To come back to the traveller’s main point, however—it is, he thinks, quite obvious that the Americans require some totally new system of education; some schools which shall communicate to youth the wisdom of age, by a summary method: there is no time to wait for the gradual maturing of the understanding by the actual experience of life; that is a slow process: the power of voting is already irrevocably granted to every American the moment he ceases to be a schoolboy; and the school must therefore, if it does its duty, send him forth in full possession of some infallible master-key.—Need we add—this is *Craniology*? He warns them against vulgar professors and lecturers, who will ‘give them as many projects and proposals for education as if they had asked for the *Philosopher’s Stone*.’ The only thing they have any business to ask for is the *Phrenologist’s Gypsum*.

This Science will be found all-sufficient to keep young Americans right in the choice of friends, and especially of wives. When called on to act as jurymen, they will have an easy method by which to estimate the character, not only of the witness in the box, but of the prisoner in the dock, and also of the judge on the bench (vol. iii. p. 431). It will be equally serviceable when they are to exercise the functions of ‘directors of schools and superintendents of education.’ (*Ibid.*) The beardless master will know the calibre and bias of each pupil at first sight—or at least as soon as he has handled his lobes—and be liable to no mistakes as to the direction his education should assume. The same as to ‘visitors of prisons,’—‘inspectors of lunatic asylums;’ and also electors of legislators, governors, and a vast variety of public officers.’ On this last head the lecturer is peculiarly explicit and energetic:—

‘Allow



‘ Allow me to remark that, as the whole fabric of your institutions rests on a moral basis, and is devoid of artificial supports, you nations stand most in need of high moral and intellectual qualities in your public men. It is too obvious that you do not yet possess adequate means of discriminating and selecting individuals possessed of these qualities; for in no country which I have visited has such an array of delinquencies, committed by men in confidential public situations, exhibited, as has met my eye since I came to the United States. I trust you will smile when I express my opinion that *phrenology* is calculated greatly to aid you in avoiding this monstrous evil. I have said to you that the native power of manifesting every mental faculty bears reference, other conditions being equal, to the size of its organs; that the magnitude of the organs may be estimated. If you wish, therefore, that your public administrators should be vigorous and able, choose men with *high temperaments, large brains, and large lungs*. If you desire that they should possess native integrity, choose men with *predominant organs of conscientiousness*. If you desire that they should possess native benevolence and piety, select individuals in whom the *organs of these sentiments are largely developed*. If you desire that they should be distinguished for intellectual superiority, select persons with *large anterior lobes of the brain*. If you desire to avoid committing your destinies to men of great animal vigour, but deficient in moral and intellectual qualities, shun individuals whose heads are developed chiefly in the *basilar region*.’—vol. iii. pp. 432, 433.

He recurs to his previous lectures as having already enabled the hearer to accumulate abundant facts in illustration of this particular function of the Science. For example:—

‘ You have compared the ample forehead of Napoleon with the moderate *anterior lobe* of his distinguished antagonist William Pitt. The one marked the capacious depth of intellect indicated by the one, and the other superficial perspicacity by the other.’—vol. iii. p. 433.

It is obvious that no republican, in electing an ‘inspector of prisons,’ a ‘legislator,’ or a ‘governor,’ would hesitate between the man of ‘moderate anterior lobe’ and him of the ‘ample forehead’—whose ‘head was not developed chiefly in the *basilar region*.’

The reader may be apt to suppose that, when Mr. Combe repeated his lectures in thirteen American towns, the difficulty was at an end;—the course had been clearly pointed out, and the failure of the experiment hitherto had been expounded, and the sure means of future success had been placed within the reach of ‘the American people.’ But we are obliged to add that our philosopher himself does not appear to have formed any very brilliant expectations. He says, on the page which records his departure for Europe—

‘ In leaving the American shores we were agitated by profound

tion, awakened not only by parting from many dear and highly valued friends, but by an overwhelming impression of the grandeur of the moral experiment which is now in progress in the United States—glorious and cheering hopes for its success mingled with fears lest it may have been *begun too soon*. As we receded from the scene, however, we reflected that Providence has granted to this people, for their moral training and intellectual improvement, *the period between the present day and that on which their vacant lands shall be fully settled*, and that *existing circumstances indicate* that they will employ this interval with a deep sense of its importance, and in the end prove true to themselves and to the cause of universal freedom.'—vol. iii. p. 378.

Of the 'existing circumstances' to which Mr. Combe here alludes, the chief is, no doubt, the favourable reception which his lectures on phrenology met with in the United States. We are, however, we must acknowledge, inclined to fear that the success or non-success of the 'grand moral experiment' must be decided considerably before the Anglo-Americans shall have 'fully settled' all the lands between the Atlantic and the Pacific, Canada and Mexico.

Mr. Combe is so good as to favour the British people also with a parting address; and in this he again touches on the effect of 'unsettled lands':—

'I acknowledge that the great cause of the prosperity of the people in the United States appears to me to be their contiguity to extensive regions of fertile and unsettled land, which drain off the restless spirits from the older States, absorb the population as fast as it increases, pour in plenty to every market, and still preserve the wages of labour high. I met with few British subjects who, however much they might have advocated Universal Suffrage at home, continued to admire it after experiencing its effects in the United States.'—vol. iii. p. 373.

Notwithstanding these admissions, Mr. Combe considers a large and immediate extension of the electoral franchise as clearly indispensable to the welfare of 'the masses' here at home. They are, he asserts, treated, as things stand, with gross 'injustice' under a 'vicious system,' which loudly demands to be 'purified and adapted to the wants of increasing civilization.'

In this country, therefore, where there are new 'lands to be fully settled,' Mr. Combe is for commencing without delay the 'grand moral experiment,' by entrusting the election of *one hundred* members of Parliament to as many districts, in which each male of twenty-one years who has resided six months 'within his ward or county,' and has not been 'convicted of felony,' shall have the right of suffrage—whereupon

'There would be no non-represented class to foment secret discontent and resistance to the laws; and there would be no danger of anarchy, because

because the members who represent the property of the country will still constitute a large majority in parliament.'—*Ibid.*, p. 376.

Mr. Combe admits that, in so far as the influence of Universal Suffrage members could go, it must be expected to favour *anarchy*; and what *he* means by ANARCHY is no obscure point: he evidently means the destruction of all government, and *property*. We apprehend that a body of *anarchists* would be rather a formidable feature in the House of Commons—and we also doubt whether the masses will be entirely freed from 'secret discontent,' if they saw a holy band thwarted on any important occasion by the 'representatives of property' to whom Mr. Combe's constitution will still allow seats in the house. Into such details, however, not worth our while to enter at this moment.

Perhaps the reader, admitting the difficulties we suggest, may say to himself—Yes, but Mr. Combe means that all his electors, or at least all his new members, are to be *phrenologists*. That, of course, would alter the case—but it is not so. In the 'preface'—which was, no doubt, written after his 'conclusion'—Mr. Combe says:—

'I returned persuaded that, in the United States, *probably earlier than in any other country*, will Phrenology be applied to practical and important purposes. To save my readers on both sides of the ocean, however, from unnecessary alarm on this head, I may here mention that I do not consider that *the generation is yet born* which is destined to carry this science into practical effect in public affairs; but I entertain the conviction that, *within a century from this time*, Phrenology will be so applied in the United States.'—vol. i. pp. xxi., xxii.

ART. II.—*Patchwork*. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S.  
London. 3 vols. 1841.

WE do not see why this author might not have stuck to his title, 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels.' The series put forth under that heading were made up of materials not more heterogeneous than the new mosaic—all collected during the course of his wanderings by sea and land—all, in fact, so far from his pocketbooks—and all brought into sufficient harmony of tone and effect by the veracious reflection of an odd and interesting character, which does not seem to have been much altered since he first took pen in hand.

Few writers lay themselves more open to quizzing: few

prose and bore more successfully than he now and then does ; but the Captain's merit is real and great. He can draw with the pen as truly as Brockedon can write with the pencil. In the volumes now before us, he mostly goes over trodden ground ; but, whenever he really is himself, and exerts his talents, he imparts a freshness to whatever spot he touches, and carries the reader, with untiring good-humour, cheerily along with him. Turn where we will, we find posies of variegated flowers presented to us ; and though the *florilegium* becomes embarrassing from their abundance, we are sure to find in every one of them, whether sombre or gay, a sprig of *Basil*. We like this individuality. If he writes about a breakfast, there is a hearty relish in the page—putting us in mind of *Waiter, be always continually bringing up more dry toast*. In one of his adventures, when on the road from Naples to Salerno, you are beginning to shudder at the danger of an upset, the question being whether the carriage is to be hurled over the cliff, three or four hundred feet high, to the right, or crushed up the bank to the left—but no ! it is the Captain's good pleasure that the whole of your alarm and concern should be, like his own, centered upon the ruin of a capsized pie, from whose savoury interior the rich gravy rains as it is reversed in the air,—and he succeeds. Had he been in Byron's devoted long-boat, how truly would he have

‘griev'd for those who perish'd with the cutter ;  
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter !’

Indeed, for a gentleman by no means indifferent to creature-comforts, he is somewhat unfortunate in the matter of pasties. During his ascent of Etna, the piece of resistance—a noble beef-steak pie—was half sacked by those *chevaliers d'industrie*, the ants ; and as the party did not consider formic acid an appetising sauce, the rest was entirely spoiled.—We have a whole chapter devoted to the anxieties and toils which the gallant author underwent in consequence of hearing at the eleventh hour that he could not with propriety attend a *soirée* of the Duchess of Berri's otherwise than in *smallclothes*—with which article, in spite of Yorick's preaching and practice, he had not provided himself before he approached the territory of Grisettes. The difficulties he encountered in hunting out the actual working tailor in the obscurest *mansarde* of an unfathomable alley—the patience with which he waited till the last button was secured—the triumph with which he dropped his black trousers, and hastened to exhibit his sturdy shanks in a then unusual garb—all is depicted just as fully and vividly as if he had been dealing with the chase of a French privateer in St. George's Channel.—He spares none of his own small miseries—a feature, in its own way,

*heroic*—and entitled to be carefully considered by those who have sometimes been so very severe on his free and method of tampering with the private feelings, and what men (to say nothing of women) would have guessed to be sore points, of other Europeans. His cuticle is, in some parts, a peculiarly dense construction, and he takes it for granted that the rest of his race are constructed upon the same pattern. It is the head and front of his worst offendings—which we regret not indeed without special wonder sometimes, but on the whole with charitable placidity.

But enough of preface.—On turning over volume the first, the first ‘patch’ we find pencilled down *secundum artem* with marks of particular approbation, is the account of a cheerful August day, spent in exploring the delta of the Rhone, now in process of formation at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva. We believe the Captain is allowed to be a fair *working* geologist, but there can be no doubt that he possesses, in a very remarkable degree, the power of making scientific subjects intelligible, therefore captivating to unscientific readers—a power which many great masters of science utterly want, and which we are not aware that any first-rate geologists of our time are very highly distinguished for—except, indeed, Dr. Buckland and Mr. Lyell. The passages now to be quoted seem to us quite admirable for clearness; and we therefore conclude they must have cost the author great pains, for, according to wise Menander—

Πάντα τὰ ζητούμενα  
 δεῖσθαι μερίμνης φάσιν οἱ σοφῶτατοι.

‘The Rhone at this part of its course is highly turbid, and at certain seasons of the year, when swollen by floods and accelerated in its course, bears along with it materials of considerable magnitude. At all seasons, indeed, it carries with it, farther or nearer into the bottom of the lake, the ruins of a hundred hills, and quietly deposits them at the bottom, at distances varying inversely as the magnitude of the boulders forming the sediment. The larger ones, such as blocks of granite and fragments of shingle, after rubbing and grinding against one another over many a turbulent league of the steep bed of the river, at length find a resting-place near the upper edge of the delta. Then follow pebbles and coarse gravel, which are borne somewhat farther into the lake; then fine gravel,—sand still further,—while mud is carried further still. A dividing line between each pair of these deposits being sometimes indistinct, though at other times it is very clearly marked. These, and some other features in the formation of a delta depend upon the velocity as well as speed of the river, the inclination of the ground forming the bed or channel, the peculiar nature of the soil brought down, the height of the circumjacent mountains, the latitude of the district, and various other circumstances modifying the climate. After the stones, gravel,

sand, and the coarser sorts of mud have been successively deposited at the bottom of the lake, a whitish, milky-looking set of clouds may be observed to extend for a considerable distance beyond the outer edge of the delta. These clouds roll about independently for a time in the eddies caused by the influx of so great a stream, as if unwilling to mingle with the pure waters of the lake. In point of fact, they do not mix, for the particles which form the subaqueous clouds alluded to are merely very finely powdered limestone, granite, schistus, and other rocky materials, are all heavier than water, and have quite as decided a tendency to reach the bottom as the larger masses have. Owing, however, to their extreme minuteness, their weight becomes disproportionately small compared to the resistance which their surfaces offer to the fluid in which they seem to be floating; and thus, though they are all the time sinking, and must eventually reach the bottom, their downward motion is imperceptible to the eye.

‘If you take a boat, which I strongly recommend, and not only skirt along the outer edge of the delta, and cross it in various directions, but row off to some distance, you will perceive the gradual diminution of the turbidness in the supply of water coming from the Rhone, till at last you will scarcely be able to perceive any impurity in it at all. If, when you reach that point, viz., the extreme outer edge of the delta, you sink a lead to the bottom, prepared with a little grease (or *arming*, as we call it at sea), you will fish up some mud, which, though abundantly visible, will be almost if not totally impalpable or insensible to your touch when rubbed between the finger and thumb. If now you begin at that point, and steer directly for the mouth of the river, you will find at each cast of the lead not only a diminished depth, but you will also observe an increased size in the particles forming the floor of the lake, till at last the bow of your boat will rattle amongst the shingle, or grate along a bed of gravel. You will now be in front of a natural plantation of willows, alders, canes, and other thirsty, deep-drinking plants, which, both by their growth and by their decay, co-operate with the stream in producing dry land over districts where but a few years before, geologically speaking, the lake may have measured many fathoms in depth. If you now row to the other or south-western end of the lake, you will find the Rhone, which entered as thick as pea soup, running out through the middle of the city of Geneva, as clear as the deep blue sea itself, all its contaminating materials having been long ago deposited at the bottom.’—vol. i. pp. 12-14.

He pauses to remind us that, besides the mighty Rhone, a hundred minor streams are all rushing from the Alps into the Lemman lake—all performing, according to their resources, the same species of work within its bosom; and he then invites us to accompany him up the valley of the great river, that is above the lake. Here, he says,—

‘We shall find many extensive ranges of perfectly horizontal alluvial ground, now thickly covered with vegetation, which had evidently, in old times, been the basins of lakes into which the very same Rhone



must have flowed, and gradually filled them up from end to end slowly protruding its delta or deltas into each of these lakes in succession, precisely as the great delta above described is now filling the Lake of Geneva. In those remote days, the deposit of material the present lake was probably very insignificant compared to what now is, since the grand cargo of materials brought down from the Alps was arrested by some one or other of the intervening lakes (now all plains), which then acted the part of silt-pools, higher up the valley. So, in future times—(the distance of which from our epoch is perhaps not utterly beyond the reach of a bold geologist's computation)—the inhabitants of Geneva will see a magnificent plain where they now see a magnificent lake; while the great Mediterranean delta will then receive the whole burthen of materials brought down by that stream and all its tributaries, the greater portion of which is now arrested in the Lake of Geneva, and must be so till it is entirely filled up. The process must go on until all the inequalities are worn away, and the mighty Alps themselves are either reduced to level plains, or degraded into gently-sloping banks. Such scenes will bear no resemblance to what we see now; for when the snow-topped mountains and their attendant glaciers—the sources of the stream—are gone, the Rhone will have dwindled into a pretty rivulet, and the grassy or wooded ground stripped of its snows, and basking in a more genial, perhaps a warmer climate, will afford few materials for removal.'—vol. i. p. 15.

Another chapter, headed 'An Alpine Debacle,' well demonstrates the power of moving water as a geological agent, and the description is set off by some gracefully expressed thoughts:—

'The river Dranse, which has its origin in the two glaciers of Champantane and Mont Durant, lying at the very top of the glen, flows along the Val de Bagnes till at Martigny it meets the Rhone, of which it is one of the principal feeders. The banks of this river, or, to speak more properly, of this mountain torrent, are at most places precipitous. But the ground occasionally becoming less steep, admits of the formation of soil, and this, even if it be too steep for the purposes of agriculture, is richly clad with the larch, a tree which loves to root itself in such commanding positions. If, then, by any possibility, the industrious and hardy Switzer can either plough up, or delve into such a spot, he eagerly takes possession of it, and presently converts it into a garden in the midst of which he builds up of dark red logs of larch one of those charming cottages, so well known all over the world for their picturesque beauty, and which, unlike so many other edifices, lose no portion of their interest on a closer inspection. Indeed I am sure every Alpine traveller will agree with me, that they are often a hundred times prettier in reality than in those tawdry paintings where the artist strives in vain to impart to his would-be Swiss cottages the inimitable graces—the boundless and ever fresh variety of Alpine scenery. To connect these distant nest patches together, bridges are thrown across the ravine; and to supply them with bread, mills are constructed as near the edge of the stream as the experience of ordinary floods has taught the inhabit-

that they may venture to place their wheels. Thus, wherever it is possible, amongst the Alps, for the foot of man to plant itself, little villages start up, enriched by gardens, and decked by the church steeple, which never fails to meet the eye in a Swiss community, however small or however poor, or, I may add, however exposed it may occasionally be to the ravages of such a debacle as swept out the poor valley of the Dranse in 1818.

‘ Until the fatal moment of destruction arrives, or at all events, till the hour of danger approaches, mankind, all the world over, are pretty nearly equally indifferent, and go on dancing and singing, marrying and giving in marriage, under the very ribs of death, with as much unconcern as if they were living in perfect safety! The inhabitants of Portici and Resina, for instance, living at the base of Vesuvius; or those of Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna, where torrent upon torrent of lava has flowed in endless succession,—never dream of an eruption till the parched volcano drinks up their wells, and, in the language of Scripture, “fire runs along the ground!” In like manner I have observed the gay voluptuaries of Lima scarcely disturbed in their reckless enjoyment of life by the shock of an earthquake, which interrupted only for a transient moment of fear and impatient prayer their darling “Tertullas,” while the ceilings and walls of their houses cracked in their ears, and church steeples toppled round them! So with ourselves—the coasts of our own country, strewn every winter with wrecks, suggest no ideas of danger to the British seaman, nor make him one whit less anxious to leave the wearisome land for the merry sea. Precisely in the same spirit of confident and happy security an inhabitant of the Val de Bagnes prefers living amongst his cold and almost barren, but much-loved, mountains, in a situation of constant danger with which he has become familiar from his infancy, rather than dwell in perfect security on the rich adjacent plains of Lombardy.’—vol. i. pp. 23-25.

Captain Hall arrived at Martigny on the 5th of August, just seven weeks after the catastrophe.

‘ Many of the houses had been swept away, and all the remaining habitations gave token of having been invaded by the flood which, even at the lower extremity of the town, where the valley is widest, had risen to the height of ten feet, as we could remark by the traces left on the walls. Higher up the torrent had been much deeper; and the inhabitants pointed out to us the manner in which a considerable district of houses had been saved from destruction by the intervention of the village church, a compact stone building, placed—perhaps not accidentally—with one of its corners directed towards the adjacent gorge, out of which the overcharged torrent of the Dranse burst with such violence on the 16th of June. Had the side or end of the church faced the stream, it is supposed that not only must it have given way, but, in its train, all that quarter of the village would have been overwhelmed. The strong angle of the church, however, seems to have divided the waters; and as the valley at this point begins to spread itself out, the stream readily obeyed the new direction given to it, and flowed to the right  
and

and left. With some difficulty we made our way into the church which was nearly half full of sand, mud, and stones, brought there by the flood. The pulpit just peeped above the mass of rubbish, but the altar was no longer visible, being quite buried under the mud. The very substantial building, indeed, had acted its part so firmly in the hour of need, that the old man who acted as our guide patted the wall familiarly with his hand, saying, "The church was, and is, after all, our chief reliance in the hour of danger!"—something figurative, perhaps, mingling with the poetical sentiment.

'All the hedges, garden-walls, and other boundary lines and landmarks of every description, were of course obliterated under one uniform mass of detritus which had levelled all distinctions in a truly sweeping and democratic confusion. In every house, without exception, there lay a stratum of alluvial matter several feet in thickness, so deposited that passages were obliged to be cut through it, along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and consequently against which the stream was directed, there had been collected a pile of large stones under which then a layer of trees, with their tattered branches lying one way, and their roots the other. Next came a net-work of timber-beams of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the debacle had first torn to pieces, and then swept down the valley in an undistinguishable mass. The lower part of the bark had been completely stripped off all the trees still standing, each one being charred on the side next the torrent with a singular accumulation of rubbish consisting chiefly of uprooted trees, and those wooden portions of buildings which were bolted together. I ought to mention, also, that from every house, and behind every tree, circumstanced as I have described, there extended down the valley a long tail or train of diluted rubbish, deposited in the swirl, or, as a sailor would say, in the eddy under the lee of these obstacles. All over the plain, large boulders and erratic blocks lay thickly strewn: these varied in size from a yard to a couple of yards in diameter; but just at the point where the ravine of the Dranse leaves the mountains and joins the open valley of Martigny I examined some enormously large masses of granite, which the habitants assured me had been brought down and placed there by the sheer force of the debacle.'—vol. i. pp. 33-35.

Let us now see in how short a period nature perfects her restorative process, and how soon human industry obliterates the desolation, making the ruined valley smile in its renovation.

'I can find no adequate terms in which to describe the sort of hopeless feeling which filled our minds as we viewed the total, and, as it seemed, irremediable nature of the misfortune which had befallen the inhabitants of Martigny. We said to ourselves, that no time could elapse before they would restore their town to prosperity or re-clothe their fields with verdure. Yet, only fifteen years afterwards, when I again visited this scene of utter and, as it seemed, hopeless desolation, I could scarcely, by any effort of imagination,

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imagination, recall the spot to my mind, or be persuaded that it really was the same ground I had seen laid waste. I knew very well, because I found it so set down in memorandums made on the spot, that a huge debacle, or mountain torrent, had burst over the hapless village, swept away all its herds and flocks, utterly destroyed its gardens and fields, drowned not a few of the inhabitants, and caused infinite distress; and I well remembered thinking it almost impossible that any length of time could effectually remove the traces of this gigantic misfortune. In spite of this prophecy, the only circumstance which I could now discover to mark the event of which I supposed the visible effects were to exist for ages, consisted in a black line painted on the wall of one of the hotels, at the height of ten feet from the ground, to point out to travellers that such was the limit to which the inundation had reached! The fields were all again matted thickly with verdure; the hedges and dividing walls appeared never to have been disturbed; flower-gardens, and kitchen-gardens, and grass plots smiled on every side of the happy valley; apple-trees laden with fruit, and rows of tall poplars, marked out many lines of new and better roads than before, leading from new bridges which formerly had no existence! On examining matters more closely, I discovered one, and only one, remarkable trace of the debacle. All the old trees remained still stripped of their bark on the side which had faced the stream; and though a new coating had gradually formed itself, the rough handling of the torrent was still deeply marked on the trunks of all the trees which had been alive at that period, and had possessed strength enough to resist the flood. In one of the gardens also, I came upon an erratic block or boulder of granite, so nearly hid in a mass of flowers and foliage, that I could not for some time recognise it as one of my old friends of the Dranse flood. So many young trees had been planted, and so many new houses built, and such had been the regeneration of the cornfields, vineyards, and orchards, that it required the retrospective, theoretical optics of a geologist to discover any symptoms of diluvian action at all. Indeed, I much question whether even a practised geologist, unless put upon his guard and his curiosity roused, would now be able to infer, from the existing appearances, that such a catastrophe had occurred; and we certainly might defy him to affix a date thereto. Even I, who can almost say that I witnessed the catastrophe, and took a careful survey of the attendant circumstances when they were all fresh and obvious, could scarcely help fancying that the account I had myself recorded, and which I carried in my hand, must have been exaggerated, though written in good faith, and, if anything, short of the reality.'—vol. i. pp. 36-39.

After the vivid contrast of these two pictures, we can forgive the nautical F.G.S. for a page or two of solemn reclamation against the hastiness with which unskilled critics reject the accounts of grander and infinitely more varied revolutions on the earth's surface, which they encounter in works professedly devoted to the arcana of geology. He resumes all his life and  
vivacity

vivacity when he attacks another great class of 'modern cause change.' He does not seem to have read Captain Marryat's *patchwork*, the '*Olla Podrida*;' but his expatiation on the beauty and grandeur of *the glacier* might well have been designed reproof of his brother-sailor's heresy on that subject. The description itself, too, is very strikingly told, and the sounds described recall Coleridge's dreamy lines—

'The ice was here, the ice was there,  
'The ice was all around :  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound.'

'During winter, when no movement of any kind is to be perceived, the most profound silence reigns over every part of the glacier. At the moment the warm weather commences, the glacier is not only in motion, but gives forth sounds which are exceedingly unlike any of which I am acquainted with. If we listen attentively we can always hear various sounds—often like that of distant thunder—caused by the ice breaking across from side to side: these sounds are generally accompanied by a kind of faint, earthquake sensation. At others, we can hear a somewhat mysterious groaning produced by some unseen, internal mass giving way, or perhaps by pieces rolling into the numerous vaults, scooped out by the running water which insinuates itself into the glacier on its sides, eating out its very vitals! We are sure also, at such seasons, to distinguish, almost without interruption, the noise of avalanches, more or less distant; but these sounds afford no evidence of the glacier being in motion. There is, however, one very palpable symptom of its locomotion, which I have often watched with singular interest. It is only necessary, when on the top of a glacier, to place yourself by the side of one of those long ridges of broken stones called *moraines*, and to fix the attention to that part of the bank which is nearest. A few minutes seldom elapse before some one or more of the fragments detach themselves and roll down; or a tremulous motion of the glacier itself in a slight shake in the whole mass of rubbish, and causes a faint grinding sound amongst its parts, which is abundantly significant.

'But the most obvious of all the proofs of the progression of the glacier is the manner in which its enormous snout ploughs up the ground before it. Of this strange process we had an opportunity of examining a remarkable instance in the lower part of the Allée Blanche where the glacier de Brenva falls into the valley, overturning and destroying everything before it, and having fairly crossed from one side to the other, a distance of a mile at least, is so irresistibly pressed on by the enormous weight of snow on its shoulders, high up the side of Mont Blanc, that its lower end, on reaching the opposite side of the valley, actually travels for a considerable distance up the bank! At one place a complete barricade was formed by the glacier at one place, the travellers found some difficulty in getting past; for though the road, purposely contrived to be out of the reach of such accidents, had been carefully

forty or fifty feet in perpendicular height above the bottom of the valley, it was all rubbed away by the glacier having slowly climbed up to it. The guides pointed out the corners of green fields peeping out from the sides of the glacier in the middle of the valley, and showed us traces of walls and fences which had belonged to large villages now entirely obliterated by the moving mass! I took notice of one circumstance which told the fatal story very well. We had walked along a well-worn footpath till our course was abruptly stopped by the edge of the glacier; but, on crossing over it, we re-discovered our footpath, which had been quite hidden by the intervening mass. In like manner, the river Doire, which takes its rise from the lake formed by the glacier de Miage, a few leagues higher up the Allée Blanche, finds its way partly through and partly under the ice, and dashing along an archway or tunnel, which it has scooped out for itself, sweeps past Courmayeur in grand style.'—vol. i. pp. 106–108.

This excellent chapter shows that the Captain is well read in the works of Lyell and Darwin, to whose pages he often refers, especially upon the subject of moraines, icebergs, and erratic blocks; it is also evident that he has given considerable attention to the new glacial theory broached by Professor Agassiz, and pushed by that extraordinary genius, as Captain Hall thinks (and we agree with him), to a startling extent. The theory, however, is full of high interest, and it is already adopted in great part by both Buckland and Lyell. We have reason to believe that the latter geologist would require no greater a degree of cold than that actually existing on the globe to produce the effects required, *so far as he would carry them*. On the other hand, Mr. Murchison seems disposed to contest the new theory stoutly—or at least to confine its application within *very* moderate limits. The parallel between the glacier and lava-stream (vol. iii. pp. 118, 119) is very good—as far as it goes;—but the most striking resemblance between these opposite agents seems to have escaped Captain Hall's notice. They both stop up rivers and form lakes. The lake Aidat, on whose borders the poet Sidonius Apollinaris resided, owed its existence to the damming up of a river by a lava-current. Thus the extremes of frost and fire produce precisely the same results.

Skipping lightly over the Alps, we are carried to Aosta and the Great St. Bernard. The dogs, immortalised by Edwin Landseer, and the prattle of every nursery, are so well touched that we cannot omit them.

'Far up in the clouds, and well above these imaginary terrors, we found the excellent monks of the Great St. Bernard plying their generous and truly public-spirited calling. I believe our chief object in this part of our expedition was to see the celebrated dogs, whose exploits amongst the snows of winter have endeared them to every one's childish recollections.



lections. Indeed, I do not suppose there are any quadrupeds alive more *fétés* than these fine animals, and it gives one a good idea of the Christian spirit of the worthy priests to observe the indulgent manner in which they submitted to the undisguised interest shown by every guest in the dogs more than for them.

‘ I have met with monks possessed of piety, good nature, learning, intelligence, and active benevolence, in various parts of the world ; I have seen countries in which they formed, almost exclusively, an educated class ; but I have nowhere seen men of this stamp so roughly devoted to the service of mankind as the good fathers of St. Bernard.

‘ We took a sunrise walk with the prior, accompanied by three of his principal dogs, and listened with an interest I cannot describe to his account of the manner in which he and his brethren, assisted by their faithful attendants, hunted among the snow for fainting passers during the long and dreary winter. He pointed out to us many scenes of suffering and of death ; some where the dogs had succeeded in bringing provisions to persons too much exhausted to walk further, who were instantly sought for by the monks on the dogs returning with their empty baskets, and appealing for further assistance. It would appear that these noble animals enter fully into the spirit of this singular species of hunting—in which the object is to save, not to destroy—and that their natural sagacity is so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that a sort of language is established between them and their masters, by which mutual communications are made, such as persons, living in situations of less constant and severe trial, can have any just conception of.

‘ I remember hearing Sir Walter Scott say that he would believe nothing of a St. Bernard dog ; and certainly, if half the stories told us were true, this eulogium is not exaggerated. I have sometimes wondered that, amidst all the odd freaks which come into the heads of English travellers, it has not occurred to any one to pass a month or two in the depth of winter on the summit of this pass. I feel sure that the curious incidents of the day would furnish admirable sport, with the superadded advantage of a highly-exciting and praiseworthy purpose.’  
vol. i. pp. 128, 133, 134.

We strongly recommend the pleasing experiment of ‘ a month or two in the depth of winter ’ to the amiable Skipper himself.

At Leuk, it seems, the bathing is conducted on the Social principle :—

‘ On reaching at last, in safety, the baths of Leuk, lying near the summit of this extraordinary mountain-pass, I managed, by the help of a guide on one side and a friend’s arm on the other, to crawl into one of the large bath-rooms, where rather a comical sight met our eyes. The heads and shoulders of between twenty and thirty persons might be seen above the surface of a great reservoir or bath, of a square form, all the persons being immersed nearly up to their throats in water so hot that steam rose from it in clouds, while they seemed to be patiently un-

going the process of parboiling! The ladies and gentlemen, mixed indiscriminately together, were surrounded by children, romping and splashing through the water near their parents. Each patient, of course, wore a long robe or bathing-gown, and most of them some kind of head-dress. Before them floated small tables, on which the ladies placed their work, the gentlemen their books and newspapers, and children their toys. Some of the company sipped their chocolate; others passed their time in clipping different coloured papers, and pasting them into artificial flowers; and certainly the greater number, though merely chatting together, appeared to be enjoying themselves greatly. In short, it was like an ordinary assembly, seated in different parts of a large drawing-room, with only the queer addition of hot water as a medium of communication! In a low gallery, extending along the four sides of the bath, sat groups of other persons, friends of the invalids, who, without entering the water, lent their society to keep up the spirits of the patients whom the protracted discipline of this strange method of cure requires to remain soaking from eight to ten hours a-day!—vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

The author advises his readers to try this bath—nay, he says, there seemed to be ‘such a merry sort of innocent indecorum about the whole of this transaction,’ that he himself felt strongly tempted to join the party in the hot water. Again we regret that the Captain’s practice should not have corresponded with his preaching.

His jolting on the Gemmi pass seems to have had its due effect, and he thus breaks out into road-rapture:—

‘*Poor Bony!* how naturally one forgets the faults and forgives the injuries of such a *magnificent fellow* as could first conceive and then execute a road like this! A fico for those who whine and cant, and say “that it was all done to serve the purposes of his own ambition.” It was done to serve those purposes which he considered *the best for his country!* But, after all, is it not petty work to stop on the Simplon to consider what were the motives which induced its projector to construct so stupendous a work? Surely ladies and gentlemen ought to be sufficiently thankful for the journey, without pecking at the dead body of *the lion*, who, when alive, with a single playful pat of his majestic paw would have crushed a hundred thousand cockneys, had they dared to cross his path!’—vol. i. p. 151.

This is very fine, though we think ‘tiger’ would have been more germane to the matter than ‘lion;’ and with all due deference we fancy that Captain Hall and Co. were indebted for the road rather more to Buonaparte’s ambition than to his love of country or of mankind, though Young France, with her usual piety, does call him a *Christ armé*. As for the ‘cockneys,’ and the ‘playful pat,’ Buonaparte had enough of the former when a very few of them crossed his path at Waterloo. England does not owe him much; but we have a higher respect for the mighty dead than to tolerate

tolerate his being thus *magnificent-fellowed* and *poor*—no, even though the praise and the pity be Captain Hall's.\*

In the second volume there are some very good sketches of Paris and its society—and in the midst of these gaieties is the darkest chapter in the book, and, notwithstanding its fit the best. The very title, 'The Gallows and the Guillotine' seems to blot the page.

The frequent agitation of the great and awful question regarding the abolition of the punishment of death argues well for the humanity of the age in which we live. Much had been done before the last session of Parliament, to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, and, as we think, wisely and well; but it seems as if we might live to see the extreme penalty wiped from the statute-book altogether. For the last outrage of serving a man upon feeble woman, and for all cruel violences where sufferers are left in such a state

‘That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die,’

we had hoped never to see it abolished; and we humbly think

\* We take this opportunity, in case a better should not immediately occur, of before our readers a document which was not in our possession when we reviewed a late Number, Dr. Henry's account of Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, as governor of St. Helena, during the detention of Napoleon. We owe it to the courtesy of a distinguished person, not connected in any way with Sir Hudson Lowe:—

‘Sir,

‘Downing Street, London, 10th July, 18’

‘I have received and laid before the King your despatches, of the dates and contents specified in the margin, in which you communicate the intelligence of General Bonaparte's death, and the arrangements made by you both previously and subsequent to that event.

‘I am happy to assure you that your conduct, as detailed in those despatches, received His Majesty's approbation. It is most satisfactory to His Majesty to observe that no measures were omitted by you for the purpose of placing at General Bonaparte's disposal the best medical advice, and of affording every relief and alleviation of his sufferings, during the latter period of his life, of which his state admitted. After the discussions which have taken place between yourself and General Bonaparte's assistants, it is no inconsiderable gratification to observe that, if your offers of service were latterly declined, the refusal to accept them seems to have arisen not from any unwillingness on the part of General Bonaparte to do justice to your merits, but from the satisfaction which he expressed himself to feel in the talents and conduct of the medical officer who had been already selected to attend upon him.

‘His Majesty has further commanded me to avail myself of this opportunity to repeat that general approbation of your conduct during the time that you have ministered to the Government of St. Helena which I have on particular occasions been often the pleasure of conveying. Placed as you have been in a situation which, under any circumstances, have been one of heavy responsibility, but which particular events contributed to render yet more difficult and invidious, you discharged an arduous trust with strict fidelity, discretion, and humanity, and have effectually fulfilled the two main duties of your command, combining the secure detention of General Bonaparte's person, which was of necessity the paramount object of your attention, with every practicable consideration and indulgence which your own position prompted, and your instructions authorized you to show to his peculiar situation.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B.’

‘BATHURST

the House of Lords has now gone too far—but such steps are hard to be retraced.

It being still allowed, however, that the punishment of death is a necessary evil in some cases, few, we think, will be found to renew the proposition lately brought forward by Mr. Rich, for converting the execution of the blood-stained felon into a little private exhibition within the gaol—a *tableau-mourant* to be contemplated only by the duly appointed authorities and a small circle of individuals. The only legitimate object of punishment is to deter from the commission of crime; and that paramount consideration forms the only ground of justification for taking away life. To say nothing, then, of the odium with which any such select death-commission must be always regarded in this country, and the dangerous practices to which it might lead, what becomes of the example if the criminal be executed in private? We are aware of all the thousand-times repeated objections about ‘brutalising,’ &c.: but the general effect produced is the point; and we are of opinion that the good greatly overbalances the evil.

We willingly give to those who are constantly mooting these and similar questions credit for their humanity: but it is not to be concealed that the besetting sins of the present day are mob-worship and felon-sympathy. There is nothing greater than the people of this country; there is nothing so base as its mob, except those who pander to it. We respect the sincere politician, however we may condemn his opinions: but the gorge rises equally at a Radical fawning on a lord, or a Tory begriming himself in order to propitiate the many-headed monster. As to the other spot—it is impossible not to see that, with a certain class of persons, indifference to the loss of human life is gaining ground, *except* in the case of ruffians and assassins, for whose fate a maudlin lament is drawled out by morbid sentimentalists and disappointed men, mortified into patriots. No thought is wasted on the victim hurried ruthlessly to his account, full of bread; nor on his desolate hearth, nor on his ruined family: but the murderer immediately becomes an object of interest, and even tenderness. No wonder that novelists enough should be found to flatter this villainess in the selection of their heroes and heroines: it is, however, too bad to find real genius stooping to such a traffic.

Captain Hall had, as he tells us, long felt a great desire to compare together the methods of execution adopted in England and France. He, accordingly, lays before us both of these dreadful scenes, and so vividly that his reader may spare himself the pain of ever actually beholding either. Powerfully, however, as these pictures are branded upon the imagination, Captain Hall has not, in our opinion, been fair in his choice of examples—  
nor

nor has he introduced one of them in a manner worthy of good sense.

His English scene is the execution of Thistlewood and others in 1820 for high treason.

‘In judging of these unfortunate men,’ says Captain Hall, ‘it is to be borne in mind, that, although they were most justly condemned to death for their wicked designs against the king’s government, they have acted under the full persuasion of their objects being not only just but highly patriotic. Many brave and good men have died on the scaffold for offences equally criminal, who have handed down to posterity names of enduring renown; so that, without seeking for one moment even to extenuate their crime, we may, without inconsistency, yield a certain degree of our sympathy to men so grievously mistaken, but who believe they were sacrificed in a great and praiseworthy cause.

‘It is true that in *the course of their proceedings*, in *the scuffle caused by their arrest*, a policeman was killed; and therefore, even had they been convicted of high treason, they must have been found guilty of murder, and most justly executed for that crime. But *this circumstance was what may be called accidental*, and formed no part of the plan, which, it must be owned, was black enough, being no less than to subvert the government, by putting the cabinet ministers of the Crown to death. Nevertheless, their crime, wicked and preposterous as it was, belonged to a class which, when the leaders are men of name and substance, is far removed in the estimation of the world from those which spring out of the base love of money, or the demoniacal impulses of revenge.’—vol. ii. p. 71, 72.

We know Captain Hall to be an honest man, and more so a good sound Conservative—he was originally a Whig, but Amory thoroughly converted him—and therefore we do not for a moment dream of charging him with the deliberate design of alluding to any of the folly and cant above alluded to. But we must say his language here is exceedingly rash, and likely to be misinterpreted. No human being, who has considered the details of the case as detailed on the trial of Thistlewood, can have the slightest notion that *his* treason originated in any nobler feelings than those of personal disappointment—the bitter fruits of disappointed vagant vanity and self-will. He was simply a ruined and desperate coxcomb, animated by ‘diabolical impulses of revenge against the society in which he had lost his place—the rest of the crew were mere brutal ruffians, incapable of all reasoning—bitch hounds eager for prey. Upon what grounds Captain Hall avows any of his ‘sympathy’ to ‘these men, so grievously mistaken’ &c., we confess we cannot conjecture; nor is it easy for us to understand how such a writer comes to speak of the deliberate murder of a brave, unarmed Bow-street officer, while in the discharge of his duty, in terms which might designate a mere affair of chance-medley.

chance-medley

chance-medley—‘ a policeman *killed*—in *the course of their proceedings*—in the *scuffle* caused by their arrest!’

‘ The conspirators had taken the precaution to place a sentinel below, and the only approach to them in the loft was up a ladder, not wide enough for more than one to ascend at a time. Ruthven went first, followed by three other officers, Ellis, Smithers, and Salmon. Thistlewood was nearest the door of the loft, armed with a drawn sword : the whole number of conspirators in the room was twenty-five. Before the officers ascended the loft, they secured the sentinel placed at the foot of the ladder, but we suspect he contrived by some means to give those in the loft notice of the approach of the officers. The whole party in the loft were hastily arming : some with belts, and pistols stuck in them ; others were loading hand-grenades and muskets. There was a large quantity of ammunition in the room, and a sack full of combustibles. Ruthven, the officer, was the first that burst into the loft. Thistlewood was nearest the door with a drawn sword ; he made some attempt at Ruthven, but failed. Ellis, Smithers, Salmon, and others, followed close, with the magistrate, Mr. Birnie. The conspirators were ordered to lay down their arms, and to surrender themselves, warrants being issued for their apprehension : while Ruthven was trying to secure the door, so as to prevent escape that way, Smithers advanced to secure Thistlewood. The latter immediately made a lunge at the officer, which unfortunately took a fatal effect. The sword went through his body, and Smithers fell back instantly into Ruthven’s arms, crying out “ Oh, God ! I am— —.” He spoke no more, but died instantly. *Thistlewood then called to his party to put out the lights.* Ruthven, on Smithers falling into his arms, pointed a pocket-pistol at Thistlewood, which missed fire. Ellis then discharged his, and missed him. The Guards arrived about the time Thistlewood murdered Smithers. Captain\* Fitzclarence headed them, and when they entered the loft it was filled with smoke, so that objects were not discernible. One of the ruffians made a dash at the captain, and another pointed a pistol at him, which he was on the point of firing, when a serjeant of the Guards, named Legge, rushing forward to put the pistol aside, received the fire in his arm, which was wounded, but in a slanting direction ; shots were exchanged between the officers, the Guards, and the conspirators, for some minutes ; but it is not known whether any of the latter were wounded. One of the officers was wounded in the forehead. In the confusion of the scene, and in the darkness (for the candles were put out, and there was no light but what was produced for a moment by the flash of pistols), fourteen or fifteen of the conspirators made their escape by a back window. Thistlewood escaped in this way. Nine of the conspirators were taken. These nine were immediately handcuffed, and sent off under a strong escort to Bow-street. The loft was then searched, and all the arms and ammunition taken off with the prisoners. There was a quantity sufficient to arm 100 persons.’—*Annual Register*, 1820, vol. lxii. Part i. p. 52.

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\* Now Colonel Lord Frederick Fitzclarence.



It is clear, from this account, which accurately reflects the evidence given on the trial, that the lights were not put on after the death of Smithers. The '*circumstance* may be accidental!' The murder was resolutely and deliberately done.

Captain Hall thinks proper to put forward as a specific instance of sympathy the most bloodthirsty of all the crew—one, to use not exaggerated expressions of a witness at the trial, '*whose blood and soul boiled for murder.*'

'Next came one whose behaviour was so different from that of the others, that I should have said he had been drinking, were not that impossible. Looking towards St. Sepulchre's, he gave three cheers, and talked a great deal, and wished to address the people. Thistlewood repeatedly desired him to be quiet, with the air of a man accustomed to be obeyed by those under him.

'The whole deportment of this man on the scaffold was apparently reckless; and it was impossible, when viewing his indecent behaviour with his foot literally touching the coffin he was soon to inhabit, not to suppose him destitute of any right moral feeling. And yet all this was an *external show*. On the evening before his death he wrote three letters—one to his wife, one to his daughters, and one to his son, a little to whom he seems to have been much attached. There is no doubt of the authenticity of these documents, and they show us, in the first place, how little we can sometimes judge of men by outward appearance; and secondly, how small a chance even the best feelings of our nature have for celebrity, when developed by persons in vulgar life. Had the following letter been written to his son by a Jacobite nobleman of the eighteenth century, about to expiate on the scaffold the crime of high treason, instead of a poor Radical butcher of 1820, how different a place would it hold in our estimation!

' "My little dear boy William, I hope you will live to read these lines, when the remains of your poor father is mouldered to dust. My dear boy, I hope you will bear in mind the unfortunate end of your father, and not place any confidence in any person or persons who deceive. For the deception, the corruption, and the ingenuity of man, I am at a loss to comprehend—it is beyond all calculation. My dear boy, I hope you will make a bright man in society; and it appears to me the road you ought to take is, to be honest, industrious, sober, and upright in all your dealings; and to do unto all men as you wish they should do unto you. My dear boy, put your trust in God; and be cautious of every sly, designing, flattering tongue. My dear boy, be a good, kind, obedient child to your poor mother, and comfort her; and be a loving brother to your sisters. My dear boy, I hope you will regard these my last instructions. From your loving and unfortunate father, ——— Newgate, Sunday night, 8 o'clock, April 30th, 1820."

'Who is there that, on reading these pathetic lines, would not know what was the effect of instructions such as these, delivered at such a moment? It is now twenty years and upwards since they were penned,—the crime and its penalty are alike forgotten,—but the

must be grown to manhood, and who shall say how useful and virtuous a citizen he may not have become?'—vol. ii. pp. 73—75.

We touch on this part of the subject with great reluctance, for we have reason to believe that the son is now a good and useful member of society; no thanks, in our humble opinion, to his father's example, whose last months, as well as his last moments in the prison and out of it, were spent in a defiance of all laws, human and divine: but Captain Hall writes with too great effect not to make it imperative upon us to quote the evidence as to this individual. One witness, Robert Adams, saw this 'Secretary of the Provisional Government,' as he signed himself, accoutre himself for the slaughter:—

'He put a black belt round his waist, in order to contain a brace of pistols; another black belt he hanged upon his shoulder, to support a cutlass; he next placed on each shoulder a large bag, in the form of a large haversack. When he had done this he viewed himself, and he said—[we omit a blasphemous exordium]—"I have not got my steel, I am not complete—never mind." He directly draws a great knife from his pocket, and begins to brandish it about, swearing at the same time that was the knife he procured to cut off the head of Lord Castlereagh, and the rest as he came at them. On being asked what he intended them bags for that he had about him, he positively swore that he intended to bring away the heads of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth in them.—The witness, being asked what sort of a knife it was that he brandished, answered, "it was a large broad knife that he said he had prepared for the purpose, and bound round the handle with wax-end to prevent its slipping in his hand *when*, he said, *he should be at work.*"'—*Howell's State Trials*, vol. xxxiii.

And this is the 'unfortunate man' that Captain Hall places side by side with the Jacobite noblemen who laid down their lives for him whom they had been taught from their infancy to regard as their true and lawful prince; such spirits as the great magician embodied in Fergus M'Ivor:—the noble, the brave, the generous, associated on the same page with the off-scouring of the slaughter-house—Lord Balmerino, and this butcher!

' Powers

Eternal, such names mingled !'

and by a Scotch gentleman, too, with the blood of Douglas in his veins!

We purposely pass over the execution itself: we have not space to give it entire; and to garble it would be to destroy the effect of the whole. Captain Hall's reflections after the fatal bolt had been withdrawn are these:—

'The whole sight up to this terrible moment, and for the next hour, was one in the highest degree solemn and impressive; and I could not help

help believing, as I looked over the silent crowd, and observed their stricken gaze, that, although there must of course have been among numerous an assemblage some hardened breasts, incapable of being moved even by such a sight, the vast majority could not possibly remain unmoved during the very long hour in which they beheld these five lifeless bodies suspended high in the air over their heads. For myself, at least, I can say with truth that I have never beheld anything so impressive as the whole of this painful tragedy; and judging from what I could detect of the sentiments of the crowd, I should say that they were as deeply moved as it was possible for persons of their age and habits to be moved by anything. I consider, accordingly, that the instruction and warning, the moral lesson, in short, which it is the purpose of the laws to inculcate by such dreadful examples, were fully imparted to the populace as the nature of things will admit of.

‘I afterwards heard it remarked by an acute observer of men and manners in different countries, that, revolting as capital punishments sometimes are, and of doubtful utility in certain cases, there is none which tends so indisputably as a public execution does to prove to the mass of the people that there is actually a government in the country willing and strong enough to enforce the laws. Up to the period of the ceremony, therefore, to which I have now brought the description, which it is of importance to bear in mind terminates all ordinary considerations in England, nothing can be conceived more effective or more calculated, by the awful solemnity of its details, to advance the cause of justice. What follows in cases of high treason, after the punishment of death, is of far more questionable propriety; not only from its shock to the feelings of the multitude, but which is a still more important consideration, from its tendency to remove, or at all events essentially to weaken, the impression made by what has gone before:—the effect is more or less to draw the sympathies of the spectators from the government to that of the sufferers, instead of linking them closely with the offended laws of their country.

‘It seems quite obvious that, whenever in a free country the execution of justice is severe, it ought to be divested of everything which is vindictive—precisely as it is of importance in the preliminary administration of justice to carry on all the proceedings not only with patience and temper, but with a constant leaning towards the accused party. It is this done from any over refined tenderness to “poor suffering creatures” but solely for the purpose of carrying the sympathy of the people with the acts of those to whom they have delegated the duty of administering the government.’—vol. ii. pp. 81-83.

The French execution, and its effect on those who witness it, form a strong contrast with the English example. As Captain Hall described Thistlewood's exit in London, we could have wished that he had in Paris selected a criminal or criminals of the corresponding class—Fieschi and his associates, for instance. Nothing, however, but the author's own words can convey a true idea of the truth with which the spectacle is brought before

eyes; and we must present it, though it absolutely seems to make the page run blood:—

‘ On a bitter cold day in Paris, in the beginning of December, some years ago, I was present at the execution of a murderer, one Daumas Dupin, by the guillotine, which in those days used to be erected in the well-known Place de Grève, now called the Place de l’Hôtel-de-Ville. This situation, which is one of the most central in Paris, has recently been changed to one of the places (I forget its name) at a distance from the populous parts of the town, and one better adapted, in many respects, to the purpose.

‘ My object in going to such an exhibition was two-fold. I had a great curiosity to see the instrument which performed such an important part in the French revolution, at a period when the greater part of the executive functions of the administration resided in the very edge of the knife; to what purpose the world has seen. In the next place, I wished to establish, by actual observation, a fair comparison between the French and English methods of carrying the extreme sentence of the law into effect. I had heard many arguments in favour of the French system, chiefly grounded on two points: first, on the rapidity of its action, and the consequent diminution of suffering of the unhappy object of the punishment; and, secondly, from its being preferable, as a matter of taste, to what is called the dog-like death and protracted exposure of the culprit on the English scaffold.

‘ The prisoner was brought along the quais from the Conciergerie in a common cart, such as the billets of fire-wood used in Paris are carried about in. He was seated on a cross bench with his back turned to the horse, and by the side of a priest, who every now and then held a cross to his companion’s lips, but he did not receive this act of attention in a very edifying manner. In spite of the severe cold, the prisoner’s head was left uncovered, and his neck also bare, in ominous preparation. The crowd along the different quais had become so dense that the mounted guard who accompanied the cart had enough to do to clear a passage, which was closed again behind the instant the cart had passed. It seemed a very bad regulation that a prisoner under such circumstances should be paraded for so great a distance through the crowd, and certainly it would facilitate any attempt at rescue, should such a measure be contemplated. The transit of every other kind of conveyance had been intercepted, so that the only sound of wheels came from those of the cart bearing the culprit to the place of execution. Every one, I am sure, will remember the descriptions given of this lugubrious sound, which, during the reign of terror, gave dreadful note of preparation at a certain hour every day.

‘ On entering the Place de Grève, or rather that part of it which the mounted gendarmes managed with considerable difficulty to keep clear, the surrounding crowd took off their hats, and remained uncovered during the remainder of the ceremony. The effect of this movement was striking enough; but it would have been greater had it been accompanied by any cessation of the universal talking which prevailed from first to last over the whole assembly. More than one-half of the crowd

consisted of women and children. The cart drew up at the foot of a short ladder, reaching from the scaffold to the ground, a height of six feet. The prisoner and priest then got out, and the poor wretch, his hands being tied, and his neck and shoulders still more effectually bound, he was desired to ascend the ladder. On reaching the platform above, he was placed on a small step or shelf fixed to the lower end of a right board about five feet long, to which he was instantly bound by means of two straps. This board was then turned down, with the prisoner attached to it, by means of a hinge or pivot, in such a way that he lay stretched along horizontally, at full length, with his face downwards. A slight push by the executioners impelled the board along a grooved plane, till the man's neck came directly under the fatal knife, suspended high in the air, between two upright posts. In the next instant the bolt which held the board was pulled—the weapon descended, and in the twinkling of an eye, the murderer's head, separated from the trunk, fell into a box placed at the further end of the scaffold. It took exactly fourteen seconds from the time the prisoner's foot first touched the scaffold till he lay a lifeless corpse before us.

'The next proceeding was to draw back the board on which the lifeless body now lay, to unstrap it, and to trundle it in the most unceremonious way possible, all gory and horrible as it was, into a large wooden basket on one side. The box into which the head had fallen, separated by the blade was then lifted up, and its ghastly contents pitched with equal unconcern, into the basket. All this was fearful enough when the basket, streaming with gore, was lifted off the platform by the cart, and driven away, its ghastly track could be followed all the way to the quais!

'The gendarmes now gave the crowd free permission to approach the scaffold; a licence of which they availed themselves with the greatest eagerness, apparently desirous of gloating their sight with a nearer view of the actual evidences of what had taken place. In this they were amply gratified; for the crimson flood was still streaming along the planks, and dripping between the planks on the streets. The huge machine, too, and the ponderous mass of wood and metal to which it was attached, as well as the pillars of the horrible machine, being literally bathed in blood, were very terrible to behold.

'Meanwhile the executioners set to work, with the utmost sangfroid, to wash the guillotine; and a row of persons, all chattering and laughing as were the rest of the crowd, having been stationed between it and the Seine, a series of large buckets full of water were handed up. I counted no fewer than twenty-four of these, which were required before the machine could be purified from the stains left upon it by the execution. During the half-hour which elapsed while this was going on, I caught myself repeatedly saying, with Lady Macbeth, "who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" But the consequences of the process of ablution were such as I certainly had never contemplated. I have I ever heard them described, though they serve to explain, in a perfectly intelligible manner, a well-known characteristic expression of the French revolution, which up to that time I had considered as merely a figurative

figurative; I allude to the descriptions of the “streets running with blood.”

‘ It must be understood that since a large quantity of water is contaminated, or rendered red, by a few drops of blood, the effect of dashing upwards of twenty bucketsful of water on the scaffold was to fill all the gutters in the neighbourhood with a red stream. Now, as the rush of men, women, and children to the point of attraction was so great that they neither saw nor cared for what was under-foot, the whole place, and even the pavement of the adjacent streets for some distance, was covered with footmarks, every one of which told its separate tale of horror.’—vol. ii. pp. 88-93.

Now, what effect had this bloody business upon the people present?

‘ During the whole *ceremony* the sound of the most animated general conversation never ceased *for a single moment*; and altogether, I must say, that anything less impressive, in the way of example, I never beheld. In the first place, the procession from the prison to the guillotine, in an ordinary wood-cart, would have been ludicrous, had it not been for the terrible end of the journey. Secondly, the excessive hurry of the final proceedings, by which the unhappy man was hurried out of the world in less than a quarter of a minute after he mounted the scaffold, gave an air of rude and savage precipitancy to the action, very hurtful, I thought, to the effect on the minds of the spectators. Then came the fearfully shocking scene of the basket, and, lastly, the washing, which really looked more like the cleaning out of a shambles than anything else; followed up, as it was, by the paddling of the feet of the multitude in the streams which flowed from the place of execution.

‘ It might be possible, no doubt, to remove some portion of these disagreeable accompaniments of this method of inflicting capital punishments; but I should say that the worst points about it, namely, that very haste which is sometimes pointed out as its chief recommendation, and the hideous quantity of blood which is spilt, can never be got rid of; and I am quite convinced, from what I then saw in Paris, that the corruption of taste, and the induration of feeling, together with the total absence of all solemnity and of any instruction derivable from impressive example, are sufficient to outweigh every advantage which can be imagined to belong to the guillotine, as compared to the gallows. Besides which, I am thoroughly persuaded that by the English method of execution, as now arranged at the “new drop,” the sufferings of the unfortunate culprits are to the full as brief as they are in the case of the guillotine. It is dreadful to think that the punishment of death should ever be necessary; but as long as civil society exists, there will be some crimes which can be kept in check only by means of this extreme measure. If this be true, as the best authorities on such subjects seem to be agreed upon, it becomes a most important consideration to decide which method is the least painful to the unhappy sufferers, and at the same time the most calculated to leave on the minds of the spectators that impression of awe and respect for the laws of the country, to produce which appears to be the only legitimate object of judicial punishments.

‘ To



‘To talk of hanging being “a dog-like death” is quite to mistake the nature of cause and consequence: for surely if a man commit a murder or stir up a rebellion, or otherwise conduct himself much worse than a dog, he forfeits all claim to delicacy on that score. And if the question of bodily suffering were settled to be equal in both cases, as I believe it is, it seems to be a waste of sympathy to consider the matter in the manner alluded to.

‘I can only say that I have used no exaggeration whatever in describing these two terrible scenes,—the one in England, the other in France; nor have I a moment’s hesitation in saying that while the French method is not only unimpressive but disgusting, and calculated to shock the feelings of the multitude, and to corrupt their manners, the solemn ceremony of an English execution is not only one of the most striking and awful scenes in the world, but is essentially instructed from being directly calculated to vindicate the outraged majesty of the laws, and thence to deter the turbulent and wicked from interfering with the well-being of society.’—vol. ii. pp. 93-96.

In these observations we concur; we think Captain Hall has set this dreadful question at rest. There is a curious bias of the subject into which he hardly enters; we mean the amount of suffering actually inflicted by the cord and the knife. It is a dark and disgusting one; but without going into the details which a recent French author has accumulated and sifted, *à propos*, we may state our opinion that, even on the score of humanity, the gallows is far preferable to the guillotine.

The great attraction of the last volume is the ascent of Mount Etna: and it is amusing to observe how earnestly the author endeavours to persuade Mr. Burford to give the world a panorama of Sicily from the top of ‘Mongibello,’ whilst he himself is painting the scene with his pen in the most masterly style.

‘In spite of our hurry, or perhaps in consequence, it was necessary to stop for breath at the end of every ten or twelve paces; and as the footing was among loose ashes, and the wretched sea-sick feeling increased, our utmost efforts brought us only within about fifty or sixty paces of the top, when the sun leaped up from the eastern sea; and before the plains of Sicily, or even the mountains of Calabria, were out at our feet, caught the least touch of his direct rays, the whole of the volcano was bathed in gold. This effect of height we often see from below, and always admire, but it is very rarely that we are made sharers in the anticipated splendour. The physical superiority in the ascent then gives us a feeling of moral elevation above the rest of the world, and mingles with the other sources of interest which crowd about the imagination at such a moment, and amply repay the fatigues of the ascent. What struck me most was the map-like appearance of Sicily, with a considerable part of which, but only round the coast, we were already become familiar. The Lipari Islands, the sea near the Straits of Messina, the ports of Catania and Syracuse, the highlands over Girgenti

and even those near Palermo, and the Mediterranean lying beyond those places, together with an immense range of the Calabrian mountains capped with clouds, but several thousand feet below us—to say nothing of the rich fields of the interior of Sicily spread like a carpet—all filled the eye and rather embarrassed the attention, by bringing at once into one enormous panoramic view so many objects widely separated, geographically speaking, never seen together upon any other occasion.

‘The moment of the sun’s disk showing itself above the sea is, no doubt, the grand object; still I have invariably found, when watching for this splendid phenomenon from great elevations, that the hour, or three-quarters of an hour, before the sun’s actual appearance, possesses a wonderful degree of interest, and amply repays the additional exertion of reaching the highest point in good time. The gradual manner in which the curtain of the night is drawn up, and the enormous landscape exposed to view, from such an elevated station as Etna, is what no imagination can pretend to conceive—no experience in the smallest degree prepare us for. We have the authority of Captain Smyth, the great surveyor, for saying that the radius of vision from that spot is about one hundred and fifty miles—or, in other words, that the eye takes in, at one view, a range of the earth’s surface three hundred miles in width! It will be easily understood that certain parts of this gigantic panorama enjoy the touches of the coming day long before others. The highest and the most eastern, of course, are the first lighted up—but owing to the shaded sides of all objects situated in that direction being turned to the spectator, very curious modifications take place, and give to those elevated spots which lie to the westward a priority of distinctness in their details which we should not have anticipated. As the fields and towns, and the various indentations of the coast become visible, and the colours of the foliage begin to show themselves, we are apt to fancy the sun must be close at hand; but it is generally long after this period that he actually appears—such is the surpassing splendour of his rays. This effect is perhaps increased by the clearness of the air at great altitudes.

‘After the sun has fairly risen, I think the most interesting thing to look out for is the shadow of the mountain, which is flung upwards of a hundred miles over the western country. It is true, its edges are ill defined in the distance, and at some places can scarcely be made out; but still the general effect is very grand, and as the sun gradually gets higher, and the light reflected from the clouds, and from the sky, even when there are no clouds, is distributed over the earth, the parts under the shadow of the mountain become so softened in their tints, as to engage the attention even of those who have least feeling for the beauties of nature.’—vol. iii. pp. 37–52.

This is the last *patch* we can afford; though much of high interest remains untouched, particularly a notice of some recently discovered manuscripts of Tasso (vol. iii. p. 197), which prove, as the Captain says, ‘that the poet was not only in love with the lady Leonora of Este, but, what is agreeable enough, was beloved again.’

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The chapter 'On the Improvements which have been introduced into the arts of Seamanship and Navigation of late years' should be read and acted on by every one who has the welfare of our marine at heart. It makes us long to have the good old Captain afloat again; for, pleasant as he is on shore, he is out a rival on 'the merry sea,'—and smart will be the ship which is happy the crew, monkey and all, which may have the good fortune to be under his command. With this valuable addition ends a book full of varied information, rich in material for thought and thinking, and certainly, as a whole, far more amusing than any novel or romance of recent manufacture that we have had the opportunity to encounter.

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ART. III.—1. *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*

William Carleton. 4th Edition. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1836.

2. *Tales of Ireland.* (By the Same.) 12mo. Dublin. 1837.

3. *Father Butler, the Lough Dearg Pilgrim: being Sketches of Irish Manners.* (By the Same.) 12mo. Dublin. 1839.

4. *Rambles in the South of Ireland.* By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1839.

5. *Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections.* By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1841.

6. *A Tour in Connaught, comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill.* 12mo. Dublin. 1839.

7. *Sketches in Ireland, descriptive of Interesting Portions of the Counties of Donegal, Cork, and Kerry.* By the Author of 'A Tour in Connaught.' 2nd Edition. 12mo. Dublin. 1841.

8. *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly.* (By the Same.) Dublin. 1841.

9. *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Christopher Anderson. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh. 1830.

10. *Ireland: its Scenery and Character, &c.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by distinguished Artists. Nos. I.—VI. London. 1841.

11. *A Tour round Ireland, through the Sea-coast Counties, in the Autumn of 1835.* By John Barrow, Esq. 12mo. London. 1836.

12. *Pastoral Annals.* By the Rev. J. Spenser Knox, Vicar General of Derry. Second Edition. 12mo. London. 1837.

13. *Researches in the South of Ireland.* By Thomas Croker, Esq. 4to. London. 1827.

14. *The Popular Songs of Ireland.* Collected by T. C. Croker, Esq. 12mo. London. 1839.

**I**T is a remarkable feature in our English John Bull character, that we are singularly incapable of understanding, or accommodating ourselves to, the characters of others. This arises partly from our sturdy, uncompromising, and rather arrogant conviction, that there is no nation upon earth so rich, so free, so happy, and so virtuous as our own—a doctrine which is studiously enforced upon us in some shape or another at most popular meetings, and especially at contested elections—when both parties are severally informed that they are the most honest, liberal, and independent men in the world; and then by a little paralogism, the two imperfect halves are construed into a perfect whole. A worse source is to be found in the inordinate love of comfort, and the self-centralising principle, which animate most Englishmen. Happily this principle takes most frequently the form of domestic enjoyment, otherwise it would become intolerable. As things are, it is productive of no little good. It stimulates our industry, steadies our exertions, and checks many tendencies to vice. But the results are often ludicrous. We smile at an Englishman's travelling apparatus, contrived for carrying with him a little England wherever he moves, and at his criticisms on foreign languages, foreign manners, foreign cookery, and foreign everything; which generally end in one condemnation, that they are not English. But under some circumstances this exclusiveness becomes a very serious evil.

There are two things in order to which it is essential that we should comprehend, and conform ourselves to, characters different from our own,—government and co-operation. Now Providence has thought fit to bring together into one British empire three classes of people of very different constitutions and habits. The contrast indeed between the Scotch and the English is less felt—because fewer circumstances produce competition or collision;—and there are certain bonds, such as prudential, thoughtful habits, and a common antagonism to Popery in religion, which wonderfully tend to create mutual intelligence. Besides, the Scotch character in itself is of no very perplexing nature. But the case is far otherwise with Ireland: and—without acknowledging that there exists in England any disposition to depreciate the *genuine* Irish character, as exhibited fairly, and not in hybrid specimens, nor in the caricatures which amused the last century—it must be confessed that Englishmen must divest themselves of many prejudices, and see things in new points of view, before they can be quite competent, either as legislators or as landlords, for a task to which they are no longer indifferent,—the improvement of Ireland.

It is therefore highly satisfactory to see the number of popular works

works which have recently been published with a view to exhibit the genuine features of the Irish peasant in their true light. It is with the Irish peasant that England has to deal. It is the peasantry, to whom the wisdom of our regenerated constitution has devolved the burden of government, and submitted the decision of all important affairs of state, including the management of themselves;—and it is on the peasantry that the landlord must act, in introducing habits of order, prudence, and regular industry into that distracted country. Happily also, the peasantry of Ireland, with all their faults, are that part of the nation on which the eye can rest with most satisfaction for many past centuries. The upper classes, whatever be the truth of the facts, few pictures have been drawn by writers, until the last twenty years, which are not stained with dark colours, and descriptive of corruption, debauchery, extravagance, neglect of their tenantry, absenteeism, and even oppression. If the sons of such men, however exalted those sons may be, are now reaping the whirlwind, it is because their fathers before them have sowed the wind. We fear, with such men as the race of landlords now rising up in Ireland, it will take many, many years, and laborious and thankless efforts to place their own character in its true light before either the tenantry or the public.

Most of the landlords, who are now exerting themselves so generally for the good of Ireland, are either partly English by descent, or, from their property, connexions, and education, are deeply imbued with English notions. And undoubtedly English notions, not exclusive, and not carried too far, but introduced only in such degrees as will amalgamate with the peculiarities of the Irish national character, and correct its excesses without destroying its nature, will be valuable aids in the work of improvement. Most of the theories of improvement naturally come from England, because it is England in fact, as much as Ireland, which is now groaning under the evils which require to be remedied. It is England that must supply the means of improvement; and England, we may hope, which is becoming more and more sensible every day of her own duties and responsibilities to a nation which, having once incorporated with herself, she cannot neglect or abandon without great criminality.

But the late legislative theories of England on the subject of Ireland, as they have been most thoroughly English, so, to the future generations, who, having recovered from the smart, will find time to laugh at the blow, they will probably appear as silly for no little ridicule. The fundamental principle proposed—of bringing two discordant bodies into harmony by assimilating all their outward circumstances, leaving their interior uncha-

—is somewhat new. Whether a system of poor-laws, framed for a country where employment can be obtained, is equally good for one where it cannot be obtained—whether a body of freeholders, entirely controlled by the curses of their priest, is equally calculated to give effect to the principle of popular representation, with a body who are supposed to elect and cashier their own teachers at their will—whether municipal corporations are as innocuous in the hands of Romish priests as they may be amidst the divisions of Protestant dissenters—and whether railroads and cotton-mills must be a panacea for the evils of Ireland, because they have created for us those paradises of England, Birmingham and Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield—all these are questions not unworthy of consideration: but they are political questions, and we have no intention at present of entering into politics.

There are, however, questions of the same kind which occur to the English landlord and English traveller, who view things on a smaller scale, and yet may often fall into similar errors. We are all inclined to see things with English eyes only, and to improve only after an English model;—and many of the disappointments and failures which have occurred in the zeal for reformation may be traced to this cause.

The first lamentation of a traveller—(we speak of the ordinary superficial observer who runs through the country and remarks on it as he would turn over the pages of a novel)—is that he sees no large flourishing towns, meets no bustle of drays and waggons and carriages, to indicate commercial wealth. The peasants go barefooted—each cottage has its attendant dungheap—the labourers live upon potatoes, and not on beef and pudding—they are slaves to their priest, and crowd to mass round the outside of a chapel, instead of sitting listlessly in the pews of a meeting-house. They exhibit a singular indifference to what are called the comforts of life, especially the eating part of them—marry so early as to encumber the ground with population—then support themselves with begging—love to crowd together, and form associations, whether secret or not—and are at the beck of any violent worthless agitator, who trades upon their sedition. If the *traveller* is a landlord, his first resolution is to work a complete change. He will have a town and a market, introduce manufactures, and shoes and stockings—remove the dungheap—get rid of potatoes—annihilate the influence of the priest by schools and the Bible—give the poor a taste for comfort by erecting ornamental cottages, with trellis-work and Gothic chimneys, and roses and flower-gardens—put a stop to early marriages, confine beggars in the stocks or in a poor-house—and quiet all political agitation by the introduction of capital and industry.

The



The town is commenced, the filth swept from the cabin door, cottages erected, the school established, wages distributed—and a few months everything looks smiling and happy. Then comes a grumbling and obstruction. The landlord, perhaps, is called away—his agent is unable to stem the torrent of opposition—when he returns, it is to see the school dispersed by the priest, his ornamental cottages abandoned to decay, the Gothic chimneys stopped up to keep out the cold, the attics abandoned because it is too much trouble to go up stairs to bed—the roots of the trees rooted up by the pig—and the same important animal more installed in full possession of the house, and rioting with the children over his feast of potato-parings as ‘the gentleman pays the rent.’ Then come anger and disappointment—despair—the work of improvement is abandoned, as hopeless amidst an unthrifty, ungrateful peasantry—and the whole blame is thrown either upon the manœuvres of the priest, or the folly of the Government, or the irreclaimable vices of Irishmen, or even upon some mysterious curse, which has lighted on the soil and on the race, as, hypothetically, descendants of the children of Ham.

We believe much of this waste and disappointment might be avoided, if it was remembered at the first that Englishmen and Irishmen are formed with very different temperaments, and require different treatment. And though it is highly desirable and possible, by proper means, to bring them to assimilate and to operate together cordially, as members of one great nation, it will be possible, and perhaps is not desirable, to make their characters bear to each other more than a sisterly resemblance.

‘*facies non omnibus una,*

*Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.*’

Some of the chief peculiarities of the Irish peasantry, as they are described by Irish writers, it may not be uninteresting to touch on.

In the first place, then, whereas the mode of influencing Englishmen is through their head, by appealing to an ambition, a desire of comfort and advancement, not altogether free from selfishness, the way to govern an Irish peasant is through his heart. He must have some one to look up to, to love and devote himself to, and then he may be governed and educated. Which character is to be preferred, and which might be made, by proper treatment, the foundation for the highest virtues, may be a question—but the difference is obvious. For this reason, until something of the principle of feudalism is restored in Ireland, the Irish peasant will be like the wasp, which the experimentalising entomologist cut in two, and saw the body and wings wandering blindly about the table in order to find the head. And by the principle of feuda-

ism we do not mean, as some may affect to understand, the privilege of applying the thumb-screw, or racking the vassal, or extracting Jews' teeth in a baronial dungeon, but the principle that 'property has its duties as well as its rights,' and that the master of the soil should stand to his tenants as much as possible in a fatherly, and almost a regal relation, as their best friend, their protector, and their guide.

We confess we are sufficiently in love with the good portion of feudalism to delight in such a sketch as the following which Lady Chatterton supplies, and which we do not believe to be uncommon:—

' On Friday last we went to Cratloe woods to pass a day with its young and interesting owner, Mr. Augustus O'Brien. It is opposite to Vermont, on the other side of the Shannon; but we drove round by Limerick, and crossed the fine new bridge, which has been lately built there. I was curious to see a place which has such attractions for its youthful proprietor as to induce him to forego all the pleasures which have been inviting him to London during the season. Of neighbours, at least rich ones, he has few; but he is surrounded by the interesting, intelligent, grateful Irish peasantry; and for them, for the pleasure of doing them good, and receiving their adoring affection, he gives up all those amusements of the world which are most attractive to youth, as well as the intoxication of shining in, and being admired by, the most polished circles in Europe. But after what we witnessed in the delightful walk we took with him when at Cratloe, I almost ceased to wonder so much at his choice. He has there a most original and unexplored field for benevolent exertions, and meets with innumerable instances of generous devotion, of warm-hearted gratitude, and all those traits which render the Irish peasantry so highly interesting. The real pleasure he finds in all this is a proof of what I have often said, that to a person of good taste and good feeling Ireland offers a more interesting field for benevolent exertion, and for speculation on character, than any European land. On our return from our walk in the Cratloe woods we made a detour, and followed a little path by the side of a clear stream, which flows from the "Squire's Well." It led us sometimes through fine forest-trees, through dark glens, and sunny slopes, to where openings had been cut in the woods, and where rustic seats were placed to enjoy the distinct prospect of the lordly Shannon, Carrig O'Gunniel Castle, and the far-off range of the Galtee mountains. At last it emerged into some fields; and at the end of one we suddenly came upon the door of a little cabin, the abode of a poor widow, who received the young squire and his party with a thousand blessings showered upon the former for restoring her son to health, whom it seemed he had himself attended, and prescribed for, during a dangerous illness. The next cottage we visited was of a better class; a well-dressed woman was ironing her husband's linen, and her old mother-in-law was sitting in a comfortable chair near the fire. She showed us her inner room, where two pretty twin-children were asleep in a nice cradle. Besides a china-press and

and wardrobe, this room contained a bookstand filled with religious books. But it was the old grandmother's countenance which riveted my attention more than all these refined wonders of an Irish cabin. She was deaf, and could not hear the musical voice of the young squire; but her eyes were fixed on him with a look of intense gratitude and delight. As we went away, she said so touchingly, "God Almighty bless my young master,—I can do nothing but pray for him," that I almost envied him the feeling he had excited. At the last election one of the sons of this old woman came to his beloved young landlord, and was mortified beyond measure at not being allowed by him to subscribe to the poor man, large sum of three pounds towards the election expenses. . . . Our host at Cratloe met with several such traits of anxiety and generosity at the same election. We heard among others that one of his tenants who had amassed a hundred pounds, the savings of his life for his old age and large family, came forward and offered all to his beloved landlord.'—*Rambles*, vol. ii. p. 170.

However, Lady Chatterton does not forget to add that the 'sanguinary and rapacious landlord,' as all Irish landlords, who are neither Romanists nor Whigs, are asserted to be, was nearly torn to pieces at the same election by an infuriated mob, who had been properly drilled for the occasion.

We can imagine the principle carried out still farther. We can imagine an Irish tenantry formed into something like a yeomanry corps by their landlord, and thus attached to him by one of their first propensities, the love of fighting, and at the same time this love of fighting subdued into a proper, disciplined courage, and ranged on the side of law, instead of against it. We know more than one landlord, thoroughly conversant with the Irish character, and devoted to the improvement of his tenants, who has established, with admirable results, a little court of equity, in which he presides himself as arbitrator, and thus realises another important principle of a good feudalism. Among the noble castles and seats which are now rising in Ireland, it would be well to see more frequently a baronial hall, in which the tenantry might meet together, and feel themselves under a common roof with their chief, for other purposes than paying rent. In fact, it is the landlords who must govern the people, and govern them by their affections, if they are to be governed at all. The army, and the police, and the courts of justice, and the ministry, may be all very well for England, where we understand what law is, and can see beyond our homes; but in Ireland, convulsions, and absenteeism, and religious animosities, have obstructed the growth of such a knowledge; and the clannish, feudal feeling is still alive, and ought to be cherished by every means in our power. It would be well if even in England we could extend and strengthen it. But England is too far gone in money-making, manufacturing habits; and perhaps

perhaps the natural spirit which ought to hold together society in its subordinate grades is, in some districts at least, lost for ever.

But for an Irish landlord to stand in this relation he should be himself Irish in heart—if he lives amidst an Irish-speaking population, himself also speaking their language—sympathising with their feelings, conforming to their habits, where their habits do not require correction, and identifying himself as much as possible with their national and local associations.

The illustrations of this which we might draw from the inimitable works of Miss Edgeworth are numberless; but these have attained such universal circulation that it might seem idle to multiply references to their pages. Miss Edgeworth, besides, was born and bred in the highest rank of Irish gentry, and this is another reason for turning rather to other authorities. Let us take, for example, Lady Morgan:—

“ ‘Irish!’ (says one of her best characters, when the question is put of the head of his clan),—“Irish!” exclaimed O’Leary, with a burst of emotion beyond all power of control, and darting forward, “ay, troth, is she Irish, body and soul. Irish by birth, by blood, and by descent. Irish every inch of her, heart and hand, life and land! And though the mother that bore her was Iberian born, Bachal Essu! she was Milesian, like herself, descended from the Tyrian Hercules; and there she stands, the darling of the world, with the best blood of Spain and Ireland flowing through her veins. A true Irish-woman, that loves her country, and lives in it, long life to her! and an ancient ould countess, to boot, in her own right, anno 1565, Elizabeth Reginæ vi.; the lineal heir of Florence Macarthy More, the *fogh na galla*, and the King of the Desmondi, to this blessed hour.” . . . “And who am I, madam, is it?” said O’Leary, firmly, but respectfully,—“I am Terence Oge O’Leary, plaze your ladyship, of the Pobble O’Learys, of Clancare, county Kerry, anciently Cair-Reight, from Cair-na Luochra Macarthy, who was King of Munster anno mundi 1525, Noah rege, and am tributary, and seneachy, or genealogist to the Macarthys, before the English was heard of, anno Domini 1166, Hen. Secundo rege . . . and am at the present speaking a poor Irish schoolmaster, Ludi Magister of Monaster-ny-Oriel; and, lastly, plaze your ladyship, madam, I am a servitor in the great Norman family of the Fitzadelms, being fosterer”—his voice faltered—“fosterer, madam, of him who though he now lies low in the ocean, with none but myself and the winds of heaven to moan over him, yet if he had his right would now be reigning here in this very castle.”’—*Florence Macarthy*, p. 259 (edit. 1829).

Lady Morgan is no feudalism, but she is a shrewd observer and lively describer of her countrymen; and she has seized on this nationality of the Irish character, their recollections of antiquity, and their attachment to an ancient nobility, to give a depth and feeling to her tales, as they would give the same depth and

and feeling, if properly employed, to the attachment of the peasantry in general to their legitimate landlords. Even now it is felt and cherished. Not even the most brutal commands of a notorious demagogue could induce the people of Carlow to insult the remains of a Cavanagh. And the apparent servility of language and homage with which persons of rank are treated, however inconsistent with other feelings which now are taught to lurk beneath it, is not mere hypocrisy, but the expression of a natural bias, which under other circumstances would become a genuine and honourable loyalty.

Closely connected with this nationality is the attachment which the lower orders of Irish bear to the name and bearing of a gentleman. They have not yet learned that differences of birth are immaterial in the formation of character, or that mankind are likely to benefit by the doctrine of equality:—

‘There is something remarkable,’ says Mr. Crofton Croker (in *“Researches in the South of Ireland,”*) ‘in the ideas of freedom and independence vaguely floating in the mind of an Irish peasant. . . . “I would, since your honour bids me, but that I scorn to demean myself,” is a reply proof against any argument that reason or propriety can suggest. Bishop Berkeley has mentioned a kitchen-wench in his family who refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from the ancient kings of Ireland. . . . The usual language of condolence on a change of fortune is “he whose father was a real gentleman, undoubted gentleman, and whose mother was born and bred a gentleman’s woman, ay, and her mother before her.” Every person, therefore, in Ireland is a gentleman, or was a gentleman, or is related to a gentleman. . . . In communicating with the peasantry every account given of them is in a strain of hyperbole. I have heard the resident of a mud cabin speak with perfect assurance of his “drawing-room,” an apartment in the roof to which he ascended by means of a ladder; and his footway through his half-acre of cabbage-garden has become “the road through his farm.” As a fair specimen, perhaps I may be excused the introduction of the well-known answer, “timber and fruit,” given from a coasting-vessel freighted with birch-brooms and potatoes, when hailed by a revenue-cruiser off Cork harbour to ascertain her cargo. *Researches*, p. 225.\*

Even in their intercourse with each other Lady Morgan marks the same tendency:—

‘The guide, who, as he proceeded through this disgusting suburb, saluted several among those whose idle curiosity had drawn them from their sties, betrayed a courtesy of manner curiously contrasted with his own appearance and with that of the persons he addressed. Everyb

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\* We are surprised that this most entertaining work, which contains, too, a great deal of valuable historical information, should never have been reprinted in a cheap portable form.

was "Sir," or "Madam;" and the children were either "Miss," or "Master," or were saluted with epithets of endearment and familiarity. "Morrow, Dennis, dear, how is it with you?" "Morrow, kindly, Mrs. Flanagan; I hope I see you well, Ma'am." "Oh you're up with the day, Mr. Geratty. How's the woman that owns you?" "Here's a fine morning, Miss Costello, God bless it: is your mother bravely, Miss?" "Eh! then, Paddy, you little garlagh, why isn't it after the cockles ye are the day, and the tide on the turn?" —*Florence Macarthy*, p. 16.

Thus exhibited, the feeling may seem ludicrous and contemptible; but though it may, in some degree, encourage those 'Irish gentlemen,' so named in Queen Anne's act of parliament, who, on the strength of their gentility, 'would not work, but demanded victuals and coshering from house to house,' a feeling is not lightly to be trifled with, which gives to a poor man dignity, and keeps before him a higher standard and law for action than mere animal necessity. It is a relic of the old spirit of clanship, by which the poorest man shared in the honours of his chief; and, instead of being despicable, may be turned to great account in the re-construction of society in Ireland.

Hitherto, also, little has been thought of the importance of the Irish language as a key to the heart of the peasantry—that heart which occupies so large a part of their nature, that it is made the seat of all their ailments, and was the excuse given for their former habit of drunkenness. But England is at last beginning to open her eyes to this great instrument for the improvement of Ireland; and there is, we understand, in the north of Ireland one excellent nobleman, Lord George Hill, who has recently learned to speak Irish, with this very view, and we sincerely wish his example was followed generally. Let it be remembered that the notions of England and of the English language have by the priests been studiously connected in the minds of the peasantry with every hostile prejudice against foreigners and invaders—that a common tongue is one great bond appointed by nature to draw men's hearts together—that the possession of a language unknown to their superiors creates a most dangerous facility for secret combinations, and insulates them as if for the very purpose of conspiracy, a purpose to which it is unscrupulously applied—that, although sufficient English may be acquired by the peasantry for mere business, English is wholly inadequate to express the natural warmth and quickness of Irish feeling—that the Irish is identified with all their old and most gratifying associations—that there is a wide difference between using a language so as to be understood by others, and understanding it well ourselves—and that, instead of perpetuating a barbarous language, the use of Irish will tend to preserve from destruction many most valuable



records of interesting history, and finally, as it has proved the case of the Gaelic, will render the English prevalent, encouraging a love of learning. The author of '*Sketches of Ireland*' has given an anecdote which we gladly transcribe :-

'A shower of rain drove us to seek shelter in the hut of the man who looks after the pheasants [on Lord Bantry's domain]. He was courteous and with all the civility that never deserts an Irishman, he welcomed us in God's name, and produced stools which he took care to wipe with his great-coat before he permitted us to sit on them. On inquiring of him why he was alone, and where were his family, he said they were gone to the Watch Mass (it was the Saturday before Easter). "And what is the Watch Mass?" He could not tell. "And what was yesterday?" He could not tell. "And what day will to-morrow be?" He could not tell. "What! cannot you tell me why yesterday has been called Good Friday and to-morrow Easter Sunday?" "Turning to my companion, I was moved to observe, with great emphasis, how deplorable it was to see men, otherwise so intelligent, so awfully ignorant concerning matters connected with religion. "I will fast with your judgment, my good sir," said my friend; "what you say will prove very much mistaken in this instance concerning the knowledge of this man: recollect you are now speaking to him in a foreign tongue. Come, now, I understand enough of Irish to try his mind in his own dialect." Accordingly, he did so; and it was quite surprising to see how the man, as soon as the Irish was spoken, brightened up in countenance; and I could perceive from the smile that played on the face of my friend, how he rejoiced in the realization of his prognostic; and he began to translate for me as follows:—"I asked him what was yesterday? It was on that day that the Lord of Mercy gave his pardon to sinners; a hundred thousand blessings to him for that. What is to-morrow? It was the day when watch was kept over the holy body that held the incorruptible body of my sweet Saviour." Thus the man gave, in Irish, clear and feeling answers to questions concerning religion. When addressed in English, he appeared quite ignorant: and although he used common English words and phrases he had the use; but, like his countrymen in the south, his mind was groping in foreign words. When conversing in English; and he only seemed to think in Irish. The one was the language of his commerce, the other of his heart.'

*Sketches, &c.*, p. 311.\*

This anecdote might be illustrated by many similar instances of the influence of the Irish language, especially from the records of the Irish Society. Address the peasantry on the subject of religion in English, and the ear is averted, and the heart is hardened, and perhaps the hand uplifted. But the moment that Irish is heard, they gather round, suspend their work for their neighbours, sit round the reader of the Bible,

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\* This and the volume placed next to it in our list have the initials 'C. O.' in their prefaces. They are both highly creditable to the Rev. Caesar Otway.

nately weeping and praying, for hours; convert into refreshment for him the boiling water, which, in conformity with suggestions from authority, they had placed on the fire in order to scald 'the heretic teacher:' and entreat from him the gift of the Bible or Prayer-book in Irish, which nothing will persuade them to give up even to the priest, and which, if they are prevented by the threats and importunities of wives or mothers from reading it at home, they hide for private opportunities in some secret place, and carry about with them to their work ready for use when the teacher comes to hold his little school by the side of a bog, or in some remote cabin far away from the observation of the priest.

We cannot refrain from quoting one passage on this subject from the appendix to Mr. Barrow's Tour:—

'The Irish Society appears in some districts to be producing very important and beneficial effects. Its agency is chiefly carried on by Scripture readers in the Irish tongue, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, who go from house to house (usually in the evening) and read to all who are willing to listen, or teach such as are desirous of reading for themselves. On leaving one house, the place and time are appointed for the next meeting, and generally the house is crowded, the desire to hear and learn being so great that the people bring with them candles and little baskets of turf, as the householder's small means would not allow of his supplying them. Owing to the quietness and privacy of these proceedings, the priest is often ignorant of what is going on till it has made considerable progress. This occurred in a certain district, where, when it came to the knowledge of the priest, it was denounced, or as the Irish say, "spoken against," from the altar; and all those who were possessed of Irish Bibles were ordered to bring them to chapel the next Sunday, and deliver them to the priest. In consequence of this order the reading people assembled in numbers along with the Scripture readers, when they agreed to search the Bible for passages forbidding, or even discouraging the general reading of the Scriptures. None such being to be found, but many on the contrary side, their minds were much quieted, and the following Sunday, when the priest called for the Bibles, the chief reader stood forward before the altar, and, drawing his Bible from his breast, declared that, if his reverence could point out one single verse prohibiting or discouraging its being read, he and his friends would give up their Bibles to him at once. The priest, unable to point out any, resorted to violence and abuse. The Scripture reader therefore put back his Bible into his bosom, and with his followers quitted the chapel in a body, and have never submitted to the ecclesiastical mandate.'—*Barrow, App.*, p. 35.

For the general accuracy of this statement, and its applicability to a considerable district in Ireland, we can vouch ourselves. Nothing seems wanting to the still greater success of this valuable society but what may easily be done:—1. The placing it under proper episcopal and diocesan superintendence, so as to

harmonize its movements with the organization of the Church; 2. The giving a sound education, sound not merely in point of religious feeling, but in principles of order and discipline, to the readers employed; 3. The placing them under the regular control of the parochial clergy, and sending them out under episcopal sanction, as readers and catechists are employed by colonial bishops; 4. The raising up a body of Irish-speaking clergy to receive the converts into the bosom of the Church, and to preserve them in it subsequently by a continuance and enlargement of the same ministrations in their native tongue. And 5. The providing some kind of refuge for the converts who are now for the most part deprived of all their means of subsistence as soon as their resolution to read the Bible is discovered. This last point would require great care and vigilance in the management, and must be principally accomplished by landlords and by the clergy: and the plan might be extended to receive those priests whose minds are open to the truth, but who cannot even think of leaving their present system without certain ruin. Many such minds there must be, uncorrupted even by the violence of political popery—clinging to it from necessity, not from choice. The chief difficulty would be to provide a place where they might enjoy opportunities of study and retirement, previous to undertaking ministerial duties in our own Church; and where sufficient shelter would be offered, without any temptation to worldly advancement. This could only be accomplished by placing them in the bosom of some collegiate body properly organised, and we cannot but hope that some such plan may soon be devised.

Of the extent to which the Irish language might thus be employed in obtaining access to the natives, some idea may be formed by the tables given in Mr. Anderson's excellent '*Sketches of the Native Irish.*' (p. 223.)

County.	Persons speaking the		Total.
	English Language.	Irish Language.	
Louth . . . .	50,506	50,505	101,011
Meath . . . .	45,481	113,702	159,183
Dublin . . . .	314,462	21,430	335,892
Wicklow . . . .	94,944	15,823	110,767
Wexford . . . .	128,104	42,702	170,806
Kilkenny . . . .	68,576	113,370	181,946
Carlow . . . .	74,511	22,559	97,070
Kildare . . . .	84,913	14,152	99,065
Queen's . . . .	95,911	38,364	134,275
King's . . . .	93,536	37,552	131,088
Westmeath . . . .	36,805	92,014	128,819
			Longford

County.	Persons speaking the		Total.
	English Language.	Irish Language.	
Longford . . . .	53,785	53,785	107,570
Antrim . . . .	206,533	56,327	262,860
Down . . . .	232,436	92,974	325,410
Armagh . . . .	149,044	56,406	205,450
Tyrone . . . .	120,861	141,004	261,865
Derry . . . .	166,173	27,696	193,869
Donegal . . . .	106,401	141,869	248,270
Fermanagh . . . .	112,283	18,714	130,997
Cavan . . . .	83,604	111,472	195,076
Monaghan . . . .	74,870	99,827	174,697
Leitrim . . . .	8,913	115,872	124,785
Sligo . . . .	10,444	135,785	146,229
Roscommon . . . .	14,909	193,820	208,729
Mayo . . . .	20,936	272,176	293,112
Galway . . . .	49,889	287,485	337,374
Clare . . . .	44,589	163,500	208,089
Limerick . . . .	105,851	171,626	277,477
Kerry . . . .	46,323	169,862	216,185
Cork . . . .	235,610	494,834	730,444
Waterford . . . .	56,072	100,449	156,521
Tipperary . . . .	74,334	272,572	346,896
	<hr/> 3,061,610 <hr/>	<hr/> 3,740,217 <hr/>	<hr/> 6,801,827 <hr/>

‘Such,’ says Mr. Anderson, ‘were said to be the proportions ten years ago.’ Mr. Anderson’s book was published in 1830.

The calculation of one half the population as speaking Irish may seem to be exaggerated; but, considering that, to come under this class, it is not necessary to be ignorant of English, and that as a means of secret communication the Irish is employed generally by the lower orders, we think it not unfair. In this calculation must be included the numerous islands off the Irish coast, which to most Englishmen are as much a *terra incognita* as the archipelago of the South Sea: and yet there can be scarcely less than six hundred, including those in the inland lakes; and the position of those on the coast, exposed to the waves of the Atlantic, renders them peculiarly inaccessible, and has therefore preserved their manners in a primitive and most interesting state. Lady Chatterton, we think, mentions the alarm of one native at having to mount up the stairs of a house—and that which another expressed, the first time he saw trees by the roadside, lest they should fall upon him. What shall we think of fishermen driven from Tory Island into Ards Bay, and so astonished at the same sight, that they filled their pockets with leaves

leaves and branches to show as wonders to their friends? Have we provided for the religious wants of these integral parts of the British empire—when no clergyman has ever set his foot on many—when of others, as of Achill, it is not well known to which parish they belong—when even the priest comes to many of them only twice a-year *to collect his dues*; and if the weather is stormy, mass is celebrated on the mainland, and a flag hoisted to give due notice of the ceremony to the congregation in the island; and when ignorance is so rife in others, that, not to mention the ordinary superstitions of pilgrimages, and penances, and holy wells, no one will venture out after nightfall for fear of the fairies—and the boatmen who have to cross to the mainland before sunrise will not go down to the shore except in a procession headed by a man bearing a lighted turf in a saucepan in order to drive away devils?—‘Of these islands,’ says Mr. Anderson, writing in 1830, ‘one hundred and forty were inhabited, seven years ago by an aggregate of not less than 48,000 souls;’ and ‘in the north-west Irish is as prevalent as Gaelic in the Hebrides.’

But the Irish peasantry are also a religious people. We may call it superstitious—for superstition is the belief, not in an unseen world and in supernatural powers, but in a world and powers for which we have no evidence, authority, or promise. But superstition implies religion—and any attempt to govern the Irish, without religion, will be as futile as the attempt to improve without being first able to govern. If indeed their character and conduct were formed upon calculation and selfishness, there might be some kind of excuse for supposing that they might be educated and guided by treatises on political economy. But creatures as they are of impulse, feeling, and imagination—credulous as children—timid and indolent, and conscious of their own weakness except when nerved by some occasional inspiration—throwing themselves out of themselves upon external objects, and resting on any arm but their own for support and guidance—religion in some shape or another must rule their lives. It does therefore become a most serious question, how to indulge this natural disposition and give it proper scope and play, without encouraging the grossest errors. On this point, indeed, Popery, as may well be anticipated, has exhibited no scruples. To govern is its object; to govern for the supposed benefit of man’s soul, the object of good amongst its members; to govern for their own benefit, the object of the bad. And it would indeed have been an extraordinary self-denial to have abandoned the admirable material for a spiritual tyranny, furnished by the character of the Irish. To secure this tyranny, Popery has adopted its usual policy of allowing man’s natural disposition its full indulgence; not perhaps directed

directly and obviously inculcating errors—the worst errors at least—in its formularies, so much as permitting them, and creating facilities for their promulgation; and satisfied with the toleration of any abuses so long as the one condition is observed, of obedience to the priest. This is the only mode of accounting for such scenes as the following. They are painful to read and think of; but the strange mixture in the Irish character cannot be understood without visiting their patterns, wakes, stations, purgatories, and other scenes of the kind, where it is exhibited most openly.

We borrow a sketch of the notorious Patrick's Purgatory of Lough Dearg—a sketch as faithful as it is striking—from Mr. Carleton, than whom no one has caught more accurately the lights and shades of Irish life; though at times, perhaps, from the very nature of the facts, he exhibits a certain degree of irreverence, which to English ears is painful, even when the subjects spoken of are the worst errors of Rome. But his tales are full of vigour, picturesque description, and genuine pathos. They may be referred to, with Mr. Britton's, as furnishing a very correct portrait of the Irish peasantry; and they make us regret that he does not write tales *for* them as well as of them. Of this Purgatory or place of penance, we can only say that it was in full vigour in the last year—1840!—so the account is no antiquated fiction.

'As soon as we ascended the hill,' says Mr. Carleton, 'the whole scene was instantly before us; a large lake, surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, bleak, uncomfortable, and desolate. In the lake itself, about half a mile from the edge next us, was to be seen the "island," with two or three slated houses on it, naked and unplastered, as desolate-looking almost as the mountains. A little range of exceeding low hovels, which the German dwarf could scarcely enter without stooping, appeared to the left; and the eye could rest on nothing more, except a living mass of human beings crawling slowly about like worms on a dead dog. The first thing the pilgrim does when he gets a sight of the lake, is to prostrate himself, kiss the earth, and then on his knees *offer up* three *paters* and *aves*, for the favour of being permitted to see this blessed place. When this is over, he descends to the lake, and after paying tenpence to the ferryman, is rowed over to the purgatory . . . .

'The first thing I did was to hand over my three cakes of oaten bread which I got made in Petigo, tied up in a handkerchief, as well as my hat and second shirt, to the care of the owner of one of the huts; having first, by the way, undergone a second prostration on touching the island, and greeted it with fifteen holy kisses and another string of prayers. I then, according to the regulations, should commence the stations, lacerated as my feet were after so long a journey, so that I had not a moment to rest. Think, therefore, what I must have suffered on surrounding a large chapel, in the direction of from east to west, along a pavement of stone spikes, every one of them making its way along my nerves and muscles



muscles to my unfortunate brain. I was with the pain, the praying, the jostling, and the uncomfortable penitential whining not what I was about, but went through a cal dead spirit which pervaded all present and heartfelt sense of God's presence, with its existence in the mind would not only possibility in Lough Dearg. . . .

'When I commenced my station, I a "beds," and God help St. Patrick if he stones placed circularly in the earth, with one circle within another; and the manner far as the innermost, resembles precisely the walls of Troy upon their slates. I m sharp stones with which the whole is chapel, or "prison," as it is called, up came round again, with a *circumbendibus* out. During this circuit, as well as I c five *paters* and *aves*, and five creeds, or that the fifty prayers were *offered up* to five to God! I then commenced getting ing which I *repeated*, I think, fifteen *pa* beds decreased in circumference, the *pr* a short circuit, and three *paters* and *aves*, of these blessed couches. I really forget prison and these beds are to be surroun prayers are to be *repeated* during the cir fact, making the grand tour of the island was the best part of a July day at it, w flayed, and the stones hot enough to broil

'The only luxury allowed me was the my cakes (having not tasted food that one of my cakes, I say, and a copious st which, to render the repast more stomach

'At last night came: but here to des ferred, I hold myself utterly inadequate. with seven others, one of whom was a i with a shrunk leg, who wore a crutch- which northern men that feed on oatmeal

'I was just on the point of enjoying a i a large hand-bell, came round, crying ou which could be heard double the distance up, waken up, and come to prison." Th his mouth than there was a sudden start dark for our respective garments. When to the waters of the lake, in which we w peating prayers during the ablution. Thi and agreeable part of the whole station. bed, or rather in torture, had become quit

lake beat against the shore with the violence of an agitated sea. There was just sufficient moon to make the "darkness visible," and to show the black clouds drifting with rapid confusion, in broken masses, over our heads. This, joined to the tossing of the billows against the shore—the dark silent groups that came, like shadows, stooping for a moment over the surface of the waters, and retreating again in a manner which the severity of the night rendered necessarily quick, raising thereby in the mind the idea of gliding spirits—then the preconceived desolation of the surrounding scenery—the indistinct shadowy chain of dreary mountains which, faintly relieved by the lurid sky, hemmed in the lake—the silence of the forms, contrasted with the tumult of the elements about us—the loneliness of the place—its isolation and remoteness from the habitations of men—all this put together, joined to the feeling of deep devotion in which I was wrapped, had really a sublime effect upon me. Upon the generality of those who were there, blind to the natural beauty and effect of the hour and the place, and viewing it only through the medium of superstitious awe, it was indeed calculated to produce the notion of something not belonging to the circumstances and reality of human life.

'From this scene we passed to one which, though not characterised by its dark, awful beauty, was scarcely inferior to it in effect. It was called the "prison." . . .

'On entering the prison I was struck with the dim religious twilight of the place. Two candles gleamed faintly from the altar, and there was something, I thought, of a deadly light about them as they burnt feebly and stilly against the darkness which hung over the other part of the building. Two priests, facing the congregation, stood upon the altar in silence, with pale spectral visages, their eyes catching an unearthly glare from the sepulchral light of the slender tapers. But that which was strangest of all, and, as I said before, without parallel in this world, was the impression and effect produced by the deep, drowsy, hollow, hoarse, guttural, ceaseless, and monotonous *hum* which proceeded from about four hundred individuals half asleep and at prayer.'

We should suggest that it is part of the superstition of the place, that whoever falls asleep during his stay in this prison is visited by madness.

'Now the poor pilgrims forget that this strong disposition to sleep arises from the weariness produced by their long journeys—by the exhausting penance of the station, performed without giving them time to rest—by the other natural consequences of not giving them time to sleep—by the drowsy darkness of the chapel—and by the heaviness caught from the low peculiar murmur of the pilgrims, which would of itself overcome the lightest spirit. I was here but a very short time when I began to doze, and just as my chin was sinking placidly on my breast, and the words of an *Ave Maria* dying upon my lips, I felt the charm all at once broken by a well-meant rap on the occiput, conferred through the instrumentality of a little angry-looking squat urchin of sixty years, and a remarkably good blackthorn-cudgel, which, along  
with

with its owner, was engaged in thwacking the heads of such sinners as, not having the dread of insanity and the regulations of the hospital before their eyes, were inclined to sleep. . . . After all, I really enjoyed the better half of the night : nay, I not only slept, but dreamed. I experienced also that singular state of being in which, while the senses are accessible to the influence of surrounding objects, the process of thought is suspended, the man seems to enjoy an inverted existence, in which the soul sleeps, and the body remains awake and susceptible of external impressions. I once thought I was washing myself in the lake, and that the dashing noise of its waters rang in my ears ; I also found myself at home in conversation with my friends ; yet in neither case did I altogether forget where I was. Still, in struggling to bring my mind back, so paramount was the dread of awaking deranged should I fall asleep, that these occasional visions . . . and this jumbling together of broken images and disjointed thoughts, had such an effect, that I imagined several times the awful penalty was exacted, and that my reason was gone for ever. I frequently started, and on seeing two dim lights upon the altar, and on hearing the ceaseless and eternal murmurs of voices on around me, without being immediately able to ascribe them to any proper cause, I set myself down as a lost man ; for on that terror-stricken and provokingly clear during the whole night. I more than once gave an involuntary groan or shriek on finding myself in this singular state ; I did many others ; and these groans and shrieks were wildly and fully contrasted with the never-ending hum, which, like the ceaseless noise of a distant waterfall, went on during the night. The perspiration occasioned by this inconceivable distress, by the heat of the place, and by the unchangeableness of my position, flowed profusely from every pore. About two o'clock in the morning an unhappy young man, either in a state of lethargic indifference or under the influence of sudden paroxysms, threw himself or fell from one of the galleries ; he was so shattered by the fall that he died next day at twelve o'clock, and, what was not much to the credit of the reverend gentry of the island, without the benefit of the clergy ; for I saw a priest, with a stole and box of chrism, finishing off his extreme unction when he found the man quite dead. . . . The under jaw of the corpse hung down, his eyes were open and stared with the wild glassy look of death, his nostrils were extended and filled with mucus, his hair was on end, and about his head and the upper part of his face lay the froth of the perspiration which exuded in the agonies of death. There was the priest, rubbing his hands over the dead body of this victim of superstition, confident that such application would benefit his soul before the awful tribunal of eternal justice.'—*Father Butler, the Lough Dearg Pilgrim*, p. 253, &c.

We were on the point of regretting that we had not space to select accounts of the ' patterns,' the stations, the scenes at the wells and places of penance, from Mr. Otway, Mr. Carleton, and others ; but they are, we hope, diminishing in frequency, and we have little wish to expose more than is necessary of the fearful demoralization which must have fallen upon a Christian mind.

who can so permit religion to be debased, and excuse it by the necessity of allowing the people whom they govern to do evil, because, otherwise, they would do worse. But the mixture of good and evil in the unhappy peasant is indeed remarkable.

‘I looked round,’ says Mr. Otway, speaking of the day after the Pattern at Clonmacnoise; ‘there were many people in the sacred enclosure, some kneeling in the deepest abstraction of devotion at the graves of their departed friends; the streaming eyes, the tremulous hand, the bowed-down body, the whole soul full of sorrowful reminiscences and of trust in the goodness of the God of spirits, threw a sacred solemnity about them, that few indeed, though counting their acts superstitious, would presume to interrupt: he who would venture so to do must be one indeed of little feeling. I saw others straggling through the place—some, half-intoxicated, sauntering or stumbling over the grave-stones—others hurrying across the sacred enclosure as if hastening to partake of the last dregs of debauchery in the tents of the patron green.... Many were still keeping up the deep carouse that had continued all through the sabbath night; and as we passed along by the unseemly temporary dens that are called tents, we could hear the impious blaspheming, the maudlin song, the squeaking bagpipe, and the heavy-footed dance—yes, and now and then we would meet with some straggler, who had spent all his money, or who had come forth from the feverish scene to cool his beating temples, and quaff a draught of the pure waters of the holy well, and he would look on us with a sulky scowl, and so we would move on in all prudence lest the fellow would call forth his faction and proceed to maltreat us. Times are greatly changed in every part of Ireland. The gentleman must formerly have given no small provocation before any of the lower classes, even in their liquor, would proceed to incivility; but now, under very careful instruction, much of former deference is disused.’—*Tour in Connaught*, p. 74.

So also what a mixture in the scene at the stations, as described by the too faithful pen of Mr. Carleton!\* The priest at the altar giving directions for the dinner to be prepared for him at the farm-house, where he is to hear confession and celebrate mass; the business-like, perfunctory manner in which these, the most solemn, rites of the church are administered; the ten or five minutes’ confession, closed with an absolution which is believed to act as a second baptism, making the soul as whole as if it had never sinned, and therefore allowing it immediately to commence a new account—the belief that in the *confessional the priest is God himself* (we desire to lay a stress upon the expression), and that when he leaves it he forgets all that he has heard—and the day closed with a feast, which renders priest and all incapable of returning home without assistance!

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\* *Traits and Stories*, vol. ii. p. 265.

So also what a state of mind reveals a fact, illustrative of a practice common materially with the practice of the people, which is put into the coffins of the dead.

\* *Extract from a communication of Dr. Parsons at Cork, April 4th, 1823. To the Fellows of the College of Physicians.*

\* This communication states that Mary F., twenty-eight years, was afflicted with a disease whereby at intervals she discharged, by the sides of the beetle species, some more than others of their existence—some as larvae, some in winged state, which, as soon as they were hatched. The doctor, in anxiety to elicit every circumstance to develop the mode of the introduction of the patient had she been in the habit of eating that, when she was about fifteen years of age, she was cured, and she being told by some of the people to drink daily during a certain period a porridge of clay taken from the graves of those who were cured for ever against disease and sin. She was sent to a distance of twelve miles, where she was ordered, and succeeded in bringing away an amount of the clay from the grave; to this she added the other clergyman's grave, who was by the same practice was to infuse, from time to time, into a vessel of water, a portion of the holy clay, and allowed to rest until the grosser particles of the clay had been in the daily use of the water medicinal formula. The beetles discharged from the patient were the *bleps mortuaria* species, which is well known in the yards.\*—*Sketches in Ireland*, p. 237.

But the whole state of Irish feeling is so strange and paradoxical. They regard the pains of purgatory, but treat it with indifference, as if it were a fine wake than a comfortable life—pay no attention to the remains of the dead, but fight for places in consecrated ground, but yet they are so much to remain in the most disgusting neighbourhood, with a pathos which would draw tears from the spectator, and turn immediately to jest. I refer to Mr. Hall's work (part v. p. 29) on the singular anomalies. It is only in studying how to develop the Irish character—how to suffer, under evil management and wild, and yet is capable of a high per-

The Reverend Spencer Knox, in his 'Pastoral Annals,'—evidently the work of a good, earnest clergyman,—supplies another illustration in describing the violent manner in which priests are allowed to interfere with scriptural schools, and the poor overborne peasant is effectually controlled and thwarted by the sacerdotal tyranny:—

'The unhappy opponent of priestly influence or tyranny feels and sees himself an isolated man. Branded on the forehead as the betrayer of his church; his threshold uncrossed by neighbour or by friend; his hearth cheerless, and unvisited by the former associates of his leisure, in evening, holiday, or Sabbath,—it requires a firmness of purpose which few possess to encounter, without shrinking, so fiery an ordeal. Fiery in all truth it is. Sickness comes, and the minister of Religion sternly withholds her consolatory rites; childbirth comes—the innocent offspring of the perhaps obedient wife is involved in the penalties of the father's obstinacy; death comes—the inflexible ambassador for Christ refuses to the parting soul the passport to a better world.'—*Pastoral Annals*, p. 156.

'Add to these trials apprehensions of civil injury, by no means devoid of foundation. His cattle perish by strange accidents—the people regard it as the judgment of an offended God; his fences are destroyed—no friendly information denounces the perpetrator. In field or highway, in market or at funeral, cold glances and averted eyes await him. He dares not venture from his home after night's shadows have descended, lest her mantle might cover his murderer. Not even his cottage yields him protection from outrage or from fears; full well he knows that many a fanatic or penitent waits the opportunity to wash away the guilt of past crime by some deed of violence against the object of priestly anathema.'—*Ibid.*, p. 159.

And this is the condition of the men for whom these priests and their accomplices are demanding what they presume to call 'their civil and religious liberty;' that is, an extended franchise, to be exercised at the will of the priest; and to whom it has been proposed to intrust the fate of Ireland, and therefore of the empire!

Now one most remarkable feature in all these scenes is the entire unresisting faith, which places the poor Irish peasant at the foot of his priest, without requiring any of those moral qualifications, on which a religious mind naturally would rest. It is the most extraordinary thralldom ever imposed upon a nation. But it does show that any rule, whether of the Government or of the landlord, which is not essentially connected with religion, and any religious system but that of the true Catholic Church, thoroughly brought out, will be powerless to emancipate them from their present slavery, or to govern them when emancipated. This fact is now beginning to be acknowledged. Efforts have been made zealously, but irregularly, and therefore unsuccessfully,

to



to release them, but we have not per-  
ing from the past. It is not by a  
deep devotional and even credulous  
moderating and directing them in  
religion will be established in that ex-

May we not take warning by the hi-  
tion—a Reformation conducted too  
running from one extreme into another  
immediately by the most melanchol-  
remarkable revival of Popery, and a  
break of blasphemy and infidelity?

because the Pope was Bishop of  
thought light of, because transubstan-  
were set aside, because Popery is a  
pline and self-denial were confound-  
Reverence for holy places, and hol-  
classed with the superstitions of pil-  
worship of saints and angels. Appe-  
of the first ages of the Catholic Church  
Scripture, our own wise Reformers  
Church, were abused under the name  
popish traditions did not expressly  
mony, and rest on modern authority  
necessity of working always to good  
a claim to human merit; and the  
suspected, because Popery also has  
them a deadly enemy under the form  
human shape they thought themselves

Perhaps also we have none of us  
powerful weapons in our hands—b-  
idle, fearing them without reason,  
wrongly, Popery, which knew their  
Irish people, has unsparingly us-  
peasant why he adheres to Popery—  
taught by his priest, because it is the  
ther and Calvin were men, and inve-  
because it was the religion of his fat-  
listen to his priests, who are commi-  
cause Henry VIII. had no right to  
—because the Scriptures, read with-  
men, may lead to error,—and becau-  
a sect or a party in the Church, but  
Catholic Christians. These are pri-  
Catechism; and the poorest peasant,  
has been instructed in them.

And instead of recognising these

in themselves, and showing that, on these very grounds, Popery ought to be abandoned, is not the practice too common to deny them altogether; fearing to make use of them as Christian ministers may and ought to do in defence of the Church? We are bound to adhere to the old religion, as delivered to us once for all; and Popery is a novelty; we can date its corruptions. Luther and Calvin were not apostles; and the Church of England, however deeply sympathising with their struggles against error, was not built upon their foundation. Hereditary religion is a good, and Popery is not the religion of the fathers of the Irish people, nor of those whom they are most bound to respect, their governors and their masters. They are bound to listen to priests who are sent to them from God; but the Romish priests come to them with a commission not from God, but the Pope, and are intruders on the Irish soil in defiance of the laws of God. Henry VIII. was a tyrant, and the State ought not to trespass on the rights intrusted to the Church by God; any such supremacy the Church of England repudiates and abhors. The Bible, read amiss, has been turned by sectarians to mischief. But this is no reason for not reading it at all, but for reading it with proper assistance, such assistance as is supplied by the teaching of the Catholic Church, not with the human interpolations and unauthorised traditions of Popery. And Christians ought *not* to adhere to a sect. But Popery is a sect, having severed itself from the old Catholic Church by its arrogant assumption of a right to tamper with her practices and doctrines, and from the present existing branches of that Church by an arbitrary and tyrannical excommunication.

This is the line to be taken—and as it is the true, and just, and faithful line, a blessing will rest upon it. It will not preclude, but compel, a constant reverence for the Bible as the rule of faith, beyond which and contrary to which nothing is to be insisted on as necessary to salvation. It will not throw a chill on the most earnest and genuine piety—it will prove the most effectual guard against the introduction into God's revealed word of human notions and human authority—it will be the strongest bond of union between the English and the Irish Churches in their common danger and distress—it will give order to their movements, security to their faith, discretion to their zeal, precision to their belief, self-forgetfulness to their energy—and the Irish Church will thus accomplish its work upon earth, and win back to truth and goodness a people of all others destined indeed by nature to be a happy, a great, and a holy nation, but for centuries converted into a hotbed of crime, rebellion, misery, and superstition by one all-powerful cause—the curse of foreign priestcraft.

But

But we must turn to another feature in the character of Irish peasantry—their pugnacity. It is a feature of very old d

‘Never,’—says Peter Walsh, a Romanist historian,—‘never has read of any people so implacably, so furiously, so eternally set upon destruction of one another, as the progenies of Heber and Heremon. Never has the sun bestowed its light on any other land to behold monarchs slaughtered by their own disloyal subjects—24 of the battle, and the rest by downright assassination . . . and besides all infinite were the depredations, wastings, burnings of the country sides the endless harassings of the poor peasants, and even some the violating of sanctuaries, burning of churches, killing of clergy and abbots, and *bishops* too, for company; besides lesser fight skirmishes without number. By all which you may perceive Christianity wrought so little on that people, that for 400 years most flourishing part of the Milesian history) their princes were fatally engaged pursuing one another with fire and sword, than pagan predecessors had been.’ Nay more, ‘not even the great hol of some of their very meekest and most justly celebrated saints has exempt from the fatality of their genius of putting their controver the bloody decision of battle, though they foresaw that the death many thousands must needs have followed. Even Colum Cill his so *religious* a monk, priest, abbot, so much a *man of God*, was neve less the very author, adviser, procurer of fighting three several bat —*Prospect of the State of Ireland*, pp. 77, 101.

If we may trust Mr. Crofton Croker in his comments upon Popular Songs of Ireland (p. 102), the following directions given in the will of one of Cromwell’s followers in that country: ‘My body shall be put upon the oak table in my coffin in brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vitæ*. and ea skein, dirk, or knife, laid before him; and when their liqu out, nail up my coffin and commit me to earth from wh I came. This is my will, witness my hand, this 3rd of Ma 1674. John Langley.’

Some of his friends asked him why he would be at such ch to treat the Irish at his funeral, a people whom he never lo ‘Why for that reason,’ replied Langley; ‘for they will get so dr at my wake that they will kill one another, and so we shall rid of some of the breed; and if every one would follow example in their wills, in time we should get rid of them all.

Now an Englishman safe under the protection of the police, confident in the impartiality of a petty sessions, kep awe by a generally quiet and inoffensive code of honour, habitually cautious and reserved, and calculating for others as as for himself, passes over to Ireland, and there finds a natio men, whose chief pastime (less perhaps now than it was) is br ing each other’s heads. He sees the murderous shillelah, w. Mr. Carleton has so portentously described—is present perl

at a dance,\* a fair, or a funeral, all of which terminate equally in a fight—witnesses a battle between two factions, which no power can separate but the priest in his vestments, and returns home with disgust and despair at such a sanguinary temperament. We have no wish to undertake the defence either of the shillelah, or of the faction fight; and the instances happily are becoming more rare every day. But we do think that English notions on this subject also are not hastily to be transferred to Ireland.

The Irish have naturally warm and excitable tempers; they are, by their constitution, comparatively insensible to bloodshed, and indifferent to life; and under the influence of whisky they become fearfully cruel. But their love of fighting does not destroy their natural kindness of heart, any more than a boxing-match, or a gladiatorial show, necessarily implies that the parties engaged are bitter enemies. It is an exciting amusement; and the amusement is not deprived of its charm to them by any sense of danger. Society among the lower classes in Ireland is still in a state far less advanced than with ourselves. Law has not yet been firmly established; it is not trusted; party animosity runs high; old traditions and watchwords of tribes and factions are preserved; bitterness of feeling is encouraged by those who are the most bound to correct it. There is a great admiration for courage, and for the exhibition of it, such as we find wherever a national character contains elements of good, and luxury and money-making propensities have not extinguished it. And all these circumstances, with the additional stimulus of whisky, contribute to produce that pugnacious disposition, which by a thoughtless observer is treated as mere savage barbarism. It is no such thing. It is a disposition capable of being trained into a genuine habit of courage; and instead of lamenting it, a wise legislator would seize on it as an admirable element to form a national character. There are no better soldiers than Irishmen when well trained and disciplined. No people bear real suffering more patiently. None meet death with more equanimity—even with the frightful prospect of purgatory before their eyes. All that they require is to see courage and vigour in their rulers; and to have their spirit properly directed: but a weak, vacillating government, or a landlord who shows signs of fear, can never be a proper ruler for the Irish people.

But when the greatest of ancient philosophers was enumerating the elements necessary to form a perfect national character, he requires, besides this physical courage, great natural quickness of in-

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\* We had included weddings, but we gladly bow to the authority of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who assure us that Irish gallantry never fights at weddings. And this is a trait of delicacy quite worth recording.

telleet ; and no nation, not perhaps even the Greek, ever possesses more of this than the Irish. To an Englishman, if he can see only the dark side of things, it will appear in the shape of ignorance, falsehood, a strange ill-regulated imagination and thin knowledge, a grotesque humour mixing wildly with bursts of feeling, and all the evasive tricks, so frequently ending in perjury, by which an Irishman battles against the law. Even his blunders originate in the same cause. Great quickness of intelligence is seldom compatible with that common sense which is the result of calculation ; and the Irish are no calculators.

‘ *Common sense*,’ says Lady Chatterton (and we gladly use her words for no one will accuse her of writing under prejudices against Ireland) ‘ *is lamentably wanted*. And this occasions all other wants. Where common sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of a hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dungheap, which obstructs the path to the door in the smoke, which finds an outlet through every opening in the chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn on the hottest day in the summer, in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak round her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. The want of sense lurks too under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertions in hot weather. In short it is obvious in a thousand ways.’—*Rambles*, vol. i. p. 19.

Yet falsehood, and deceit, and perjury, and blundering are the necessary consequences of quick intellect.

And how is it that among the most prominent sins of the Irish peasantry is an habitual disregard to truth ? We will give the receipt for producing it. Take a man with a natural flow of sensibility, feeling, sympathising with every one who suffers or is in danger, even with a criminal—let him be brought up neglected by his superiors and ignorant of the nature of law—let those who administer it be represented to him daily as his natural enemies and the enemies of his country, whom he is bound to thwart and resist, and let such statements be supported by too many examples deducible from former times—then give him a natural flow of language, rapid powers of invention, shrewdness to amuse himself with evading an attack, and perplexing an adversary—then, if he is naturally religious, let his religion be turned into superstition, and his mind be accustomed to notions of compromise for sin, of evading the justice of God as an angry and unrelenting enemy, of mental reservation in promises, and of a power which always release him from the obligation of any oath whatever—then place him under a solemn obligation to reveal in the court of

sional all the secrets of his heart to a fallible human being—and let the operation be conducted carelessly and negligently—and, lastly, let him have constantly before his eyes a most awful and tremendous religious system, sadly contradicted by the moral habits of those who administer it—and what reason is there to wonder that *Irish swearing* and *Irish falsehood* can be made, even by an Irishman who loves his country, the subject of an essay, treated, as we regret to find Mr. Carleton has treated it, *with humour*? We extract one graphic sketch of an Irish witness:—

‘ In point of interest, we must admit that his ability in a cross-examination ranks next to his skill in *planning* an *alibi*. There is, in the former, a versatility of talent that keeps him always ready; a happiness of retort, generally disastrous to the wit of the most established cross-examiner; an apparent simplicity, which is quite as impenetrable as the lawyer’s assurance; a *vis comica*, which puts the court in tears; and an originality of sorrow that often convulses it with laughter. His resources, when he is pressed, are inexhaustible; and the address with which he contrives to gain time, that he may suit his reply to the object of his evidence, is beyond all praise. And yet his appearance when he mounts the table is anything but prepossessing—a sheepish look, and a loose-jointed frame of body, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, do not promise much; nay, there is often a rueful blank expression in his visage, which might lead a stranger to anticipate nothing but blunders and dulness. ‘This, however, is hypocrisy of the first water. Just observe the tact with which he places his caubeen upon the table, his kippeen across it, and the experienced air with which he pulls up the waistband of his breeches, absolutely girding his loins for battle. ‘Tis true his blue eye has at present nothing remarkable in it, except a drop or two of the native; but that is *not* remarkable.

‘ When the direct examination has been concluded, nothing can be finer than the simplicity with which he turns round to the lawyer who is to cross-examine him. Yet, as if conscious that firmness and caution are his main guards, he again pulls up his waistband with a more vigorous hitch, looks shyly into the very eyes of his opponent, and awaits the first blow.—The question at length comes; and Paddy, after having raised the collar of his big-coat on his shoulder, and twisted up the shoulder along with it, directly puts the query back to the lawyer, without altering a syllable of it, for the purpose of ascertaining more accurately whether that is the precise question that has been put to him; for Paddy is conscientious. Then is the science displayed on both sides. The one, a veteran, trained in all the technicalities of legal puzzles, irony, blarney, sarcasm, impudence, stock jokes, quirks, rigmarolery, browbeating, ridicule, and subtilty; the other a poor peasant, relying only upon the justice of a good cause and the gifts of nature, without either experience or learning, and with nothing but his native modesty to meet the forensic effrontery of his antagonist.’

Mr. Carleton then speaks of the ‘roars of laughter’ which



arise in the course of this examination well worthy of attention :—

‘ It is not impossible that this merry and somewhat encourage Paddy in that independent idea of being altogether bound by no ceremony, ministered with a jocular spirit. To many is a solemn, to some an awful, thing. (By its sanction, two or three testimonies give cure them. The indifferent, business-like are put, the sing-song tone of voice, they give to this solemn act an appearance of solemnity, and renders the whole proceedings truth and reality, but at the same time gives as a dramatic representation, abounding in truth and reality. Thumb-kissing is another too important to be passed over in silence again! It would be impossible for him to overcome the perplexities of a cross-examination so close as to believe that he had, by kissing his thumb, taken no oath, and consequently given to the law. We must admit, however, that this very difficulty which is sometimes peculiar to the Irish, when brought into consideration, the prospect of the consciousness of having kissed his thumb, that he swore only on a *law* Bible, it multiplies the difficulties presented by a cross-examination of his wit, humour, and fertility of invention. *Traits and Stories*, vol. iii. p. 338.

With this sketch before him the statesman takes on the principle of assimilating a foreign law, especially its courts of law, in every country. Unhappily, if the causes which have produced the law are complicated and deeply seated, there can be no cure until the religion is brought into harmony with its natural government. The character of that religion is changed in its moral character.

When this is done we may hope that the imagination developing themselves in the law. If ever there was a nation famed for the possession of all the fine arts which are connected with the law, it is the Irish. And there are few points so soon and so well repaid by a judicious application of the unseen, in the love of personification of abstractions, in the law, for everything, in the shrewdness of the law, the grotesque mixture of the solemn

ludicrous extravagances, the common, every-day imagination of the Irish surpasses anything, perhaps, but the Greek comedy. We know a nobleman who has already drawn out considerable talent in the execution of grotesque Gothic carvings, into the spirit of which the poorest labourers have entered with zest and interest. The Irish music well deserves to be revived and encouraged. Architecture, which in Ireland is at the lowest ebb, might be introduced, particularly for ecclesiastical purposes. The Romish priests, however miserable and tawdry the taste which has been displayed as yet, are perfectly alive to the importance of thus working on the imagination. Dr. Mac Hale has built a new mass-house at Tuam, of very ambitious pretensions, though gaudy and fragile. And the author of '*A Tour in Connaught*' mentions having seen at Cambridge an Irish architect taking plans and elevations of King's College Chapel, for the purpose of building a similar church at Dundalk. Such examples may not be the most proper to propose; but, with a due regard to sobriety, there is no country where it would be more easy or more useful to introduce a pure taste for Gothic architecture. It is probable also that nothing would have a more salutary effect in correcting the tendency to idolatrous superstitions than familiarising the people with works of art on legitimate subjects, carefully excluding everything which could foster the present evil.

But it is in their tales and legends that the Irish fancy most delights. Every rock has its story, and a story framed to account for all the peculiarities of the locality as ingeniously as Mr. Carleton describes the framing of an alibi. Lady Chatterton gives us the legend attached to the two furrows in the Sugar-loaf Mountain in Bantry Bay; and we wish we had space to extract it. But we gladly take the opportunity of acknowledging the good which her lively, elegant, and amusing pages are likely to produce, if they induce Englishmen to visit Ireland, with some other thoughts than those connected with religious differences, Captain Rock, and annual famine. Something, we suspect, is due to the softening and refining process of Lady Chatterton's own mind, in turning the whisky-and-potato flavour, sometimes predominating in Irish tales, into roses and milk. But this only induces us to wish that she would favour us with many more specimens of the same power. In England as well as in Ireland we do want tales of an imaginative cast, especially for the education of children. The '*Arabian Nights*' is a precious book; but, perhaps, almost as interesting a collection might be made from Irish stories, embodying good morals, loyal politics, and sound religion, and connecting them all with the realities of local scenery and national history; and Lady Chatterton could scarcely contribute

contribute a more valuable present to England as well as Ireland though in the shape of a child's book. We are sure she is not a person requiring to be told that to form a children's library is a task of which the profoundest philosopher might well be proud. None but a woman's hand is likely to accomplish it well; and we have met with very few female authors who, by delicacy of touch, freedom from pedantry, elegance of language, and genuine kindness of feeling, appear so fitted for the task as *Lady Chatterton*.

But besides the imagination there is a still more important faculty which requires to be trained in the Irish peasant's character. This is his love for learning. Compare an Irish school with an English, and the difference in talent is astonishing. Mathematics the Irish peasants are especially fond of.\* A little Latin is by no means uncommon.† Even adults will learn to read with as much patience as children. An old man will walk six or seven miles to buy a pair of spectacles, that he may commence his alphabet. We have seen a collection of nearly 100 Irish teachers engaged in learning to read the Irish Bible, who stood up and translated it verse for verse into their own rude but forcible English, exactly as so many boys in a school, answering questions and assisting each other in their mistakes, and exhibiting all the character of clever boys delighted with their task. To learn they will meet together by the side of bogs, in lonely cabins, at nightfall, when

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\* In carrying on the late survey of Ireland, boys were found in abundance to calculate at a halfpenny a triangle. The poor scholar who supports himself by begging and is relieved with willingness, as a scholar, is in these days peculiar to Ireland. The head school, with its pedantic master, its ragged urchins, and its lessons of love to Ireland and hatred to England, carefully mixed up with Latin grammar and Irish songs, served a better substitute than the so-called National Schools, where the same lessons of disloyalty will be taught with the addition of religious indifference, or Popish bigotry.

† 'The passion for knowledge received not many years ago a singular and striking illustration. The people who inhabited a rude district of the Comeragh mountains perceived the necessity of a teacher for their children. They were a half-savage race who "squatted" among the rocks and bogs, parts of which they had reclaimed, so as to afford them something beyond the means of existence. They could, however, offer very little inducement to a schoolmaster to settle among them; every temptation was tried without effect; at length they resolved upon a daring expedient to remove the evil of which they complained. They took forcible possession of a Dominie, and conveyed him at night from a distance of several miles to the vicinity of their rude mountain-huts. He was freely and bountifully given everything to make him comfortable; a cabin was built for him; his "garden" was dug and planted; a "slop of a pig" was added to his household goods; and he was told that he had only to order to have as much as his "neighbours" could procure him. But he was closely watched, and given clearly to understand that until he had educated one of his new pupils, and fitted him to supply his place, he was not permitted to wander a mile from his domicile. This imprisonment actually continued for five years; and it will, perhaps, surprise no one to learn that when the Dominie obtained permission to visit his old friends, and communicate to them the fact of his being still in existence, he positively refused to stir, and continued among the people to whom he had become attached, and whose children's children he lived to educate.'—*Ireland*, by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Part VI. p. 260.

they are not observed by the priest, and sit up for hours together hearing the Bible read to them by the teacher, and this even as Romanists, and before they have arrived at the necessary conclusion of discovering the errors of Popery to have no countenance from Scripture. There may be something that is irregular and unsatisfactory in the present mode by which this process is carried on; but the facts are such as to raise far more sanguine hopes of bringing the Irish peasants to a knowledge of truth than could be entertained as to many districts of England, where the labourer, when his work is finished, thinks of little but his supper and his bed. This fondness for learning among all ages might probably turn the attention of those who are interested in the work of conversion, from the establishment of children's schools, which must be conducted, to say the least, on an imperfect plan, to the multiplication and proper training of teachers for adults—at any rate of a class of men who might mix with the peasantry familiarly, and be, as it were, the fingers in the hands of the clergy, to grasp the poor population by the parent instead of the children. It does appear that the schools hitherto established on the Kildare and Hibernian system have failed in producing conversion. Is not the child the property of his parent? Can the Romish parent, without a violation of conscience, place his child under what he believes heretical and corrupt teaching? And can the Church demand, or even satisfactorily receive, a child from a parent thus acting? If she does, is she not obliged to compromise her own principles by attempting to educate without instructing the child in *the whole of religion*; for instance, in the sin of schism and the errors of Popery, which in a popish country must be as necessary a part of a sound scriptural education? Is it right really to abandon the duty of conversion, or honest to attempt it insidiously; or safe even to effect it upon the erroneous principle of placing the child before the Scriptures to find out its meaning by himself, without any guide or comment? These and many other considerations might suggest themselves; and certainly it is more easy, and more safe, and more in accordance with the history of past national conversions, and with the principles of nature and of the Church, to win over the children through the parents, than to attempt to gain the parents through the children. If the body is to be brought over, begin with the head, and the limbs will follow. But begin with the limbs, and the attempt either fails entirely, or only ends in a dangerous mutilation. And it will be a day of happy omen for the Irish Church and for the British empire, when some plan properly digested is commenced for gratifying this thirst for knowledge among adults as well as children, without compromising the order of the Church, or risking, as is too much the case at present, the unsettling

settling of the peasant's mind, by discarding Popery, without substituting for the truth and discipline.

We might touch on many more particulars, which, judiciously watched and so as to form in truth the finest nation being hastily condemned, and extirpated not say, for nature cannot be extirpated.

For instance, an Irishman's fondness for the depravity of taste, and it is certainly one of the lowest possible food, satisfied with the minimum of subsistence, back on, when this fails. It is not prone to ferment. It is subject to fore produce famine. It teaches the them on their own bits of land; hence of money—no thoughtfulness in their conduct—no shops—no taste for comfort—no many deeds of violence on the land, and a very prevalent habit of to think that Ireland would be improved if substituted for potatoes, and eating the peasant, as it is now to the English, the instead of encouraging and preserving the of life, and only reconciling them with

So also of their mendicancy. Men and yet a nation of which so large a population are supported by the alms of the improvidently, but never grudgingly—seated spring of charity; and we doubt prove it.

So also of their attachment to land, most mischievous excesses, producing infinite subdivision of the soil, a bad famine, early marriages, agrarian and Ribbon conspiracies. But it would be a mistake for an agricultural a manufacturing population is a far sounder as other. It requires indeed in Ireland farms to be enlarged—a class of large gardens and not small farms attached more; and the surplus population to manufactures, or in such as would market alone. It is not, most assuredly of Irish industry, that we say th

dervalue the good effects which have resulted from the introduction of certain branches of manufacture, with the necessary establishments, into the sister island. But we most deeply and seriously consider the vast extension of the modern mill-system, as constituting the greatest evil under which our own social condition is suffering; and we would fain, for Ireland's sake—for the sake of her morals and her peace—see her escape those melancholy alternations of gluts and over-demands, which are the necessary consequences of an unlimited trade, and must bring infinite dangers to any country, but especially to a nation so excitable and at the same time so prone to self-abandonment as the Irish.

So of their early marriages. They also have produced much mischief. But it would be another evil day for Ireland which should hastily check them, risking the destruction of a comparatively pure morality and of strong family affections, in order to avert the mischief of over-population—a mischief which might easily be remedied, partly—and largely, we are confident—by draining off the crowded districts to the waste lands of Ireland herself—provided only the new colonies were formed upon right principles, and placed under proper superintendence on the model of a good parochial system; and partly, perhaps, as to certain provinces, by encouraging and promoting emigration to our own daily expanding settlements in Australia and America.

So also of the fatalism of the lower orders of Irish. An Englishman is accustomed to think and to act for himself. Put, therefore, opportunities of exertion before him, and he moves spontaneously. But an Irishman has a strange Oriental disposition (and it is only one out of many Oriental features in his character) to allow everything to be done for him. Hence his indolence, patience, disregard to improvement, apparent want of enterprise, coupled at the same time with the paradoxical exhibition of the utmost energy under excitement. The attempt to remove this by simply giving him opportunities of exertion is idle. It must fail. To remove it altogether, and substitute a cold, selfish, and what is called independent spirit, as if the whole world were to be reduced under his power, would be no satisfactory improvement. But stand over him with assistance and encouragement, suggesting exertions, aiding him to maintain himself upon his own footing, as we teach a child to walk, and the Irish indolence, broken as it is now by fits of violent energy, may be trained into settled habits of industry, and the country become rich and flourishing, in the only way in which such an object can be gained, by the steady efforts of its own people, not by giving a false stimulus to manufactures, or introducing a sudden accumulation of capital—a plan which can only end in converting the  
Irish



Irish peasant—who, naked and starving as he is, is still, compared with the Socialists of Birmingham, free, innocent, high-minded, and uncorrupted—into the slave of a factory.

And how then, it will be asked, with all these admirable qualities, is the Irish peasant at this moment, in the nineteenth century, and under the rule of a British government, an object not of envy, but of compassion—naked, famished, almost houseless, a slave of superstition, notorious for falsehood and perjury, arrayed against the laws of his country, and too often stained with blood. It is because the best faculties and the purest natural feelings, placed under discipline and directed to right ends, can only turn to evil—because hitherto they have been left to themselves, and those who have really wished their good have attempted it without duly adapting themselves to the peculiarities of the Irish character. It is because bad men have taken advantage of their almost childlike credulity and passionateness in order to extort money from themselves by exciting sedition among the people; and because Popery has come in to foster their evil tendencies—their fatalism, their reliance upon others, their indifference to life, their ingenuity in evasion, their defiance of law, their gregariousness, and their rash prodigality, instead of rousing them to exertion, encouraging a spirit of independence, making them reverent to truth and law—prudent and economical, while benevolent—merciful without losing their courage. When the Irish peasant shall have been converted, not to a vague Protestantism, without fixed creed, or discipline, or rule, but to the true Church of England, brought out in its venerable simplicity, and placed before them as the old religion of their country, with its bishops, its sacraments, its apostolical faith, its solemn ceremonies, its elevated ritual, and its self-sacrificing piety—then (and, if signs may be trusted, the time is not far off, nor the prospect an idle dream) Ireland may again become, what it has once been already, the source of blessing to Europe and to the world; and hold more hopes than any other country on the globe of restoring the pure and holy form of Christianity amidst a noble and enlightened people. Till this time arrives, it will continue what it is now, a spot on which the eye cannot rest without sorrow and fear—sorrow that so many germs of good should be suffered to run wild into evil—fear lest it should form a part of the destinies of Providence to visit the sins of England upon her head by bringing a curse upon her from the people whom she (under whatever circumstances) assumed the responsibility of ruling, and then ignorant and abandoned to their own misrule. And under this misrule the Irish peasantry will become——But we will not proceed. It was not our intention to describe them ourselves, but to select descriptions

tions of them by others, and those Irishmen; and we will close our observations with one more extract from Mr. Carleton, which will tell its own tale, and contain its own moral. The story *Wildgoose Lodge* is founded on notorious facts. It opens with a scene in a Romish Mass-house, to which a member of the Ribbon conspiracy is summoned by a secret order:—

‘ The scene which presented itself here was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour, which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar. They did not seem to move; and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle was lighted, which burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and those of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of the men who sat on the altar-steps were not distinctly visible, yet their prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future responsibility, either in this world or in the next.

‘ The welcome which I received on joining them was far different from the boisterous good-humour that used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a “*ghud dhemur tha thu?*” (how are you?) in a suppressed voice: but from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I were a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. . . .

‘ None of the standing group spoke; but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine, with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks can be translated with certainty, they seemed to say, “We are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember we *can* revenge.” Along with this grasp they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes afterwards. . . .

‘ During

‘ During our conversation, those who had been summoned to mysterious meeting were pouring in fast ; and as each person approached the altar he received from one to two or three glasses of whisky, according as he chose to limit himself ; but, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present who, in despite of their own desire and the captain’s express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God in worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous, he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel-door, which they did by that means, the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

‘ He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his countenance heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish :—“ Brothers,” said he, “ for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that’s blessed an’ holy, to obey whatever they bid over us, *manin among ourselves*, wishes us to do—are you now ready in the name of God, upon whose altar I stand, to fulfil yer oath ? ” The words were scarcely uttered when those who had stood beside the altar during the night sprang from their places, and descending its steps rapidly turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, “ By all that’s sacred an’ holy we’re willin ! ” In the mean time, those who sat on the steps of the altar instantly rose, and, following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, “ To be sure—by all that’s sacred an’ holy, we’re willin ! ”

‘ “ Now, boys,” said the captain, “ ar’nt yees big fools for your part an’ one of yees doesn’t know what I mane ? ” “ You’re our captain,” said one of those who had stood at the altar, “ an’ has yer ordhers from his quarters ; of coorse, whatever ye command upon us we’re bound to obey you in.” “ Well,” said he, smiling, “ I only wanted to thry yees an’ by the oath yee’s tuck, there’s not a captain in the county has so good a right to be proud of his min as I have. Well, yees won’t run away may be, when the right time comes ; and for that same rason, every one of yees must have a glass from the jar ; thim that won’t dhrink within the chapel can dhrink it *widout* ; an’ here goes to open the door for them.”

‘ He then distributed another glass to every man who would accept of it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel-door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not drink within. When this was done, and all duly excited, he proceeded :—“ Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, and I’m sure there’s no thraithur here who’d parjure himself for a thrifle ; but I’m sworn to obey them that are above me, *manin’ still among ourselves* ; an’ to show you that I do not scruple to do it, here goes ! ”

‘ He then turned round, and taking the missal between his hands, he placed it on the altar. Hitherto, every word was uttered in a low and cautionary tone ; but, on grasping the book, he again turned round, and, looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, exclaimed, in a voice of determination, “ By this sacred an’ holy book of God, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may.”

may; and this I swear upon God's book an' God's althar " On concluding he struck the book violently with his open hand.

' At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness.... When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances were accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night rushed to the altar in a body, where each, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath; and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid with suppressed rage; their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes, fell under the dim light of the taper with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

' As soon as this dreadful rite was completed, we were again startled by several loud bursts of laughter, which proceeded from the lower darkness of the chapel; and the captain, on hearing them, turned to the place, and, reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*Gutsho nish, awohelhee*" (Come hither now, boys). A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night, and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognised as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted, some time before, for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such arms as he kept for his own protection....

' The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild, fiend-like yells rang through the chapel as the party which stood on the altar and that which had crouched in the darkness met—wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and fire-arms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing, and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some hellish determination. Even the captain, for a time, was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand. "Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good. Let them that swore so manfully just now stand a one side till the rest kiss the book, one by one."

' The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too fearful a shape for even the captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to answer till he should hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who, taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally that until they first knew the business they were to execute, none of them would take the oath. The captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow again became knit with the same hellish expression which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

' "It

“ It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse for the truth is, I had next to nothing to be, would have to rise, only just to look be made to show yourselves: yer numl that resistance would be no use whatever evints, the oath of *secrecy* must be tak refuse *that*; he won't know the day, nor he'll be made a spatch-cock ov.”

‘ He then turned round, and placing swore, “ In the presence of God, and b ever might take place that night he v mortal, except the priest; and that neit nor death would wring it from his hear struck the book violently, as if to con swore; and then, calmly descending countenance, like a man conscious of l As this oath did not pledge those who perpetration of any specific crime, it v Preparations were then made to execu burned turf was placed in a little pot distributed; and the door being locke key, as parish-clerk and master, the c chapel . . .

‘ Merciful Heaven! how I sicken at follow! On reaching the dry bank, we found silence, to the house; the captain then assigned to each division its prope had been so vindictive all the night he l who were present they only were in his rious purpose; their number was abo dispositions, he, at the head of about fiv on the windy side, for the fiend possess to seize upon every possible advantag about him was evident, for in less than the house was enveloped in flames. O over to the spot where he and his gang earnestly, but in vain; the flames no lence, and, as they flung their strong most group, I think hell itself could satanic than their countenances, now w fernal triumph at their own revenge. ‘ calmness; every feature started out into his brow was deep, and ran up to the r into two segments that did not seem t other. His lips were half open, and t brought back on each side, like those of and triumph over an enemy who is grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath h seemed to be lighted up in the infern

and only painful, to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrible scowl, enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

'When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen guns and pistols levelled at them.

' "Another word," said the captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to spake for them; no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here. 'No mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attempt to show it will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye—I hear them stirring. 'No quarther—no mercy,' is the ordher of the night."

'Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present durst withdraw themselves from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang; but because they knew that, had they even then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the captain's lips when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked, aloud for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the captain and his gang, of "No mercy—no mercy!" and that instant the former, and one of the latter, rushed to the spot, and, ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word "mercy" was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued; the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames!

'This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the *gang* and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when, dropping the point, he said, in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all, "It's no use *now*, you know; if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them to tell the story. Ye *may* go now, if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew, if I had tould yees the sport, that none of yees, except my *own* boys, would come, so I jist played a thrick upon you; but remimber what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

'Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm—for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors  
and



and windows were all torn open, and such the flames rushed towards them for the proclaiming mercy at the hands of their despairing the unearthly cry of "No mercy moment, and for a moment only, for they of the weapons which the demons had work of vengeance more certain. . . .

"In the course of a few minutes a man the house nearly naked; his figure, as a terrible relief, was so finished a picture of vision, that it is yet as distinct in my memory at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and of desperate strength, to which by this time up; the perspiration poured from his forehead of his neck were inflated to a surprising looked down into the flames which were rising he looked, the indescribable horror which have worked upon the devil himself to rise "My child," said he, "is still safe; she that never harmed you nor any one—your wives, have young innocent children for a moment that it's one of your own; just God; or, if you don't, in mercy shoot before I see her burned!"

"The captain approached him coolly and accute no one now, you bloody informer, more boys for takin' an ould gun an' pist neighbourly knock or two into the bargain

"Just then, from a window opposite him a woman who appeared at it with the infant was almost scorched to death; but, with humanity of her sex, she was about to open the window. The captain noticed this, and thrust with a sharp bayonet the little infant who endeavoured to rescue it, into the rushing fire. This was the work of an instant: "Your child is a coal now," said "I pitched it in myself, on the point of an' now is your turn:"—saying which the leader of his gang, who stood with a front to receive the wretched man, should he fall himself from the wall. The captain got the bayonet against his shoulder, flung him in behind him. He uttered one wild and terrible cry no more. After this nothing was heard but the rushing of the blast: all that had perished, amounting either to eleven or fifteen men. vol. iv. pp. 238, &c.

ART. IV.—*The History of India.* By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. 2 vols. London. 1841.

**I**NDIA! how vague and how various are the thoughts awakened in the minds of different readers by this name! To some it is still the region of fable and of marvel, the gorgeous East, which, as Milton drew from the early travellers,

‘ Shower’d pearl and gold on her barbaric kings.’

It is a land of incalculable and inexhaustible wealth, of wealth in its simplest, most palpable form, of precious metals and precious stones; gold-mines, and valleys of diamond; manufactures of which the threads are gold and silver; sultans with thrones of ivory fanned by peacocks’ wings; palaces paved with jasper and onyx; the Arabian Nights subdued into a more modest, yet still dazzling reality. To still more it is a spacious but uniform country, occupied by a feeble and unwarlike people, who live on rice, and meekly submit to every kind of oppression; still rigidly divided into castes, tyrannised over by a domineering Brahminical priesthood, with one religious system of the darkest superstition, offending the purer sight of the Christian by the most obscene symbols, and shocking his feelings by the universal practice of bloody and licentious rites; a people with all the worst vices of slaves, base, false, cruel, and cowardly. Others take merely a business-like and practical view of the subject. India is to them a country where younger brothers are sent to make their fortune; in what manner they neither have nor care to have a very clear apprehension; whether, according to the old tradition of the days when nabobs returned with wealth enough to buy half the estates in England and keep in pay half the parliament, they still imagine that here and there a fortunate man may find an unpillaged palace, and a rajah not yet squeezed to the utmost; or by some of those expeditious schemes of traffic by which the smallest capital grows at once into the riches of a Rothschild. Those who are aware that there is any literature, philosophy, science, or poetry among this singular people, either disdain all inquiry as to its character or value, with the sweeping condemnation of oriental extravagance and hyperbole; or look upon it with suspicious animosity as impiously pretending to an antiquity higher than the Bible, and as having furnished, feeble indeed, but offensive arguments against revealed religion. So strong is this feeling of contempt, of jealousy, or of indifference, that the later volumes of the ‘Asiatic Researches’ have not found any bookseller who would venture to republish them in England.

Yet in India this country possesses either the actual dominion or a dominant influence, over a region as large as Europe, including Russia, Sweden, and Norway; and sways the destinies of a population not falling very far below the numbers of the whole of our Western Continent. Scarcely an English family has not or has not had, some member of it, or some relative, who has visited India in a civil or military capacity. The constant intercourse with new states and races send us to our maps to examine the situation and extent of their territories. A strong religious interest is excited by our Church Establishment and the pious exertions of our missionaries. Nor do we mean to assert that men of education do not obtain some partial and imperfect knowledge of the geography, the history, the present condition of the people; but that there is in most a strange confusion of ancient and more recent information—a total incapacity to form an obstinate unwillingness to take a comprehensive view of this wide and almost inexhaustible subject. We mingle up and apply to all over India that which is true only of a small district. We confound local institutions with universal laws. We level the whole, were, the whole region, with all its infinite diversities of climate, mountain-range, and forest, into one vast rice-plain, broken and girdled by jungles full of lions and tigers. We discriminate neither the races nor the religions—the purely Indian from the foreign, which is modified by Mahometanism. Still less have we any distinct notion of the history of the country; the foreign invasions which have either been repelled by the rigid barrier of laws, manners, and usages, or have exercised a permanent influence on the condition and character of the native races.

Nor, indeed, is this ignorance, or this partial information, to be charged on an ordinary reader altogether without excuse. A good, popular, and at the same time trustworthy view of the whole subject has altogether wanting in our literature. The materials are abundant, but either inaccessible to the general reader, or spread so wide a surface as to require great industry, as well as common sense, to master the subject. They are contained in our travels, in the Transactions of learned societies, in reviews, in magazines, some of them published in India, and unknown for the most part in this country; in the reports of missionaries, whose ardent temperament and peculiar views pledge them, as it were, to a partial or highly-coloured representation, and indeed a misrepresentation, of all around them. For the purely literary and philosophical department of the inquiry, foreign orientalists, especially in Germany, have added greatly to our stores; but they are ashamed to confess themselves the pupils only of our own scholars.

scholars; and of these Mr. Horace Wilson unquestionably has contributed more largely, if we only consider his 'Sanskrit Dictionary,' to our knowledge of ancient India and of Indian letters than any other single writer, living or dead. But although some of his works, his 'Indian Drama,' and other poetical translations, are more attractive and of more general interest, and his two Oxford lectures contain more information compressed into a narrow compass than most works of the same form and extent; still the more important publications which we owe to his indefatigable industry, the 'Vishnu Purana,' the 'Talmud,' or 'Golden Legend' of one great branch of the Hindoo religion, and the work on the Sankya philosophy (the Pythagorism, shall we say?) of India, are likely to appal our speculative apathy, and want excitement to those whose intellectual activity must be stimulated by the alcohol of political or polemical controversy.

There remained, therefore, a great want in our literature—that of a work which should condense all this mass of various knowledge into a reasonable compass, and present it before us in an agreeable form. It should proceed from one in whose authority we may feel confidence, as having had the opportunity and the inclination to master the whole subject. The author should be superior to that natural enthusiasm which, when a new world is, as it were, opened, is apt to estimate his discoveries much too highly; to be dazzled into a misjudging admiration, which in general ends in as misjudging disparagement. He should be no less superior to that contemptuous wisdom, often no more than ignorance, which refers everything to one standard; and disdainfully condemns, because they differ from preconceived and European notions, all institutions, usages, and literature, of which it condescends not to comprehend either the origin or the genius. It is this perfect dependence on the judgment of the writer which forms the grand recommendation of the book now before us. Throughout there is apparent a calm dispassionateness, a quiet but keenly discriminative judgment; a determination, or rather a settled habit, of fairness and equity, which enables the writer to condemn without acrimony or partiality, to approve with weight and dignity. If we were to characterise Mr. Elphinstone's 'History,' we should consider it strong good sense equably applied to an infinite variety of subjects. His research is profound without being ostentatious. Though he advances no pretensions to Sanskrit scholarship, and has not the full command of the German contributions to that branch of literature, the 'History of India' is brought fairly up to the times. He is acquainted with all the more recent and important discoveries

which are continually throwing some cloudy, on the earlier historical period stone's moral judgments less sound torical and political. His principle tranquil humanity, a benevolent ar which makes every allowance for th place, of political arrangement, of us in the least compromises the autho age, nor affects that display of ph common among modern writers, w humanity, merely the result of a certa Elphinstone's book will, we trust, be to dispel much of that confusion, p still lingers in the minds even of man; the subject of ancient India.

Not that our literature was altogeth character on India before this publ He himself, in a singularly modest more than justice, to his predecessor the late Mr. Mill. The former has times with eminent success, on Indian ever indisposed to sympathise with sc tures, will speak without respect of tl integrity, displayed in the 'History o book, with the numerous and able continuation, of its recent editor Mr. place and its rank; but in truth it ne work. Every one knows the singular an historian of India was by no mean many respects better qualified, for l visited the country. In this respect contrast than with the book before u pages of Mr. Elphinstone without mations of the author's personal fam is a freshness, a truth, and a life, v gained even by the most imaginative written descriptions of a country c reality, there is something of a kind personal intercourse, towards the pe least disturbing his general impartia and inspires reliance.

The 'History of India' divides it Indian, the Mahometan, and the Eur indeed, of an earlier population, of wi

recesses of the mountains and in the forests, which appear to bear no relation either of race or religious usage to the Hindoo:—but history, of course, commences with the Indian period—and where does the Indian period commence? No one is now alarmed at the enormous periods to which the chronology of almost all the oriental, including the Egyptian, races aspires. These are manifestly mythical or astronomical cycles, and either have never been adopted, or adopted in comparatively recent times, as belonging to national history. In all the range of its literature, indeed, as is well known, India has no history properly so called. That of Cashmir is a local chronicle, belonging to a people already in a different stage of civilisation. But regular history is not the only source of historical information. The books of the religion and the laws of an ancient people will throw more light on their real condition, and often incidentally on their origin, and, if we may so call it, their historical development, than many a barren chronicle or book of annals. One of these we possess in the ‘Laws of Menu,’ of which there is more than one translation—that of Sir W. Jones, the earliest, is the best known. But the oldest religious books, the Vedas, are but very partially known from abstracts, and the publication of but small parts of one, the ‘Rig Veda,’ by the late lamented Dr. Rosen. From these two sources, illustrated by all the collateral information in his power, Mr. Elphinstone has drawn up his clear and masterly sketch of the early state of the Hindoos; a sketch which, as condensed and compressed to the utmost degree consistent with perspicuity, it is impossible to offer in a more compendious form. We content ourselves, therefore, with such observations as it suggests.

The division into castes, (with due respect to Mr. Elphinstone we prefer this word, which has now acquired a precise and definite meaning,) especially the relation of the Brahminical caste to the inferior orders of society, the more intimately we study its genius and the laws to which it was submitted, becomes a still more curious and inexplicable problem. It cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the vulgar notion of an hereditary priesthood, a race perhaps of more highly civilised strangers, who have settled in the midst of barbarous hordes, have imparted the arts and conveniences of life, have assumed or been welcomed under the character of messengers from heaven, and have therefore retained a kind of mediatorial power between man and his gods; who have kept the ministration in the temples and the custody of the sacred books in their own hands, and maintained their dominion by the wealth and power which they have acquired from the homage or the fears of men.

It is by no means unintelligible that a sacerdotal aristocracy thus



thus founded should maintain its own high character in the estimation of men by the severest discipline towards its members. So far then the superiority of the Brahminical caste in India seems to be but a more perfect development of that which is universal in the East, and in Europe may be considered a strong sign of oriental origin. Everywhere social and religious supremacy are indissolubly united; everywhere the Magians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptian priesthood, which certainly furnish the closest analogy to that of India—the Druidic, the Etrurian—and the old sacerdotal families of Greece, which may be considered a vestige of this social organisation—are more or less separated apart from the other tribes or families which form the nation—and distinguished from the rest by special privileges; their life is considered of higher value in the eye of the law—the separation maintained by the rigid prohibition of intermarriage. But the establishment of this singularly artificial political system over the vast region throughout which it seems to have prevailed in India constitutes at once the distinction and the difficulty. That one family should be invested in spiritual superiority, and that families grow into a sacerdotal tribe, which should preserve its sanctity among other tribes; that a conquering nation should bring its priesthood with it, and with its own enlarged dominion enlarge the sphere of their priestly dominion; that, even in a limited kingdom like that of Egypt, this growth of a foreign or a native hereditary hierarchy should take place—all this, though embarrassing, does not appear beyond our conception. But the Brahminical order appears as a nation within a nation, a nation not limited within narrow boundaries, but spreading over what we may at most call a continent. That society throughout so extensive a region—apparently without a capital or central government—as far as history, we will not say, but, tradition teaches, no single kingdom or republic, but an aggregate of numerous independent states and sovereignties—should thus fall into the same orderly subdivision of the people; that one class should set themselves apart as warriors, another as merchants and artisans, a third submit to the degradation of being, we say not slaves, but altogether a base and inferior class; and that over and aloof from all should stand this one gigantic hierarchy, stern to the utmost haughtiness and ferocity in the assertion of its own privileges, and at the same time severe in the exaction of a life, three parts of which were to be passed in austerity, under the humblest discipline, under a stern rejection of all the enjoyments and luxuries of earth; that one class should possess itself of a legislative authority strong enough to enact, whether by absolute edict or by admitted usage, these enduring decisions; and the others acquiesce, in unrepining patience

patience, in the irrevocable order by which they were doomed to a subordinate position—(the pride of caste, which, according both to Mr. Elphinstone and Mr. Wilson, adheres to the lowest, was probably the slow growth of a corporate spirit, or of party attachment):—all this seems to require a vast series of time for its entire and unquestioned development. Considering we find it in its full and perfect state at the earliest positive date which can be assigned to any point in Indian history—the conquest of Alexander—we confess that the necessity for a vast period, during which this strangely artificial system should either grow up or spread itself in undoubted sovereignty over Hindostan, impresses us more strongly with the antiquity of Indian civilisation than all their vague and fabulous cycles—far more than any existing monuments, which, including the Cave Temples, are probably of no very remote origin. Mr. Elphinstone's theory is this:—

‘ Assuming that they (the Hindus) were a conquering tribe, we may suppose the progress of their society to have been something like the following: that the richer or more warlike members continued to confine themselves to the profession of arms: that the less eminent betook themselves to agriculture, arts, and commerce: that the priests were, at first, individuals who took advantage of the superstition of their neighbours, and who may have transmitted their art and office to their sons, but did not form a separate class: that the separation of classes by refusing to intermarry originated in the pride of the military body, and was imitated by the priests: that the conquered people were always a class apart, at first cultivating the land for the conquerors, and afterwards converted by the interest and convenience of their masters into free tenants: that the government was in the hands of the military leaders, and probably exercised by one chief: that the chief availed himself of the aid of the priests in planning laws and obtaining a religious sanction to them: that the priests, as they rose into consequence, began to combine and act in concert: that they invented the genealogy of castes and other fables to support the existing institutions, and to introduce such alterations as they thought desirable: that, while they raised the power of the chief to the highest pitch, they secured as much influence to their own order as could be got without creating jealousy or destroying the ascendancy they derived from the public opinion of their austerity and virtue: that the first Code framed was principally a record of existing usages; and may have been compiled by a private person and adopted for convenience; or may have been drawn up by Bramins of influence, and passed off as an ancient revelation from the Divinity: that, as changes arose in the progress of society or in the policy of the rulers, alterations were made in the law and new codes formed incorporating the old one; but that at length the text of the Code became fixed, and all subsequent changes were introduced in the form of glosses on the original or of new laws promulgated by the royal authority. To all appearance the present Code

Code was not compiled until long after the earliest stages of civilisation.'—*History of*

We confess that we are more inclined to polity with that silent wonder with which we view the Pyramids, and to acknowledge the mystery. But we are clear throughout the imaginative and revolutionary groundwork of the polity. The principle of the division into castes, must have been introduced by the conquest and the understanding of the territory. The great tribe, from which we may have been of foreign stock, and the force of arms in the inviting region of the country, have been the institutions of this tribe as a nation, and by its ascendancy of power it diffused itself all over India. We should suppose religious supremacy were at first vested in the family, or race; the king or the ruler, Melchisedek of the older Scriptures, both king and priest; and this is strong evidence of the patriarchal character of the early religion. It has never been, except among some of the tribes, officiating in public temples; but as ministers in private and domestic worship, especially in a religion of which the world at certain periods of life, men are absorbed into the Deity—in short, singularly enough, the general duty of his whole life, but a solemn obligation at its commencement and at its decline)—a first of its intimate essence, and was a dominant principle. The hierarchy of such a religion withdraw from the active military and civil authority, over which nevertheless retain the complete command. The king, if still a warlike and a conquering people, the brave and active of the community, under their auspices, blessed by their prayers and interest with the gods; and thus a separation produced by military enterprise, which would have to cultivate the fields, and to carry on early commerce or arts, would incorporate a distinct community. Even the supreme executive, would be made over or d

active and less sacred class. It does not appear that the same precaution was exercised as in Egypt; that the Chatrya, or military king, was admitted into the sacerdotal or Brahminical order; but he was obliged to choose Brahmin counsellors, to act according to their advice. The judicial power, the interpretation of the laws, and thus, when those laws were considered immutable, the legislative authority, the whole control of the government, was still in the hands of the hierarchy. The more regular and artificial form assumed by this social system—the positive laws, as it were, of the distinction of castes—the genealogies, that is the divine origin of the separate orders, as emanating from more or less noble parts of the Deity—would spring by degrees from the aristocratical corporate spirit and the pride of race. The distinction once established, it would go on widening; the Brahminical order, as long as the nation was unmingled with foreign settlers and unsubjected to foreign masters, would retire into more unapproachable sanctity. The superiority, once established in the hearts and minds of the whole race, would be maintained with rigid severity and skilful tenacity on the one part, would be treated on the other with more deeply reverential awe—nor could anything be imagined, if it had been the wonderful sagacity of some one unrivalled legislator, more skilfully adapted for its maintenance.

By the fourfold division of the Brahmin's life, according to the ideal embodied in Menu, there was the most singular combination of the contemplative and the practical; if we may so speak, of the monastical and the secular spirit.

‘The first quarter of a Bramin's life he must spend as a student; during which time he leads a life of abstinence and humiliation. His attention should be unremittingly directed to the Védas, and should on no account be wasted on worldly studies. He should treat his preceptor with implicit obedience and with humble respect and attachment, which ought to be extended to his family. He must perform various servile offices for his preceptor, and must labour for himself in bringing logs and other materials for sacrifice and water for oblations. He must subsist entirely by begging from door to door.

‘For the second quarter of his life he lives with his wife and family, and discharges the ordinary duties of a Bramin. These are briefly stated to be reading and teaching the Védas; sacrificing and assisting others to sacrifice; bestowing alms, and accepting gifts.

‘The most honourable of these employments is teaching. It is remarkable that, unlike other religions where the dignity of the priesthood is derived from their service at the temples, a Bramin is considered as degraded by performing acts of worship or assisting at sacrifices as a profession. All Bramins are strongly and repeatedly prohibited from receiving gifts from low-born, wicked, or unworthy persons. They are not even to take many presents from unexceptionable givers, and are carefully to avoid making it a habit to accept of unnecessary presents.

When

When the regular sources fail, a Bramin glean, or beg, or cultivate, or even (in c trade; but he must in no extremity ent recourse to popular conversation, mus dancing, gaming, and generally from ev and composure. He should, indeed, ments, should avoid all wealth that ma and should shun all worldly honour a he is not to subject himself to fasts o that is required is that his life should prescribed studies and observances. E minuteness; and he may easily be figu are still) quiet and demure, clean an clipped, his passions subdued, his ma with a staff and a copy of the Védas i rings in his ears. When he has paid scriptures, begetting a son, and perfor may (even in the second portion of his l remain in his family house with no emp

'The third portion of a Bramin's lif in the woods. Clad in bark or in the s hair and nails uncut, sleeping on the b fire, without a mansion, wholly silent, must also submit to many and harsh naked to the heaviest rains, wear his summer stand in the midst of five fir must carefully perform all sacrifices a special duty to fulfil the prescribed form

'In the last period of his life the Br attracted as during the third. But he is external observances: his business is c cease. His dress more nearly resemble his abstinence, though still great, is no longer to invite suffering, but is to c delight in meditation on the Divinity; t a bird leaves the branch of a tree at its

Thus we have early discipline, of ter exclusive devotion to their orde superiors, which is hereafter to be o the same superiority; that hard aust and intolerance of character. Th might seem to have taken lessons i education. But the hierarchy must r order—it must perpetuate itself in —marriage and the procreation of c pensable duty; and the enforcemen mostly perhaps superior to want—their maintenance in the gifts of 1

part of religion in the other castes—of peaceful occupations, not exposed like the Chatryas to the accidents of war, nor like the lower classes to those of famine and destitution—would ensure its constant propagation. Such a separate race, when they had once attained numbers in proportion to the rest of the population, would be secure from the bane of narrow aristocracies which refuse to intermarry with other classes, that effeteness through which they invariably decay in mental and physical strength, and finally die out. The Brahmin thus lives in ease, and is forbidden to injure his bodily strength at this particular period of life by premature austerities, by fasting or self-inflicted suffering; the prime of his life is dedicated to some of the first duties of a citizen; he is to be the instructor, and at the same time the example, of mankind; he is to impart the wisdom of the holy books, he is to be a model of virtue in his own family, to beget children and bring them up in virtue; and not till he has discharged these three great debts to society is he to retire again from the world, when the more useful active part of his life is passed, to perfect, as it was supposed, his being by those strange self-tortures, those cruel inflictions of pain and agony which moved the wonder of the Greeks, and which—so strange is the perversity of human nature—were engrafted on the spiritual worship of the Father of mercies revealed in Jesus Christ. Yet no doubt this withdrawing from the more popular and, if we may so say, vulgar mode of life, from all familiar intercourse with mankind, this dedication to austerities which vied with each other in their strange and inventive cruelty, was constantly working out that effect on the subordinate castes, that conviction of their sincerity, of their more than human force of character, which unnatural austerity of religion always produces on the common and unreasoning mind. And, finally, the same wondering world was to be witness to the earthly rewards of all this virtue; it was to see the sanctified Brahmin visibly approximating to the divine nature in the transition, as it were, to absorption into the Deity.

The whole of this rule of Brahminical life is deduced from the laws of Menu, the compilation of which is assigned apparently on satisfactory grounds to the ninth century before Christ. But Menu, as it now exists, is evidently a collection of much earlier statutes, a sort of code of common law digested at an advanced period of Indian civilisation. The Brahminical spirit had already to a certain degree degenerated, and yielded to the worldly influences of wealth and power.

The Greek accounts of India give a much later stage of the same civilisation—among other points of difference, the Sati, or the practice of burning the widow on the funeral pile of her husband,



husband, had grown up in the inter-  
pertius, founded on the Greek histo-  
show how completely, in the view of th  
was a part of Hindoo manners:—

‘ Felix Eois lex funeris una mar-  
Quos Aurora suis rubra colo-  
Namque ubi mortifero jacta est  
Uxorū positis stat pia turb-  
Et certamen habent leti, quæ  
Conjugium; pudor est non  
Gaudent victrices, et flammis p-  
Imponuntque suis ora perust-

There is no authority, Mr. Wils-  
Lectures,’ p. 19, for this practice is  
tainly none in the laws of Menu. It  
to extend still further: as far as we are  
as far, that is, as it has been publish-  
there no allusion to this remarkable  
but the silence occurs amidst the d-  
which a noble wife, if the Sati had b-  
time, must have embraced this me-  
attachment to her lord. We cannot  
dence of the Mahâ-Bhârat; but if  
relates to this rite we should like  
authenticity, for in many incidents wh-  
that it would occur, if so completel-  
have been at a later period with Ind-  
understand how the poet could have  
allusion to the usage. This is a que-  
ance, as bearing upon the date of  
next to the Vedas and the Laws of M-  
surviving productions of the Indian:

This at once sacred and civil arist-  
drawn by the sense of its own dignity  
pride, by the corporate spirit, from  
life, to which they have now either  
reduced by imperious circumstances  
riors, cultivators of the soil, nor mercl-  
sternly divided from the rest of socie-  
calling to intellectual and speculativ-  
the widest sense an aristocracy of  
the state of civilisation, they would  
represent its genius; they would be  
of science, the founders of sects, th-

system, as in its political influences it would aim at permanence and simplicity, would centre the government in the person of the monarch, whom it would array in all the strength of Asiatic despotism, limited only by submissive reverence for the Brahminical prime-ministry. In its speculative effects it would tend, like all the hierarchical systems of heathendom, to degenerate;—as it has done, from the pure and simple Monotheism of the Vedas, through the worship of primary manifestations of the Deity, in his creative, regenerative, and destructive, or rather re-creative, energies, into the wild and interminable labyrinth of allegory, legend, and fable, which formed its later religion. Founders of sects would arise, who would either, by the accommodating spirit of paganism, be permitted free scope, or would wage and suffer war with some other dominant sectarian form of faith. And as each of these new religions, as they may be called—the worship of Vishnu, in his various denominations; of Siva, under his different modifications; and the other countless local or tribal divinities—would be at once intended to embrace the section of the more intellectual Brahmins whom it might convert, and the mass of the ignorant and vulgar, as well in the lower Brahminical class as in the inferior castes—hence the strange union of high philosophising theology with the wildest superstition, and legends of the most monstrous and incoherent character—would grow up, just as it appears now, probably in its not least imposing form in the ‘Vishnu Purana.’\*

The Vaishnavite and Sivaite sects, with the Buddhists and the Jain, another form of Buddhism, have indeed, for many centuries, been the dominant religions of Hindostan. The primitive Monotheism of the Vedas has been the refuge of those philosophic inquirers who have recoiled from the gross popular superstitions; but of *Brahm*, in the neuter, the pure and unmingled spirit, there has never been any public worship; and even of *Brahma*, the first manifestation of the Deity, there is, it appears, but one solitary temple. The practical religious influences—as in all systems in which the original malignity of matter, transmigration, in order to the gradual purification of the spirit, and final absorption into the Deity, are the dominant tenets—were full of rigid and minute provisions for austerity; prohibitions, of which, in many cases, it is difficult to trace the meaning; small acts of mortification, which as far surpass the puerility and apparent capriciousness of Pharisaism as the self-torturing ingenuity of the Gosayens outdid the

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\* This work, the translation of which we owe to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Wilson, we have long meditated, and hope before long to commend to the attention of our readers as the one full authority, as yet communicated to Europe, on this particular period, and on this wide-spread branch of the Indian religion.

less inventive barbarities of eremitic the darkest age of Christianity. B charge of cruelty and of licentious over the whole Hindoo system, is onl of later superstition. The terrible self-immolation under the car of Jag bodied with such vigorous detestation knowledged to have been exaggerate of missionary high-colouring; the ob posed to defile every Indian temple and where they are found are state of such rude execution as to be pract vey no impure idea to the mind. O the worship of Sakti—the divine pow and considered as Kali, or Durga, th by Mr. Wilson as, in its least obje professed magic, and dealing with worst, however, as its existing book printed, testify, it is full of unspee however, is a *left-handed faith*, of w will acknowledge himself to be a pro

Such indeed seems to be the genius tion, sometimes of the wildest and me vulgar, but more often of a milder an Vishnu in his human form of Crishr freedom, at least speculative licence higher and more intellectual class. of the theology, the religious cast o various forms of Brahminism, Budhi religion, the Pantheism of India—for calls the atheistic system of the Bar materialistic Pantheism, to which Spi the nearest in Europe—has constant those boundaries where matter and priority and supremacy. Already, in Elphinstone observes, that these th had occupied the mind; and the periods, assume a more philosophic Philosophy, whether the Sankya, w matter, or the Vedanta, which derive according to one sect, had anticipat reality of matter, is but a kind of lo of earlier religious systems.

The curious in all these question stone's work a very useful introduction

It is professedly a brief and popular view, but invariably resting on the best authorities; and it is most remarkable to find the human mind in this distant quarter of the world travelling the same eternal round, apparently without any connexion with that of Greece and Rome, and modern Europe; debating, almost in the same terms, with the same dialectic skill, and almost the same rules and analogous forms of speech, the same high and abstract metaphysical doctrines; the nature of the Deity, and his relation to the world; the consciousness, intelligence, free-will of man; the relations between thought and language. In India, as throughout the rest of the world, the human soul

‘Æstuat infelix angusto in limite;’

or rather perhaps finds its felicity in the very strength and energy which it expends on this noble, if not finally successful, occupation; in grappling with questions on which even Revelation has maintained an ambiguous and reverential silence, and which it is one of the loftiest privileges of an intelligent being to attempt to solve, though we constantly drop again to earth with a consciousness of baffled power and exertion.

Mr. Elphinstone ranges with the same quiet impartiality, not only over the metaphysical and dialectic philosophy of the Hindoos, but over their science, their astronomy, medicine, fine arts, and poetry. In all these departments the real extent of their acquirement has been disparaged by the overweening pretensions of their earlier advocates. They have never recovered the recoil in the general mind. With regard to one great branch of science, ‘it seems to be generally admitted that great marks of imperfection are combined in their astronomical writings with proofs of very extraordinary proficiency.’ They had made some remarkable discoveries in geometry—the decimal notation in arithmetic belongs to them; and if their algebra is not more ancient than that of the Greeks, it could not have been borrowed by them from the Greeks, and has been carried to much greater perfection. It is probable that much from which the Arabian writers have derived their fame has been drawn from India.\* As to their medicine, Mr. Elphinstone chiefly relies on the valuable publications of Dr. Royle.

We proceed to a topic, we can scarcely venture to say more popular—the literature, and especially the poetry, of India. Among the many difficulties which must interfere with the naturalisation of Indian poetry among us, the very simple one thus stated by Mr. Elphinstone must be among the greatest:—

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\* By the way—in the second series of Sir Gardener Wilkinson's ‘Ancient Egyptians,’ (a series not less valuable than the first,) he gives examples both of the old Roman numerals, and of what all the world calls the *Arabic numerals*, from inscriptions at Memphis of the Pharaonic age!

‘Even

' Even the originality of Hindú poetry by depriving it of all aid from our poetical ideas and recollections of the people enter into their spirit; while the difference of language and productions deprives their imagery that a source of obscurity to us which give additional vividness to every expression from being told that a maiden's lip that the lustre of the madhuca beams or circumstances, that her cheek is like the chrysolite may be as expressive, to those who understand comparisons of a youthful beauty to an anemone for love to a neglected primrose.'—vol. i.

These observations would apply, not only to the pastoral or amatory verse; but to the European life pervades the imagination. It is remarkable that, as India has no philosophic development as Greece, it has no same analogy. It should seem that the human civilisation. First comes the the Vedas which consist of hymns to the gods in Greece an ancient Orphic poetry signed to oblivion in the earliest time. M. Bode in supposing.\* This lost time, supplied by forgeries; by Orphic hymns perhaps by some of the Alexandrian Fathers. But whether or not these later hymns preserve the spirit of the older times, we must judge from the only translated specimen of a 'Veda,' by the late Professor Rosen (its authenticity or antiquity), we were told to the extant Orphic hymns. There is the same flat repetition of epithets without order or connexion. Not the pleasing and fanciful, and betray the artificial description which Mr. Elphinstone has shown the inferiority and excellence of their later poetry in the address to Agni, the god of fire:—

' The glowing lights of morning rise  
    waters.

\* \* \*

As the warrior with his weapons repels  
    the hosts of darkness.

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\* See Bode, 'Orphicus Poetarum Græcorum, der Hellenischen Dichtkunst.'

Thou hast a passage and a way through the forests and pathless places—thou penetratest the air.

\* \* \* \* \*

At thy light the birds quit their dwellings, and man to enjoy his food.'

Again, the god of fire is invoked in another passage :—

'Thou who art born, like a little infant, from pieces of wood rubbed together!

The saviour of mortal man—Agni the ever honoured!

Hardly canst thou be held, like the offspring of the serpents,

Though thou destroyest the mighty forests, as the cattle lick up the grass.'

We should much wish to see a complete translation of the Vedas; not indeed in the hope of adding much to our treasures of mere *poetry*—but as showing us the religion in its infancy; indicating how far the primary Monotheism had already betrayed any tendency to the Polytheism of later times; whether the deities whom the hymns address were already distinct and self-subsisting beings, or merely personified attributes of the one great Supreme, or the impersonated elements of an early Nature-worship.

The '*Ramayana*,' the first of the two great Epic Poems, Mr. Elphinstone, like other eminent scholars, considers the mythic and poetic representation of an historical event—the conquest of Ceylon by Rama, king of Ayodyha, or Oude. This is the poem which had the misfortune of being translated by our earlier missionaries (men worthy of all respect as Christians, and indeed as laborious students too, but not gifted with that rare endowment, poetic taste), and which was rendered into that swollen prose which, while it preserves all that is monstrous and extravagant, levels to one common flatness, or rather inflates to one common pompousness, all that is vivid, energetic, or poetical. It is about as like the original as Macpherson's *Ossianic Iliad* to Homer. Rama, in times much later than the poem, became an object of divine worship, as an Incarnation of Vishnu. In the poem he is much more akin to mortality, though still nevertheless mythicised into a hero of fable. His allies, the apes, it has been often observed, bear a curious analogy with the Satyrs and wild attendants on the conquests of Bacchus;—while all this strange machinery and the general extravagance of conception contrast in the most striking manner with the moral truth and dignity, the simple reality of the scenes of domestic affection, in which lies the strength of the Sanscrit heroic poetry.

The '*Mahà-Bhàrat*,' the second and later Epic Poem, is still more probably the mythic chronicle of a great war, which is



assigned, on very strong grounds, to the fourteenth century before Christ. How much later the Homers of these two Iliads lived than the wars which they commemorate, is an important point in the earlier chronology. But, in India, probably, at that period of civilisation, and in the relative intellectual position of the Brahminical with the other castes, the mythicising process might proceed with more than usual rapidity. The poets, as is evidently the case with Valmeki and Vyasa, would assume a kind of religious authority, and become themselves mythic personages; and history would almost immediately pass into legend; or rather legend, in its more modest though abundantly fertile form, would be its first expression. Instead, indeed, of avowing any astonishment that India has no early history, we conceive that, on account of the existence of these poems, which evidently claimed, however extravagant, the popular belief, it is impossible that there should have been any history, strictly so called. The things, in fact, cannot coexist: events must have shed their poetic form before they appear in the new shape of veracious annals; and so long as, we will not say a priesthood, but an hierarchy, are the sole chroniclers, the mytho-poetic character, more or less imaginative according to the character of the people, is sure to predominate, and history, properly so called, will neither find authors nor hearers.

But this mythic history, while it will throw a thick and dazzling veil of fable over events and characters, while it will magnify men into deities, mix gods and men in the wars which it may relate, and crowd the dim and vague outline of truth with the wildest inventions, will still in some respects be a faithful reflex of the times; it will be deeply impressed with the social, moral, and religious character of the people; it will indicate usages and habits of life—what gods they adored, and how far the gods were supposed to mingle in human affairs; with what eye men looked on external nature; whether they dwelt in walled cities, in camps, or on the tented desert; what acts arrested the general sympathies, what manner of men could awaken admiration and love, at what crimes the popular sentiment revolted; what suffering and calamities touched on the trembling chords of pity; and thus truth would transpire in the midst of fable—truth—perhaps not less valuable, even to the historical inquirer, than a barren chronicle of facts, the succession of kings and dynasties, or the dull detail of battles and sieges. The Epic Poems are thus, though by no means so full and communicative as the law of Menu, far from deficient in real historical information. Both poems, though probably the wars which they commemorate are of the compositions themselves are of very different periods, re-

present

present the heroic, the warlike age of the people. The first is a war of conquest;—the latter a civil strife between two Indian races: and all is purely Indian, in imagery, in allusions, in manners, in sentiments—there is no admixture of foreign manners, or of foreign warriors. The Javanas, indeed, who are supposed to be the Greeks (Ionians), are mentioned in the Mahâ-Bhârat, but so obscurely as to make it doubtful whether they are the nation really meant; and it is generally agreed that very large interpolations have been made in the latter poem. It appears to us that a critical examination of both these poems, as to the manners, usages, and character of the people, with a careful and judicious severance of the later additions, could not but throw light on various points of the chronology and ancient history. As far as we know, the poems are strictly Brahminical;—but to what extent is that intermediate system between the simpler theology of the Vedas and the wild legends of the Puranas developed in either of them? What evidence do they furnish of the comparative antiquity of the great Sivaite, or of the Vishnavite sects? Two of the latter, that of the worshippers of the incarnation of Vishnu in Rama and in Crishna, they certainly contributed to form; but a considerable period of sectarian zeal and activity must have elapsed before these sects grew up into wide-spread religions, each with a peculiar and most fertile mythology. What vestiges are there, if any, of the birth or existence of the great rival of Brahminism, the Buddhist system? What was the condition of the Indians of the heroic time as to arts, manners, and customs? How far conformable with, how far departing from, the spirit and letter of Menu? This, which has been so well done with regard to the Homeric Greeks, as for instance in Bishop Thirlwall's history, would give one stage or period of the Indian civilisation.

Another and, as appears to us, a totally different period, much later, more peaceful, more polished, more elaborately superstitious, with its more graceful as well as darker mythology more fully developed, with the Sivaite worship, or rather that of Durga, at its height, (as in 'Mâlati and Mâdhava,') would be furnished by the *drama*. It is of the Indian dramas that Mr. Elphinstone has pronounced the following judgment; their composition ranges from Calidas, the author of Sakontala, who probably lived in the fifth, to Bhavabhûti, who flourished in the eighth century:—

'It may be asserted of all the compositions of the Hindûs, that they participate in the moral defects of the nation—and possess a character of voluptuous calm more adapted to the contemplation of the beauties of nature than to the exertion of energy or to the enjoyment of adventure. Hence their ordinary poetry, though flowing and elegant, and displaying a profusion of the richest imagery, is often deficient in the spirit  
 2 D 2 which

which ought to prevent the reader's being seldom moved by any strong feeling or awe.

'The emotions in which they are marked are love and tenderness. They powerfully present the languishment of absence, and the yearning for reunion. They can even rise to the noblest and generous disregard of selfish motives, of vigour, of pride, or independence: even the fiercest seem to feel little real sympathy with the hero, to make up by hyperbolical descriptions of his spirit which a Greek or Roman poet would have put in the bosom of his hero while it glowed with it.

'The great strength of the Sanscrit literature, is in description. Their most frequent posture is repose and meditation, amidst sequestered scenes, fanned by fragrant gales and cooled by the breeze. They are unsuccessful in cheerful and animated narration. The description of the country round Ujein in Madhava;" where mountains, rocks, rivulets combine to form an extensive scene which occupies the centre of the view: its towers are reflected on the clear stream beneath, refreshed with early rain, and the meadow, the shower, afford a luxurious resting-place. Sometimes, also, they raise their effort to the gathering tempest. Bhavabhūti is the best sort of description. His touches of wildness, his places, and his description of the room round the source of the Godāveri, are the best. Among his most impressive descriptions is the midnight to a field of tombs, scarcely lit by pyres, and evokes the demons of the night, the air with their shrill cries and unearthly powerful colours; while the solitude, the hoarse sound of the brook, the wailing of the jackal, which succeed on the sudden almost surpass in effect the presence of the scene. i. pp 285-287.

Much later than all these poetic creations, at first probably of strong religious character, of hierarchical supremacy, came the eighteen vast and conflicting works of philosophy, theogonies, cosmogonies, fragments of history, and the whole which they added with prodigality. The Purana, as we have before said, is no more to the reader. This inexhaustible creative power, logical fiction appears to have lasted

sixteenth century of our era. Its prolific life has been attributed, with great probability, to the triumph of Brahminism over its rival Buddhism, which was achieved about that time. This conquest took place not without violent wars and convulsions; Brahminism put forth all its power over the hearts of its disciples to subdue its adversary. The wilder form of superstition which it assumed was both the cause and the consequence of its victory; it was the impulse which swept its votaries to war, and afterwards maintained them in willing slavery. This was the reign of priestcraft, as far as the Brahminical system may be called priestcraft, the birth-time of the present dominant religion and of almost all the sects existing throughout India. It was by this powerful *revival* of Brahminism, that Buddhism, which, perhaps from the tenth, no doubt from the sixth century before Christ, had co-existed with the religion of the Vedas and of Menu in central India, and in many other parts of the peninsula—which had hewn out its cave temples, and planted its monasteries—was violently thrown off to the extremities of the land, or consolidated its vast and various empire throughout eastern Asia; took complete possession of Ceylon, and spread to some of the other islands; occupied Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Ava, Burmah, Siam, and all the eastern peninsula; spread wider and wider into Tartary—till it became the religion which comprehends a greater number of believers than any other creed.

The history of Buddhism is very curiously illustrated in one of the most remarkable publications which we have yet received from the East—the narrative of the travels of a Chinese Buddhist, in the fifth century after Christ, made for the express purpose of ascertaining the state of his religion in India and in other countries. The traveller describes all the monasteries which he found in the course of his pilgrimage, the number of votaries, and many other circumstances relating to religious matters which occurred during his ‘visitation.’ Are we to suppose that Mr. Elphinstone had not seen the splendid volume of the *Foe-koue-ki*, published in Paris in 1836, the work chiefly of M. Abel Rémusat, continued by M. Klaproth, and completed by M. Lairesse? Mr. Elphinstone quotes only an abstract of this journey from the ‘*Asiatic Journal*.’ We refer to the work itself, because it is at issue with Mr. Elphinstone’s authorities on a most important point, the atheism of the Buddhist system, at least of their first and leading sects. M. Rémusat, according to M. Lairesse, considered this notion as originating in a misapprehension of the theologic terminology of Buddhism:—

‘Les Bouddhistes ne se séparèrent des Brahmanes que pour unifier en quelque sorte davantage la divinité, ou, si l’on veut, pour en rendre l’idée

l'idée aussi peu complexe que possible. Ils la distinguèrent absolument de toutes les autres intelligences, ou pures ou purifiées, d'origine ou humaine; et pour montrer qu'on ne devait voir en elle que substance par excellence, sans qualités comme sans relations, ils lui donnèrent le nom de *vide*, de *néant*: dénomination insuffisante, impuissante comme toutes celles que l'on applique à des causes qui ne sauront recevoir de nom, mais qui avait à leurs yeux l'avantage d'entraîner la négation d'attributs matériels, tels que la corporéité et l'étendue.

How singular it is to trace, under almost every intellectual and religious system, the struggle to spiritualise to the utmost rather to express in human language the spirituality of the divine. The same transcendent notion of the immateriality of the Godhead led to that total separation and seclusion of the primal God from the universe which was the dominant tenet of a large portion of Asiatic theology, in the west as in the east. M. Lairesse proceeds after describing the 'unspeakably unspeakable' numbers of worlds which exist in infinite space and immeasurable time, self-existent and self-developed, without impulse or life from the First Godhead, who thus ceases to be the First Great Cause:—

'Toute leur cosmogonie repose évidemment sur la doctrine d'un être auquel tout est ramené par l'action successive et réciproque de deux principes, savoir—l'intelligence suprême et l'ignorance ou l'erreur. D'autres termes, l'esprit et la matière. Mais ce qui n'a encore été remarqué que par M. Rémusat, c'est que dans ce dualisme, l'un et l'autre de ses parties une fois formés, se développent, prennent leur accroissement et leur configuration, se maintiennent, s'altèrent et se détruisent par une sorte d'action interne et spontanée, sans aucune intervention de la part du Premier Principe. Les erreurs, les passions, et les vices circonscrivent, bornent, et étendent les opérations du monde phénoménal; sa destinée est subordonnée à la moralité des actions des êtres vivants, laquelle prolonge leur existence individuelle, ou les réunit finalement à la substance universelle. Tous les mondes, est-il dit dans un des livres Bouddhistes les plus célèbres, tous les mondes sont formés de la force et par les actes des êtres vivants. Formés, ils se détruisent; détruits, ils se reforment; leur commencement et leur fin se succèdent sans interruption. Cela est inimaginable!'

We care not to contest the claim to originality made for the observation of M. Rémusat, whose inquiries into this subject have been more profound and extensive certainly than those of any European scholar who has not visited the East. Mr. Elphinstone expresses the same thing in few words:—'The power of organization is inherent in matter; and although the universe perishes from time, this quality restores it after a period, and carries it on towards new decay and regeneration, without the guidance of any external agent.' (vol. i. p. 186.) The system would thus appear practically to be a kind of Spinozan Pantheism, with a

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speculative Epicurean Monotheism soaring far above it, the Supreme One mingling in no way with the universe either as Creator or Providential Governor. What we may call the real and practical deity of the system is the last Budha ; into his essence, we presume, the purified and sublimated soul, when it has attained to the state of perfect apathy, is finally resolved and absorbed ; he therefore is the object of worship, he is the example to the perfection of which his disciples aspire. One thing, moreover, is quite clear from this most curious Chinese work, that the great monastic establishments of Buddhism are many centuries earlier than those of Christian Europe, or even the Epicurean and Therapeutic settlements of the Palestinian and Egyptian Jews.

To the English reader, who has never visited the East, no chapter in Mr. Elphinstone's book will be more interesting or satisfactory than that which treats of the actual manners and character of the Indian people. Few, perhaps, have a distinct notion of the broad lines of difference which mark the inhabitants of the various districts or provinces :—

‘ The greatest difference is between the inhabitants of Hindostan proper and of the Deckan.

‘ The neighbouring parts of these two great divisions naturally resemble each other ; but in the extremities of the north and south the languages have no resemblance, except from a common mixture of Shanscrit ; the religious sects are different ; the architecture, as has been mentioned elsewhere, is of different characters ; the dress differs in many respects, and the people differ in appearance—those of the north being tall and fair, and the others small and dark. The northern people live much on wheat, and those of the south on rági, a grain almost as unknown in Hindostan as in England. Many of the points of difference arise from the unequal degrees in which the two tracts were conquered and occupied : first, by the people professing the Braminical religion, and afterwards by the Mussulmans ; but more must depend on peculiarities of place and climate, and perhaps on varieties of race. Bengal and Gangetic Hindostan, for instance, are contiguous countries, and were both early subjected to the same governments ; but Bengal is moist, liable to inundation, and has all the characteristics of an alluvial soil ; while Hindostan, though fertile, is comparatively dry, both in soil and climate. This difference may, by forming a diversity of habits, have led to a great dissimilitude between the people : the common origin of the languages appears, in this case, to forbid all suspicion of a difference of race.

‘ From whatever causes it originates the contrast is most striking. The Hindostanis on the Ganges are the tallest, fairest, and most warlike and manly of the Indians ; they wear the turban, and a dress resembling that of the Mahometans ; their houses are tiled and built in compact villages in open tracts ; their food is unleavened wheaten bread.

‘ The Bengalese, on the contrary, though good-looking, are small, black,



black, and effeminate in appearance; remarkable for timidity and superstition, as well as for subtlety and art. Their villages are composed of thatched cottages, scattered through woods of bamboos or of palm-trees. Their dress is the old Hindú one, formed by one scarf round the middle and another thrown over the shoulders. They have the practice known in Hindostan, of rubbing their limbs with oil after bathing, which gives their skins a sleek and glossy appearance, and protects them from the effect of their damp climate. They live almost entirely on rice; and although the two idioms are more nearly allied than English and German, their language is quite unintelligible to a native of Hindostan.

‘Yet those two nations resemble each other so much in their religion and all the innumerable points of habit and manners which it involves in their literature, their notions on government and general subjects, their ceremonies and way of life, that a European, not previously apprised of the distinction, might very possibly pass the boundary which divides them without at once perceiving the change that had taken place.’—vol. i. pp. 323-325.

The ‘villagers’ form a great majority of the people of Hindostan. Each village has its bazar, market-day, fairs, festivals, temple, house of reception for travellers, fund for religious mendicants. The villages are governed by a head man (we do not enter into the curious details of village government), and are subject to embarrassments from improvidence, uncertainty of security of taxation; they are inclined to abuse the indulgence of ‘the law:’—

‘But violence of all sorts is extremely rare, drunkenness scarcely known, and, on the whole, the country people are remarkably well-behaved, and, for their circumstances, happy and contented.

‘The husbandman rises with the earliest dawn, washes, and performs prayer, then sets out with his cattle to his distant field. After an hour or two he eats some remnants of his yesterday’s fare for breakfast, and goes on with his labour till noon, when his wife brings out his dinner; he eats it by a brook or under a tree, talks and sleeps till four o’clock, while his cattle also feed and repose. From two till sunset he labours again; then drives his cattle home, feeds them, bathes, and takes some supper, smokes, and spends the rest of the evening in amusement with his wife and children or his neighbours. The women fetch water, grind the corn, cook, and do the household work, besides spinning and such occupations.’—vol. i. p. 328.

The poorer inhabitants of the towns live much in the same manner as the villagers, except that instead of going to the fields they go to their shop. The rich keep early hours; their entertainments rarely disturb the quiet of the night; they are chiefly in banquets, games of skill and chance, music, jugglery, buffoonery, dancing by public performers:—

‘Among the enjoyments of the upper classes I should not omit to mention the game of chess, which is played with great skill and interest.’

gardens, which, though always formal, are nevertheless often pleasing. They are divided by broad alleys, with long and narrow ponds or canals enclosed with regular stone and stucco work running up the centre, and on each side straight walks between borders of poppies of all colours, or of other flowers in uniform beds or in patterns. Their summer-houses are of white stucco, and, though somewhat less heavy and inelegant than their ordinary dwellings, do not much relieve the formality of the garden; but there is still something rich and oriental in the groves of orange and citron trees, the mixture of dark cypresses with trees covered with flowers or blossoms, the tall and graceful palms, the golden fruits and highly scented flowers. In the heats of summer too the trellised walks, closely covered with vines, and the slender stems and impervious shade of the *áreca*-tree, afford dark and cool retreats from the intolerable glare of the sun, made still more pleasant by the gushing of the little rills that water the garden, and by the profound silence and repose that reign in that overpowering hour.

‘I have great doubts whether the present kind of gardens has not been introduced by the Mussulmans, especially as I remember no description in the poets that are translated which suggests this sort of formality.’—vol. i. pp. 340, 341.

With regard to two of the great tests of civilization, the relation between the sexes, and that of the lower classes to the higher and more opulent, the usages and sentiments of Hindostan have certainly lost by the Mahometan dominion:—

‘Women, under the ancient Hindús, appear to have been more reserved and retired than with us; but the complete seclusion of them has come in with the Mussulmans, and is even now confined to the military classes. The Bramins do not observe it at all. The Peshwa’s consort used to walk to temples, and ride or go in an open palankeen through the streets with perfect publicity, and with a retinue becoming her rank.

‘Women, however, do not join in the society of men, and are not admitted to an equality with them. In the lower orders the wife, who cooks and serves the dinner, waits till the husband has finished before she begins. When persons of different sexes walk together, the woman always follows the man, even when there is no obstacle to their walking abreast. Striking a woman is not so disgraceful with the lower orders as with us. But, in spite of the low place systematically assigned to them, natural affection and reason restore them to their rights: their husbands confide in them, and consult with them on their affairs, and are as often subject to their ascendancy as in any other country.’—vol. i. p. 349.

Domestic slavery exists, but in a very mild form; the slave, often a child sold by its parents during a famine, or stolen from them by the wandering Bangaras, is treated like one of the family: of course this power over the person of another is liable to be abused; but in general the lot of the domestic slave is not worse than that of an ordinary servant. Mr. Elphinstone does not quite adopt the usual tone about the thieves who form special castes, or even

even the formidable Thags, which, within these last few years, have startled us with their mysterious murders:—

‘ This mixture of religion and crime might of itself be mentioned as a peculiarity; but it is paralleled by the vows of pirates and banditti to the Madonna; and in the case of Mussulmans, who form the largest portion of the Thags, it is like the compacts with the devil, which were known in days of superstition.’—vol. i. pp. 362, 363.

The general balance of the Indian character is struck with the same dispassionate discrimination. Against their weaknesses and vices, their general timidity, their indolence, and want of veracity, arising from the enervating heat, the exuberant fertility of the soil, and long misgovernment, are fairly arrayed the admirable courage of most of our sepoy regiments, and the integrity of the merchants. Crime, except among the Thags and Decoits, nay even including them, rises to a lower average than in most parts of Europe. The villagers are a gentle, social, amiable race; the inhabitants of the towns neither so good nor so bad as with us, but peaceable and orderly. The sterling virtues of our middle classes, the offspring of our religion and our liberty, are not found in India; but those masses of vice, misery, and ignorance which infest our large towns with their drunkenness and gross debauchery are unknown.

‘ The great defect is a want of manliness. Their slavish constitution, their blind superstition, their extravagant mythology, the subtleties and verbal distinctions of their philosophy, the languid softness of their poetry, their effeminate manners, their love of artifice and delay, their submissive temper, their dread of change, the delight they take in puerile fables, and their neglect of rational history, are so many proofs of the absence of the more robust qualities of disposition and intellect throughout the mass of the nation.

‘ But this censure, though true of the whole when compared with other nations, by no means applies to all classes or to any at all times. The labouring people are industrious and persevering; and other classes when stimulated by any strong motive, and sometimes even by mere sport, will go through great hardships and endure long fatigue. . . . The best specimen of the Hindú character, retaining its peculiarities while divested of many of its defects, is found among the Rájputs and other military classes in Gangetic Hindostan. It is there we are most likely to gain a clear conception of their high spirit, their enthusiastic courage and generous self-devotion, so singularly combined with gentleness of manners and softness of heart, together with a boyish playfulness and almost infantine simplicity.’—vol. i. pp. 374-376.

Between the Indian and Mahometan periods of his history Mr. Elphinstone interposes some very skilfully wrought appendices, in which he discusses the Greek accounts of India, and the influence of the Grecian kingdom of Bactria. It is on this subject

subject that so much light has been recently thrown by the discoveries of Mr. Prinsep; on which Mr. Wilson has laboured with great success, and M. Lassen of Bonn has written with his usual erudition and sagacity. From inscriptions, and in the coins, we have now almost a regular succession of kings of this dynasty for a considerable period. What we think is now wanting is to trace the influence of India at a later period, the extent and the different lines by which Indian commerce, which was never altogether interrupted, reached the West, and the channels by which Indian tenets flowed into the vast mass of fermenting opinion which followed the introduction of Christianity. There are many curious hints and passages in the later Greek, a few in the Latin writers, some in the Christian fathers, which, collected with industry, might throw light on the formation of sentiments, doctrines, and manners. That something of the character of Buddhism was known in the West appears perfectly clear; and that there is a considerable admixture of Buddhism in the Manichean system (Mani himself is represented in one tradition as a Budh) seems distinctly made out. But for these discussions we have now neither space nor time.

The latter part of Mr. Elphinstone's first volume and the whole of the second are occupied with the rise, the magnificence, and dissolution of the Mahometan empire in India. It may be said that Indian history, strictly so called, commences with the Mahometan conquest. The Mahometans, in their peculiar style and manner, have been as studious of historical composition as the Indians averse from it. Besides the memoirs of Timour, we have autobiographies of two, and private memorials of a third, of the great sultans of India—Baber, Jehangueir, and Humayun. The first, so admirably translated by Mr. Erskine, with Ferishta, in Colonel Briggs's translation, are unquestionably the highest specimens of historical skill which we have received from the East. But, with such admirable materials for certain parts, and with all his practised skill, even Mr. Elphinstone has not been able to elude the proverbial difficulty of making a continuous and flowing narrative of Eastern affairs. Eminently successful on the great scenes and more distinguished characters, which stand forth from the chaos of battle and intrigue, the tumult of dynasties which rise and fall and of kingdoms which spring up and are extinguished, with scarcely any variety of incident or individuality, Mr. Elphinstone loses himself in the inextricable labyrinth, into which we follow him with reluctance, to trace his industrious steps with fatigue, and emerge with an utter confusion of memory. All the interest, in fact, is concentrated in the house of Timour. Though the Mahometan empire had reached its greatest extent under

under Mahommed Toglak, the former conquerors are comparatively fierce barbarians, whom we can with difficulty discriminate one from another,—‘an Amurath an Amurath still succeeds.’ But the history of the house of Baber—throwing aside the smaller kingdoms, which rose at times to independence, and then were re-absorbed in the great Mahometan empire—at least from Baber to Aurungzib, shows a succession of monarchs, each, either from his personal character and influence over the destinies of mankind, his splendour or his misfortunes, worthy of a distinguished place in the history of man. These were the splendid sovereigns, with whose names are connected the gorgeous narratives of our early travellers in the East—the Great Moguls, as they were called—though Baber himself had not a drop of Mogul blood in his veins, and, it has been said, though not quite truly, scarce a Mogul in his army.

Mahometanism, which throughout all its early conquests established its religion with its empire, and changed Christian or Guebre, or even idolatrous nations, into worshippers of God and the Prophet, broke against the firm barrier of the Brahminical superstition. The apostleship of the sword was confronted by the inflexible strength of ancient usage, a vast perfectly-organised priesthood, and a ritual which extended to the minutest acts and habits of life. Many converts were no doubt made; but, according to Mr. Elphinstone, the Mussulmans, at their most flourishing period, never amounted to more than an eighth of the population of Hindostan. It was a foreign dynasty, with foreign manners, foreign laws, foreign language, and a foreign religion. Mr. Elphinstone contrasts the ease and rapidity with which Mahometanism overran Persia, and established the Koran throughout that kingdom and its dependencies, with the steady and the successful resistance offered by India to the creed of Islam. He ascribes the almost instantaneous conversion of Persia to the want of a vigorous national religion, and of a priesthood which possessed a firm hold upon the public mind; and appears to consider this low estimation, if not contempt, of the sacerdotal order a characteristic of the Parsee religion. This, however, does not appear to have been the case with the Magians of old—nor with the Magian hierarchy, as re-established by Ardischer Babbegan; and the resistance offered to the progress of Christianity by their fierce intolerance and persecuting spirit shows that at that time they were neither deficient in zeal, vigour, or influence. They had probably before the time of Mahomet, with the Persian empire itself, fallen into decrepitude. But, after all, probably the nearer neighbourhood of Persia, and the remote, and at first inaccessible, distance of India, must be taken into account. The  
energy

energy of Mahometan conquest remained as vigorous as ever; but the religious impulse was partially spent, before it encountered the resistance of Brahminism. The first invasions of India were desultory, unconnected, and unsupported; not the regular and continuous aggressions of a conterminous power, if repelled gathering new strength for the encounter, and, when once established, pouring in new forces to maintain its dominion; the early conquerors burst, like a huge thunder-cloud, performed their work of devastation, and were dispersed. It was not till after the establishment of a separate Mahometan kingdom in the neighbouring regions of Ghuzni and of Ghor, that the independence of India was subdued to a permanent Mahometan government. But—though the extent to which the Mahometan arms had carried their sway may have been greater under the earlier sovereigns, especially Toglak—with the house of Timour, as we have said, commences the magnificent period of Mahometan dominion, that which awakens our interest, and offers splendid pictures for historical composition, and characters which command attention, as of far higher order than the turbaned warriors who headed their fierce hordes in a desolating war of conquest, and hewed their way to empire with the cimitar. Baber is the first sovereign of Mahometan India who arrests us by the simple grandeur of his character, the perfect picture of the life of vicissitude, of adventure, and enterprise, by which men rise in the East to power,—one day a magnificent king at the head of a mighty army, the next a solitary fugitive in the desert, but gradually forcing his way to become the founder of a splendid dynasty. But the grandeur of this whole race, and the magnificence of the sovereigns of Delhi, culminate in Akber. Though perhaps the arts, especially architecture, reached a higher degree of sumptuousness and skill under his son Shah Jehan, on the whole, Akber concentrates the full glory of the dynasty. It is a most tempting subject for reflection—now that European influence is spreading throughout India, modifying alike by its social peculiarities both the stern and inflexible Brahminism of the Indian, and the less artificial, but not more pliant, Islamism of the Mussulman; now that the lineal descendant of Timour, of Baber, of Akber, of Shah Jehan, and of Aurungzib, has long been an idle pageant in the hands of a company of English merchants—to contrast the state of India under Akber with the character of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe.

Akber reigned from 1556 to 1605. When he ascended the throne the splendid, but in many respects baleful, galaxy of European sovereigns, Francis I., Henry VIII., Leo X., had just gone to their account—Charles V. only survived; in the very year of Akber's



Akber's accession he had withdrawn his monastic retreat. Philip II. as in the directer sense, the contempt Europe was convulsed and desolated out of the Reformation, India repose under the tolerant sway of her Mussu was extinguishing the last embers of Spain, by the unremitting persec heretic, and waging the most sangu and religious liberties of the Low C vouring to blend, under one peacef the discordant elements of the vast religions might seem to have cha Christianity had adopted the Mahom Mahometanism was breathing the v gospel. Even our own Elizabeth's the Church approached rather ne Mahometanism; and toleration w could not well be—either the wisd Let us hear Mr. Elphinstone's accou

‘ It is to his internal policy that he order of princes whose reigns have be that policy shows itself in different civil government. Akber's tolerant reign, and appears to have been entire the divine origin of the Mahometan listen without prejudice to the doctrines him in enmity with the bigoted men have contributed to shake his early bel tion the infallible authority of the Kor a new religion, which should take in a not fail moreover to occur to him. In assiduous in visiting sacred places and in the twenty-first year of his reign he pilgrimage to Mecca; and it was not (1579) that he made open profession of vol. ii. p. 316.

Akber, we thus see, was far below tian toleration, which is in no way and earnestness of true Christian fa two remarkable men, Feizi and A instructors in the species of creed Mr. Elphinstone thus proceeds:—

‘ The religion of Akber himself seem addition to which some ceremonies w human infirmity. It maintained that

according to the knowledge of him derived from our own reason, by which his unity and benevolence are sufficiently established; that we ought to serve him, and to seek for our future happiness by subduing our bad passions and practising such virtues as are beneficial to mankind; but that we should not adopt a creed or practise a ritual on the authority of *any man*, as all were liable to vice and error like ourselves. If it were absolutely necessary for men to have some visible object of adoration, by means of which they might raise their soul to the Divinity, Akber recommended that the sun, the planets, or fire, should be the symbols. He had no priests, no public worship, and no restrictions about food except a recommendation of abstinence, as tending to exalt the mind. His only observances were salutations to the sun, prayers at midnight and daybreak, and meditations at noon on the sun. He professed to sanction this sort of devotion, from regard to the prejudices of the people, and not from his own belief in their efficacy. It is indeed related by Abul Fazl, that, being once entreated to pray for rain, he refused, observing that God knew our wants and wishes better than we did ourselves, and did not require to be reminded to exert his power for our benefit. But as Akber *practised* all his ceremonies, as well as permitted them, it may be doubted whether they had not gained some hold on his imagination. He seems to have been by nature devout, and, with all his scepticism, to have inclined even to superstitions that promised him a closer connexion with the Deity than was afforded by the religion which his reason approved. To this feeling we may ascribe, among other instances, the awe and veneration with which he adored the images of Jesus Christ and the Virgin when they were shown to him by the missionaries.'—vol. ii. p. 323.

The direct measures adopted by Akber for the propagation of his opinions were, as to Mahometanism, the relaxation of the law with regard to the obligation of prayers, fasts, alms, pilgrimages, and the absolute prohibition of wine. To the Hindús he interdicted only the more barbarous and inhuman parts of their ritual, animal sacrifices, and the burning of widows. On the other hand, he abolished all taxes on pilgrims:—

‘Observing that, “although the tax fell on a vain superstition, yet, as all modes of worship were designed for one great Being, it was wrong to throw an obstacle in the way of the devout, and to cut them off from their mode of intercourse with their Maker.”’—vol. ii. p. 326.

He prohibited likewise making slaves of captives taken in war. These innovations were not unresisted by the more bigoted Mussulmans; but the temper of Akber carried him through all his difficulties; and his power was too great for open rebellion against his edicts:—

‘But although this sort of opposition was surmounted, Akber’s religion was too spiritual and abstracted to be successful with the bulk of mankind. It seems never to have gone beyond a few philosophers and some interested priests and courtiers, and on Akber’s death it expired of itself,

itself, and the Mussulman forms were restored by Jehángir. The solar year, on account of its intrinsic advantages, ever, survived the system to which causes had not interrupted its progress great reform of the existing superstitions.

'Akber cannot claim the merit of having learned Hindús had always maintained respected, without believing, the myth Cabír Pantis, a Hindú sect which Akber, had come still nearer to his view have borrowed some of the arbitrary principles excelled all his predecessors in his conduct the general freedom which he allowed more generous effort in a powerful monarch himself likely to be an object of persecution.

We must not omit Mr. Elphinstone's

'In comparing Akber's attempt to similar experiments by modern governments curable defects of all the religions we must distinguish between the merit of a generation and that of another who followed and extravagances.'—*Ibid.*

It might be curious to conjecture of the state of Europe, and of the religion among the Christian nations, might have seen a more intelligent and inquiring Akber, through communication which were constantly occurring events, the Christianity presented a more shorn of its divine sublimity—and of the Saints, as it appeared a more rampant monks who were its propagators that pure spirituality after which he yearned—that we cannot wonder if he chose one of those forms under which it was shipped—if, in his ignorance of it, he looked upon it from the height of his political honour (pardonable dishonour, as we may assume to say) to the unity of the God, which he found to be more meagre and unsatisfactory than the polytheism which, according to Colonel Van Duijn, Akber;—if the advocates of Mahomedan Christianity, made no better case for it, one can well be surprised at the little notice which they were heard by the imperial government, the reports translated by Colonel

forgeries, their publication and common reception as genuine may show how utterly ignorant all parties were of the real strength of their cause; how especially unfit any of them must have been to conceive the moral dignity, or to display the essential spirituality, of the Christian system.

But while we may lament that Akber had nothing better to replace those superstitions of Mahometanism, and those inhuman rites of the Indian system, which it seems to have been his ambition to extirpate, than a vague and dreamy Theism, which had no root in the heart of man, and withered away directly the sunshine of his favour was withdrawn—we cannot refuse our admiration either to the motives or the results of this extraordinary liberality of opinion in a warlike Mussulman. It is true that Akber might have quoted the Koran for the theory—which has been adopted by most polytheistic nations, especially in the decline of their religion, and which is an acknowledged maxim of Brahminism—that diversity of religion, so far from being offensive to the Deity, is rather of divine appointment; and that, if each nation lives up to its law, it may reasonably hope to share in the favours of Heaven. It has been frequently observed that this is the express doctrine of the earlier Suras of the Koran. After asserting that God sent down the law to the Jews, and ‘the gospel containing direction and light,’ it proceeds, ‘Unto every one of you have we given a law and an open path; and if God had pleased, he had surely made you one people; but he hath thought fit to give you different laws, that he might try you in that which he hath given you respectively. Therefore strive to excel each other in good works: unto God shall ye all return, and then will he declare unto you that concerning which ye have disagreed.’\* But this text, as has been observed by Maracci, and Tychsen, and rather more slightly by Sale, is at direct issue with other, it should seem later, passages, especially the whole tone of the martial and intolerant ninth Sura, though even by its ordinances the Jews and Christians, it appears, might retain their religion upon payment of tribute:—‘Fight against them who believe not in God, nor in the last day’—(that is, as Sale interprets it, who have not a just and true belief, as the text is directed against Jews and Christians)—‘and forbid not that which God and his apostle have forbidden, and profess not the true religion of those unto whom the Scriptures have been delivered, *until* they pay tribute by right of subjection, and they be reduced low.’ (Ch. 9, p. 242.) The whole of this question has been very ably discussed in a dissertation by Möhler, the author of the *Symbolik*;

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\* Sale's Koran, Sura vi.

nor do we hesitate to subscribe to it is not much more than an expansion. The first conception of Mahometan religion for his Arab countrymen; at the borders of Arabia, the conception and, as an inseparable part of an universal religion—began to develop it according to orthodox Mahometan. A caliph is at once pope and emperor. In religion, Mahometanism would be in the co-existence, or co-equality at least soon as these nations became part of it would strike directly at the first principle of the State; and this it may be observed Akber himself asserted as the basis of his religion is no God but God, and Akber is though Akber renewed this claim of supremacy with a view to the propagation of his opinions, yet in earlier times of its history a vital principle of Mahometan intolerance.

The comprehensive scheme of Mahometan religion, perished with its imperial foundation as Mr. Elphinstone observes, a spirit of intolerance at least put an end to religious religious animosity. From this period various Indian religions, and Mahometanism if not in mutual amity, without dissension, content with its own votaries, converting by force, and apparently had no argument. At first it had not been a proselytism—for some time it had been subjects without making votaries; it long maintained its outward magnificence to extend its dominion. Even then, nothing of a higher character, though at a time at least, beyond Mahometanism it certainly aspired, both under its Eastern and Western forms, to become an intellectual religion; a high civilization has been attained by Mahometanism in its simplicity of its creed as concerns the

\* This Essay of Möhler's, 'Ueber das Verhältniß des Christenthums zum Fortschritt der Civilisation' (Gesammelte Schriften, band i. p. 348) was composed in the progress of Christianity in the East, and the most commanding and persuasive manner to much learning, judgment, and moderation, that in some of our religious journals.

some part of its ceremonial—the deep sense of the universal presence and providence of God, which it has the power of impressing upon its votaries—its temperance, and its almsgivings, are calculated to maintain a firm hold upon the mind and heart of man; but its peculiar and essential doctrines, the character of its prophet, the fasts and pilgrimages, the rite of circumcision, which it has usually enforced; the wild mass of legends; the fantastic opinions about the judgment and the life to come, which, however embellished by later tradition, exist in the Koran itself; the gross conceptions of paradise—however spiritualised by the ingenuity of more intellectual believers; the *superstition* in short, which is of the life and essence of the religion itself in its primitive form, must fall away before the progress of human knowledge. *One* religion, and that *one* because it is *the truth*, and that religion in its original purity, as taught in the New Testament, will co-exist and be co-extensive with the progress of knowledge. Christianity alone can dare to be tolerant, from that wise compassion for human error which is inseparable from its true spirit: while it watches, and seizes, and makes opportunities of advancing its legitimate influence, by its legitimate means of persuasiveness, by the quiet offer of its blessings, the slow but not less certain dissemination of its doctrines, it is content to await God's good time; it has nothing to surrender which belongs to its real essence as a religion, in order to make a dishonest compromise with the advancing state of human reason. It will not submit to be refined, like Mahometanism by Akber, and Brahminism by its more speculative votaries, into a philosophic Deism; it will offer, in its own genuine system, a philosophy as sublime as consistent—a religion ennobling, purifying, and consolatory. In its God, the Creator, the Redeemer, the Sanctifier; in its redemption from the bondage of sin and death; in its free promise of a spiritual life to come, it has a visible and conscious strength, which guarantees the gracious promises of its divine author for its duration to the end of the world.

And thus, while with impartial candour we glance from the humane Akber to the bloody Philip—from the peace, splendour, and prosperity of Mahometan India to the desolation of the Low Countries and the remorseless ravages in America—we cannot but discern the incalculable difference. Christianity has had the power of washing itself clean even from the defilement of blood; it has been able to throw off the spirit of persecution, which had become apparently a part of its vital energy, without that vital energy being in the slightest degree impaired. It has emerged, not indeed without loss or without much temporary suspension of its influence, from courses so utterly and entirely inconsistent with its



primitive and essential character as religious offences, and fiery funeral pile an equally artful and haughty hierarch who had nothing of Christianity but : Notwithstanding this, the last, we Christianity, it is up and active ; it tents ; it is in a state of constant narrow oasis of peace and tolerance time of Akber, is discernible in the human history, we find at last established Christianity can only be disseminated creeds will never more be brought of the sword—and to re-establish a Chamber, in most countries of Eurasia to bring back King Arthur and anity, in fine, will come to that great which, bordering and hemming it in side, must sooner or later take place than it in former days assumed to be. The new Crusaders, we trust, will shoulders, but in their minds and territory or command, but with the Gospel, for the conviction of the purifying the manners, the exaltation of the fierce Arab marauder—for such were the qualities, raised by the circumstances of depravation of all the creeds around a reformer, then into the founder of a new the revelation of God in Christ Jesus of Peace, the God who is Love, in this us as to lay down his life for us, in living life.

Mr. Elphinstone must pardon his guidance, and set forth on a day suggested by his masterly picture would, with his assistance, willingly fortunes of Jehanger, Shah Jehan, may raise an objection, do not apparently enough from the petty wars the empire—as must almost always propagated by polygamy—at each successive and rival kingdoms, which existed broke again into smaller fragments main empire. But—though we have hope ere long to follow Mr. Elphinstone

through the more stirring period of the growth of the British dominion in India. Nothing can be more to be desired than the judgment of a mind so singularly cool, dispassionate, and statesmanlike, on questions which up to this time have been the subjects of fierce party disputes, but may now assuredly pass into the quiet domain of history, and receive the unbiassed verdict of reason. We could scarcely select a judge before whom we would place our Clives and Hastings, and the other great, if less questioned, characters, which ennoble our Anglo-Indian history, to receive their final award, with more perfect confidence in his high qualifications for deciding such grave and important issues;—secure that all their great qualities will be developed with generous sympathy; their faults or their errors, if such shall appear in the investigation, be disclosed with fearlessness; and their fame fixed on the unalterable basis of truth.

ART. V.—1. *History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire; and an Account of the Medals, Crosses, and Clasps conferred for Naval and Military Services; with a History of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, K. C. M. G. K. H., Chancellor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. 8 parts. 4to. London. 1839-1841.

2. *Memorials of the Order of the Garter from its Foundation to the present Time; with Biographical Notices of the Knights in the Reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.* By George Frederick Beltz, K.H., Lancaster Herald. London. 8vo. 1841.

3. *A Review of the Chandos Peerage Case.* By G. F. Beltz, Lancaster Herald. London. 8vo. 1834.

ON the appearance of the Scrope and Grosvenor Controversy, we had occasion to express our high estimation of the services rendered to antiquarian literature by Sir Harris Nicolas. The more extensive work which he has now given us requires a special notice; and we are well pleased to direct attention at the same time to two publications of the Lancaster Herald, Mr. Beltz, one of which treats a part of Sir H. Nicolas's present subject in greater detail than could be looked for in a general history—while the other, as a specimen of genealogical disquisition, is not surpassed by any volume in the English library. The elegant accomplishments displayed in these days by persons professionally devoted to what has been considered as a frivolous and obsolete branch of study, must no doubt surprise our Utilitarians. They cannot,

cannot, however, deny the fact. Of Mr. Lodge, it is needless to speak; he is a young man, has already a considerable knowledge of his own department, and is a vigorous and tasteful writer; and we may expect future labours. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, strictly a member of the English College, is considered as in fact an addition to the staff. There is little doubt will be formally attached to the College produces also a scholarlike and, as might be expected, a somewhat credulous one, Sir William Betham; and the Transactions of the Scottish Antiquaries sufficiently attest the heraldic zeal of Mr. Ansell, who is at the post of Deputy-Lyon under his predecessor.

Sir H. Nicolas has produced the *British Orders of Knighthood*, a work elaborately prepared and splendidly printed, and from the press. The author appears to have drawn from all sources of information, and to have treated the subject with regards the general scope and pictorial illustrations are such as to be of great value upon such a subject;—at, of course, the expense of the recently revived art of wood-engraving, with the new art of printing in colour, the effect, almost rivalling that of the original. A book is sure of a place in every good library, and to have little chance of a popular success, a matter calculated to interest extensively. We hope by our specimen to excite the interest of our readers.

As far as concerns the most interesting part of the noblest of all the orders of knighthood, the 'Memorials of the Garter' will afford more information than the corresponding series of the Order of St. Michael. Mr. Beltz appears to have contented himself with this Order upon a much larger scale than the author has accomplished. He has written with filling up but a fragment of his subject, and whether it would have been worth the while, to finish the whole in the same manner, is a question which the knights—the *Founders* as they are still visible at the head of most of the great Houses of the Chapel—and their successors during the reigns of Edward and Richard II., it is very pleasant to see more minute labour. It is at the

that the Lancaster Herald has been obliged to Sir Harris Nicolas's *Scrope and Grosvenor* performance, for many of the very minutiae which give this abstract superiority to his account of the early days of the Order. It is, in fact, from the evidences adduced on the grand suit of the BEND OR that every biographer of the heroes of Crecy and Poitiers must draw the most accurate and interesting part of his materials.

As to the actual origin and date of the Order both writers show their good sense by preferring the nearly contemporary account of the chivalrous-hearted Froissart, long secretary of King Edward III.'s queen, and through life devoted to the royal house of Plantagenet, to the more elaborate and fanciful narratives of Polydore Vergil and other chroniclers of a later day. Mr. Beltz, we think, gets over a world of petty difficulties about the mere dates, by supposing that Edward formed the design of his Order, and held jousts and tournaments with a view to it, during the brief truce of Vannes, but that he was interrupted in his preparations by the more serious business of levying funds and troops for the renewal of the war, and did not solemnize the first regular festival, and fill up the stalls, until after his return from the triumphant campaign of Crecy. Froissart's date of 1344 is thus reconciled with the more usually supported one of 1347. At all events, the Order of the Garter is now of very venerable standing: the next oldest, that of the Golden Fleece, dates from A.D. 1429, nearly a hundred years later; and now that the St. Esprit (instituted in 1579) has been abolished with the legitimate dynasty in France, there is no third Order in Europe which can be named in the same page with it either as to antiquity or splendour. It has for five centuries been the proudest decoration of the most illustrious of our own nobility, and from an early period of its history it has been considered as a gratifying distinction by the most powerful sovereigns of foreign states.

According to the received text of Froissart the original number of knights was *forty*—but they certainly were only twenty-six, including the sovereign, and continued so, strictly and without alteration, down to the reign of George III. Mr. Beltz conjectures that Froissart confounded the number of performers at a particular tournament on St. George's Day with the actual Knights of St. George—but he was so familiar with the English court, and the Garter was from the beginning so high a distinction, that we can hardly suppose him to have made any such blunder. We have little doubt it is an error of transcription.—Upon what exact principle the *Founders* were selected, is still obscure; and the choice of the great feature in the *insignia* remains also a point

point of (not intolerable) mystery. Mr. Beltz treats these matters as follows:—

‘Of the principle which governed the nomination of the first knights-companions, we know as little as of the form in which the election was conducted. The fame of Sir Reginald Cobham, Sir Walter Manny, the Earls of Northampton, Hereford, and Suffolk, had been established by their exploits long before the institution of the Order; and would have amply justified their admission amongst the Founders, if military prowess had been the sole qualification. Those distinguished captains of olden age were elected subsequently upon vacancies created by the death of persons of less apparent pretensions. Is it, therefore, an improbable conjecture (more especially considering the youth of several of the early knights, and the small celebrity of others) that the distinction was, in the first instance, bestowed upon those who had excelled at tournaments which shortly preceded the foundation?’

‘Whether at some ball pending the festivities with which the Order began after those chivalrous exercises were concluded, the incident related by Polydor Vergil, and which is said to have given occasion to the adoption of THE GARTER as the name and the symbol of the Order, actually occurred, is at this day not capable of proof. That author, as far as we have discovered, the first who asserted that the garter was given to the queen, or of some lady of the court, falling off casually whilst dancing, the monarch had taken it from the ground, and, observing the smiles of the courtiers at what might have been considered an act of gallantry, had exclaimed “*HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE*,” and that the garter should soon be held in such high estimation, that all would account themselves happy if permitted to wear it.

‘The object of the king’s attention on this occasion has been imagined by Speed, Baker, and Camden (upon the sole authority, as it would seem, of Polydor Vergil), to have been a Countess of Salisbury; and learned Selden, following in the same dubious track, conjectured that the lady was Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, whom he designates “Countess of Kent and Salisbury,” without adverting to the fact that she did not succeed to the former of those earldoms until after the death of her brother, John Earl of Kent, in 1351, and that she never had any legal interest in the latter. The supposed connexion of a Countess of Salisbury with the institution of the Order, had undoubtedly its foundation in Froissart’s romantic episode of the passion conceived by Edward for the wife of William Montacute Earl of Salisbury. The lively chronicler, who deemed the fame of a knight without amount to be far from complete, appears to have credited with avidity any rumour which may have been in circulation, of the attachment of the monarch for the lady in question. Its probability has been denied chiefly upon the ground of her *advanced age* at the time when Edward is stated to have declared himself her admirer. A consideration, however, of the dates may go far to remove such an impression; and, although Froissart has as usual mistaken names and localities, he is borne out by evidence in regard to parts of his narrative.

‘ He relates that David King of Scotland having, in his foray on the English border in 1342, passed the Tyne [the Tweed], lay one night with his host before a castle which he calls “Salisbury,” because it belonged to the earl of that name, who having been taken prisoner before Lille, was at the time under confinement at Paris; that this castle, which Edward had granted to the earl on his marriage, was then the residence of the countess, whom he calls “Alix,” one of the most noble and beautiful ladies of the land; and that the garrison was under the orders of a Sir William Montacute, the earl’s nephew. He proceeds to recount that, on the morrow, the Scottish king commenced a vigorous assault, with every expectation of success, notwithstanding the gallantry with which the defence was conducted; but that the governor having contrived to issue secretly from the castle and to apprise King Edward, then in Berwick, of its perilous condition, David, on the consequent approach of the English army, retreated with his forces towards Jedburgh forest; and Edward, after expressing his anger at the escape of the enemy, determined to pay a visit to the Countess of Salisbury, whom he had not seen since the day of her nuptials. Froissart then expatiates with his wonted delight on the brilliant reception of the illustrious guest; the passion inspired by the grace and loveliness of his fair hostess; the avowal made by the monarch of his chains; and her courteous but firm and virtuous evasion of his addresses.

‘ In continuation of his narrative, he mentions that a truce having, shortly after that event, been concluded between the two kings, with the concurrence of the King of France, the ally of Bruce, the French monarch released the Earl of Salisbury upon condition that Edward’s prisoner, the Earl of Moray, should also be set at liberty. It is then related that the king, being returned to London, appointed grand festivities in honour of Salisbury’s liberation, and issued a proclamation for the holding of solemn jousts in the middle of August in the same year, inviting thereto, in particular, the earl and his beauteous countess, who, he says, appeared on the occasion attired with the utmost simplicity in order to avoid attracting the sovereign’s regard and to discountenance his improper affection. Then follow details of the feast, and an enumeration of the noble personages present, consisting, besides the two princes of Hainault, of twelve earls, eight hundred knights, and five hundred ladies; but that the general joy suffered some abatement in consequence of the death of John, son of Henry Lord Beaumont, a young nobleman of great promise, who was accidentally slain at the tournament.

‘ Now it is upon record that King Edward, in order to reward Salisbury for the courageous part which, in the fourth year of his reign, that earl had taken in the overthrow of Mortimer, had, before the end of that year, settled upon him and Katherine his wife, daughter of William Lord Granson, considerable estates, escheated to the crown by Mortimer’s attainder, and, amongst others, the manor of *Werk upon Tweed*. The date of the earl’s marriage does not appear; but, as he was born in or about 1301, and William, his first son, in 1328, the marriage may have taken place about 1326, the period of the king’s accession.



accession. That England was infested of the Scots, is historically true; and an adventure narrated by Froissart to be for English historians, and the absence, at upon an expedition into Brittany—his may be deemed to be feeble; for it is on Scotland towards the close of 1341, and Brittany until the autumn of 1342, and at some of its operations in the early 1. The truce with the Scots was concluded May, 1343. Bruce may, therefore, 1 Edward (not Sir William) Montacute, and his retinue, may not improbably have the custody of that important border-tunate detention at Paris.

'The Earl of Salisbury died in combats in January, 1343-4 (preceding which renders the story connecting the symbol adopted at the institution of the had such a tradition obtained current compiled his history, he would doubt *morals*, pp. xli.-xlii.

It appears that in 1342, when E the border-castle of Lord Salisbury age and the countess thirty-two. V our observation of human affairs, v what the critics of Speed, Baker, as 'advanced age,' or 'disparity of age understand why Mr. Belz himself improbable' that, because Lord S Edward should have picked up the sequent ball—perhaps of 1347. M Polydore's story been received when been delighted to record it. We n his chronicle was inscribed to Qu Froissart's chivalrous liberality, it is some delicacy for the courtly historian permanent circulation to an account as having herself worn the decoration *penchant* for a rival beauty.

For, as some of our readers may mantle *parsemé* with golden garter *honi soit*, &c., was worn on the solemn meetings of the Order, III. and of many of his successors and apparently an indefinite numb

wives, sisters, or daughters of the knights, but sometimes not. And indeed after the decorations of the Order had assumed their present shape, in 1638, Charles I. appears to have all but signed an edict authorizing the wives of the knights to wear some of them; but the breaking out of the civil war was fatal to the meditated renovation. Mr. Beltz seems to think that neither Mary I. nor Elizabeth, when sovereigns, wore any of the insignia of their Order; but in regard to the latter, at least, he is mistaken—as one of the most curious portraits of that queen (the unhappy wrinkled one done in her old age by Garrard) exhibits her with *the George and blue ribbon* round her neck; and, taken with this perfect evidence,\* the absence of the decoration on so many other pictures of Elizabeth renders it extremely doubtful whether her sister always abstained from the use of it. Queen Anne, it is well known, wore both the George, the Star, and the Garter—as Queen Victoria does now, and with very graceful effect, as all must acknowledge; nor should we be either sorry or surprised were her Majesty to take up, and even extend, the abortive scheme of King Charles. In a female reign such a restoration of the original practice would be natural and becoming; and perhaps we may see a purposed approach towards it in the very pretty ornaments, bearing a certain resemblance to chivalric *insignia*, with which her Majesty has already distinguished several of the young beauties of her Court.

On the history of the dress and decorations of the Order of the Garter, Sir Harris Nicolas's text and engravings leave little to desiderate. The mantle was originally of *sanguine* colour and of woollen *cloth*, the staple of the realm. It was powdered over with golden garters, numerous in all cases, but doubly numerous and doubly more splendid for the sovereign. The colour was, it is said, altered to blue, to match the bearing of France in the first quarter of the royal escutcheon—but, as in subsequent days it is sometimes spoken of as blue and sometimes as purple, we presume the uncertainty of dyeing should be considered. It is now, however, a *purple* mantle, of *velvet*, and not *parsemé* of garters; and the ancient custom of wearing it black during a court mourning has been dropped.

It was an original law that the knight should *never* be without his garter. Presently he was permitted to wear instead of it a 'blue lace or thread' round his leg when on horseback, 'in signification thereof'—but this has long been neglected. It is still, however, incumbent on every knight to have about him at all

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\* The picture in question is at Hampton Court—where the collection of ancient portraits, lately much increased, and well arranged by Mr. Jesse, is of the highest interest, and now liberally thrown open to the public.

times (though not necessarily dispart of the decorations—and we humbly think, by the bye, that the with over trousers—in the cases of have seen the exhibition excite a look well even with a pantaloon. coat reign, are coming fast into fashion should be.

The garter may be enriched as &c. &c. That which Charles I. wore the Cardinal of York bequeathed to 400 diamonds. The present Duke of less splendid; and indeed several worked in diamonds.

The *collar* and *badge* were added probably, of the order of the Golden to be worn with a ribbon around it to have been introduced in 1615—already stated that it appears so was Charles I. added the Star, in imitation to Sir Harris, the ribbon was sky-blue who changed it to the darker color to avoid confusion with the decorations of the family, who stuck to the old tint; the mantle was finally altered from time and for the same purpose; but variation in the shade of the blue sceptical. In the grand Vandyke Court, the ribbon is very dark blue exactly as at present—over the left arm to dispose of the vulgar story about the method of suspending the badge in of his mistresses.

King George III. found the footing, and Sir Harris Nicolas approved the alterations which that sovereign made. In 1786 the king had a new statute made lawful for him to give places in the his own body, over and above the original. In 1805, another statute extended to descendants of King George II.; IV. still further widened the restriction to descendants of King George I. The will see by and by) gave ample facilities to testant royal houses abroad. And

George IV., when Regent, as to which we are more disposed to concur in the scruples and hesitation of Sir H. Nicolas. The Regent first made *extra-knights*—viz., the Emperors of Russia and Austria at the close of the war; Louis XVIII. immediately before his restoration; Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, in honour of their services in bringing the revolutionary struggle to a happy conclusion; and in the year 1815, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg on his marriage with Princess Charlotte. King William IV. was graciously pleased to make another extra-knight—viz., Earl Grey—in testimony, no doubt, of his Majesty's (shortlived) satisfaction with the Reform Bill; and her present Majesty, with rather more general approbation, gave an extra ribbon to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. In all, when Sir Harris closed his account, there were *forty* knights; so that, if Froissart did blunder, his story has come true at last.

We have no objection whatever to the conferring of the garter on as many foreign emperors, kings, and reigning princes as the monarch of England may think fit to honour with such a mark of friendly consideration; but we are sorry that it was a Conservative sovereign and a Conservative ministry that introduced the novelty of extra-garters among British subjects. The minister for the time being has, according to long-settled and necessary practice, the chief, almost the exclusive, power in distributing the honours of the crown; but it was a dangerous precedent to anticipate vacancies and *forestall* such distinctions. At the same time, we are so far from adopting Sir Harris's querulous tone about *any* extension of the order itself, that, considering the vast increase of our territories, our population, and our peerage since the days of Edward III., we should not have the least objection to seeing the stalls doubled in number—always provided that—as the general rule—they be filled up on the recommendation of those who have a proper title to recommend—that is to say, of the minister during whose government a stall happens to become vacant.

GENTLEMEN of every class were held eligible to the Garter in former days; but we need hardly observe it has long been practically restricted to the nobility—with very rare exceptions, to the peerage. No commoner received it after the death of James I. until Charles II., when returning from exile in Montagu's flagship, bestowed a ribbon on the converted Admiral of the Republic—but this was rather a particular occasion, and the new K. G. became also Earl of Sandwich immediately on the King's landing. The next person whose ordinary style and title ever marked him as a Knight of the Garter was Sir Robert Walpole; and the reverend author of the 'Night Thoughts' invoked the shades of the departed

parted heroes of the Order to desc  
unusual an inauguration :—

‘Ye mighty dead! ye garter’d so  
Our morning stars! Our boast  
Which hovering o’er your pur  
Lured by the pomp of this dist  
Stoop and attend!—By one the  
One throw the mantle’s crimson  
By that the sword on his proud  
This clasp the diamond girdle  
His breast with rays let just G  
Wise Burleigh plant the plum  
And Edward own, since first h  
None press’d fair Glory with a

But we fancy Swift, when he quic  
‘Rhapsody on Poetry,’ expressed mo  
the occasion :—

‘St. George beheld thee  
Vouchsafe to be an azur  
When on thy breast and  
He bound the star and

The only commoners since Wal  
Lord Castlereagh—both eldest sons  
The only persons who appeared as  
coronation of George IV. were Prim  
reagh—and that splendid habit did  
subsequent coronations.

King Edward VI., under puritan  
pressed great horror at the sort of  
Cappadocia supposed to be mixed u  
the statutes revised, and the decorati  
semblance of saint-worship, or any  
Popery. The militant figure on th  
not a spear but a Bible, and the Lib  
Old Serpent or the Pope—it is ra  
the garter, in place of ‘*Honi soit*,’  
words ‘*Fides*,’ and ‘*Verbum Dei*.’  
were to be replaced as they shoul  
the gospel.’ A poet worthy of the  
Harris :—

‘The Garter is the favour of a kin  
Clasping the leg on which man’s  
A poeare in’t, as on a nuptial rin  
Binding the heart to their liege k

That, whilst the leg hath strength, or the arm power,  
To kill that serpent would their king devour.

‘ For which the George is as a trophy worne ;  
And may it long and long remaine with those  
Which to that excellent dignitie are borne  
As opposites unto their country’s foes.  
God keep our king and them from Rome’s black pen !  
Let all that love the Garter say, Amen !’

All this was undone on the accession of Popish Mary—things reverted to the old condition—St. George once more pierced his legendary victim—and the statutes of the Order again exhibited the ancient regulations with which no Protestant ever could have complied. Strange to say, though there have been many discussions about the affair, these hoary enactments still remain on the book — the neglect of them being merely authorised by the sovereign’s dispensation in each separate case. Sir Harris Nicolas, with all his reverence for this ‘ ancient institution of the empire,’ appears to be impressed with the urgent necessity of a reform in its code.

Before we drop the Garter, we must observe that one obstinate stumbling-block, which resisted even Sir Harris Nicolas’s efforts, has been removed out of the early history of the Order by the vigorous pioneering of the Lancaster Herald. Among the knights under Edward IV. one could never be identified. The register of a chapter held April 22nd, 1467, as abridged in Latin by Aldridge, had this entry :—

‘ Domino Principi, Regi Neapolitano, et Domino de Montgryson Apuliae, jam ante delectis ad illustrissimum Ordinem, sedes reservatæ sunt.’

The Monkbarnish reader is aware of the long and earnest controversy to which this mysterious entry gave rise—some contending, in the teeth of grammar and physiology, that it really designated but one eminent personage, to wit, the King of Naples, who might also have borne the title of Lord of Montgryson in Apulia, as the English kings were ‘ Domini Hiberniæ,’—while others laboured to identify the Lord of Montgryson with Paolo Battista Spinola of Genoa. Sir Harris abolished for ever the Spinola hypothesis (part i. p. 93, *note*), but found nothing to replace it. Mr. Beltz, however, has dug up the original French register itself, and there we read, on a separate line, in the list of stalls not occupied on the particular day—

‘ Le stalle pur le Counte de Mont  
Grisone de Næples q’est eslu.’

This put an end to the interpretation which made Montgryson a minor title of the Neapolitan king ; and further research led to a  
corresponding



corresponding entry on the Pell Roll of the Exchequer, where the name of the absent Knight Elect is given thus—

‘Comiti de Monte Orizo, Camerario Regis de Naples.’

Mr. Beltz says:—

‘The personage thus honoured was Inigo d’Avalos Count of Monte Odorisio, who, in that year, filled the high ministerial office of *Gran Camerlingo*, great chamberlain, or treasurer of Naples under King Ferdinand I. of Arragon. He was the son of Roderigo or Ruis d’Avalos Count of Ribadeo in Catalonia, constable of Castile; had accompanied Alphonsus of Arragon (the father of King Ferdinand) into Italy; and after the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, had been rewarded for eminent services by divers grants of lands, fiefs, titles, and honours. Amongst the splendid guerdons bestowed upon him were the hands and fortunes of Antonella d’Aquino, the daughter of Berardo Gasparone Count of Loretto and Marquess of Pescara, and sole heiress of her brother Francesco Antonio. Her father, Berardo, was son to Francesco d’Aquino, gran camerlingo, Count of Loretto and Satriano, and, by marriage with Giovanella, daughter and heiress of Cieco del Borgo, Count of Monte Odorisio, Marquess of Pescara and Viceroy of Naples, acquired the titles and honours of that illustrious house; all which devolved in right of Antonella, to Inigo d’Avalos, who, however, bore only the title of Count of Monte Odorisio during the lifetime of his brother-in-law.’

‘The powerful influence of this nobleman on the political affairs of Italy at that period, and the friendship of his royal master which he enjoyed in an eminent degree, may sufficiently account for Ferdinand’s desire that his prime and confidential minister might be admitted into the fraternity which he himself highly valued.’—*Memorials*, pp. xxii. xxiii.

This Inigo the Knight of the Garter was grandfather to the great Marquess of Pescara, who commanded the imperialists at the battle of Pavia, and died at Milan in 1525, without issue by his wife, the no less celebrated Victoria Colonna.

This is a specimen—and no more—of the diligence and success of Mr. Beltz, in his elaboration of the earlier history of the Garter. We return to the general work of Sir H. Nicolas.

This author, having completed his chapters on the Garter by a full catalogue of the knights from 1347 to 1840, proceeds to the ‘Most Ancient Order of the Thistle,’ so styled in the document by which it was professedly revived, but really founded, by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England in May, 1687. The legend which carried back this Order to the era of Charlemagne and *Achais* is too absurd for notice; we are sorry to say that only serious statements which support its actual and former existence under the early Stuarts themselves seem to be equally false and worthless, and we think Sir Harris has bestowed most superfluous labour in exposing them. At the same time there seems to be some reason for holding that James V., whose coins

effigies

effigies for the first time exhibit a collar of thistles, with the badge of St. Andrew and his Saltire, had not only worn such ornaments on his own person, but meditated the founding of a national Order with the like symbols, in imitation of the foreign states with whose Orders he had himself been invested, namely, those of the Golden Fleece and the Garter. The tradition is, that he had fixed on the chapel-royal at Linlithgow for the headquarters of the Thistle—and this would have been to copy the Windsor example exactly—for which reason we hold the story the more probable, as the old Scottish court was always a parody of the English, in as far as circumstances would allow. If James V. had this design, however, he certainly never accomplished it—as the total silence of all contemporary registers, and histories, and poets clearly establishes. The Reformation took in Scotland such a character as must have been fatal to all such devices in the times immediately succeeding; and had the Order ever really existed, we may be sure James VI. would have eagerly restored it as soon as he became King of England and his own master.

After the misguided founder ‘lost his three kingdoms for a mass’ the decoration of the Thistle was visible, for several years, nowhere but at the court of St. Germain’s. The stalls had been gorgeously fitted up in the chapel-royal at Holyrood House—but those quasi-popish trappings had all along displeased the disciples of John Knox, and they took this occasion to destroy them, and at the same time to deface and otherwise damage the chapel itself—which afterwards lost its roof, and became, as it now is, a mere ruin. The Order was, however, restored by Queen Anne in 1703. The original number of twelve Knights-companions with the Sovereign, fixed no doubt in allusion to our Saviour and his Apostles, remains unaltered. No person under the rank of the peerage has ever been invested with this Order—and it has always been usual for a Knight of the Thistle to resign it upon being elected into the Garter—though the rule has sometimes been broken, as in the case of the late John Duke of Roxburgh, and now in that of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. The ribbon of the Thistle was originally a blue one, but Queen Anne made it green; and so it continues. The dress and decorations are all evidently copied, with the necessary variations, from those of the great English Order. The star and badge have the motto, said to have been invented by Buchanan for the royal arms of Scotland, and happily suiting the proud national history, as well as the national emblem of the *thistle*—‘*Nemo me impune lacessit.*’ We wonder that when George IV. visited Scotland he did not gratify his loyal subjects of that kingdom and his own taste by an extension of the Thistle. Twelve decorations are a small number for such a kingdom, and though a few of the very highest

of the Scotch nobility are usually ho-  
 responding number of green ribbons  
 been given away out of Scotland. A  
 blue ribbons—but the Duke of Har-  
 in England, and the Duke of Buc-  
 peerage of his male ancestor the  
 there are three Knights of the Thist  
 namely, the Marquess of Ailesbury  
 and the Earls of Abergavenny and

The Irish Order of St. Patrick, o  
 very recent date—and there is not  
 little of interest, in its history. It  
 in 1783—consisting of the Sovereig  
 actual Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,  
 panions, who have uniformly hith  
 Irish peerage. The only innovatio  
 King, who graciously authorized ev  
 to wear the insignia after quitting  
 Nicolas suggests that it would be a  
 personages to become, on losing off  
 the regular ranks as death-vacancies  
 in the Ionian order: and we see no  
 plan shall have our approbation th  
 Normanby's star and ribbon. Th  
 (green unluckily, bespoken), and th  
 with the trefoil or shamrock in gr  
 leaf. The motto takes the unusu  
 of an *interrogation*—'QUIS SEPAR  
 choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, D

We now come to the Order of  
 whole of one of these magnificent  
 by Sir H. Nicolas with all possib  
 very early period *Knights of the B*  
 that there was nothing in the natu  
 stitution, in the sense of our comm  
 of George I. The ceremony c  
 knighthood, like that of his vigi  
 origin and a meaning which it wou  
 ever desires to see all the evidenc  
 brought together, may be referred  
 Part. The *bathing* was, of cour  
 knighthood was to be conferred in  
 feature in the preliminary arrang  
 knights created on high and solem  
 monial was gone through with pur  
 coronation of a king, should have

of, and then formally designated as *Knights of the Bath*; and perhaps they had in general esteem some pre-eminence over ordinary Knights—though not so high a pre-eminence as that of the *Banneret*, or soldier knighted after a battle, when the Banner-Royal was in the field. Such knights appear to have been so created, and so styled, on almost every *tranquil* English coronation, from Henry III. to Charles II. At that of James II. —we know not for what reason—the Knights of the Bath were omitted. Neither William nor Anne revived them; nor did George I. at his accession; but by and by it came into his minister's ingenious head, among many other clever plans and expedients having the same object in view, that the old name might be recalled, and a regular Order instituted under the designation of the Bath, with excellent results for his own management of parties;—and, in his son Horace's honest words to the Miss Berrys,—

‘The revival of the Bath was an artful Bank of thirty-six ribands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant to stave off the demands for Garters; and intended that the Red should be a step to the Blue.’—*Reminiscences*, chap. iv.

Sir Robert was himself one of the original *Reds* (May, 1725), and resigned that *string* for the *Cærulean* one next year. All the other knights of this first creation were ministerial members of the existing parliament, except five; and of these one was an Ambassador—a second Treasurer of the Household; the other three were sons or brothers of great Whig peers. The first stall, with some peculiar privileges, was assigned to Prince William, afterwards celebrated in the fields of Mars (and also of Venus) as Duke of Cumberland, who was then a mere child; though Poet Eusden (familiar to the readers of the ‘*Dunciad*’) showed himself a genuine *vates* for once on this occasion, thus hailing the unbreeched chevalier:—

‘Let future bards describe in sounding strains  
Thy laurel'd triumphs from deep-crimson'd plains;  
Enough for me the dawning to display  
That glows the promise of so bright a day;  
Enough to see, transported with the sight,  
The royal warrior-boy—BATH's foremost Knight.’

Sir Robert Walpole, the real founder of the Order, was a distinguished humourist; and assuredly he must have chuckled over the statutes which—much meditating Sir Palmerin, and little anticipating Sir Palmerston—the Heralds' College drew up for his ‘artful bank.’ He, however, seems to have entered into the joke with decorum; and under Queen Victoria, as under George I. and ‘jovial Robin,’ the pithiest articles of the code still provide—

‘ That all persons to be elected into the Order of the Great Master repair to the Palace of Westminster, at the time the Monks of the Order shall be assembled: each of them to be attended by two Esquires, Gentlemen of Blood, who shall be waiting in that chamber, by the King of Arms: and the Esquires, who enter into that chamber with the Esquires, matters of Chivalry, are to instruct him in the duties of this Military Order, and to take diligent notice thereof (which have their allegorical sense) and to be recommended, and *punctually observe*

‘ And such Esquires, who from the Monks are nominated Esquires Governors, shall attend the Elected abroad during the evening of his first entry into the Order. The Barber to make ready a bathing vessel, and to have a bath spread on the floor by the side of the chamber, the Elected being shaven, and his hair cut by the Barber. The Sovereign, or Great Master, that the Elected is prepared for the Bath; where the experienced Knights shall be sent to instruct him in the Order and for the Elected being preceded by several Esquires of the Order, all the usual signs of rejoicing, and several instruments before them, shall be played in the Prince’s chamber, while the Esquires play music, shall undress the Elected, and

‘ And the musical instruments the Esquires shall play. The Knights, entering into the chamber, shall kneel one after the other, kneeling near the Elected, and shall instruct the Elected in the nature and duties of the Order, and in mind, that for ever hereafter he be pure and undefiled ;—

‘ And thereupon the Knights shall wash the Elected with water of the Bath upon the shoulders, and the Esquires Governors shall attend him, and conduct him to his pallet-bed, where he shall be covered with curtains; and as soon as his body is warm, in consideration that he is new, therefore they shall then array him in a robe of sleeves reaching down to the ground, with a cordon of ash-coloured silk, with a russet napkin hanging to the girdle ;—

‘ And the Barber having removed the Elected, the Knights shall again enter, and from the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh shall be made making rejoicings, and the minstrelsy shall be played, which time wine and spices shall be given to the Elected, and the Esquires Governors

turned thanks to these Knights for the great favours of their assistance, the Esquires Governors shall shut the Chapel door, permitting none to stay therein, save the Elected, one of the Prebendaries of the Church of Westminster to officiate, the Chandler to take care of the lights, and the Virger of the Church; where the Elected shall perform his vigils, during the whole night, in orisons and prayers to Almighty God, having a taper burning before him, held by one of his Esquires Governors, who at the reading of the Gospel shall deliver it into the hands of the Elected, which being read, he shall re-deliver it to one of his Esquires Governors, who shall hold it before him during the residue of Divine Service:—

‘ And when the day breaks, and the Elected hath heard Matins, or Morning Prayer, the Esquires Governors shall re-conduct him to the Prince’s chamber, and lay him in bed, and cast over him a coverlet of gold, lined with carde; and when it is a proper time, these Esquires shall acquaint the Sovereign or Great Master, that the Elected will be ready to rise from his bed, who shall again command the experienced Knights, preceded as before, to repair to the Prince’s chamber: and the Elected being awakened by the music, and the Esquires Governors having provided everything in readiness, the experienced Knights, at their entry, shall wish the Elected a good morning, acquainting him that it is a convenient time to rise;—

‘ Whereupon the Esquires Governors taking him by the arm, the most ancient of these Knights shall present to him his shirt, the next his breeches, the third his doublet, another the surcoat of red tartin, lined and edged with white sarcenet; two others shall take him out of his bed; two others shall put on his boots, in token of the beginning of his warfare; another shall gird him with his white girdle without any ornament; another shall comb his head; another shall deliver him his coif, or bonnet; and, lastly, another shall put upon him the Mantle of this Order, being of the same silk and colour of the surcoat, lined and edged in like manner, which shall be tied, and made fast about the neck with a lace of white silk, having a pair of white gloves hanging at the end thereof; and on the left shoulder of the said mantle shall be the Ensign of this Order; that is, three Imperial Crowns Or, surrounded with the Motto of the Order upon a circle Gules, with a glory of rays issuing from the centre.’—*Nicolas*, Part vi., pp. 49-52.

It is needless to add that in no one case have these formalities been complied with. The sovereign or grand-master uniformly *dispenses* with the statutorial code. Only fancy a dignified, one-legged lieutenant-general stripped by three or four ‘grave’ and ‘experienced’ major-generals, then shaved ‘by the proper barber,’ and then clapt into a ‘suitable bathing vessel’ within our palace of Westminster, lulled to sleep with the ‘soft music’ of ‘minstrels,’ admonished by and by that it is a ‘convenient time to rise,’ combed by one veteran G.C.B., shirted by another, assisted by a third into his regulation breeches, which are to be ‘of white silk or sarcenet in signification of purity;’ then watching and praying all night in Henry VII.’s Chapel, attended only by the Rev.  
Henry



Henry Hart Milman, Prebendary of time to time, during the *rigil*, improved of succouring widows and virgins. I undefiled, and strictly adhering in example of the late Sir Robert Walpole, Berkeley, and Sir Charles Hanbury, deference and submission, we venture better be revised.

The Red Ribbon, although Walpole was bestowed by the succeeding ministers, whether soldiers, sailors, or fit to gratify; and on the whole its patronage was judiciously and continued, until, in the course of the Regent introduced sundry Extra-Knights of the struggle, thought fit to return on the plan of certain continental cannot but hold to the opinion that have been better advised had he in the Bath as it was, or at least only given of numbers, without abolishing its coming on it the outlandish distinction Commanders, and Companions with the actual arrangement is of such nature over Sir Harris's luculent details of

Usually, but not uniformly, when its original institution, was promoted signed his red one. When the hero the Garter, he had a hint to comply with his resignation accordingly; but his peers of the Bath regarded his resignation serious injury to it and to them; and he addressed, *on the same day*, the minister:—

‘ My dear Lord,—Having received Insignia of the Order of the Garter, Ilington, containing directions for returning Bath the Collar and Badge of that order however, have expressed an anxious Knight of the Bath, into which I have of them owe this honour to actions Under these circumstances, and advertising you to wish that I should resign the Order whether it would not be better that I precedented of a British subject holding them military, in the case of the Duke

will refer to the Statute of the Order of May, 1812, you will see that upon my resignation you have not the power of appointing a Knight of the Bath. My Stall will be filled by the Senior Extra Knight, and under the Statute you may appoint as many Extra Knights as you please.

‘ I feel great reluctance in suggesting that I should keep this Order, and I should not have done so if it had not been suggested to me by some of the Knights. God knows I have plenty of Orders : and I consider myself to have been most handsomely treated by the Prince Regent and his Government, and shall not consider myself the less so, if you should not think proper that I should retain the Order of the Bath. I beg you will return me the inclosed letter or not, as you may decide upon this point.

‘ Believe me, &c.

‘ The Earl of Liverpool.’

‘ WELLINGTON.

—*Nicolas*, Part vi., p. 122.

Strange to say, this appeal was not attended to; the name of Wellington disappeared from the roll of the Red Knights; but when the Order was re-organized, his Grace's banner was re-established in the Chapel of Henry VII., and he was placed in the catalogue of the Military Grand Crosses, with the precedence of his original creation.

We need not say a word about the Duke's letter—it is like him, and like all the rest of the series. Sir Harris has occasion, however, to make another extract from Gurwood, with which we also must enrich our pages. His Grace, on being applied to by a general officer serving under him, who considered himself as having been unjustly passed over in the creations of 1813, replied as follows:—

‘ *Lesaca*, 10th September, 1813.

‘ My dear Sir,—I received last night your letters of the 22nd of July and 9th September, and I acknowledge that I wish you had followed the advice of —, and had omitted to send me either; and I will detain both till I shall have received your answer upon what I am now about to state to you.

‘ I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer serving under my command those marks of His Majesty's favour by which many have been honoured: nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, *in the only mode, in my opinion, in which favours can be acceptable, or honours and distinctions can be received with satisfaction.* The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State; and I am happy to state that no general in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct. It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in the bestowing those honourable marks of distinction, and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion.

discussion. *What I would recommend to you is, to express neither appointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate much less to the government. Continue as you have done and deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you are certain that, if the government is wise, you will obtain it. If you do not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person in good opinion you would be solicitous who will think the worse of that account.*

‘The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his Majesty’s subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite equal, and I advert to my own situation only to tell you that I recon- sider your conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never asked for one; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or friends venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and, much more than been favoured, the consciousness that it has been spontaneous from the King and Regent gives me more satisfaction than anything that I can recommend to you the same conduct and patience—and, above all, resignation, if, after all, you should not succeed in acquiring the Order; wish; and I beg you to recall your letters, which, you may be sure, will be of no use to you. Believe me, &c.

‘WELLINGTON

When the Order was remodified in 1815, it might have been expected that the Duke of Wellington should have suggested as to the very extensive military additions. Such, however, was not the case. We do not wish to dwell on what may be a sore subject in some quarters; but his Grace says, in a letter to Lord Bathurst (Paris, 12th January, *Gurwood*, vol. xii., p. 519), ‘I wish I had seen the list of the officers who served under your command, on whom it was intended to confer this honour; it was published; as I think I could have stated reasons why it should not be conferred on some, and why it should be conferred on others.’ And in another letter to the Duke of York (p. 519), he says, ‘I confess that I do not concur in the limitation of the Order to field-officers. Many captains in the army are worthy of it; and I never could see the reason of excluding them.’

When Sir Harris closed his chapter, March 25, 1815, the Order of the Bath consisted of the Sovereign and one Knight Grand Cross and five Knights Grand Crosses—one hundred and fifty Knights Commanders—and several hundreds of Companions. Of the Grand Crosses twenty-four were Civilians. No Civilians are admissible into the other classes. Sir Harris, mentioning the recent creation of Prince Albert, observes that His Highness’s ‘position in the Order will require to be fixed by a special statute;’ but surely this is incorrect, as Her Majesty, in the proper exercise of her authority, by a general order in the *Gazette*, assigned to her royal consort the first place after the Queen, everywhere out of parliament—the Prince not being a member of parliament.

parliament—and, at any rate, the precedence of peers within the House of Lords being, as is supposed, strictly limited by the statute of Henry VIII.

Sir Harris proceeds to the Order of St. Michael and St. George, instituted on the formal recognition of British supremacy by the Ionian Islands, and confined hitherto, in its different classes, to natives of those islands and of Malta, with certain high officers of the British crown employed in the administration of those states, or in the military and naval service of the Mediterranean. Our author, being Chancellor of this new order, details its history with natural circumstantiality—but we have not room for his details. He concludes with expressing his opinion that this Order also is like to receive some great enlargement at no distant date; and if it should be extended so as to embrace meritorious functionaries, civil and military, throughout our colonies, and more especially natives of those colonies distinguished by their attachment to the crown of England, we should think the measure a wise one. We have never concealed our conviction that the government of this vast empire has all along been improvident in not *inoculating* her dependencies, to the utmost practicable extent, with the spirit and *form* of her own monarchical institutions. We should be delighted to see the true patriots of Canada, for example, who saved us that mighty arm of our strength by their devotion, distinguished liberally from the fountain of honour; and in constructing the infant society of Australia we cannot doubt that it would be especially salutary to carry out this conservative principle. But Sir Harris Nicolas has wider views. He would have this Ionian Knighthood so extended as to become in fact ‘*the Order of Civil Merit*,’ for the mother country herself. And here we differ from the Ionian chancellor. If we are to have an Order of Civil Merit for Great Britain, it ought surely to be one originating here, and not one adopted by us from by no means the most important of our dependencies.

The ‘Order of the Guelphs of Hanover’ has ceased to be in any sense a British one—though the majority of its members are still British subjects—in consequence of the separation of the crowns; and the ‘Bank of favours’ which it placed at the command of the Sovereign being thus closed, Sir Harris is one of many who anticipate either the adoption or creation of some new Order in its room. We confess that we incline to doubt very much whether the taste for decorations and titles has not already gone too far among us—and, at all events, whether there is need of anything more than the exercise of judgment and *spirit* in the distribution of honours to which our ancestors were accustomed. If any of these have sunk in general esteem—which we are sorry to admit

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is the fact—the wisdom and upright dealing of but a few short years might go very far to undo the mischief.

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We fear many of our readers may think this paper already too long.—but we do not often trespass on heraldries, and hope to be excused by those who feel little interest in such matters, if we take this opportunity of presenting others who enter, as we ourselves are not ashamed of doing, into the spirit of Mr. Beltz's and Sir H. Nicolas's labours, with some information which we rather wonder neither of these gentlemen appended to his account of the Garter—we mean a succinct view of *the state of the representation of the ancient royal families of the empire*. It is impossible to peruse attentively these records of the achievements and alliances of the illustrious dead, without desiring every now and then to ascertain whether or where any descendant of the particular personage under review can still be pointed out. The *Chandos Peerage Case*, so thoroughly disposed of by Mr. Beltz in the earlier volume named at the head of this article, derives its chief importance from, and indeed probably originated in, the ambition to engraft an undistinguished lineage on the splendid stock of Plantagenet; and the most interesting genealogical controversy of the last age sprung from a claim to represent the house of Stuart in the male line. The true descents are not brought together in any one work in the English library; and at all events the general ignorance on the subject is quite undeniable.

Without further preface, then, we proceed to our *précis*.

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The *heirs general* of the three Royal Families of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart, are, at this day, those of the Princess Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Charles I., and Duchess of Orleans—viz.: *Francis-Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of Modena*, conjointly with his Maternal aunts, the *Duchess of Lucca* and the *Empress of Austria*; and, but for the Act of Settlement introduced as a safeguard against Popery, that Prince, as eldest heir of the body of *King Charles the First*, would now have filled the throne of these realms.

Failing the particular line of the royal house of Sardinia which the Prince of Modena represents, the succession would have devolved to the then eldest heir of the body of *King James I.*; that is, to *Louis Philippe, King of the French*, as representing Charles, Elector Palatine, the eldest son of the Princess Elizabeth of England, Queen of Bohemia: and, presuming the male Conti branch of the Bourbons to be, as it is believed to be, extinct, Louis Philippe, as heir of the body of the Paternal aunt of the last prince of Conti (who died in 1814), would also be the eldest  
cu-heir

co-heir general of Edward Count Palatine, the next and only son, who left issue, of the Queen of Bohemia. The other co-heirs of the said Edward are Francis IV., the reigning Duke of Modena; the Princess Mary Augusta, daughter of the late King of Saxony; and William-Florentine, the reigning Prince of Salm-Salm.

The descendants of the Queen of Bohemia's daughter, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, are *ferè innumerabiles*; and there is happily a moral impossibility of the failure of a Protestant heir to the crown in virtue of the Act of Settlement. Next to the issue of King George the Third the succession would pass to—

1. The Dukes of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel—descended from the Princess Augusta, eldest sister of George III.
2. The other descendants of the Princess Augusta—being the reigning King of Würtemberg and his issue—his brother Prince Paul and his issue, including the children\* of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia—and the issue of the late Duke of Nassau, by Pauline of Würtemberg.
3. The daughters of the late Frederick VI., King of Denmark (son of the Princess Caroline Matilda, second and youngest sister of George III.), viz., Caroline, married to Prince Ferdinand, brother of the reigning King, and Wilhelmina, married to the Prince Royal of Denmark. After them Louisa, sister of the said late King of Denmark, and Duchess-dowager of Schleswig-Holstein.
4. The abdicated King of the Netherlands and the family of Orange, descended from Princess Anne, the eldest daughter of George II. In this line are included the issue of Prince Albert, brother of the reigning King of Prussia; the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg; the children—(that is to say, but for their being Romanists)—of the Archduke Charles of Austria; the Prince of Reuss-Greiz; the Prince of Waldeck, &c.
5. The Electoral House of Hesse, as descended from the Princess Mary, second daughter of George II.
6. The present King Christian VIII. of Denmark and his branch, as descended from the Princess Louisa, third daughter of George II.
7. The Royal House of Prussia, descended from Sophia-Dorothy, only daughter of George I., and consort of Frederick William I., king of Prussia, and from Sophia Charlotte, only daughter of the Electress Sophia, and consort of Frederick I., king of Prussia.

All these derive from the Lady Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of King Henry VII. and Queen to James IV. of Scot-

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\* These, although their mother was a Protestant, are members of the Greek Church.  
land.



land. The other descendants of Henry VII. derive from marriage of his younger daughter, Mary (Queen-dowager of France), with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the last subject who was permitted to ally himself in marriage with a prince of the royal house of England. The coheirs-general of Mary Tudor are Richard-Plantagenet, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the heir of the body (if any) of Elizabeth, who was, in 1710, wife of Philip Doughty, Esq.; George, Earl of Jersey; George-Granville, Duke of Sutherland; and George-Augustus Marquess of Hastings.

The only male Plantagenet, of the line of York, next to Edward IV., from whom there are descendants, was that king's brother, George, Duke of Clarence. They are very numerous, but the representation appears to be vested in the following coheirs-general:—

1. The Marquess of Hastings, as sole heir of the body of Catherine Pole, the eldest daughter of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute; and
2. William Lowndes of Chesham, Esq., and William Lowndes of Whaddon Hall, in Buckinghamshire, Esq., coheirs of the body of Winifrid Pole, the sister of the said Catherine.

Ascending to the collaterals nearest to the royal line, and from whom issue remains, there are to be mentioned the following in the order of their proximity to the crown:—

Anne of York, the only sister who left issue of Edward IV., is represented by the Lords Monson and De Ros.

Ursula Pole, the only sister of Henry, Lord Montacute, is represented by George, Lord Stafford.

Isabel of York, the only sister of Richard, Duke of York, and aunt of Edward IV., is represented by the Duke of Buckingham, and George Marquess Townshend.

Elizabeth Mortimer, great-great-aunt of Edward IV., is represented by the several coheirs-general of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland:—viz., the heir (if any) of the body of William Paver, who was living in 1775—as presenting Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Woodroffe, eldest daughter and coheir of the Earl; and Sir Stephen Rich, Bart., Henry, Viscount Gage, and the heir (if any) of the body of Thomas Brome Whorwood—as representing Lucy, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, the other daughter and coheir, leaving issue, of the same Earl.

The representatives of *John of Gant*, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of King Edward III., and father of King Henry IV., are

- 1.\* The Royal House of Portugal, and the coheirs-general of Charles Nevil, seventh earl of Westmoreland—derived from Blanch of Lancaster, his first wife; conjointly with
- 2.\* The Duchess d'Angoulême—from Constance of Castile, his second wife;—and
3. The heirs-general of the body of King Henry VII.—from the legitimated issue of Katherine Swynford, John of Gant's third wife.

The representation of John of Gant's next brother, Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, in the male line, was vested in Edward IV., and has been already mentioned. The heirs-general of his only daughter, Constance of York, are at present the Baroness Le Despenser and the coheirs-general of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute, before stated.

Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of King Edward III., is now represented by the Lord Stafford, as sole heir of the body of Anne, the only daughter (who left issue) of the duke, by her second husband, Edmond, Earl of Stafford. She married, thirdly, William Bourchier, Count of Eu, whose representatives by that marriage are the Duke of Buckingham and the Marquess Townshend.

Isabel, Countess of Bedford, the eldest and only daughter that left issue of Edward III., is represented by the Duchess d'Angoulême.

The other males of the Plantagenet line were:—

Thomas of Brotherton (half brother of Edward II.), whose coheirs-general are the Lords Petre and Stourton, and the Earl of Berkeley;—

Edmond of Woodstock (also half brother of Edward II.), whose coheirs are those of Henry VII., conjointly with those of George, Duke of Clarence, and of Charles Nevil, the seventh Earl of Westmoreland;—

Edmond 'Crouchback,' Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I., who is represented by the Royal House of Portugal.

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The female members of the House of Plantagenet not already enumerated, and from whom there is issue subsisting, are, in the order of their proximity to the Crown, as follows:—

The sisters of Edward II., viz.,

1. Eleanor, Countess of Bar, whose heir-general is the Duchess d'Angoulême;—
2. Joan (of Acres), Countess of Gloucester, represented by several coheirs-general, viz., the Baroness Le Despenser: the Marquess of Hastings, and William and William Selby

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\* According to the system of representation these should be excluded; and Henry VII. would have been the sole heir of the body of John of Gant, through his legitimated son, John de Beaufort.

Lowndes, Esq. : the Lord Staf  
of Henry VII. ;—

3. Margaret, Duchess of Brabant  
Duchess d'Angoulême ;—
4. Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford  
Stafford.

The sister of Edward  
Beatrice, Duchess of Brittany, rep  
d'Angoulême.

The sister of Henry  
Isabel, consort of Frederick II.,  
whom the Royal House of Saxony

The sisters of King

1. Maud, Duchess of Bavaria, from  
time and the Dukes of Brunswick
2. Eleanor, Queen of Castile, from  
ters, the Kings of Castile and Leon  
Kings of Portugal, and the King

We proceed to the second branch

The descent of the Royal Family  
of Lochaber, invented or adopted by  
early Scottish historians, and upon  
his happy compliment to James I., he  
The acute Lord Hailes failed in his  
true filiation of the distinguished per  
of 'Walter the son of Alan,' obtaining  
the hereditary Stewardship of Scotland  
him by Malcolm IV. in 1157. Chieftain  
'Caledonia,' raised a strong presumption  
Flaald,' a Norman, to whom the Countess  
Oswestry and other possessions in Shropshire  
cognised ancestor of the Fitz-Alans,  
the ancestor, if not the father, of Walter

On the death, without male offspring,  
male representation of the High Stewards  
Lennox, heads of the great Darnley line,  
the Regent Lennox in 1571, his grandson  
came heir male of the House of Stewart  
expired with the Cardinal of York,  
younger line of the Darnley family, and the  
dom of Lennox in 1583, had already

We have already seen with whom  
House of Stewart now lies as *coheirs*—  
heir male of the High Stewards in existence  
be proved.

In recent times there have been two

honour—the Earl of Galloway, and the late Andrew Stuart of Castlemilk and Torrance, who appears to have been the last male of his branch. The arguments, which were stated in a treatise entitled ‘A View of the Evidence for proving that the Earl of Galloway is the lineal Heir Male and lawful Representative of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth,’ leave no doubt concerning the particular fact asserted in the title: but the main object of the treatise was to identify Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, sheriff of Teviotdale, with Sir William Stewart, or Stuart,\* the next brother of Sir John Stuart of Darnley, and thus to establish a proposition that, upon the extinction of the direct male line of the *royal* house at the death of the Cardinal of York, Lord Galloway became the lineal heir male general and representative of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, and consequently of the High Stewarts of Scotland. The treatise fails to prove this important assumption; and no evidence has hitherto been produced to show the precise filiation of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, although that person was most probably related in blood to the royal family.

Mr. Andrew Stuart, in his admirable ‘Genealogical History of the Stewarts,’ has clearly demonstrated that the mother of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, the undoubted Propositus of the Earls of Galloway, was *a daughter of John Turnbull of Minto*; whilst it is equally certain that Sir John Stuart of Darnley and Sir William his brother (who both fell at the siege of Orleans in February, 1428-9) were the sons of Sir Alexander Stewart of Darnley, *by Janet Keith, heiress of Galstoun*; consequently that Sir William Stewart, the brother of Sir John, was not Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, the sheriff of Teviotdale.

The latter was, beyond all doubt, the same Sir William Stewart described in Fordun (vol. ii. p. 434) as ‘Dominus Willielmus Stewart *de Foresta*’ [Jedworth Forest], and, in Winton’s Chronicle, as ‘Schire William Stewart *of Tevidale*,’ who was taken prisoner by Hotspur at the battle of Homildon in 1402, and afterwards executed for treason upon the plea that, having been an inhabitant of Teviotdale whilst that district formed part of the English dominions, he, a subject of Henry IV., had made war contrary to his allegiance.

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We shall now enumerate *heirs general*, descended from males of the royal house, in the order of their propinquity to the reigning sovereign for the time being.

From Murdac, Duke of Albany, eldest son of Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, the second son of King Robert II., there is not

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\* Sir John Stewart of Darnley or Darnley, and his brother Sir William, appear to have first adopted the spelling of the name “Stuart” from the French mode of writing it.

any strictly lawful issue remaining: but Sir James Stewart fourth son of Mordac, is represented, through his legitimate son Walter Stewart, of Morphee, by Robert, Earl of Stewart in Ireland, and Francis, Earl of Moray, draws lineage from the same person.

John Stewart, Earl of Buchan (the celebrated Comptroller of France), second son of Robert duke of Albany, is represented the heir of the body (if any) of Elizabeth Seton (the only daughter of Alexander Seton, Viscount Kingston), who married William of Drummelzier.

David Stewart Earl of Strathern, the fourth son of King James II., is represented by Robert Barclay Allardice of Ullistown, claimant of the earldom of Airth or Monteith.

From Alexander Stewart, Earl of Angus, the eldest son of John Stewart of Bonkyl (great-uncle of King Robert I.) honour descended to Margaret Countess of Angus, by her marriage Countess of Mar. This lady, however, left no legitimate progeny, and the Angus branch of the House of Stewart is now represented by Alexander Hamilton of Ballincrieff, a descendant of Sir Alexander Hamilton of Innerwick, married her younger sister Elizabeth.\*

From Sir Alan Stewart of Dreghorn, the second son of John Stewart of Bonkyl, Henry Lord Darnley, the father of King James VI., was lineally descended: the Prince of Modena and his issue are therefore coheirs-general and representatives of Sir Alan Stewart.

John Bligh, now Earl of Darnley (in Ireland), represents the heir-general, Charles Stuart, sixth Duke of Lennox (*obit* 1707) who was the last heir male of the body of Esme, first Duke of Lennox, cousin-german of Henry Lord Darnley, father of James VI.

It is unknown whether William Stuart, Seigneur d'Orléans, France, the third son of John, the first Earl of Lennox, has any issue.

John Stuart of Henriestoun, the next brother of the Earl of Orkney, left an only daughter, Margaret, who married John of Kuvich in Ayrshire, from whom there may be descendants.

\* The Earldom of Angus went to George Douglas, the son of Countess Margaret by William first Earl of Douglas; but the evidence that she could never be the wife of that Earl is now complete. We refer the reader to 'Remarks on the Peerage Law,' by John Riddell, Esq., Advocate, (Edin. 1833, pp. 154-155) the settlement of this long-agitated question. The looseness with which as well as estates were resigned and transferred under the ancient system of feudal tenure is illustrated in that remarkable volume not less clearly—it could not be otherwise than the audacious immorality of the nobles. George Earl of Angus must, if he was a legitimate son of William Earl of Douglas, have succeeded to the Earldom (always a male fief), on the death of his elder brother James Douglas, who fell at Otterbourne, and left no lawful issue; but neither George nor any of his descendants ever bore or claimed the title of Earl of Douglas. Besides, a mass of subsidiary evidence, both historical and documentary, as to the state of the case.

Of Alexander Stuart, the next younger brother of the last-mentioned John Stuart, and who was also in the French service, nothing is known.

Alan Stuart of Cardonald, the next and youngest brother of the last-mentioned Alexander, is represented, as heir-general, by Walter, the present Lord Blantyre; who traces his male descent to the same ancestor with Lord Galloway.

The next in the succession was Sir William Stewart, or Stuart, of Castlemilk, second son of Sir Alexander Stewart of Darnley. He is represented by the daughters of the late Andrew Stuart of Torrance, — Christian-Anne, Elizabeth, and Charlotte, the wife of Robert Harington, Esq.—as coheirs-general; but the male representative of the line of Castlemilk (if there be any now existing) has not been discovered.

Of the posterity (if any) of Alexander Stewart of Galstoun and Robert Stewart of Wiston, the younger brothers of Sir John Stuart of Darnley and Sir William of Castlemilk, nothing is known.

The next in the line of succession are the descendants of Sir Walter Stewart of Dalswinton, the third son of Sir John of Bonkyl. His great-granddaughter, Marion Stewart, heiress of Dalswinton, married Sir John Stewart, son and heir of Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, of whom the Earl of Galloway is the lineal heir male and representative.

There were two other younger sons of Sir John Stewart of Bonkyl, viz., James Stewart of Pierston and John Stewart. From James there may possibly be descendants.

The descendants from daughters of the royal house are almost innumerable. The following are their principal representatives in the order of their propinquity to the crown :—

<p>The Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatelherault, The Marquess of Abercorn, The Earl of Derby,</p>	<p>{ heir male general, heir male, and heir general, respectively, of the Lady Mary, eldest sister of King James III.—wife of James the second Lord Hamilton.*</p>
<p>The Duke de Rohan and The Princess de Rohan-Guémené,</p>	<p>{ representing the Lady Isabel, Duchess of Brittany, the eldest sister that left issue of King James II. of Scotland.</p>
<p>The Marquess of Huntly, The Duke of Richmond, and the other co-heirs of the last Duke of Gordon,</p>	<p>{ representing as heir male, and as co-heirs general, respectively, the Lady Annabella, the next sister of King James II., wife to George the second Earl of Huntly.</p>

\* It was in virtue of this descent that James Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault was declared by the Parliament of 1542 to be Regent, and next heir to the Crown failing Queen Mary.



The Duke of Hamilton, The Marquess of Abercorn, The Earl of Derby,	{ representing the Lady J and youngest sister James II., wife of J Earl of Morton—the great-granddaughter, Duchess of Chatelher heir male general, heir heir general respectivel
The Duke of Richmond and the other Gordon co-heirs—jointly with The Earl of Seafield,	{ representing, as co-heirs ge Lady Margaret, eldest King James I. of Scots of Archibald fourth Douglas, and Duke of in France.
The hereditary Prince of Modena, and the Duchess of Lucca and Emprèss of Austria, jointly with The Duke of Hamilton, <i>Marquess of Douglas,</i>	{ representing the Lady Mar sister of King James wife of George Dougla Earl of Angus—the forn heirs general, the latter male.
The co-heirs of the Lady Jean before mentioned, jointly with the heir of the body of John sixth Lord Maxwell,	{ representing the Lady E third and youngest sister James I. of Scotland, of Sir James Douglas Keith.
The heirs (if any) of Janet Crichton, who in 1665 married Sir James M'Gill of Rankeillor,	{ representing the Lady I eldest sister of King Rob wife of John Dunbar Moray.
The Earl of Strathmore and King- horn,	{ representing the Lady J cond sister of King Rob and wife to Sir John Glamis.
The Duke of Roxburghe,	{ representing the Lady El third sister of King Rob married to Sir Thoma Constable of Scotland.
The Lord Macdonald,	{ representing the Lady M fourth sister of King Rob wife to John, Lord of the
William Fullarton of Glenquich,	{ representing the Lady Ca fifth sister of King Rob wife to David Lyndess Earl of Crawford.

<p>The heirs of the body of John Thomson of Charleton, The Earl of Rosslyn, The Duke of Sutherland, and The heirs (if any) of the body of David Stuart, third son of James, seventh Earl of Moray,</p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Egidia, sixth and youngest sister of King Robert III., wife to William Douglas of Galloway and Nithsdale, natural son of Archibald third Earl of Douglas.</p>
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Of the descendants from daughters in the Darnley line, the following are the principle, viz. :

<p>The Duke of Richmond and the other Gordon co-heirs, and The Marquess of Huntly,</p>	}	<p>representing as co-heirs general and as heir male respectively, the Lady Henrietta Stuart, daughter of Esme first Duke of Lennox, and second cousin of King James VI.—wife to George first Marquess of Huntly.</p>
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<p>The heirs of the bodies of the four sisters and co-heirs of William Erskine, eighth Earl of Buchan,</p>	}	<p>representing as co-heirs general the Lady Mary, second and youngest daughter of Esme first Duke of Lennox—and wife to John Earl of Mar.</p>
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<p>The Duke of Norfolk—and The Lords Petre and Stourton,</p>	}	<p>representing as heir male and as co-heirs general, respectively, the Lady Elizabeth (eldest daughter of Esme third Duke of Lennox), second cousin, once removed, to King James VI.—wife of Henry Frederick Howard Earl of Arundel.</p>
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<p>The Lord Douglas of Douglas—and The Duke of Hamilton, <i>Marquess of Douglas</i>,</p>	}	<p>representing as heir general and heir male respectively, the Lady Anne, second daughter of Esme third Duke of Lennox—wife to Archibald Earl of Angus, son and heir of William first Marquess of Douglas.</p>
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<p>The Duke of Sutherland, twentieth <i>Earl of Sutherland</i>,</p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Helen, only daughter of John third Earl of Lennox, and great aunt of King James VI.—wife to John eleventh Earl of Sutherland.</p>
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<p>The Marquess of Hastings, <i>Earl of Loudon</i>,</p>	}	<p>representing the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, sister of John third Earl of Lennox, great-great-aunt of King James VI.—wife to Sir Hugh Campbell of Loudon.</p>
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accomplished by a comparatively unskilful pen, so it were but an honest one. Here we have the results of close feminine observation in a new sphere set down with such an easy unaffected grace of language, as might have given great attraction to a delineation of the most hackneyed scenery, and the most familiar manners.

It seems that an elder sister of the authoress became some years ago the wife of an Esthonian gentleman, who lives usually on his estates. These letters describe a visit to the expatriated baroness, which extended over ten or twelve months, and afforded ample opportunity for studying the district and its inhabitants. Being, however, substantially, the real letters addressed to the family here at home, they give us, in equal fulness, the first impressions and the ultimate conclusions of the writer. We shall select specimens of both, without being particularly careful about adhering to the order of her pages.

The steamboat in which she left the Thames was caught in one of the most violent of equinoctial gales, and very narrowly escaped foundering in the Northern Sea. The whole of this terrific night is painted in the opening pages with such simple unlaboured strength, and in the midst of the horrors so many indications of the writer's own character are unconsciously given, that the reader's admiration and respect are at once excited and enchained at the outset. We have seldom read anything more striking than the description of the English passengers—both during the danger—and after the manly old officer in command had announced that he believed it over. It is a picture that calls up the true glow of patriotic pride. The shattered vessel found refuge in a Norwegian harbour, and while *almost* all on board were yet apparently in the full though quiet fervour of religious thankfulness, a French steamer, which had shared the same peril, hove in sight, and presently anchored by their side:—

‘A party of us went on board her, and, had the touch of a wand transported us to the Palais Royal, the change could not have been more complete. It was Paris itself, and Paris as if no storm had ever been, or rather as if its reminiscence were worthiest drowned in a Bacchanal. Above seventy passengers were on board, all laughing, flirting, and drinking champagne, with levity in their flushed cheeks, and more than negligence in many a careless costume. As soon as seen we were toasted with loud cries of “Vive l’Angleterre!” by a score of voices and glasses—an honour which our quiet John Bullism received most ungraciously. But there were beautiful creatures among this reckless crew, with falling tresses, and loose costumes like pictures by Sir Peter Lely, and looks as light as if they had studied under the same royal patron,—and French Viscomtes with Shakspeare-cut chins,—and Italian Opera-singers with bold flashing gaze,—and amongst the rest  
was

was a quiet, fair countrywoman, like a drop of pure crystal amidst a sea of false pearls. We longed to carry her off and give *one* of our pearls in exchange.'—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

After refitting amidst the kind Norwegians, and a hasty glimpse of the neighbouring country, the steamer made its way to Copenhagen, which is briefly described, and thence up the Baltic to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. We introduced in a recent article on Russia\* a small specimen of our authoress's chapters on the capital—the best ever yet published on the subject. For another week we took this sketch at the Custom-House, which the English passenger-ship reached before the business of the French steamer already mentioned had been quite finished, although its company, by our bold and audacious application of the golden key, had stolen a march on our countryfolks, and avoided sundry preliminary obstacles to the ascent of the Neva:—

'Here an immense salle, strewn with hundreds of opened and unopened boxes, and dotted with loitering groups of *la Jeune France*, received us. With these latter we exchanged some looks of malice; some they lounged about, some yawning in weary impatience, others wringing their hands in impotent anger, while a black-looking being, with a face like a bull-dog and paws like a bear, fumbled and crumpled a delicate *garde-robe* without mercy—stirring up large and small, tender and tough, things precious and things vile, ruthlessly together, to the utterable indignation and anguish of the proprietor. To witness the devastation of an English writing-desk was a curious sight to an uninterested spectator. First, the lock excited great anger, and was a convincing proof that little was to be done with Bramah by brute force; and, this passed, there ensued as striking an illustration of the old adage of a bull in a china-shop as could possibly be devised. Every touch was mischief. They soiled the writing-paper and spilt the ink; melted up wax, wafers, and water-colours. Then, in their search for Russian bank-notes, the introduction of which is strictly interdicted, they shot out the blotting-book, whence a shower of letters of introduction, cards of address, and a variety of miscellaneous documents, floated to distant corners of the salle,—ransacked the private drawer, of which they were perfectly *au fait*,—displaced all the steel paraphernalia, and crammed them into their wrong places, cutting their fingers at the same time—the only action which afforded the spectator any unmingled pleasure; and now, smarting with the pain, flung down the lid, and left the grumbling owner to gather his scriptural fragments together as best could. Beyond the writing-desk they did not choose to proceed. It was past the regulation time, and, instead of allowing the weary traveller, as is usual in such cases, to take his carpet-bag of necessities, the smallest article was denied with a stolid pertinacity which imparted no great sympathy on their parts for the comforts of clean linen.

'All this is, and must be, most disgusting to a traveller's feelings.

\* Quarterly Review, No. cxxxiv., p. 316.

This is not the intention of any custom-house in the world, or, if so of Russia, more's the pity. At best all custom-house regulations, in the case of the mere traveller, can but be considered as a necessary evil, which further falls on him just at the time when he is least fitted to bear unnecessary fatigue, detention, or vexation. The courtesy and hospitality of nations therefore demands that the needful forms be conducted with the utmost kindness and politeness, while good sense dictates their being submitted to in the same spirit. Few travellers remain long enough in Russia to wear off the disagreeable impressions of their inauguration scene, whereas I have seen foreigners, and Russians among the number, whose civil reception and gentlemanly treatment at the English custom-house and alien-office inspired them with instant respect for the land they trod. And, after all, in which of these two countries are these regulations the least evaded? decidedly not in Russia. Those who are received with suspicion will not be the most inclined to respect the laws.'—vol. i. pp. 38-40.

Our authoress is so fortunate as to be received into the private residence of a Russian officer holding a high place in the military administration. Under such auspices she sees *the lions* to all possible advantage, and moreover sees interior manners and machinery to which few travellers ever have access. We content ourselves, however, with one picture more—that of a wedding:—

'Passing the interminable Corps des Cadets—the longest façade in the known world—our attention was caught by the most delicious strains of vocal music, and observing the chapel part lighted up, and carriages waiting, Baron S. pronounced a Russian wedding to be going forward. In a moment the check-string was pulled, the horses' heads turned, and we alighted at the doorway. The chapel itself was on the second story, divided off with glass doors, which we were proceeding to open much to our satisfaction, when, with all the dignity of high integrity, the officials rushed to repulse us—not, however, till we had caught a tantalizing glimpse of a fair girl with a rueful countenance, standing before an altar, with candle in hand, as if about to light her own funeral pile, and a gentleman of no very promising exterior at her side. This was enough to have fired the ardour of a saint, but in our hurry, bethinking ourselves only of a terrestrial remedy, we applied that infallible key, fitted to all hearts as well as doors in Russia—looks of integrity vanished, smiles of bland acquiescence ensued, and, in a moment, "all the doors flew open." We entered, and mixed among the bridal party, and, gradually advancing, found ourselves within a few paces of the bride, and I trust diverted her thoughts pleasantly, for the ceremony was long, and the bridegroom old enough to have been her grandfather. The ill-sorted pair stood together in the centre of the small chapel before an altar, each holding a taper as emblem of the light of their good works, and, between them and the altar, a stout burly priest with handsome jovial countenance and fine flowing beard and hair; on either hand a subordinate. After reading prayers at some length, he gave the bridegroom a golden ring—the shining metal typifying that henceforward he should shine like the  
sun



sun in his spouse's eye; and to her one of silver, emblem of it as reminding her to borrow light solely from the favour of her husband's countenance—an admonition which in this instance seemed necessary. These were exchanged amidst a profusion of bow crossings, the choristers, about twenty in number, dressed in uniform, taking up the "Ghospodu Pomilui," or "Lord have mercy on us," in strains which seemed hardly of this earth. The priest blessed the pale girl, whom we ascertained to be an orphan, and for a home, in an extempore exhortation upon the duties awaiting her, with a manner so gentle and persuasive, his full Russian fluently flowing from his lips, that, though not comprehending a word, my attention was riveted and my heart touched. The bridegroom stood without any discernible expression whatsoever on his countenance; he received the same admonition in his turn; the priest, or *pope*, as termed in the Russian church, alternately putting on and off his mitred cap, which with his costly robes gave him the air of a high-priest. This concluded, the sacrament, here taken of bread and elements mixed, was administered, which, besides the sacred elements received in all Christian churches, on this occasion further typified the cup of human joy and sorrow henceforth to be shared by the couple. Of this each partook alternately three times, and the priest took the book on the altar. The attendants now brought forward crowns, which were received with reverence and many bow crossings by the priest, and two gentlemen in plain clothes, advancing from the party in which we had usurped a place, took the crowns, and then blessing the couple with their respective names of Anna Ivanovna and Peter Nicolaiwitch, placed the one on the man's head, and held it over that of the girl, whose head-dress did not admit of a nearer approach. This latter, with her veil flowing from the back of her head, in white garments, and pensive looks, seemed a fair statue beneath a golden canopy; while the poor man, encumbered with a candlestick in his hand, the perpetual necessity of crossing himself with the other, and the stupendous head-gear, looked quite a ridiculous object, and, vainly attempting to bow with his body and keep his head erect, was near falling several times. In this, however, lies the pith of the ceremony—so much so that the Russian word to *marry* is literally to *be crowned*. This pageantry continued some time, while copious portions of the Scriptures were read, holy water strewed round, and clouds of incense flung about the pair—their saints called upon to protect them, and lastly a solemn invocation addressed to the Almighty to bless the children like Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph and Mary, &c., to keep them like Noah in the Ark, Jonas in the belly, and the Hebrew captives in the fiery furnace; and, that it might not be omitted, to give them joy such as the Empress Helena experienced on discovering the true cross. Then, taking a hand of each in his, the priest drew them, himself walking backwards, and the crowd following in slow procession, three times round the altar. The crowns were taken off, kissed three times by bride and bridegroom, the choristers ceased, the altar disappeared, and priests and attendants

treating backwards to the chancel end, vanished behind the screen, and all was silent in a moment.

‘Here you will conclude the ceremony terminated: so at least thought we, and so perhaps did the happy couple, who seemed well nigh exhausted; but now the *ci-devant* crown-bearers seized upon the bride, hurried her to the screen which divides off the Holy of Holies in a Russian church, where she prostrated herself three times in rapid succession before the pictures of two saints, touching the floor at each plunge audibly with her fair forehead; the exertion being so great that, but for the support of her attendants, she must have sunk. The gentleman was left to prostrate himself unassisted, which done each kissed the picture the requisite three times. And now the bridal party advanced to congratulate—the bride’s tears flowed fast—a general kissing commenced—and we sounded a rapid retreat, for in the crowd and confusion it seemed very immaterial on whom this superabundance of caresses might fall.

‘It is only just to say that the whole ceremony was highly impressive, so much so as quite to overbalance the admixture of orientalisms and traditions which pervaded it. I should also add that marriage in Russia is entirely indissoluble—that no kind of relationship within the fifth degree is permitted—two sisters may not even marry two brothers—that more than three times no one can be united in wedlock, nor even that without previous fast and penance to qualify the sin;—and that a priest can never marry a second time, so that a priest’s wife is as much cherished as any other good thing that cannot be replaced.

‘We returned home, but my thoughts involuntarily followed that pale girl whose early marriage it had been our fate to witness. I longed to whisper to her words of hope that the rough-looking staff she had chosen to lean upon through life might prove a kind and a true one. But good looks are truly nothing—*l’objet qu’on aime a toujours de beaux yeux.*’—vol. i. pp. 78-84.

This lady, so far from adopting the contemptuous tone usual with French and English tourists in Russia, appears to give the government of the Emperor Nicholas credit for a most sincere zeal in promoting the welfare and happiness of the people. Of the Czar himself she uniformly expresses herself with not merely respect, but enthusiasm. Then, her pictures of the household in which she was domesticated are so pleasing—those of the parties and festivities in which she mingled under their protection so very bright—that we certainly gather from herself few materials for solving the difficulty which she propounds in her farewell paragraph—to wit:—

‘What is there about this capital which renders it so unloveable as a residence? I had experienced within its walls kindness as much beyond my expectations as my deserts—not only courtesy and hospitality, but real genuine Christian goodness—and I turned away with a feeling of thankfulness that my life was not destined to be spent there. It seems

seems as if the soil, revenging itself for having been taken by appropriated to a purpose Nature never intended, inspires a dreariness and loneliness which can hardly be rationally accounted for. I never read or heard of the English traveller, sojourning beyond his day, who did not quit Petersburg with a sentiment of relief from bondage; and many a Russian, long resident abroad, whose vision by day and night it has been to retire to his native land for the fruits of his expatriation, has, upon experiment, owned the pointment, and ended his days elsewhere. "*Je déteste Pétersbourg* is the thankless sentence you hear from every mouth."—vol. i.

The traveller was detained much longer in St. Petersburg than she had intended, in consequence of a smart attack of cold, and, in short, the Russian winter had fairly set in before she was able to set off for the destined goal of her pilgrimage to Esthonia. She was not easily to be frightened, however, by the perils of the inland journey, which her hospitable friends had pardoned for having perhaps somewhat exaggerated; and she was provided with a faithful, firm-hearted, and adroit courier, who accomplished her five or six hundred dismal miles, chiefly through endless pine-forests, amidst intense cold and eternally falling snow, without any serious mishap. At length, at the close of a superlatively dreary day she saw the old black towers of the city frowning over the Baltic—and reached, just as night closed in, the upper city, or Domberg, where the provincial gentlemen and their hereditary hotels all clustered together, quite apart from the traffickers of the port; and here she was received, it is not to say how, by her sister, and a circle of new connections—evidently lively tokens of the lapse of time in the shape of half-a-dozen little Esthonians, male and female, excellently qualified to assist in the unpacking of the long-expected aunt's boxes and baggage. Her family had been waiting for her at Reval, and in a few days all started together for the rural castle.

She opens her first letter from amidst these new kindred, and to their friends with a paragraph which says so much in a few words that we must transcribe it:—

"What a world of boundless novelty opens on the individual who finds himself suddenly thrown into the innermost home-life of a strange people! In general the traveller is left, and most justly, to wear his way gradually into the privacy of other nations, as time he has attained some knowledge of their habits, has gradually blunted the edge of his own. This is the most natural course, the fairest; otherwise the same individual who is at once thrown into the lights and shadows of one country, ere the retina of his understanding has lost the images of another, and who, in many instances, is placed in situations in the new home which he never tried in the old, runs the risk of being very open-eyed to other people's foibles and pe-

and most comfortably blind to his own. We are such creatures of habit that it is difficult to judge of the inner system of a foreign land otherwise than too severely, till after several months of observation, nor otherwise than too favourably after as many years. But the reverse is applicable to the hasty traveller whose time and opportunity enable him only to view the outer shell—to scan that which all who run can read. His perceptive powers can hardly be too fresh, nor his judgment too crude, upon those things whose existence lies but in the novelty of his impressions. Like *soufflets*, they must be served hot, and eaten hastily, to be rightly tasted. The breath of cool reason would ruin them.’—vol. i. pp. 130, 131.

The Baron’s *château* lies a day’s journey from Reval, and the country between is described as varied and richly wooded. The whole description of this residence is in her most masterly style:—

‘ We arrived in the evening before a grand crescent-shaped building—recalling in size and form the many-tenemented terraces of Regent’s Park. If the exterior promised fair, the interior far surpassed all expectation, and I have only to shut my eyes to a certain roughness and want of finish to fancy myself in a regal residence. The richness of the architectural ornaments,—the beauty of the frescoes and painted ceilings—the polish of the many-coloured and marble-like parquets—the height, size, and proportion of the apartments, produce a tout-ensemble of the utmost splendour, entirely independent of the aid of furniture, which here, like the Narva chairs, seems to have been constructed before comfort was admitted to form an ingredient in human happiness.

‘ It is a strange assimilation, this splendid case built over the simplest, most primitive customs.’—

—Such a lady as this ought to be above any tampering with fine words—we can only guess from the rest of the sentence what she means by *assimilation*.—

‘ The family have no fixed hour for rising, and sometimes you find only your host’s empty coffee-cup, whilst he is abroad or busy writing ere you have risen; or you meet a servant bearing his slender breakfast to him in bed, and long after you are settled to the occupation of the day, you see him emerging from his dormitory in his dressing-gown and with a most sleepy face. Breakfast is here not considered a meal, and not half the respect paid to it which the simplest lunch-tray would command with us; some take it standing, others smoking, and the children as often as not run off with their portion of *butterbrod* to devour it in comfort in some little niche, or upon the base of a pillar in the magnificent *salle*; or facilitate the act of mastication by a continual wandering from place to place, which upon English carpets would be considered nothing less than petty treason. Then at one o’clock we all pass through the suite of rooms to a dining-room, spacious and splendid enough for Crockford’s Club-house, where an excellent, plentiful, and formal repast is served, generally preceded by what they call here *Frühstück*, or breakfast (the real breakfast according to *our* acceptation of the term being simply denominated *café*), which is not treated as a  
midway

midway morsel to silence the voice of appetite, but looked to herald, the dinner being in full view, to summon and encourage powers of relish and enjoyment. Accordingly it consists of high or salted dishes—of strong Swiss cheese, pickled fish, black sausages—washed down with a glass of potent liqueur, which ladies seem to enjoy as much as the gentlemen’—[why not? cuisine is German, upon a foundation of native dishes, one especially no foreigner can pass a Wednesday or a Saturday in the country without tasting; for, by old established custom, on these days a kind of pudding made of oatmeal, and called *brei*, regains in lieu of soup; being handed round by one servant, while you follow with an ample jug of the richest cream, which you drink your smoking hot *brei* without any reserve. Cream enters into a number of dishes, and is used with a liberality which, except in cases of its being eaten sour, covers in my view a multitude of sins. Another peculiarity of daily occurrence is the rye-bread, slightly fermented for the table of the family, and most powerful for that of the attendants, and which a palate requires the initiation of a few weeks ere it can relish. White bread is here considered a very little inferior to cake, being made of the finest Moscow flour, recognisable by its dryness and insipidity, while the term *brod* is conventionally restricted exclusively to the long chocolate-colored loaves; and several dear little blonde wiseheads were infinitely amused at the ignorance of the English visitor, who at dinner called for *brod*, black bread. The mode of waiting is the same as in Germany: the dishes are carved at the sideboard, and carried round—a plan which sometimes occasions great mortification, for by the time the lump of meat has been laboured through, swallowed past record, and your plate removed, exactly that vegetable succeeds which has been given it the requisite relish. It is much the fashion in Germany to malign our old custom of carving at table, and advocate the French plan; but, whatever trouble this mode may save the lady of the house, the gentleman on her right, it affords no advantage to the gentleman here, while the servants are going their weary rounds with the dishes, and detained for minutes by some absent individual. A child, may pine in vain for a piece of bread or glass of water, but a slight meal—the beverage itself being of the finest description—but supper is a solemn repast of several courses, when so much that it is no wonder but little appetite survives for breakfast. p. 134.

By the writer’s description, the Esthonian *brei* seems exactly the oatmeal porridge of our own northern provinces; we should not fancy it could *assimilate* well with the compositions of a German cuisine. As to the carving controversy, there is a good deal to be said on both sides. For our own part, we incline to think that the old English fashion is the only one that ever to be thought of, unless where the whole establishment is on a very magnificent scale, including, of course, a couple of the

skilful carvers at the sideboard; and that even then the comely turbot, salmon, turkey, haunch, or sirloin, ought to be placed decorously on the table, so as to admit of its being reconnoitred by the company, and then removed for dissection. When the party is large, the array of provender in proportion, and especially in hot weather, it certainly is a great comfort not to have the fumes of huge dishes, particularly greasy German dishes, continually under one's nose. As to our authoress's complaint about bread and water, surely any table, large or small, is very barbarously set forth, when these essentials and a salt-cellar are not within reach of every cover.

'Servants of both sexes swarm here as numerous as in a house of the same rank in England—the one it is true with rusty coat and unblackened boots, but the other neat and tidy, generally still in her village costume, if unmarried her hair braided simply and picturesquely round her head, who goes sliding over the parquet floors, and, such is the inconvenience of these thoroughfare houses, has no other passage from her working-room to the kitchen than through the whole splendid suite of drawing-rooms. Here, as in all countries in an early stage of civilization, the women labour twice as willingly and effectually as the men. As household servants they become trustworthy and active, work with their needle, wash, and dress hair superiorly well, while the Estonian ladies require so much attendance, and accustom their servants to consider them as so helpless, that it has cost me a severe dumb struggle with an officious lady's-maid to assert the independence of my own habits.'

The whole of this picture carries us back to the days of our own forefathers. Such were, no doubt, the arrangements, such the servants, such the distribution of rooms—privacy, that last and greatest of luxuries, never thought of—among the Franklins and Vavasours—

'Whose table dormant in the hall alway  
Stode ready covered alle the longe day—  
Withouten bake meat never was the hous,  
Of fish, and flesh, and that so plenteous,  
It snewed in the hous of mete and drinke,  
Of alle deinties that men could of thinke.'

A little further on we read as follows:—

'After taking a review of the dwelling-rooms and bed-rooms, all spacious and airy, and wanting nought save that most desirable of all bed-room requisites, privacy, my hostess led the way to her *schafferei*, or store-room, and, unlocking the door with a slight solemnity of manner, ushered me into a crowded treasury of household goods. The room was a very warehouse, hung round, fitted up, and strewed about with the numerous items of a housekeeper's economy, to which those who only consume them often attach too little importance, and those who have to provide them too much. Side by side on the floor stood big-bodied bottles of spirit and liqueur, rolls of coarse linen, jars of pickles  
and



and preserves, hanks of wool, loaves of sugar, and bundles of flax. deep chests around was the Moscow flour, salt, sago, saffron, starch, &c., while tiers of drawers displayed large provisions of native apples, pears, cherries, pease, beans, birch-twigs, applied as a decoction for wounds—in short a perfect *hortus siccus* for kitchen use. Around hung balls of twine and yarn, nets, corks, candles of as many colours and sizes as those offered to the Virgin of Casan, tanned sheep-skins black and white, and numberless other pendent treasures, while one room was fitted up in numerous partitions, where the raisins, figs, and spices of daintier palates were stored. This *schafferei* is the particular sanctum of the lady of the house, who, if she do all, has enough business to transact. For the duties of an Estonian *wirthschaft*, or *ménage*, are confined to ordering dinner or scolding servants, but, like those of grandmothers a few generations back, who directed the weighty concerns of a large country residence, include the weaving of linen, the making of candles, the boiling of soap, brewing of liqueurs, &c. ; and, communication with distant towns being necessarily seldom, it requires no small thought to provide that during the long months of winter the family never fail in sugar or plums, nor the many hangers-on in the large settlements of the house in the more stable articles of subsistence. true every lady has her housekeeper to advertise her that there is more home-brewed vinegar in the bottle, or home-made starch in the tub, or, if she be unusually wealthy, an extra assistant, emphatically styled a *Mamselle*, on whom all these base cares descend ; but housekeepers and mamselles will be human as well as their mistresses, sometimes all three unite in forgetting some important trifle which equally spoils the dinner and the temper of the *Hausherr* for several days.

‘ All these grave responsibilities render the post of a baron’s one, however honourable, but of little rest. The very word *wirthschaft* possesses a talismanic power. By growing girls, who trust ere long to superintend one of their own, it is pronounced with a mixture of reverence and apprehension ; by young brides, fresh in office, with a serious consequence, as the password of their newly-acquired dignity ; by older versed matrons with a glee and evident inward gratulation which makes me suspect they are very glad of so convenient and comprehensive a word to absolve them from all other duties. In its various varieties and details, however, there is much that is both interesting and instructive, and a clear-headed practical woman, with a solid education and will, by generalising one department, dispensing with another, making use of her own sense in intricate cases, strip the term of half its terrors. Education has not hitherto been considered a necessary portion of an Estonian lady’s dowry, and in old times it was thought the greater the simpleton the better the housekeeper ; but the progress of enlightenment, and a few solitary intermarriages with women from a more advanced country, have aroused the first suspicion of a fact, not previously sufficiently acknowledged anywhere—that educated persons excel in the meanest things, and that *refined minds possess the most common sense*.

‘ After again consigning this eclectic magazine to its safe solitude we continued our walk to the housekeeper’s room, very comfortable

warm, with three little children and half a dozen chickens sharing the brick floor;—to the kitchen, where the men-cooks were in active preparation round their flat stoves;—and then on to the *Volkstube*, or people's room, where all the lower servants, the coachmen and grooms (here not included as house-servants), the cow-girls and the sheep-boys, &c., all come in for their meals at stated times, and muster between twenty and thirty daily. This was a room for an artist—a black earthen floor, walls toned down to every variety of dingy reds, blacks, and yellows, with a huge bulwark of a stove of a good terra cotta colour, and earthen vessels, and wooden tubs and benches; and in short every implement of old-fashioned unwieldiness and picturesque form. But the chief attraction were the inmates, for, hard at work, plying their spinning-wheels, sat, either singly or in groups, about fifteen peasant-girls—their many-striped petticoats, and dull blue or grey cloth jackets, their tanned locks falling over their shoulders, and deep embrowned spinning-wheels, telling well against the warm tones around them. In some the hair was of so light a hue as exactly to repeat the colour of the flax upon their spindles, and these, the housekeeper informed us in broken German, were the surest of husbands—flaxen hair being a feature that the hearts of the peasants are never known to resist. Most of these picturesque damsels were barefooted, and one pretty yellow-haired lassie, observing that she was particularly an object of attention, let her hair fall like a veil over her stooping face, and peeped archly at us from between the waving strands. I can't say that any of these young ladies looked particularly clean or inviting, but every vice has its pleasant side, and the worst of dirt and filth is, they are so picturesque. Some of them rose on being addressed, and, stooping low, coaxed us down with both hands—much as if they were trying to smooth down our dresses. This is the national salutation to their superiors, especially if there be a request to make. Further on stood a stout kitchen-girl, her jacket thrown off, and only her shift over her shoulders, kneading in a deep trough with a strong wooden bat the coarse bread which is called by distinction the *Volks-brod*, or people's bread. The spinning-girls belong to the estate, and attend at the *hof*, or court, as the seigneur's house is termed, for so many weeks in the winter, to spin under the housekeeper's superintendence; nor do they appear very averse to this labour, for, besides the smart grooms and soft shepherds who assort with them at meal-times, this *Volkstube* is the resort of every beggar and wandering pedlar, and the universal tattleshop of the neighbourhood.'—vol. i. p. 143.

The next letter gives us an equally complete view of the numerous outhouses scattered about the lordly mansion. These are on a corresponding scale of dimension—for the Esthonian Baron must needs be, like Lord Bacon's *ancient nobleman*, 'a great grazier and sheepmaster'—his barns like cathedrals—and his stables, cowhouses, piggeries, beyond the dreams of Althorpe park, and Pusey hall. Here the domestic herds pass their long winter 'in shelter, warmth, and almost darkness:—

'In the first we entered, a noble edifice, 120 feet long, and supported  
down

down the centre by a row of solid pillars most magnificently lodged; affording, cribs, or quietly stopped eating to give a striking picture of a vast northern flock of stalled cattle, some destined for use with many a bare-footed peasant girl at their sides. Farther on the pigs bask in the sun; and in the midst of these bask the "küche," or brandy-kitchen, where the barley, or potatoes goes on night and day to contribute to fatten the cattle we have supposed that the task of calculating the multiplication of mouths, all depend on a single one. Every animal has so many mouths per day, and each week's consumption entered into the heart of an English farmer winter exceed its usual limits—if they enter into their annual ark in the month of beginning of May, a scarcity of food for the winter is strewed daily; which never be less than six feet higher at the close than at the beginning of captivity. In this consists the main purpose of the farmer's use. The sheep were all of a breed to which the closest attention is paid to preserve the breed only lately undertaken in East Angles with great success and profit. Every sheep and number carefully registered in a book, and mixed by a peculiar combination of pebbles. A simple scale of numerals may be made to distinguish them. Thus, any *black sheep* of accidental colour is detected. Here were, however, a couple of useless, shepherdess-looking animals, and short legs—on which the Saxon farmer, daintily, pronouncing them good for nothing, would throw into the fold! One savage animal has been seen in the night without devouring one."

The authoress proceeds to describe this huge establishment—the household—the church-service—the winter residences of friends and connections—the brief gay season of Reval, when all the way towards the end of the long winter the Reval to the opposite coast of Finland select passages where there is hard frosts are sure, instruct and amuse our readers. "a Winter's Walk"—rather different from Mrs. Unwin or Mrs. Norton's with

' This is the land of pines—lofty, erect battalions—their bark as smooth as the mast of a ship—their branches regular as a ladder, varying scarce an inch in girth in fifty feet of growth—for miles interrupted only by a leaning, never a crooked tree—with an army of sturdy Lilliputians clustering round their bases—fifty heads starting up where one yard of light is admitted. What becomes of all the pruning, and trimming, and training—the days of precious labour spent on our own woods? Nature here does all this—and immeasurably better—for her volunteers, who stand closer, grow faster, and soar higher than the carefully planted and transplanted children of our soil. Here and there a bare, jagged trunk, and a carpet of fresh-hewn boughs beneath, show where some peasant urchin has indulged in sport which with us would be amenable to the laws; viz. mounted one of these grenadiers of the forest, hewing off every successive bough beneath him, till, perched at giddy height aloft, he clings to a tapering point which his hand may grasp. The higher he goes the greater the feat, and the greater the risk to his vagabond neck in descending the noble and mutilated trunk.

' In perambulating these woods the idea would sometimes cross us that the wolves—the print of whose footsteps, intercepted by the dotted track of the hare, and slenderly defined claws of numerous birds, are seen in different directions, and even beneath the windows of our house—might prowl by day as well as by night. One day, when, fortunately perhaps, unescorted by the huge dogs, we were mounting a hill to a neighbouring mill, my companion suddenly halted, and, laying her hand on mine, silently pointed to a moving object within fifty yards of us. It was a great brute of a wolf, stalking leisurely along—its high bristly back set up, its head prowling down—who took no notice of us, but slowly pursued the same path into the wood which we had quitted a few minutes before. We must both plead guilty to blanched cheeks, but beyond this to no signs of cowardice; and, in truth, the instances are so rare of their attacking human beings, even the most defenceless children, that we had no cause for fear. They war not on man, unless under excessive pressure of hunger, or when, as in the case of a butcher, his clothes are impregnated with the smell of fresh blood. This is so certain an attraction that peasants carrying butchers' meat are followed by wolves, and often obliged to compound for their own safety by flinging the dangerous commodity amongst them; or, if in a sledge, three or four of these ravenous animals will spring upon the basket of meat and tear it open before his eyes. Wherever an animal falls, there, though to all appearance no cover or sign of a wolf be visible for miles round, several will be found congregated in half an hour's time. Such is their horrid thirst for blood that a wounded wolf knows he can only escape being torn in pieces by his companions by the strictest concealment. As for the dogs, it is heart-rending to think of the numbers which pay for their fidelity with their lives. If a couple of wolves prowl round a house or fold at night, a dozen dogs, with every variety of tone from the sharp yap of the shepherd's terrier to the hoarse bay of the cattle-hound, will plunge after them and put them to flight. But if one, more zealous, venture beyond his companions, the cunning brutes face about, seize him, and before three minutes are over there is nothing left of poor

*Carrier Pois*, or sheep-boy (a common name for these great m but a few tufts of bloody hair. The cattle defend themselves val and the horses, and the mares especially who have a foal at the put themselves in an attitude of defence, and parry off the enen their fore-feet, their iron hoofs often taking great effect. But w them if the wolf, breaking through the shower of blows, spring throat, or, stealing behind his prey, fasten on the flank!—once d is over, though there be but one wolf. Sometimes, in a sudde round, the brute will seize upon a cow's tail, upon which he has his jaws of ten-horse power, while the poor animal drags him ro round the field, and finally leaves the unfortunate member in hi too happy to escape with a stump. At one time these animals in so frightfully in number that the Ritterschaft, or internal senate province, appointed a reward of five roubles for every pair of ears to the magistrate of the district. This worked some change, and portion as the wolves have fallen off the Ritterschaft has drop price, though an opposite policy would perhaps have been more and now a pair of ears, generally secured from the destruction of of young ones, does not fetch more than a silver rouble, or three and a half. An old plan to attract them was to tie a pig in squeaking of course, upon a cart, and drive him rapidly through or morass. Any cry of an animal is a gathering sound for th but the voice of man, made in his Creator's image, will hold his. The blast of a horn greatly annoys them, a fiddle makes them the jingling of bells is also a means of scaring them, which, bes expedience of proclaiming your approach in dark nights or noiseless sledge-roads, is one reason why all winter equip fitted up with bells.'—vol. i. p. 165.

The peasantry are the only remains of the aboriginal pop of Esthonia—one of the numerous and widely different br of the great *Tchudish* family, which Adelung and Klaprot tify with the *Scythians proper* of antiquity.\* The prov found under subjection to Denmark in the 12th century: 14th it was sold to the Teutonic Knights, from whom the nobility are all descended. It passed into the hands of the in 1561, and, after a long series of struggles, was finally c Russia by the treaty of Nystad, in 1721. Peter the Gre frequently visited Esthonia, left it in possession of most of internal institutions, and among others of the *Assem Knights*, or noble provincial senate, who hold their sitting April at Reval, and are represented during the rest of th by their president and a committee. The whole territory province is divided into about 600 baronies or noble don and these cannot be held by any but members of the houses, though, as there is no general law of primogenitu but a few entails, the baronies are often passing from on

\* The reader is referred, for an accurate view of the Tchudic family, to t volume of Dr. Pritchard's valuable 'Researches into the Physical History of I

family to another. The language of this caste is the German of their ancestors; and the peasantry, who keep their own primeval dialect, still uniformly call their masters *Sachsa*—the Saxons. The established religion is the Lutheran—but the church appears to be on a poor footing in every respect. Like all the other *Tchuds*, the Esthonians were originally worshippers of *Jomala*; they seem to have taken kindly to the more picturesque superstitions of their first conquerors the Danes, but to have received slowly and reluctantly the Christianity of the Teutonic Knights. The transition from Popery to Protestantism was made by order, and probably a matter of indifference—in fact, traces of actual heathenism lingered here longer than on almost any other portion of the European soil. Many even at this day keep the old pagan Sabbath of *Thursday* in addition to the Sunday; and our authoress states that so late as 1654 there was a regular agitation in favour of restoring the worship of Odin. This peasantry continued in the state of *serfage* till but the other day. Their emancipation was resolved on by the Emperor Alexander; but the ukase did not pass until under Nicholas in 1828.

Among other results of this ukase, our readers will be diverted with the following :—

‘ One characteristic consequence of this emancipation was the adoption of family names by the peasant, who hitherto, like the Russian serf, had been designated only by his own and his father’s baptismal appellatives. This accession of dignity was conferred only a few years back, when it cost the lord and lady no little trouble and invention to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. The gentleman took the dictionary, the lady Walter Scott, for reference (with us it would have been the Bible), and homely German words were given, or old Scottish names revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist. The worst of it was, these poor creatures were very difficult to please, and many a young man who went away, happy with his new family distinction returned the next day with a sheepish look, owning that his lady had put him out of conceit of it, and that he would trouble the *Erra* (the Estonian corruption of *Herr*) to provide him with another; and not seldom ended by begging leave to adopt the aristocratic, unsullied, sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the count or baron under whom he served. Far from running the risk of such vile identity, the Estonian noble does not even allow the peasant the same national appellation which countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally wear alike. The aristocrat is an *Esthländer*, the peasant an *Esthe*.’—ibid. p. 190.

Another consequence was that the peasants must become *directly* liable to the conscription—and be taken account of as to their numbers, age, &c., by not their own landlords as of yore, but the imperial administration—and how is the census taken?—

‘ The *sacraments* are strictly observed, sometimes it is to be hoped  
2 H 2 for



for their own sakes, but principally as a political ordinance, the government keeps its eye on every individual in the realm, obliging at stated intervals to emerge from the deep torrent of population to bear witness of his existence.

‘ Besides purchase-money the only grounds for exemption consist in a personal defect, or a family of three children—the father of two is taken. At the last annual recruiting a peasant, already the father of one child, and about to become that of another, drew the fatal lot with streaming eyes and trembling limbs was quitting the room to take leave of all dear to him, when the door burst open, and his wife, flinging herself on his neck, proclaimed him free—his wife had just confined of twins. With regard to the other cause of exemption, namely, amputation of a limb, voluntary maiming are not rare. A stone-mason was observed chiseling a delicate piece of sculpture under the utmost secrecy, for one eye was blinded with a cataract, and he strenuously refused to apply for medical aid, but smiling he replied, “I would not lose my eyes for the world—now I can’t be taken for a recruit.”’

The account of the state of religion among the Teutonic provinces is equally disagreeable:—

‘ If we look at the higher classes, we find them exactly in that state to an insignificant, poverty-stricken church, whose ministers stand much beneath them in birth as in income, as might be expected. The pastors are respected as exercising a wholesome restraint over the nobles, of which the upper ones reap the social benefit; are, however, with a proud kind of condescension at the tables of the count or baron, and in their turn forbear all remonstrance against the widely-spread irreligion and rationalism which infects the nobility, and of which in truth the pastors themselves, in the capacity of family tutors, are too frequently the instruments. Upon the whole, here seems as great a need for the introduction of Christianity as ever; and could Luther rise from his grave, he would find the Bible as strictly banished from this portion of a country professing his doctrines as in the worst times of papal policy. It is that the Lutheran religion, as established in these provinces, stands as a memorial of a reformation which, in its hurry to throw off the errors of the old system, has sacrificed also its truths, and a glance at the inefficiency of a church unendowed with wealth, influence, or dignity, among a class where such qualities are held in high estimation,—and where are they not?’—*ibid.* p. 206.

One great—perhaps the greatest—practical evil in the Lutheran system, is the laxity of its code on the subject of divorce. The demoralizing effects are too familiar to every one who has observed what are otherwise the best arranged provisions in Germany; but the evil must be particularly prominent in an almost exclusively rural state of society—such as that of Esthonia. The short and pithy comments of our travellers remind us—we are not afraid to say—of that grand passage in ‘*Reflections*’ in which Burke inveighs against the philosophy of the sexes:—

‘ Besides the various other reasons, an incompatibility of temper and mutually-avowed dislike are here admitted as sufficient grounds for severing those whom “no man may sunder;” and it is a melancholy proof, to say no worse, of the inexpedience of this law, and its direct tendency to discourage all salutary self-control and forbearance, that divorces are seldom here obtained for any graver reason. Several wretched instances could be quoted, within the sphere of my own knowledge, of parties thus severed for trivial causes, who impugned the tie for that which lay in their own wilful natures, and hastily loosened the one instead of controlling the other, but who, sobered and punished by time, have cursed their second thoughtless act more than they did their first. But it would be little interesting to detail those miseries which selfish man and unwise woman entail on themselves and all connected with them, since, however differently the law may favour or check, such unfortunately are peculiar to no country. The heart alone knoweth its own bitterness; but there are sorrows invested with the poetry of imagination, the luxury of melancholy, or the holiness of resignation—sorrows the most real, and yet the most palatable. The disappointed affections hug their own griefs with jealous exclusiveness—the bereaved mother or wife loves her sorrow as she did its object; each mourns as those who “have reason to be fond of grief.” But who finds a melancholy charm in those vexations which arise from awkward tempers, awkward manners, and the thousand needless perversities with which mankind voluntarily flagellate themselves? Who sees any poetic beauty in those accumulated mole-hills of self-created care, of which human nature, cursed in its own choice, at length makes mountains, never to be overpassed? And the evils resulting from these froward, untangible causes are immeasurably more unbearable than those direct inflictions of Providence which find an affinity with the soul. Those who rail at poetry and refinement as superfluous ingredients in every-day happiness little know what main props they would undermine. These will abide when principles waver. These open the heart and close the lips intuitively at the right time. These prevent what all the good intentions in the world could not remedy. Manly delicacy is as necessary in family-life as manly rectitude, and womanly tact as womanly virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked from the absence of the one as of the other, and perhaps more. Those who neglect the *varnishes* of life commit an insidious sin towards themselves, and these lie in the mind, and not, as some suppose, in the purse.

‘ To this laxity of church-law may also in great measure be ascribed the prejudicial system of early marriages in Esthonia; for vows that can be easily renounced will be also lightly taken.’—*ibid.* p. 236.

We have already mentioned the absence of any law of primogeniture: in this the letter-writer sees another great source of moral mischief as respects the noble caste, and of both moral and physical degradation among the peasantry; and we apprehend similar opinions prevail on this subject among all who are capable of judging for themselves, whether in France or America. In Esthonia—

‘ Absenteeism is rare, for the landholder generally lives on his own property,

property, and devotes himself to its superintendence. In old times this was little more than nominal—wants were fewer, the population scantier, and competition unknown; and frequently the landowner let one half of his estate lie fallow or unredeemed, a custom quite obsolete yet, fully satisfied with the ample return of the rest. However, an increasing plentifulness of money having brought down the rate of interest, and the introduction of new systems having excited a slight degree of competition, woods are stumped up, new land cleared, the peasantry, who are much more ignorant of their own rights than their masters, drained of their resources—or, if the estate be in enlightened hands, extra labour is engaged for wages; while some younger nobility who have travelled to their own profit are recurring to the aid of science to supply the deficiency of hands. An evil, however, attending this increased activity, is the incessant transfer of estates I have alluded to. Money cannot circulate through too many hands for the public good, nor land through too few; therefore the barter of these immense estates, some of them embracing as much as a hundred square miles of territory, which is looked upon in the light of a speculation in which all are eager to engage, and for which they possess the necessary capital, is a great disadvantage to the country beneath them, and a very questionable benefit to their own. I best, if the estate prove profitable, and the debts incurred on it are frayed, the death of the proprietor, and the necessity of dividing the property, throw it again into the market. It cannot be said, however, that the wholesome system of a monopoly of land is wholly unfavourable for about three entailed estates, *majorats güter*, as they are called in Estonia, and with manifest advantage to the families themselves to every class of peasantry upon them.

‘The emperor, who doubtless foresees the hopelessness of reforming the middle class, or of reforming the higher, until the waste branch of most prolific nobility be forced into a more active sphere, and the strength and consequence of the family thrown into one leading line, is greatly in favour of entailed estates; and report speaks of a new higher patent of nobility projected for those whose means and good fortune may equally induce them to found these strongholds of national perpetuity. And, being in his imperial person greatly the gainer by the incessant shifting of land—for on each fresh purchase of an estate amounting to four per cent. upon the whole sum paid, called a *perpetuum*, reverts to the crown—there can be no question of the disinterestedness of his majesty’s desire.’—*ibid.* p. 214.

And again she says:—

‘On those estates, including unfortunately by far the greater part of the province, which suffer a constant exchange of proprietors, and no feelings of attachment between master and peasant have time to take root, or where feelings of an opposite nature are engendered by caprice and arbitrary treatment, we find the peasant a dull brute insensible to a kindness he mistrusts, careless of improvement; indifferent as the Irishman, without his wit, and phlegmatic as the German without his industry. Rather than work beyond the minimum necessary corvée, he will starve. Provided he can have his pipe

mouth, and lie sleeping at the bottom of his cart, while his patient wife drives the willing little rough horse, or, what is more frequent, while the latter will go right of itself, he cares little about an empty stomach. Offer him wages for his labour, and he will tell you, with the dullest bumpkin look, that if he works more he must eat more ; and the fable of the belly and the members has here a different termination to what it had in our young days. On the other hand, on those few estates which have been occupied for several generations by the same family, the peasants appear invariably an active, industrious, and prosperous set, attached to their lord, and ingenious in various trades. So much for the law of primogeniture, a doctrine here hardly better understood than the apostolic succession.'—*ibid.* p. 208.

Of the food of the common people in general she says :—

' At the beginning of winter the peasant fares well ; eats wholesome rye-bread, and plenty of it. Towards spring his stores, never well husbanded, begin to fail, and the coarse rye-flour is eked out with a little chopped straw ; but, when the cold season is prolonged, this position is reversed, and it is the straw which becomes the chief ingredient of the loaf which is to fill, not nourish, his body,—so much so that on exposure to fire this wretched bread will ignite and blaze like a torch. This insufficient fare is often followed by an epidemic, typhus or scarlet fever. The latter especially is the scourge of the land, and almost invariably fatal to children ; and villages are sometimes depopulated of their juvenile members ; for those who struggle through the fever are carried off by subsequent dropsy. As for medical attendance, how is that to be expected among a poor and widely-scattered population which not even the highest classes in the land can command ? Many a nobleman's family is situated a hundred wersts from medical aid, and thus four-and-twenty fatal hours will sometimes elapse, which no skill can recover.'

The reader is now prepared to accompany this fair guide to a grand entertainment at one of the noble castles. They are usually ancient buildings, massive and picturesque ; but the proprietors, like the Anglo-Americans of the last age, seem in general to think the finest country is that from which the timber has been most carefully removed ; and, except where the taste has had some foreign training, large square corn-fields are considered as the most ornamental of immediate appendages. Such was the case at *Fahna*—to which the lady and her party proceeded on an occasion of high festival in the very depth of winter—' a great structure—a square mass against the sky, without a tree near it '—or any other object whatever, except a grand new court of stabling, of which the noble owner and his wife spoke with as much exultation as an English couple in a similar station might have done of a magnificent piece of natural scenery. But in too many respects the tastelessness of the interior seems to have been quite in keeping with the outward show.

' Our wrappers being gradually peeled off, we issued like butterflies from our woollen cells, and were ushered into a large assembly,  
where

where the hostess, a pretty, graceful young woman, came forth welcomed us with the utmost courtesy and good breeding; and found a few pleasing though imperfect words in English to our foreign visitors, with a kindness of manner and intention which won my heart. Immediately upon our arrival the *frühstück*, or cheese, and pickled *strömlin*, a fish peculiar to Estonia, with white liqueurs, was handed round; after which a servant with something to the hostess, who rose, and with a distinct voice and full manner simply said, "May I beg you all to table?" and taking the lead with the oldest gentleman of the party, we like party of at least fifty—a cluster of little boys and girls bringing rear; for an invitation to the heads of a family is tacitly understood to include all the olive-branches, however numerous or tender. The couple entered the dining-room the cavalier bowed profoundly gaged himself, and went his way, while all the ladies seated themselves on one side and all the gentlemen on the other; the hostess presided at the table, whilst her husband mingled with his male guests. Conversation was therefore restricted to the different lines, and the preserving dinner absolving the gentlemen from all obligation of conversation and no intimation to venture a conversation across the narrow being apparent, not a single gentleman addressed his fair companion during the whole repast. This is an additional reason for our old English mode, as engendering trifling attentions which to keep up the outward semblance of good breeding; the absence of which, I am inclined to think, in some measure contributes to the Transatlantic style of manners which is observable among the generation of young Estonian nobles. The courtesies of the table began with the well-side and water-drawing times of the paternal the woman-despising Turk eats alone. My own position was enviable, between two charming ladylike women, who proved to be agreeable representatives of their country. The dinner was sumptuous, with a profusion of splendid glass and plate; the latter, as the beautiful damask linen, marked with the maiden name of the hostess; and, which it may be as well to mention here—though I grieve to see that pretty animated face shrouded beneath a mourning cap—all revert, with the rest of her dowry, to the widow on the husband's death. Among the novel dishes introduced on this occasion the elk, a harmless animal which infests the Livonian woods, in much resembling venison; and a preserve of rose-leaves, a kind of ambrosia, like eating perfumes, or a smack of Paradise earth; and, lastly, a dish which the season alone rendered peculiar who would have thought of ices on Christmas-day! But no quarrel with the cold interloper, for the room was hot to suffocation the delicious walnut-cream ice melted most gratefully down our throats.

When the last dishes of fruits and bon-bons had been handed our hostess rose, and the gentlemen clustering at the door, returned to their lady where he had left her, and, conducting her into the room, again made his bow and escaped. Coffee was now handed and, a long and superb suite of rooms being open to us, the whole paraded up and down in distinct groups. After which the mat-

down to sober converse, and talked, as good wives should do, of their children and their *wirthschaft*, and some drew forth little ladylike bits of embroidery, on which their fair fingers were soon busied, while the older ones knitted away most energetically at the "weary pund." Meanwhile, the younger portion, including many beautiful and graceful young women, well dressed and elegant in manner, clustered together in girlish guise in the deep recesses of the windows, or round the piano, or played at bagatelle, with many an animated laugh and jest. And where were the gentlemen all this time?—doubtless compensating themselves for the compulsory separation they had endured during the twenty long courses of dinner, and mingling gaily with the fair beings from whom it must have been a punishment to them to sever. But alas! the Muse of gallantry shakes her head, and falteringly and most unwillingly owns the incredible fact, that, to "eyes like loadstars and tongues sweet air," these young stoics preferred the attractions of cards and smoke—found more beauty in the length of a pipe than in the slender tall figures which roved up and down the suite of rooms—more companionship in a brown cigar than in the glances of the black-eyed *soubrettes* with which the former were interspersed. After a couple of hours tea was served; but still the gentlemen kept close behind the clouds with which they enveloped their godheads from our grosser view; nor till supper was served—here conducted on the same formal style of separation as the dinner—did they venture to emerge. For their credit's sake, may the next generation of their countrywomen be neither so fair nor so pleasing!—*ibid.* p. 278.

After describing one or two more grand gatherings of nearly the same sort, this charming critic says:—

' To a lover of antiquity this living representation of by-gone manners is highly interesting. At every moment I am reminded of some trait which increasing luxury and increasing retrenchment have equally conspired to banish from our soil. Here every country gentleman keeps open house, and no account is taken of how many mouths there are to fill, whether in hall, kitchen, or stable. The houses are vast, grand, and incommodious; and countless hangers-on and dependants supply the economy of steps by a superfluity of feet. The seigneurs here never move about with less than four horses, and often six—rusty equipments it is true; but it is a mistake to imagine that the coaches-and-four of our ancestors were marked by the same neatness and finish which now attend the commonest pair, or that their neighbourly meetings were distinguished by that ease, sociability, and intellect, which render the English society of the present day so delightful. On the contrary, as soon as the scanty topics of the day were exhausted, they all sat down to cards, and that perhaps by broad daylight, like too many of the Estonian gentlemen. Then, as now here, all natural products were plentiful and cheap, and all artificial objects scarce and dear, and the manners to correspond were hospitable in the main, but rigidly formal in detail. Manners, however, must be looked upon as an art, which, before it can be easy and safe, must be stiff and cautious—such are the necessary



necessary transitions of all other schools, and no less of this. I respect these formal old worthies, whose study it seems to give me a hearty welcome and keep me at respectful distance—translated souls of my great-grandfathers and grandmothers—true delight in their venerable society; and if a profane wear mind and body do occasionally surprise me, while sitting on chair, and drilling my thoughts and figure to the starch star rectitude around me, be sure I ascribe it solely and entirely to corrupt condition, and to the incorrigible lolling propensities of nature, both moral and physical.

‘Other characteristics of this formal school, as worthy of imitation, is the fact that family quarrels are things utterly unknown; that none of that undue precedence is given to wealth as in more advanced. All those born in a certain station retain it, their means be adequate or not, and are admitted into society with reference as to whether they can return the obligation. Others do not believe the real morality of the community in any way advances their rigid outward decorum. Like people who first peel the apple and then eat the paring, it comes to the same thing in the end consistent with the spirit of an old picture, they bend all their attention to the minutiae of a fold, and neglect the first principles of perception. Harmless freedoms are controlled with bars of iron, while, for facility of divorce, and other laxities which the Lutheran religion permits, many a sin walks in broad daylight, without so much as a look over it.’

The conversation of a particular *château* affords a very interesting letter—but we must be content with a small sample.

‘Many politic and wise provisions derived from our glorious constitution, which to us are truths familiar from childhood, are here made the subject of vehement altercation. The dignity and pre-eminence of our constitution—the law of primogeniture—the transmission of titles through the male line—the policy which preserves to a peeress her own dignity and husband the lowest commoner in the land, and the courtesy which permits every woman of rank upon marrying to retain the distinction of her birth, unless she merge it in a higher,—are here all subjected to the test of German reasoning, and declared unwarranted in the eye of Nature. Very erroneous notions are here also entertained of the inordinate pride and undue prerogatives of the English, forgetting that, when the titles and honours centre in one head, the other members of the same family return to the middle walks of life, filling our professions with individuals whose sense of noble duty is the highest stimulus to honourable exertion, and who thus form the link between the highest nobleman and the great body of the people. And, though far be the day when the English nobility should be deprived of their prerogatives of birth, yet where can these be less galling than in a country where distinguished abilities may elevate any man to the highest offices in the state, and a sullied reputation keeps any duke in court? On this head no German may throw a stone at England

without earldoms, barons without baronies, their titles unsupported by political consequence, and diluted to utter insignificance by the numbers who bear the same—their jealousy of rank increasing in proportion to its diminution—no nobility hedges itself so carefully beneath a vexatious, trumpery spirit of exclusiveness, which is as absurd in itself as it is galling to those beneath them. In Russia no one may advance in the military service, in Estonia no one may purchase an estate, and in Weimar no one may enter the theatre by a particular door who has not a *de* prefixed to his name; and these are only a few of the countless privileges with which they endeavour to bolster out an empty title, and exclude those who are often their betters in education, wealth, and refinement. As to that class of society peculiar to England—the aristocracy without title, the representatives of long-descended estates—the old squirearchy of the land, who often prefer the battered gold of their ancient family name to the bright brass of a new distinction,—this was a subject so incomprehensible, a paradox so preposterous, that for my own credit's sake I gave up the task of elucidating it.'

At one noble residence—of apparently a higher class in every respect than *Fahna*—she meets with a public favourite—her notice of whom it would be cruel to omit:—

'And now let me revert more particularly to one of the fairest ornaments, both in mind and person, which our party possesses, whose never-clouded name is such favourite property with the public as to justify me in naming it—I mean the Countess Rossi. The advantages which her peculiar experience and knowledge of society have afforded her, added to the happiest *naturel* that ever fell to human portion, render her exquisite voice and talent, both still in undiminished perfection, by no means her chief attraction in society. Madame Rossi could afford to lose her voice to-morrow, and would be equally sought. True to her nation, she has combined all the *Liebenswürdigkeit* of a German with the witchery of every other land. Madame Rossi's biography is one of great interest and instruction, and it is to be hoped will one day appear before the public. It is not generally known that she was ennobled by the king of Prussia, under the title of Mademoiselle de Launstein, and, since absolute will, it seems, can bestow the past as well as present and future, with seven *Ahnherren*, or forefathers—"or eight," said the countess, laughing, "but I can't quite remember." And, though never disowning the popular name of Sonntag, yet, in respect for the donor, her visiting cards when she appears in Prussia are always printed *née de Launstein*. We were greatly privileged in the enjoyment of her rich and flexible notes in our private circle, and under her auspices an amateur concert was now proposed for the benefit of the poor in Reval.'

We have not left ourselves any room for the letters from Reval—which however are quite as interesting as those descriptive of the life of the country. We can only give the conclusion of another wedding scene. On such subjects all ladies who can write at all are sure to write their best; but the philosophy of  
this

this fair English spinster on the present occasion strikes us peculiarly piquant.

‘ It is so much the habit in our civilised age to regard a man “*de convenances*” as a thing repugnant to human nature, equally tyrannical in act as cheerless in result, that, though sad experience taught me the fallacy of trusting the brightest of wedding hopes, or most impatient of wedding faces, I involuntarily entered these nuptials with the feeling of assisting at a sacrifice. Far, however, from being a system of marriages “*de convenances*” being one of oppression and gradation towards the female sex, I am inclined to think that, in a country where custom marries a girl before she can know her own mind, far from that of others, and where the rules of society interdict all previous acquaintance, it is, on the contrary, one of mercy and protection. What act can be more tyrannical to the future woman than the indulgence of the girl’s so-called *first love*? What results more cheerless than the vital mistake of a hasty choice? Granting both the marriage “*de convenances*” and that of affection to be productive of happiness, this question which in nine cases out of ten is not the spontaneous blossom of love, but the after-growth of esteem and habit, is, in both instances, equal in amount. But reverse the picture, and view married life in its miseries—how infinitely sharper is the sting of that evil incurred by a voluntary choice than imposed by duty or custom! Sufficient for the day in both cases is the evil thereof; but who will deny that the woman who has been forced to disinvest the object of her choice from the colour in which she had fondly decked him, suffers anguish of a far more poignant nature than she whose view of her own condition has been intercepted by a soft though deceitful medium?—*ibid.* p. 268.

‘ Four o’clock struck ere the guests began to depart, but by noon the next day the new-married couple were occupied in receiving a throng of morning visitors who came to congratulate. The same day was a dinner-party; the same evening the pair appeared at a public concert. The following days were spent in a succession of entertainments, and thus was the spring-time of wedded happiness offered up for the amusement of the public. Nowhere are there such volumes of high-flown trash written on bridal modesty as in Germany, and nowhere is it so much respected.’—*ibid.* p. 273.

From Reval the Baron’s family returned once more to their castle in time to enjoy the burst of an Esthonian spring.—In this chapter we have a most vivid description of the melting of the snows and the tremendous scenes attending the breaking up of the ice-bound rivers.—We turn a page, and a letter opens beautifully:—

‘ Such is the picture of our life a fortnight ago, during which a more striking change, if possible, has come over the face of things. The earth, which so late emerged from her winter garb, is now clad in her liveliest livery; while every tree and shrub have hastily changed their dresses in Nature’s vast green-room, and stand all ready for the summer’s short act. Nowhere is Nature’s hocus-pocus carried on so wonderfully

wonderfully—nowhere her scene-shifting so inconceivably rapid. You may literally see her movements. I have watched the bird's-cherry at my window. Two days ago, and it was still the same dried-up spectre, whose every form, during the long winter, the vacant eye had studiously examined while the thoughts were far distant—yesterday, like the painter's Daphne, it was sprouting out at every finger; and to-day it has shaken out its whole complement of leaves, and is throwing a verdant twilight over my darkened room. The whole air is full of the soft-stirring sounds of the swollen buds snapping and cracking into life, and impregnated with the perfume of the fresh oily leaves. The waters are full and clear—the skies blue and serene—night and day are fast blending into one continuous stream of soft light, and this our new existence is one perpetual feast. Oh, winter! where is thy victory? The resurrection of spring speaks volumes.'

Here we stop, though with reluctance—but we feel that we have already drawn on this rich new bank quite as deeply as we could in fairness do. The writer's name will not long we suppose remain a secret—and we trust no engagements in Esthonia or elsewhere may prevent us from seeing it—or a *quid pro quo*—on many a title-page hereafter.



ART. VII.—*Letters of Mrs. Adams, the Wife of John Adams; with an Introductory Memoir* by her Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Second Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston. 1840.

THE filial partiality of the introductory memoir raised in our minds expectations which the work itself has by no means realised. The editor observes that in great political convulsions the state of domestic manners, and the feelings and opinions of women, have an important, though in general silent and unobtrusive influence:—

'If it were possible to get at the expression of feelings by women in the heart of a community, at a moment of extraordinary trial, recorded in a shape evidently designed to be secret and confidential, this would seem to present the surest and most unfailing index to its general character. Hitherto we have not gathered much of this material in the United States. . . . The heroism of the females of the Revolution has gone from memory with the generation that witnessed it, and nothing, absolutely nothing, remains upon the ear of the young of the present day but the faint echo of an expiring general tradition. Neither is there much remembrance of the domestic manners of the last century, when, with more of admitted distinctions than at present, there was more of general equality; nor of the state of social feeling, or of that simplicity of intercourse which, in colonial times, constituted in New England as near an approach to the successful exemplification of the democratic theory as the irregularity in the natural gifts of men will, in all probability, ever practically allow.

' It

‘ It is the purpose of the present volume to supply of this deficiency by giving a faithful and readable narrative. The present is believed to be the first time that the States to lay before the public a series of the remotest idea of publication, by a woman of her nearest and dearest relations. the fact, susceptible of no misconception, is a transcript of the feelings of the writer. Independently of this, the variety of opportunities furnished for observation was placed by the elevation of her husband, and the country, may contribute to sustain the interest of the reader.’—pp. xviii.-xx.

This, our readers see, is very different from what we are told, a clever and strong-minded woman, about thirty, and in the tenth year of her life, when the revolution began, in which her husband, John Adams, already a lawyer, took an early and prominent part. He was one of the signatories of the Treaty of Independence, and minister to the British court, whilst she was his wife. He was also the first Vice-President of the United States, and, finally, the immediate successor of Washington. We expected therefore no small amount of interest in the life of a distinguished man and clever woman, and in the struggle for national independence, and in the manners and opinions when elevated to that of the *grandeess* and even to that of the world. A play-writer or novelist might have found a hero and heroine more striking than any in the trials, or a more happy and home-loving couple, however, been sadly disappointed. The first part, which brings us from 1764 to 1774, with its domestic manners or character of the time. When in 1774 Mr. Adams left Boston, to join the first Congress of Massachusetts, his wife began a series of letters, like ‘The Memoirs of P. P.’, and which contain little more than a few cryptical rumours of her own time, and of the little information and gossip written to her American friends in France and England are the only, entertaining pages in the work.

her husband was President, and she at the head of American society, is singularly scanty, poor, and trivial, and has no interest except from a kind of droll contrast which it exhibits between her own homely tastes and habits and her public position. But in all this there are no traces of 'the heroism of the females of the revolution,' no development of 'the domestic manners of the last century,' beyond Mrs. Adams's own very narrow and insulated circle. Of this, though it manifestly disappoints the expectations raised by the editor, we should not complain, if Mrs. Adams's own story were well told—that is clearly, lightly, amusingly, as one expects from the pen of a lady; but Mrs. Adams seems to us to have had few of the peculiar qualifications of an agreeable letter-writer. She was no doubt a sensible worthy woman, but of a grave and didactic turn of mind—of no wit—no pleasantry—not even liveliness—of a scanty acquaintance with her own provincial world, and little knowledge of what was going on elsewhere—with just such a smattering of literature as the daughter of the puritanical minister of a village in Massachusetts might be supposed to attain a century ago, which just served to make her style *awfully* pedantic, and her epistles *awfully* commonplace and tedious. This, to be sure, was no fault of the good lady's; she wrote after her own fashion to her own family and friends, and her letters, no doubt, fully satisfied them. They are, indeed (bating their formality and pedantry), not ill written, and are (with, however, some marked exceptions) creditable to her feelings and good sense; but they seem to us to have intrinsically very small pretensions to the honour of publication—though, as the first specimen, as the editor describes them, of this class of literature in America, they may not be undeserving notice.

Abigail Smith, born on the 22nd of November, 1744, was by both her parents descended, says her grandson, 'from the genuine stock of Massachusetts puritan settlers;' and there 'were few persons,' he adds, 'who had more exclusively imbibed their character.' Her father, William Smith, was minister of the Congregational church at Weymouth (Massachusetts), and her mother, Elizabeth Quincy, was maternally descended from pastors of the same denomination. She was married in 1764 to John Adams, who had been a *schoolmaster*, and was reproached, as we find from a hint in one of her letters, of being a severe one, but who was then a practising lawyer. A portrait painted when she was twenty, and engraved for these volumes, must, we suppose, have been like, for it seems characteristic—it is stiff, formal, and *plain*—with no expression, unless of resolution and gravity, and wholly devoid of elegance, vivacity, or grace:—her countenance is even less attractive than her style, and both afford a very marked contrast



to the brilliant vivacity of Lady Mary Wortley, or the amiability of Madame de Sevigné.

The prominent feature and fault of her letters is a kind of childish yet lumbering pedantry, that deals largely in unoriginal commonplaces, and trite quotations. This the editor rather excuses than counts for than excuses by stating that the education of the young ladies of America at that day was very narrow, and that the only books they read amongst them had formed themselves 'on the *Spectator* and the poets.' But the *Spectator*—though it might, as the editor suggests, have influenced Miss Smith and her young friends to correspond under the names of '*Myra*,' '*Aspasia*,' and '*Aurora*,' and may have accustomed them to intersperse their lucubrations with mottoes and quotations—ought rather to have given them an example as it has certainly done to some of their countrymen—Washington Irving for instance—that unaffected, easy, and familiar style of which Addison was the great master and the powerful preceptor: but the truth we believe is, that the natural turn of Mrs. Adams's mind was formal and pompous—so that we find that she carried the same style even into her mature age and her severest trials, when girlish impressions, if they had been *impressions*, would probably have worn away. Miss Smith seems, was not much pleased with her own proper name of *Abigail*, at which we are not surprised—but she showed no judgment in the choice of the substitute under which her most important letters were written. She could have been, at best, but awkward '*Diana*.'\* On her marriage she seems to have reverted for ten years to her own unromantic appellative, but on breaking out of the revolutionary troubles she, no doubt, sent Mr. Adams a new Brutus, and—discarding the *Abigail*—for some years signed herself *Portia*—generally with some preliminary flourish, which may have looked fine at the time, but seems to our present taste rather absurd; for instance, a letter of July, 1775, concludes with these incongruous sentences:—

'I hope we shall not now have famine added to war. Grain, is what we want here. Meat we have enough, and to spare. don't let Bass forget my pins. Hardwick has applied to me for Bass to get him a hundred of needles, number six, to carry on stocking weaving. We shall very soon have no coffee, nor sugar pepper here; but whortleberries and milk we are not obliged to purchase for. Good night. *With thoughts of thee do I close my Angels guard and protect thee; and may a safe return ere long*  
thy  
Portia

—vol. i. p. 50.

\* We wonder that the editor, who, we suppose, was, like his father and uncle, educated at Harvard College, should not have erased the clumsy attempt at personification (almost the only one in the volumes) in one of the early letters—'Enter Diana,

and, be it observed that at the time she penned this childish conclusion she was more than thirty years old, and the gentleman whose couch *angels were to guard* was a practising lawyer, considerably above forty. Even in a letter to Mr. Adams, written in great anguish on the death of her mother, and particularly commended by the editor, her grief and her piety are much too rhetorical for our taste:—

‘ Have pity upon me. Have pity upon me, O thou my beloved, for the hand of God presseth me sore.

‘ Yet will I be dumb and silent, and not open my mouth, because thou, O Lord, hast done it.

‘ How can I tell you (*O my bursting heart !*) that my dear mother has left me?—this day, about five o’clock, she left this world for an infinitely better.

‘ ’T is a dreadful time with the whole province. Sickness and death are in almost every family. I have no more shocking and terrible idea of any distemper, except the plague, than this.

‘ Almighty God ! restrain the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday, and which has laid in the dust one of the dearest of parents. May the life of the other be lengthened out to his afflicted children.

‘ From your distressed

‘ PORTIA.’

If every other letter in the collection had been subscribed ‘ *Diana* ’ or ‘ *Portia*, ’ this one at least ought to have been signed with the sober reality of *Abigail Adams*. In the same style, when her and Mr. Adams’s intimate friend, Dr. Warren, was killed at Bunker’s Hill, her grief stalks upon poetic stilts:—

‘ *My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country ; saying, better to die honourably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. . . .*

‘ I wish I could contradict the report of the doctor’s death ; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory : *those favourite lines of Collins* continually sound in my ears:—

“ How sleep the brave,” &c.’

And then she proceeds to copy out the whole of Collins’s ode, which, however, the editor kindly spares us, with a most sagacious observation, *that ‘ Collins’s ode is too well known to need insertion ’*—(vol. i. p. 39) ; but he takes no notice of the strange speech put into the mouth of the dying hero, as if the mainspring of his courage was the fear of the *gallows* ; an ignoble motive

which no man would avow, and which we dare say Dr. V never felt.

One of her letters to Mr. Adams in France is peculiarly characteristic:—

‘ How insupportable the idea that three thousand miles and an ocean now divide us! but divide only our persons, for the heart of my friend is in the bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years has so riveted it there that the fabric which contains it must be dissolved into dust ere the particles can be separated; for

“ in one fate,

Our hearts, our fortunes, and our beings blend.”

‘ I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour; but it had quite a different effect, and the native simplicity of it had all the power of a well-wrought tool. When I could conquer my sensibility I begged the song, and Charles has learned it, and consoles his mamma by singing it. *I will enclose it to you.* It has beauties in it to me which an insensible person would not feel perhaps :

“ His very foot has music in ’t,  
As he comes up the stairs.”

‘ Gracious Heaven! hear and answer my daily petition by banishing all my grief.’—vol. i. p. 134.

It seems now-a-days strange enough that Mrs. Adams should take the trouble of copying ‘ *There’s nae luck about the wheel*’ for the American Envoy in Europe—but it is still strange that the good taste which admired and adapted to her own tender simplicity of the whole ballad, and particularly the exquisite couplet which she quoted, should not have preserved it from such laboured metaphors, such hackneyed quotations, and such theatrical declamation as other parts of this very exhibit. She goes on—

‘ So many vessels are taken that there is little chance of a letter reaching your hands. . . . If this finds its way to you it will be by the Alliance. By her I have written before. She has not yet answered and I love to amuse myself with my pen, and pour out some tender sentiments of a heart overflowing with affection, *not for a cruel enemy, who, no doubt, would ridicule every humane and tender sentiment, long ago grown callous to the finer sensibilities, but for a sympathetic heart that beats in unison with*

‘ PORTLAND

We see that Mrs. Adams had herself a judicious suspicion that all this high-flown stuff was fit only for the sympathies of Brutus, and she would probably have considered such a ‘ *cruellest enemy*’ him who should expose these effusions.

the *ridicule* with which she was conscious that strangers must read them. We really cannot understand upon what principle of either taste or duty the editor has published such passages as these, after so strong an indication of his grandmother's own opinion that they were likely to excite 'the ridicule of cruel enemies.' We, assuredly, are not the cruel enemies she anticipated—she has found them nearer home. We shall be more generous, and shall close with these specimens our observations on Mrs. Adams's literary style, and proceed to the more substantial parts of her correspondence.

It will be recollected that the first collision between the insurgents and the authorities took place at Boston, within 10 or 12 miles of which Mrs. Adams resided. Her earlier letters are of course full of those transactions, but they are too desultory and irregular to afford any connected view of the progress of affairs, and are, besides, so much the echo of the first and generally erroneous rumours of the moment, and so influenced by the strong and enthusiastic prejudices of the writer, that they are of no historical value at all. Indeed the misinformation and prejudices are so glaring that the editor himself feels obliged occasionally to subjoin a corrective observation; as, when she says that at Bunker's Hill, while the British, by their own admission, lost 1500, the Provincials lost but sixty, the editor subjoins—'this was below the truth, but *accuracy in those details will not be looked for in a letter written at the moment upon information necessarily defective.*'—vol. i. p. 45.

Now, craving the editor's pardon, we know not why Mrs. Adams's information should have been '*necessarily defective.*' She was within a few miles—within hearing—and almost within sight of the affair: many of her friends, and some of her relations, took an active part in the operations (vol. i. p. 42). She was a distinguished person in the neighbourhood—the wife of the delegate of the State in Congress; and her letter is dated the eighth day after the battle—an interval in which the first and natural exaggerations would have had time to subside, and when something like the truth might be expected to have reached a person in Mrs. Adams's position: we confess, therefore, that we do not feel the force of the editor's apology, while, on the other hand, the avowal that we are not to look for accuracy in Mrs. Adams's statement of facts occurring under her own eyes, though made on one point, casts a kind of shade over others, and must certainly tend to diminish the value, whatever it might otherwise be, of her letters.

We are as far as the editor from suspecting the good lady of an intention to deceive any one, much less her husband; but the truth seems to be that to very 'defective information' were super-

added such strong prejudices the deals with political matters must the feelings of the party than that the American struggle is *feelings* by which the people, and Adams's class, were actuated, is constructive object of contemplation and contest. Indeed, what has stirred these letters is the evidence they afford of the ripeness of America of society and the system of government already essentially republican. In our first extract, the editor of the colonial system there was, 'with more general *equality* than at present in England' constituted as near an equality as mankind can probably attain.' The parts was *dissent* in various forms all preserving the traditional leaning to an instinctive enmity to *Church and State* may regret the grand original misapprehension of the original misapprehension of the conduct of British ministers, which drove them to that their independence could not have been long postponed. A few years would, many years before the fall of the rapidly the down of the new-fledged plumage, and how soon their wings to raise them into independence. It is equally so their ultimate separation.

Lord Chatham, as we observe, had, even in the height of the conflict of independence—some theory of British sovereignty—found the principles of the powers of international law the mother country should maintain though he actually brought in a scheme which does not appear to have had, certainly a practical and solid scheme by which the colonies were to be harmonised; and we may be sure that the scheme was visionary. Chatham to screen the inconsistent position. The colonies, like other nations, have outgrown the parental authority and injustice which created, and the

the miseries which accompanied, and the bad feeling which survived our efforts to reduce the colonies, we are far from regretting, and still farther from thinking that it was possible by any course of policy to have escaped the ultimate result—the independence of America and the creation of a power which must, more rapidly and effectually than could have been otherwise accomplished, spread civilisation, and we trust happiness, over the vast Transatlantic world.

These thoughts are naturally suggested by the spirit of Independence which, in the very dawn of the differences, exhibits itself in Mrs. Adams's letters, and which no doubt pervaded that important class of society to which she belonged. Her very first letter, just after Mr. Adams set out for the first Congress in August 1774, is of this character, and we shall extract it *in extenso*, not merely as an additional specimen of her style (of which it is a very fair one), but as a proof how easily, how readily, and how earnestly the ideas of republican independence had been adopted in New England:—

‘Braintree, 19th August, 1774.

‘The great distance between us makes the time appear very long to me. It seems already a month since you left me. *The great anxiety I feel for my country*, for you, and for our family, renders the day tedious and the night unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear upon every side. What course you can or will take is all wrapped in the bosom of futurity. Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great scope. *Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed?* I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of *Sparta* were occasioned by their too great solicitude for present tranquillity, and, from an excessive love of peace, they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting. They ought to have reflected, says *Polybius*, that, “as there is nothing more desirable or advantageous than peace, when founded in justice and honour, so there is nothing more shameful, and at the same time more pernicious, when attained by bad measures and purchased at the price of liberty.” I have received a most charming letter from our friend Mrs. Warren. She desires me to tell you that her best wishes attend you through your journey, both as a friend and a patriot—hopes you will have no uncommon difficulties to surmount or hostile movements to impede you—but, if the *Locrians* should interrupt you, she hopes that you will beware that no future annals may say you chose an ambitious *Philip* for your leader, who subverted the noble order of the American *Amphictyons*, and built up a monarchy on the ruins of the happy institution.

‘I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's Ancient History since you left me. I am determined to go through with it, if possible, in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and I have persuaded Johnny [her eldest son] to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me,



me, entertain a fondness for it. We have had a charming rain, which lasted twelve hours, and has greatly revived the dying fruits of the earth.

'I want much to hear from you. I long impatiently to have you upon the stage of action. The first of September, or the month of September, perhaps, may be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Cæsar. I wish you every public as well as private blessing, and that wisdom which is profitable both for instruction and edification, to conduct you in this difficult day. The little family remember papa, and kindly wish to see him; so does your most affectionate

' ABIGAIL ADAMS.

—vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

With these sentiments in the summer of 1774, we are not much surprised at finding *Abigail Adams* transmuted in the spring of 1775 into *Portia*. The following, dated about a month later, is specially recommended to our notice by the editor:—

'In consequence of the powder being taken from Charlestown, a general alarm spread through many towns and was caught pretty soon here. The report took here on Friday, and on Sunday a soldier was seen lurking about the Common, supposed to be a spy, but most likely a deserter. However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about eight o'clock Sunday evening there passed by here about two hundred men, preceded by a horse-cart, and marched down to the powder-house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it. I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise; not a word among themselves till they came against this house, when some of them, perceiving it, asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, *No, since it was in good hands*. The reason they gave for taking it was, that we had many Tories [Loyalists] here, they dared not trust us with it; they had taken Vinton [the sheriff of the county] in their train, and upon their return they stopped between Cleverly's and Etter's, and called upon Vinton to deliver two warrants [for summoning juries]. Upon his producing them they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether *they should huzza*, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative. They called upon Vinton to swear that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however they let him rest. A few days afterwards, upon his making some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath. Accordingly they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to that he complied; and they waited his return, which proving satisfactory they dispersed. This town appears as high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hidden

\* A measure of precaution of General Gage, who removed the gunpowder from Charlestown, a kind of suburb to Boston, into the latter town.

head. The *Church parson* thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board-fence and told his beads.'—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The editor admires 'the highly characteristic trait of New England, of refusing to cheer on a Sunday' — but does not seem to see that it would have been rather more consistent with a devotional feeling if they had selected any other day *than the Sabbath* to plunder the magazine, and to endeavour to force a magistrate to swear that he would not do a legal duty which he was already sworn to perform. Our readers will also observe Mrs. Adams's sarcastic mention of *church parsons*—which, though the clergy were not personally injured on this occasion, sufficiently indicates the hostile and intolerant spirit of the predominant sect towards them, and that the *Church* was as obnoxious to the revolvers as the *King*. Nor does it create any favourable impression of Mrs. Adams herself that she, who on every occasion indulges in devotional—we might say puritanical—ejaculations, sneers at a clergyman of the church for '*telling his beads*,' as she malevolently terms it, when he thought himself in danger from a lawless mob.

Mrs. Adams was certainly not at this period of her life, and probably not at any, very charitable towards those who differed from her in politics. It seems that a couple of years before the troubles Mr. Adams was a candidate for a place in the provincial council, and in 1774 some letters of Governor Hutchinson were published, by which it appeared that, if Adams had been elected, Hutchinson would have exercised his negative against him; on this discovery Mrs. Adams calls him '*a forlorn wretch*,' and piously exclaims, '*May the fate of Mordecai be his!*' (vol. i. p. 30.) So a gentleman of the first congress who happened to remain a Loyalist is stigmatised as a *Judas* (vol. i. p. 49); and, sometimes, the pedantic vehemence of her ire becomes alternately ludicrous and disgusting. A common soldier deserts from the British army and goes to Philadelphia:—

'I think I should be cautious of him. No one can tell the secret designs of such fellows, whom no oath binds. He may be sent with assassinating designs. I can credit any villany that a *Cæsar Borgia* would have been guilty of, or *Satan* himself would rejoice in.'—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

And again:—

'We learn from one of these deserters that our ever-valued friend Warren [killed at Bunker's Hill], dear to us even in death, was not treated with any more respect than a common soldier; but the savage wretches, called officers, consulted together, and agreed to sever his head

head from his body and carry it in triumph to Gage, who no would have "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," instead of im Caesar, who, far from being gratified with so horrid a spectacle head even of his enemy, turned away from Pompey's with disgust gave vent to his pity in a flood of tears. What humanity could obtain, the rites and ceremonies of a *mason* demanded. An who it seems was one of the brotherhood, requested that as a *ma* might have the body unmangled, and find a decent interment. He obtained his request, but, upon returning to secure it, he found already thrown into the earth, only with the ceremony of being placed there with many bodies over him.'—vol. i. p. 64.

We need not insist on the improbability of the brutal propositions and acts here imputed to British officers, because it appears by Mrs. Adams's own letters that Dr. Warren was not hurled into an undistinguishable grave, for, ten months later, his body was disinterred and re-buried with military honours and a funeral service and sermon in the town of Boston. Nay, if we believe Mrs. Adams's poetical relation, the body was in a situation to be recognised and exposed to the eyes of the people:—

'The dead body, like that of Cæsar, before their eyes, while the wound,

"Like dumb mouths, did ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of a tongue.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!  
A curse shall light " upon their line.'

—vol. i. p. 94.

But this, we presume, was as imaginary as the indignities she before related.

When in 1778 Mr. Adams sailed on his mission to France, he writes:—

'8th March, 1778

' 'Tis a little more than three weeks since the dearest of friends, the tenderest of husbands left his solitary partner, and quitted all the endearments of domestic felicity for the dangers of the sea, exposed, perhaps, to the attack of a hostile foe, and, O good Heaven! canst thou, to the dark assassin, to the secret murderer, and the bloody executioner of as cruel a tyrant [King George III.] as God, in his righteous judgments, ever suffered to disgrace the throne of Britain.'—vol. i. p. 100.

We notice these violent and uncharitable ebullitions—of which we could produce a large assortment—not to derogate from Mr. Adams's personal character—for great allowances must be made for a high and enthusiastic spirit pouring itself out in such circumstances, and in the *abandon* (we wish we had an English term for this idea) of conjugal confidence; but now that conjugal confidences are published to the world, and with so much parade of historical importance, it becomes our duty

enter our protest against evidence so obviously biassed, and to warn our readers of the temper and feeling in which the letters were originally penned. We must, however, in justice to Mrs. Adams's memory, observe that the letters here published have been *selected* by the editor, and we have good reason to suspect that he may have *selected* those parts of the correspondence which he thought most palatable to the present taste of America, and which are naturally the least so to ours. Indeed, the editor confesses as much. Mrs. Adams's letters are (as we have before stated) singularly rare and barren during the periods in which we should have expected them to be the most interesting—the vice-presidency and presidency of Mr. Adams, and the subsequent struggle between the Democratic and Moderate parties, in which her husband and her son were so distinguished. The editor tells us that 'Her interest in public affairs did not diminish, and that the period furnishes abundance of letters :—

' She continued to write to her friends her free opinions, both of men and measures, perhaps with a more sustained hand on account of the share her son was then taking in politics. But these letters *bring us down to times so recent*, and *they contain so many allusions to existing persons* and matters of a domestic and wholly private nature, that they are not deemed suitable for publication, at least at present.'—vol. i. p. lxxv.

This may be very prudent, but we think it is hardly fair: when a witness is produced, we have a right to the *whole* of his or her testimony: those whom one part of the evidence may seem to criminate have a right to complain if that which affects others be suppressed, for the parts suppressed might—and in this case evidently would—impugn the credit of the witness: for instance, the violent party in America are no doubt much pleased with Mrs. Adams's frequent invectives against England, and as she belonged to that which afterwards became the *moderate* party, they would quote her as conclusive authority against us; but if the whole of her correspondence were given, and if it were found that she was still more violent against her own countrymen of the opposite faction, these gentlemen would not in that case consider her authority quite so conclusive as they may be now disposed to do. With this observation we dismiss all Mrs. Adams's statements and opinions on parties and politics, and proceed to lighter matter.

To us—and we presume to any European reader—the most amusing parts of the correspondence are those descriptive of her visits to England and France, though she seems to have been a more inaccurate observer than we should have supposed. Landing at Deal, the first English town she sees is Canterbury:—

' Canterbury is a larger town than Boston. It contains a *number of*  
old

old Gothic cathedrals, which are all of stone, very heavy, with few windows, which are grated with large bars of iron, and look like gaols for criminals than places designed for the worship of the One would suppose, from the manner in which they are guarded they apprehended devotion would be stolen. They have a gloomy appearance, and really made me shudder.'—vol. ii. p. 2.

We beg leave to inform our American readers that Canterbury has but *one cathedral*; and further, that we firmly believe Mrs. Adams never saw even that one—she certainly could not have been within it. It is not visible from the streets or the post-road traverses, and she does not say she visited it; but what she did see was probably those ancient *Gate-houses*, by and through which the road passes, which had no doubt a few grates or windows, and looked like gaols because they, or some of them at least, were used as gaols.\* Mrs. Adams, having heard or read that there was a cathedral at Canterbury, and never before having seen any ancient edifice, mistook the prison for the church, and her old dissenting prejudices acquiesced readily and without enquiry in a delusion which made a cathedral an object to 'shudder' at.

On getting nearer town Mrs. Adams had what we may term the good luck of seeing what was in those days one of the special curiosities of England—a highwayman:—

'From Chatham we proceeded on our way as fast as possible, to pass Blackheath before dark. Upon this road, a gentleman in a chaise passed us, and very soon a coach before us stopped, and there was a hue and cry, "A robbery, a robbery!" The man in the chaise was the person robbed, and this in open day with carriages constantly passing. We were not a little alarmed, and every one was conscious of his money. Every place we passed and every post-chaise we met was crying out, "A robbery!" Where the thing is so common, I was surprised to see such an alarm. The robber was pursued and taken about two miles, and we saw the poor wretch, ghastly and brought along on foot; his horse ridden by a person who too was also armed with a pistol. He looked like a youth of twenty or thirty, who attempted to lift his hat, and looked despair. You can form some idea of my feelings when they told him, "Ay, you have but a short time to live; you will be hanged next month; and then, my lad, you swing." Though the robber may deserve death, yet to exult over the wretched is what our country is not accustomed to. *Long may it be free from such robberies, and long may it preserve a commiseration for the wretched!*'—pp. 24, 25.

This tenderness of heart (though perhaps a little misplaced on this occasion) is very amiable; but not so the uncharitable

\* One of these Gate-houses had, in its upper story, an ancient chapel—perhaps (if by chance she heard of it) may have helped to mislead Mrs. Adams.

ence which she draws, that England is more disposed to exult over the *wretched* than *her* country. We have not forgotten—though Mrs. Adams had—her own exultation over that ‘*forlorn wretch*,’ Governor Hutchinson, and her wish that he might be *hanged on a gibbet fifty cubits high*, ‘like Mordecai,’ not for any moral crime, but only because, being a public servant, he had done a public duty in a way distasteful to Mrs. Adams. The fellow who simply *predicted* the gallows to the robber was, we think, more excusable than she who *prayed* that it might be inflicted on an innocent gentleman.

Mrs. Adams’s first stay in London was very short, as she accompanied Mr. Adams to France. We shall postpone, therefore, her observations on our capital till we arrive at her diplomatic residence with us, and in the mean time follow her to Paris, which we doubt whether she saw with more accurate eyes than Canterbury:—

‘You inquire of me how I like Paris. Why, they tell me I am no judge, for that I have not seen it yet. One thing I know, and that is that I have smelt it. If I was agreeably disappointed in London, I am as much disappointed in Paris. It is the very dirtiest place I ever saw. There are some buildings and some squares which are tolerable; but in general the streets are narrow, the shops, the houses, inelegant and dirty, the streets full of lumber and stone, with which they build. Boston cannot boast so elegant public buildings; but, in every other respect, it is as much superior in my eyes to Paris as London is to Boston. To have had Paris tolerable to me, I should not have gone to London.’—vol. ii. pp. 54, 55.

We, who may be supposed not to be prejudiced against our own metropolis, can hardly understand this—the London of that day was miserably deficient in architectural objects; except the Banqueting-room at Whitehall, the Royal Exchange, the Abbey, St. Paul’s, and half-a-dozen churches, we had no buildings worth looking at, while Paris possessed *then* every considerable edifice that it does *now*, except the façade of the Chamber of Deputies, which has replaced the old façade of the Palais Bourbon, and the Magdalene, now just finished: Buonaparte, as we have often had occasion to remark, having added *nothing* to Paris in the way of architecture but two monuments to himself—the arch at the Carrousel, and the column of the Place Vendôme. Paris, as a city to look at, had and has two or three grand features which give it a vast superiority over London—the Quays and the Boulevards—and that magnificent *Place Louis XV.*, where the Quays and the Boulevards unite with the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées; and though this *Place* has been recently made still more splendid by the ornamental works of Louis Philippe,



Philippe, it was, even in Mrs. Ada anything which London could show.

The following picture of mannerment of Madame Helvétius, widow and herself a *sarante*, is more accurate; indeed, it must be observed of her style wore off very perceptibly in Europe:—

‘This lady I dined with at Dr. F. with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing her, she bawled out, “Ah! mon Dieu, you not tell me there were ladies speaking all this in French.” “How! a chemise made of tiffany, which she which looked as much upon the deck as a handsome woman; her hair was straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-hat dirtier gauze than ever my maids had a black gauze scarf thrown over her room; when she returned, the Doctor other; upon which she ran forward. “Hélas! Franklin;” then gave him a cheek, and another upon his forehead to dine, she was placed between them, carried on the chief of the conversation hand into the Doctor’s, and sometimes backs of both the gentlemen’s chairs, upon the Doctor’s neck.

‘I should have been greatly astonished if the Doctor had not told me that in this lady was a woman, wholly free from affectation of the best women in the world. For my word; but I should have set her down as sixty years of age, and a widow. I never wish for an acquaintance with her; at dinner she threw herself upon a sofa, and her feet. She had a little lapdog, which was her favourite. This she kissed, and when she was with her chemise. This is one of the ladies with whom he dines once every week and is my near neighbour; but I have never seen, my dear, that manners differ except in hope, however, to find amongst the ladies consistent with my ideas of decency, or pp. 55, 56.

On the other hand, we have the character of a better order—Madame

‘The Marquise met me at the door

acquaintance, and the rapture peculiar to the ladies of this nation, caught me by the hand and gave me a salute upon each cheek, most heartily rejoiced to see me. You would have supposed I had been some long absent friend, whom she dearly loved. She presented me to her mother and sister, who were present with her, all sitting together in her bed-room, quite *en famille*. One of the ladies was knitting. The Marquise herself was in a chintz gown. She is a middle-sized lady, sprightly and agreeable; and professes herself strongly attached to Americans. She supports an amiable character, is fond of her children, and very attentive to them, which is not the general character of ladies of high rank in Europe. In a few days she returned my visit, upon which we sent her a card of invitation to dine. She came; we had a large company. There is not a lady in our country who would have gone abroad to dine so little dressed; and one of our fine American ladies, who sat by me, whispered to me, "*Good heavens! how awfully she is dressed!*" I could not forbear returning the whisper, which I most sincerely despised, by replying that the lady's rank sets her above the little formalities of dress. She had on a brown Florence gown and petticoat,—which is the only silk, excepting satins, which are worn here in winter,—a plain double gauze handkerchief, a pretty cap, with a white ribbon in it, and looked very neat. The rouge, it is true, was not so artfully laid on as upon the faces of the American ladies who were present. Whilst they were glittering with diamonds, watch-chains, girdle-buckles, &c., the Marquise was nowise ruffled by her own different appearance. A really well-bred French lady has the most ease in her manners that you can possibly conceive of. It is studied by them as an art, and they render it nature.'—vol. ii. pp. 60, 61.

The following confession of the contagious effect of the manners of her new society on her own puritan feelings is candid and amusing:—

'I have felt the force of an observation which I have read, that daily example is the most subtle of poisons. I have found my taste reconciling itself to habits, customs, and fashions, which at first disgusted me. The first dance which I saw upon the stage shocked me; the dresses and beauty of the performers were enchanting; but, no sooner did the dance commence, than I felt my delicacy wounded, and I was ashamed to be seen to look at them. Girls, clothed in the thinnest silk and gauze, with their petticoats short, springing two feet from the floor, poising themselves in the air, with their feet flying, and as perfectly showing their garters and drawers as though no petticoat had been worn, was a sight altogether new to me. Their motions are as light as air, and as quick as lightning; they balance themselves to astonishment. No description can equal the reality. They are daily trained to it, from early infancy, at a royal academy instituted for this purpose. You will very often see little creatures, not more than seven or eight years old, as undauntedly performing their parts as the eldest among them. Shall I speak a truth, and say that repeatedly seeing these dances has worn off that disgust which I at first felt, and that I see them now with pleasure?

pleasure? Yet, when I consider the tendency of these things, the pain they must excite, and the known character, even to a proverb, which attached to an opera-girl, my abhorrence is not lessened, and neither my reason nor judgment has accompanied *my sensibility in acquiring any degree of callousness.*'—vol. ii. pp. 81, 82.

Our readers, recollecting a former extract, will smile at finding that it was not the *cruel English only* whose hearts could '*grow callous*;' and that the philosophic *Portia* herself had lost something of her '*finer sensibilities.*'

But we must return to England, where Mr. Adams was named Minister from the United States.

Mrs. Adams's account of the reception of the new minister at St. James's and in London society is meagre:—

'The foreign ministers, and several *English lords and earls*, have paid their compliments here, and all hitherto is civil and polite.... The Tory\* venom has begun to spit itself forth in the public papers I expected, bursting with envy that an American minister should be received here with the same marks of attention, politeness, and civility which are shown to the ministers of any other power. When a minister delivers his credentials to the King, it is always in his private closet attended only by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which is called a private audience, and the minister presented makes some little address to his Majesty, and the same ceremony to the Queen, whose reply is in these words, "Sir, I thank you for your civility to me and my family, and I am glad to see you in this country;" then she politely inquired whether he had got a house yet. The answer of his Majesty was much longer; but I am not at liberty to say more respecting it than that it was civil and polite, and that his Majesty said he was glad the choice of his country had fallen upon him. The newspapers know nothing of the matter; they represent it just to answer their purpose.'—vol. ii. pp. 96, 98, 99.

As Mrs. Adams insinuates that the common report of the King's 'civil and polite speech' to Mr. Adams is not true, wish she or the editor had given us their version of it. We have always understood, and we believe correctly, that his Majesty, with a dignified frankness, that, though he had been very reluctant to recognise the United States, he would be the last man in England to attempt or sanction anything derogatory to their dependence and national honour, or inconsistent with the feelings of good will and amity which ought to exist between the two countries.

The reception of Mrs. Adams and her daughter is thus told

'It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn

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\* By *Tory* Mrs. Adams does not, we believe, here mean the *Tory party in England* but the American *Royalists*, to whom especially the designation of *Tory* was given by the insurgents.

be presented to the Queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The Queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings too. She, however, said, "Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?" whilst the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering "Yes," inquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. And all this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance.'—vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

Three months later Mrs. Adams writes:—

'His Majesty and the ministry show *every personal respect and civility which we have any right to expect*. The Marquis de la Fayette writes that he had always heard his Majesty was a great dissembler, but he never was so thoroughly convinced of it as by the reception given to the American minister.'—vol. ii. p. 114.

But, in spite of, and in contradiction to, this recorded testimony, the *editor* says—

'George and his queen could not get over the mortification attending the loss of the American colonies, *nor at all suppress the manifestation of it* when the presence of their minister forced the subject on their recollection. Mrs. Adams's account of her presentation is among the letters of this period. It was not more than civilly met on the part of the Queen, whose subsequent conduct was hardly so good as on that occasion. Mrs. Adams appears never to have forgotten it; for at a much later period, when, in consequence of the French Revolution, the throne of England was thought to be in danger, she writes to her daughter with regret at the prospect for the country, but without sympathy for the Queen. "Humiliation for Charlotte," she says, "is no sorrow for me. She richly deserves her full portion for the contempt and scorn which she took pains to discover." Of course the courtiers followed the lead thus given to them, and the impression made against America at the very outset of its national career has hardly been effaced down to this day.'—vol. i. pp. liv., lv.

Now we believe that of all this nothing is true—except that Mrs. Adams thought that they had not received as much personal attention as they perhaps expected. We know, and indeed have sometimes witnessed, the unaffected courtesy of both George III. and his queen to American ministers, and we have heard from eye-witnesses that both their Majesties used to be more than civil to Mr. Adams; we have just seen Mrs. Adams's own recorded and repeated testimony to the same effect—and we should not have believed on any less authority than that of the editor himself that Mrs. Adams could have penned the rancorous passage quoted. It

It does not do her any honour: but her own humiliation and mortification at finding her malevolent anticipations so signally disappointed must have been a sufficient punishment—and we shall say no more on such an unamiable topic, which we regret that the editor's strange indiscretion has forced upon us.

But there can be no doubt that Mrs. Adams was vexed at her general reception in England: she that could assume the name of Portia must have been ambitious, and we discover a touch of aristocratic vanity as early as Mr. Adams's first election as a delegate. Having paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Samuel Adams, also a delegate, she writes—

‘I had the pleasure of spending the day with my namesake and a delegate. Why should we not assume your titles when we give you our names?’—vol. i. p. 62.

She would have wished, we presume, to have been called *Delegatess*. We are therefore not surprised that she was flattered by the visits of ‘*English lords and earls*,’ nor that she should be offended at not meeting a like civility from any English ladies—the special mention she makes of the single visit of the Countess of Effingham, and many other indications, lead us to doubt whether she had any other English visitor. This seems strange for though we are well aware of the inaccessibility of London society to mere strangers, we should have expected that Mrs. Adams's diplomatic position would have opened the doors of the ministerial or opposition drawing-rooms; but this seems, whatever cause, not to have been the case; and even Lord Effingham's small and dry civility was rather political than personal—for her son, Lord Effingham, was so far a partisan of the American cause as to have resigned his commission rather than serve against it (vol. ii. p. 99).

‘This afternoon I have had a visit from Madame Pinto, the lady of the Portuguese minister. They have all visited now, and I have returned their visits; but this is the only lady that I have seen.’—vol. i. p. 121.

This, we presume, means that Madame Pinto was the lady of a *foreign minister* that she had seen; but we suspect it was also true in the larger sense, from the observation which follows:—

‘Some years hence it may be a pleasure to reside here in the chamber of an American minister; but with the present salary and the present temper of the English no one need envy the embassy.’—*ib.*

And again—

‘St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens are two other fashionable

walks, which I am very sensible I ought to *improve* oftener than I do. One wants society in these places. Mrs. Temple is the only person near me with whom I can use the freedom of calling upon her to *ride* or walk with me, and her, to my no small regret, I am going to lose. Mrs. Hay resides out at Hampstead, about four miles from London. We visit, but they have such a *paltry* custom of dining here at night [what would she have said to our present dinner-hours?], that it ruins that *true American sociability* which *only* I delight in.'—vol. ii. pp. 106, 107.

Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Hay seem to have been Americans, as indeed was every other person mentioned as an acquaintance.

Our surprise that Mrs. Adams was not more generally visited is somewhat diminished when we see evidence of the temper with which she herself regarded English society—it may have been neglectful, but she also may have been repulsive,—and if her countenance and manner betrayed the feelings which she expresses in her letters, we do not wonder that she should not have been popular. The natural consequence of all this would be, that Mrs. Adams's first favourable impressions of England changed very remarkably on her second visit, and that her opinion of the English *ladies* in particular fell *very low* indeed—they had, it seems, in her eyes, very little of personal beauty, or even of good manners:—

'Notwithstanding the English boast so much of their beauties, I do not think they have really so much of it as you will find amongst the same proportion of people in America. It is true that their complexions are undoubtedly fairer than the French, and in general their figure is good. Of this they make the best; but I have not seen a lady in England who can bear a comparison with Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Platt, and a Miss Hamilton, who is a Philadelphia young lady.'—vol. ii. p. 118.

This is very well, and may be very true; but when she goes on to say,

'Amongst the most celebrated of their beauties stands the Duchess of Devonshire, who is masculine in her appearance. Lady Salisbury is small and genteel, but her complexion is bad'—*ib.*—

we must be permitted to doubt that she ever saw either of these ladies. She had heard, we suppose, of the Duchess of Devonshire's canvassing for Mr. Fox at the Westminster election, and kissing a butcher as a bribe for his vote, and therefore presumed she must be *masculine*—but no one, we think, who had ever seen her or Lady Salisbury could have thought of *distinguishing* the first as *masculine* and the second as *small*.

'I am sure I never saw an assembly-room in America which did not exceed that at St. James's in point of elegance and decoration; and,



as to its fair visitors, not all their blaze of diamonds set off with Parisian rouge can match the blooming health, the sparkling eye, and the deportment of the dear girls of my native land.'—vol. ii. p. 130.

We have no inclination at all to imitate Mrs. Adams by depreciating the beauty of the American ladies; we have often pressed our admiration of it, and its peculiar character of intelligence and delicacy; but we have never before heard that the bloom of their complexion exceeded that of the young women of England. But matters take in the progress of Mrs. Adams's ill-humour still worse turn:—

'With us, in point of education and manners, the learned professions and many merchants, farmers, and tradesmen, are upon an equality with the gentry of this country. It would be degrading to compare us with many of the nobility here. As to the LADIES of this country, manners appear to be totally DEPRAVED. It is in the middle rank of society that virtue and morality are yet to be found. Nothing does more injury to the female character than frequenting public places; an usage which prevails now for the watering-places, and the increasing number of them, are become a national evil, as they promote an excessive dissipation, mix all characters promiscuously, and are the theatre of the most unprincipled female characters, who are not ashamed to show their faces wherever men dare to go. Modesty and diffidence are called ill-breeding and ignorance of the world; an impudent assurance substituted in lieu of that modest deportment and that retiring reserve which awes whilst it enchants. I have never seen a female model of such unaffected, modest, and sweetly amiable manners as Mrs. (Mrs. Russell, and many other American females exhibit.—vol. i. pp. 189, 190.

These are rather hard words, and somewhat adventurous to think, from a person who had hardly a female acquaintance in England. But amidst the general mass of ugliness and coarseness which constituted the female society of England in her day, it is some small consolation to find that Mrs. Adams found two Englishwomen to whom she could allow some merit:—

'The finest Englishwoman I have seen is the eldest daughter of Mr. Dana. . . . I saw her first at Ranelagh. I was struck by her appearance, and endeavoured to find who she was; for she appeared like Calypso amongst her nymphs, delicate and modest [new attributes of Calypso]. She was easily known from the crowd as a stranger who had not long admired her before she was brought by her father and introduced to me, after which she made me a visit with her sister who was much out of health. At the same time that she has the bearing of any Englishwoman I have seen to the rank of a divinity, I would have it forgotten that her father is an American, and, as he was remarkably handsome, no doubt she owes a large share of her beauty to him.'—vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

The other was a Mrs. Burnell, whom Mrs. Adams was so fortunate to meet in a tour she made into Devonshire:—

‘She is a genteel woman, and easy and polite.’—vol. ii. p. 189.

We confess we had some curiosity to learn something more of a lady in whom Mrs. Adams found qualities which she denied to all the female gentry and nobility of England, and we were proportionably delighted to find that Mrs. Burnell was the wife of a *shoemaker in the little village of Kingsbridge*—and the sister, as it seems, of a Mr. Cranch, who had emigrated to America and married Mrs. Adams’s sister.

This is charming.

But we are not less amused by another incident of this tour,—to understand which our readers must be apprized that Mrs. Adams’s mother was the daughter of a congregational minister of a village near Boston, of the name of *Quincy*. She writes to her sister, Mrs. Cranch aforesaid—

‘I promised you to visit Mr. Cranch’s friends and relatives. This we did, as I shall relate to you. We were absent a month, and made a tour of about six hundred miles. The first place we made any stay at was Winchester. There was formerly an Earl of Winchester by the name of Saer de *Quincy*. He was created Earl of Winchester by King John, in 1224, and signed Magna Charta, which I have seen; the original being now in the British Museum, with his handwriting to it.

‘It is said that in the year 1321 the title became extinct through failure of male heirs, *but I rather think through the poverty of some branch unable to contend for it*. The family originally came from Normandy in the time of William the Conqueror. They bear the same arms with those of our ancestors, *except that ours substituted an animal for the crest in lieu of an earl’s coronet*. I have a perfect remembrance of a parchment in our grandmother’s possession, which, when quite a child, I used to amuse myself with. This was a genealogical table, which gave the *descent of the family from the time of William the Conqueror*. [*‘The Slys came in with the Conqueror!’* O thou prophetic Shakspeare!] This parchment Mr. Edmund Quincy borrowed on some occasion, and I have often heard our grandmother say, with some anger, that she could never recover it. As the old gentleman is still living, I wish Mr. Cranch would question him about it, and know what hands it went into, and whether there is any probability of its ever being recovered; and be so good as to ask uncle Quincy how our grandfather came by it, and from whence our great-grandfather came, where he first settled, and take down in writing all you can learn from him and Mr. Edmund Quincy respecting the family. You will smile at my zeal, perhaps, on this occasion; but can it be wondered at that I should wish to trace an ancestor amongst the signers of Magna Charta? . . . I do not expect either titles or estate from the recovery of the genealogical table, were there any probability of obtaining it. Yet, if I was

a right to freedom as we have. You know my mind upon this subject. 4-vol. i. p. 24.

Here we close our extracts. The few letters written after her return to America and during the vice-presidency and presidency of her husband which the prudence of the editor has allowed him to publish, are very insignificant, running chiefly on the discomfort of the official houses assigned to them—the inconvenience of a residence at Washington, and the inadequacy of the salaries to the due maintenance of those dignities. It is no affair of ours to pass any judgment on such details, but it seems inconsistent with the dignity or well-understood interests of a great nation to starve its chief magistrate, as they seem to do in America. General Washington had a private property, which enabled him to fill his office with decency, and to retire from it with comfort; but all his successors, if we are not misinformed, were, even during their administration, pinched to maintain the decencies of their station, and have relapsed into a private life of narrow circumstances. We gather from these volumes that the prudent economy of Mrs. Adams preserved her husband from the almost poverty into which some of his successors, after a long public service, have been ungratefully and unwisely permitted to fall.

We have heard that General Jackson is almost in want—if it be true it is honourable to him, but disgraceful to his country, and the first act of American policy and justice ought to be to secure to him, as well as to all future retiring presidents, a competent, nay a liberal, provision for their latter days. Even if the economical policy of the republic should refuse any retiring allowance to its other servants, the President should be an exception. The country who has raised an individual to so eminent a station should surely, for its own sake even more than his, guard his old age from the inconvenience and humiliation of poverty.

It is remarkable that Mr. Adams, and his son John Quincy Adams, chosen president in 1825, should have been—till the recent instance of Mr. Van Buren—the only persons who were not re-elected to that office for a second period; but we must say, of the elder Adams at least, that the causes of his loss of popular favour appear to us at least as honourable to him as his re-election would have been. In truth, we look on this power of re-election as the greatest of the many defects in the present constitution of the United States: it aggravates in a peculiar way the inherent disadvantages of a popular election, by biasing the President, during the first term, towards such measures as may insure his own re-election, to the neglect or postponement of the public interests. It is not till the second term that he can be considered as a free agent and independent authority,

long and as bright, might seem perhaps too sanguine a wish ; for though the great victory—the *political Waterloo*—recently won has exceeded all expectation, and does justify hopes that, only a year ago, would have seemed extravagant, it must not blind us to the great change which Lord John Russell's *revolution*, and many other important circumstances, have made in the practical working of our constitution, nor to difficulties in the conduct of affairs, both foreign and domestic, infinitely more arduous and complicated than Mr. Pitt, with larger means and freer hands, had ever to contend with.

But if the difficulties of the time be great, so also should be, and so we confidently trust will be, the prudence and the zeal, the patience, the courage, and the *concert* of the whole Conservative party in Parliament and throughout the country in emulating and seconding the admirable qualities of their leader. It must not be forgotten that the late Ministry was not the only nor even the chief, though it was the prominent, evil—they had neither weight, talents, nor authority to be intrinsically formidable, and were in fact little more than the alarming symptoms of a public disease.

Rejoiced, therefore, as we are, to be delivered from so disgraceful a Government, we are still more so at the evidence which their fall affords of the convalescence and improving health of the public mind ; and it must be admitted that they have, however involuntarily, contributed to that convalescence. From its very formation, the country at large had a very mean opinion of the *abilities*—with one or two not very striking exceptions—of the Melbourne Ministry ;—but their friends and followers clung to a belief in their *sincerity*, and their antagonists did them the honour of expecting and dreading something like *consistency* in their mischievous proceedings ; but both were disappointed : their reiterated vacillations and tergiversations—their rash advances, their mean retreats—their big words shamefully eaten—their bold pledges shabbily evaded—gradually convinced all men that their claims to political integrity were as low as their personal abilities, and their sense of public duty as weak as their ministerial authority. In fact, all public confidence had notoriously, and indeed avowedly, departed from them in May, 1839, when they resigned on a reluctant but distinct admission that they had lost the power of governing ; and yet they managed to recover their places by an intrigue more unconstitutional, and on pretences more shamelessly false, than the worst ministers, in the worst times, had ever before dared to employ. We say advisedly, *shamefully false*—for recent events have *proved*, what every one *suspected* before, that they were so. What has become of all the Whig vapouring of May, 1839, about the *Ladies of the Bed-chamber* ?

portant measures were actually defeated; but, true to the principle on which they had returned to office in 1839—the only principle indeed in which they ever were consistent—that of clinging to place, though they had forfeited every pretence to power—they persisted in setting at defiance public opinion—parliamentary practice and constitutional precedent, till at last, on the memorable 4th of June—an anniversary already dear to Conservative memory—a House of Commons chosen under Lord Melbourne's own auspices decided, by 312 to 311, that Lord Melbourne's cabinet did not possess the confidence of Parliament.

Even yet the tenacity of office prevailed, and—fortunately for the ultimate interest of the Conservative cause, and of the country—the Ministers clung to the wreck, and resolved to prolong their existence for forty days by the desperate expedient of a dissolution. We stated in our former Number our belief that the expedient was as dishonest as it was desperate: they had—they could have had no hope of final success; but they calculated on being able to inflame the popular mind—on sowing the seeds of future embarrassment to their successors—and finally—and in this alone successful—on securing seats for another Parliament for a dozen or so of their followers, in places where these persons had no other claim or chance than the preponderating influence of the Government of the day.

But in the interval between this vote of censure and the dissolution, an incident occurred of a nature so extraordinary—so unprecedented—in short, so characteristic both of the position in which the Ministry stood, and of the juggling arts by which they conducted the Government—that it deserves—nay requires to be recorded as a part of their history—as an epitome of their system.

In the first week of the late session—2nd February, 1841—leave was moved for to bring in *a Bill for the better Administration of Justice*, and the Attorney and Solicitor General were ordered to prepare and bring it in; which they did *within a week*. The ostensible object of this bill was to remedy one of the most urgent evils of our legal system—the delays in the courts of equity—by the creation of two new equity judges: and the Attorney General declared that he proposed it 'as a large *instrument of legal reform*, which he desired to pass *with the least possible delay*.' Accordingly, within another week—viz. 15th February; it was read a second time; and the committee was appointed for that day week—the 22nd February—and at this expeditious rate of travelling, which showed no ordinary diligence in the two great law-officers, the bill might have passed before the Easter recess. But lo! a change came o'er the spirit of their zeal!—and on the 22nd the bill was postponed to the  
26th

he accordingly moved that the bill should take effect from the 10th of October. This proposition was so obviously just, that it was carried by a majority of 18 (101 to 83). Upon which Lord John Russell—although no change whatsoever was made in the substance of the bill lately stated to be so necessary and so pressing—rose, in great heat, and threw up the bill altogether. So that, so far as he was concerned, the *better administration of justice* and the urgent interests of the public were sacrificed—after the delay of a whole session—in a moment of spleen and ill-temper, because the House of Commons would not permit him to make a *posthumous* and *testamentary* appointment of two not very suitable judges to a court not yet created.

What followed is still more extraordinary. Immediately on the defeat of this scandalous job (will the most sensitive candour think the epithet too strong?) another and a worse was devised and perpetrated for the same object. A few mornings after this untoward division, Lord Plunkett—their own Chancellor of Ireland—their model of forensic and senatorial eloquence—their great statesman—their great lawyer—their greatest judge—was honoured with a confidential communication intimating that he was expected to resign the great seal of Ireland in favour of the English Attorney-General, who had been thus frustrated of a vice-chancellorship in England. Our readers will imagine how, of all men in the world, the father of the *Hannibals* would receive such a proposition—he positively refused—and then followed a struggle, which really surpasses all the iniquity of this deplorable story. The newspaper organs of the Ministry had announced that ‘Sir John Campbell was to succeed Lord Plunkett, who had *for some time past*, in consequence of his age and infirmities, expressed a wish to retire from the bench.’ Lord Plunkett protested against this imputation, asserting that he had never made nor sanctioned, directly or indirectly, any proposition for his retirement. He was then assailed in a different tone. His resignation was solicited as a *personal favour* to his friends and his party; and he was reminded, in very cogent terms, of the many private favours he had received, and the ‘*deep obligations*’ under which he lay—and foremost amongst those *private favours* stood the *Bishopric of Tuam*, recently conferred on his son. Lord Plunkett did not—we regret to say—reply that this was an additional insult—that to represent the advancement of his son to the sacred trust of a Bishopric as a *private favour*—and as *such* a private favour as to impose upon him the obligation of making in return so enormous a sacrifice—was a scandal to the Ministry—a degradation to the Chancellor—a libel on the Prelate! No—this mode of look-  
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government, and the opposition were placed by the events of May, 1839—not received such attention, nor been visited with so much censure, as it deserves. We think it our duty, therefore, to say a few general words on this by-gone but still very important subject. The constitutional principle on this point arises out of an anomaly in the constitution itself, which *supposes* three distinct authorities, King, Lords, and Commons, graduated in rank, but equal in power, without whose unison and concurrence there can be no legislation, but does not prescribe—nor has the wit of man been able to devise—any legal means by which that necessary unison and concurrence can be ensured or enforced; and this fundamental anomaly is aggravated by the practical fact that, since the Revolution of 1688, the powers are *not* equal, and that, on the contrary, the power of each member of this legislative triad has become *inversely* as its theoretic rank. To preserve us, therefore, from the anarchy which must arise from any collision between them, there has grown up an unwritten but well-understood constitutional axiom, that on the apparent approach of such a difficulty the ministers, whose measures had given rise to the danger, should avert it by their resignation—or—if there should be any reasonable hope that an appeal to the people would solve the difficulty, by strengthening the Ministry—by an *immediate* dissolution. Under this, as under all other rules of human conduct—written or unwritten—there will be found exceptional cases; but the general rule, and the motive of that rule, are as we have stated; and we have Lord Melbourne's own evidence, by his resignation in 1839, that *his* was not an exceptional case, and we will venture to assert that his revived ministry was the first that ever ventured to set that axiom at open and protracted defiance. It was this most unconstitutional obstinacy that forced Sir Robert Peel to propose—and, we believe, for the first time in our parliamentary annals to carry—a *direct* vote for the expulsion of a ministry, which, as we before said, would not accept the ordinary and constitutional *notices to quit*. If a Tory ministry had ventured on anything like the extreme pertinacity of Lord Melbourne, the Whig opposition would probably have impeached it—and very justly—for a *high crime and misdemeanor*; and though, fortunately, in this case, the derangement and conflict of the great powers of the State were averted by the consummate patience and prudence of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, it is not the less necessary that even the humblest pen that treats of it as a question of constitutional law should enter a solemn protest against so dangerous a precedent.

II. We do not question Lord Melbourne's right to have made an option between resignation and dissolution: we only object to the

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the time and to the principles on which he made it. On the serious defeat, or even obstruction, which he received at the resumption of office, he ought—since he did not choose to insist in his resignation—to have dissolved. But he had no right to hold the government for three sessions, in a state, as Brougham justly called it, of *abeyance*—neither able to go nor willing to go—neither resigning nor dissolving—until hardly a week passed in which he did not receive some warning that, by all constitutional precedent, he was bound either the one or the other. In fact, he never contemplated dissolution in its true constitutional light—namely, as an intimation from the Crown to the country to strengthen the hands of its servants, which never should be resorted to without a rational prospect of success. Lord Melbourne well knew in his case it would have just the contrary effect; and he was therefore, to have reserved it in *petto* as an instrument to be employed, not to strengthen himself, but—when he should find his expulsion inevitable—to embarrass and weaken those who were to succeed him. Lord Melbourne would have been wrong on every constitutional point of view, justifiable—supposing always that he really believed the country to be with him—if he had dissolved on the carrying of Lord Stanley's Bill, or on the loss of Lord Morpeth's Bill, or on the loss of the sugar-duties, or on the exposure (we can scarcely honour it with the name of defeat) of his empty budget; but it was in every sense unjustifiable—after he had resolved to abide the result of a vote of want of confidence, and when that vote had virtually irrevocably displaced him—that he should have made an *posthumous* use of the Queen's authority against the Queen's future ministers, and thus turned the Crown's highest prerogative against the Crown itself. This, besides being grossly unconstitutional, was so *ungentlemanlike and so ungrateful to her Majesty*—who, however her Government may be composed, was always interested in its respectability and success—that we can hardly believe a report, which was very current in the best circles, that Lord Melbourne and one or two other members of the cabinet were exceedingly averse to such a proceeding; and that of this as well as some other monstrous acts perpetrated in the strange interregnum that followed the vote of the 4th of June—he was a passive and reluctant spectator. Rigidly speaking, this—even if it be true—is no excuse for the minister. But we can easily conceive that—peculiarly circumstanced as he was—his acquiescence may have been consistent with those honourable feelings which even political hostility will not deny to Lord Melbourne.

III. But the arts by which the royal prerogative was per-

into an instrument of faction, though attended with petty gains and local and temporary advantages, could not prevail against the sense, the common sense, of the country. The grand results we have seen; but some of the details deserve special consideration.

If the dissolution had been taken on the real question at issue, namely, *whether the country had any confidence in either the capacity or integrity of the Ministry*, we cannot pretend to say to what extent it might have influenced *votes*, but there would assuredly have been but one *opinion* from John o'Groat's house to Cape Clear; for even their hardest supporters were obstinately silent as to their merits, and only gave them the contumelious preference of 'not being so bad as the Tories.' This was the main motive why the Ministers had not ventured to dissolve on any of the real *bonâ fide* measures of their administration, but on a bye and *ad captandum* question, *got up for the occasion*, on which they might raise a cry of '*free trade, cheap bread, no monopoly*,' and so forth. The shifts, the falsehoods, the calumnies, with which these pretences were supported, would excite indignation if it were not stifled by contempt and ridicule. We saw with our own eyes, in the metropolitan cities of London and Westminster, the processions of the government candidates—one of them a cabinet minister—whose standards were poles, at the end of which were exhibited, in contrast, a loaf of a *shilling* size, inscribed the '*Russell loaf*,' and a loaf of a *twopenny* size, inscribed the '*Peel loaf*,'—as if these were the loaves which Russell and Peel respectively would give the people for the *same money*! There is nothing new under the sun! This is the very style of argument propounded in the same neighbourhood four hundred years ago by that original *reformer* JACK CADE, when he promised that '*henceforth seven halfpenny loaves should be sold in England for a penny*.' But it was somewhat strange to find it now advanced by Lord John Russell, who had been—*when it had suited a former election purpose*—a much more thorough-going advocate for high corn-duties than the disinterested good sense of Sir Robert Peel ever permitted him to be. We may smile at General Evans and Lord John Russell's awkward imitations of *Jack Cade*—which ended, be it observed, in Lord John's being the last on the poll, in the rear of even Alderman Wood, and Sir De Lacy ousted—but we can assure our readers that, having waded through some hundreds of speeches and pamphlets of the ministerial partisans, we have not been able to discover a single argument of more truth and force than the *two processional loaves*; and we sincerely believe that the baker who made those loaves and the porters who carried them knew just as much of the real merits of the question at issue as the great majority of the

the pamphleteers and orators who took this occasion to on political economy.

But amongst these political lecturers there were two guished phenomena. No reader can be ignorant that for many years past the *létres noires* of the Whigs and Radicals were what they were lighted to call '*political parsons*.' If the clergyman was a traitor, he was libelled as a *political parson*; if he voted against the Government, he was hooted as a *political parson*; if he presided at a meeting that levied a church-rate, he was persecuted as a *political parson*. The '*character of a Christian minister*' was, we were told, inconsistent with the exercise of any political opinion; nay, '*Christian charity*' was alleged to be so peculiarly obligatory on a clergyman that he ought not to censure either immorality or schism, *that was to condemn one's fellow-creature*; nor to conceal any repression or punishment of crime, because the gospel had taught him universal benevolence. But, observe, this dumb '*charity*' was imposed only on the *clergy of the Established Church*. Sectarian ministers were honoured and applauded for the very opposite qualities and conduct—the Irish priests pronounced political anathemas from the altar and led the mobs to the hustings, was an enlightened and liberal advocate of the true faith—the dissenting pastor, who made his pulpit a tribune of political libel and mixed himself in all the low politics of political agitation, was a revered and patriotic divine. '*Christian charity and forbearance*' was, in *their cases*, intended to mean the meddling in every political feud or parochial quarrel—the calumniating everybody and everything connected with the Established Church—the organizing oppositions to legal rights and invasions of legal property—and, in short, committing every political taskwork than the worst libellers had ever imagined. All this is not the most intemperate '*political parson*.' All this is noted at every corner of the country; but well prepared as we were to hear of the individual interference of this class of persons in the late agitation, we were not so for the effrontery of the *Manchester Conference*, composed, we are told, of dissenting ministers, who, forgetful of that '*Christian charity*' and '*those sacred functions*' of which they were so fond of reminding the clergy of the Established Church, erected the conference into a POLITICAL convocation, whence they promulgated, in the name of their friends and benefactors the late Ministry, the dogmas of nonsense and falsehood—with, indeed, the most incorrigible spirit—but with such ignorance, vulgarity, inconsistency and stupidity, that, fortunately, their interference did more harm to the Conservative cause than their most sanguine make

could have hoped to do mischief. And this formidable assemblage of the *élite* of dissenting churches was, after three ridiculous sittings, dissolved by its own internal dissensions, amidst the derision of all the rest of the world. One and one only effect has survived: we hope, for a time, to hear rather less abuse of '*political parsons*!' From no member of Lord Melbourne's Government, at least, do we expect ever to hear even an allusion to this once favourite topic, for they have, in their own way, contrived to out-Herod the Herods of the Manchester Conference.

One of the pamphlets named at the head of this article is '*A Plea for the Poor*, by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row,' and, it is proper to add, brother to the *newly-created* Earl of Gainsborough. We have read this pamphlet, and, had it been anonymous, we should have thought it to be the work of some crazy canter, who, without a single original idea on that—or, we should have suspected, any other—subject, had, with the crooked cunning so remarkable in those twilight intellects, culled all the false facts and garbled statements of the ministerial advocates into one incoherent but—for the thoughtless classes to whom it is addressed—very mischievous rhapsody. Mr. Noel may be, and we hope is, a very different man from what his pamphlet would have led us to suppose; but the character of that work is what we have described. We are, of course, not now going into the corn-law controversy, nor, above all, with such an antagonist as Mr. Noel, compared with whose inflamed and inflammatory exaggerations Lord John's *two processional loaves* are common sense and sound logic. We only notice his pamphlet on account of the astonishing and deplorable fact which immediately followed its publication—in the very height and fever of the elections—MR. NOEL WAS GAZETTED AS ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS—an outrage on decency, on the Church, on the Constitution, and on the Queen's Majesty, only to be equalled by the former presentation at Court of the Socialist Owen. We need not add one word of aggravation to the mere statement of this monstrous fact, though a detailed examination of all its minor circumstances would tend to increase, if possible, the indignation of the public.

IV. But in addition to a general and systematic abuse of the Queen's name, the Ministerialists exerted their old election engines of *intimidation* and *bribery* with unprecedented energy—though happily with less than their usual success.

So long ago as the election of the first parliament under the Reform Bill we prepared our readers (*Quarterly Review*, December, 1832) for a fearful extension of those the worst evils

of our representative system; and we have since had but few occasions to record the confirmation of our prophecies, particularly amongst some town constituencies; but nothing like ever equalled the open audacity with which these were practised at the last elections, and, though the effect has been less, the scandal was greater than ever. In this we agree. The Conservatives charge it—and in many instances *prove it*—against the Whigs; and the Whigs retort it on the Conservatives—but on very different evidence and with very different success. We have already, more than once, said that the *Conservative interest*—being founded on *fixed* and *permanent* influences, such as rank, property, institutions, &c.—has, speaking of it as a body, nothing to lose and everything to lose by the irregular and disorganising elements of bribery and intimidation; and though we deny that, when it finds itself attacked by such weapons, it is sometimes driven to retaliate, we think we may assert, as a deniable fact notorious to every constituency in the empire, that the Conservative interest is generally and essentially addicted to such practices, and that in almost every case in which it is thus attacked, it is done reluctantly and as a measure of self-defence. That such, at least, is our sincere opinion, will be proved by the earnestness with which we now invite, nay, invoke, a sole searching parliamentary inquiry into the excesses which have marked so many of the late elections. It has been our good fortune to see in several principles of polity, both practical and theoretical, advanced of late years by Lord Brougham, and in none more strongly than in his short but impressive statement of the debate on the Address, of the urgent necessity of a *effective* examination, under the most solemn sanctions which the forms of parliament allow, into those disgraceful scenes of bribery and corruption. Every reader of newspapers knows to what enormous extent these offences were carried in all parts of the empire—*bribery* taking the lead in England, and *intimidation* in Scotland and Ireland; and, short as the interval has been, we have already seen numerous proceedings and convictions in the courts of law of such offenders; and in every case which has come under our notice the *culprit* has been a *ministerial partisan*. (The inquiry which has not yet reached, and which by prudential management may never, perhaps, be allowed to reach a legal tribunal, is a most remarkable and too characteristic to be silently passed over in the discussion as we are now pursuing. We have already noted the exploits of one knot of our *political puritans*, but we have also learned that the great puritan of all—the patriarch as it were of the sect—the most enlightened and philosophic of our liberal ci-



the most inflexible and dauntless friend of civil and religious liberty—the sternest and most scrutinising enemy of every species of political *corruption*—*Mr. Henry Warburton*—has himself met with a sad mishap. Mr. Warburton has been for many years member for the *pure* and independent borough of Bridport, and, much as we disliked his politics, we respected his personal character, and always believed that no borough could have a *purser* representative; but at the last election he was opposed—unsuccessfully indeed—but that opposition was followed up by a petition against him on the score of—*proh pudor!*—bribery and corruption. That petition will, it seems, *never be tried*; for, at the very first possible moment, in the long list of writs moved for the new Ministers, there was announced—amidst mingled exclamations of astonishment and derision—‘*a new writ for the borough of Bridport in the room of MR. HENRY WARBURTON, who since his election had accepted the office of Steward of her Majesty’s Chiltern Hundreds!*’ and when the clamour of surprise had a little subsided, it was circulated along the benches that this resignation was a compromise to prevent a still more intolerable exposure, which might have risked the very existence of the *pure* and independent borough itself. Mr. Warburton acted, we do not doubt, very honourably—and we presume very wisely—in taking this course: but the *fact* remains.

We anticipate that the election committees and the courts of law, and, above all, the inquiry suggested by Lord Brougham, should it be pursued, will lead to many similar, though perhaps not quite so remarkable, results; and if the late general election, in addition to its having given the country a Conservative Ministry, should also lead to the probing and cauterising this *cancer* of our electoral system, it will have been the most important and the happiest event in our constitutional annals.

We cannot close this topic without adding one other remarkable fact. There has been for some years growing up in France a strong and very spreading demand for *parliamentary reform* by a larger and more popular extension of the elective franchise. This question had assumed an attitude and position very embarrassing—not to say alarming—to the French government, which saw in it the seeds of a new revolution; but *our* general election has removed, for a season at least, their apprehensions: at the daily recital of the enormities perpetrated at the English elections, public opinion suddenly veered round, and the periodical Press, which had been peculiarly infected with this mania of reform, abjured it almost unanimously—alleging, as the motive of its sudden conversion, the disgraceful scenes which the extension of the elective suffrage appeared to have produced in England.

We trust that the lesson which has been thus profitable will not—when future efforts for a more extended franchise be made—be lost upon ourselves!

V. But, in spite of this extensive abuse of the royal violence, this corruption, the result of the elections is remarkable in its details than in its general aspect, and that the majority in the House of Commons is not a haphazard created by accidental successes in small insignificant or important places, but is founded on and represents an at least equal number of the constituencies of the empire. Thus—

The 362 Conservatives represent	. . . . .	626,144
The 271 Whigs represent	. . . . .	341,257

Conservative majority in the constituencies	. . . . .	284,887
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or about three-fifths of the whole—which is above the proportion of the Parliamentary majority.

But the result as to *England*, which, we suppose, will be admitted to be the most considerable and influential portion of the empire, is still more remarkable.

	Members.	
The English Conservatives were	306, representing 584,000	
The English Whigs were	198, representing 298,000	
Conservative majority	108,	286,000

which, while it increases the proportion of English members above three-fifths, shows a majority in the English constituencies of more than *two to one*;—a proportion which amply balances the less favourable and less important returns from Ireland and Scotland—the whole leaving the result of the elections and constituencies, as before stated, at about three-fifths of the House and the country. But there is in England another circumstance in these statistics which is worth noting. The Reform Bill created 42 English boroughs, whose constituencies make a total of above 100,000. We are saying that these constituencies ought not to have weight in the public scale with any other constituency in the kingdom, but it would be very strange and unnatural if we did not feel something of a grateful bias to that which has created itself the Reform Ministry; and we further know that in creating those boroughs every possible astuteness was used to throw the power as much as possible into Whiggish hands. Our readers will therefore not be surprised to find that the Whig minority of 198 English members no fewer than 208,000 English constituents no less than 100,000 owe their existence to the Reform Bill. With regard to Ireland, the stronghold of the late Ministers, the

observation to be made which is not without its importance in estimating the state of public opinion. It will not, we suppose, be denied that the Irish constituencies are composed—as compared with the gross population—of those more intelligent and respectable classes whose opinions are entitled to the greatest political weight. Now, it is remarkable that the 42 Conservative Irish members represent constituencies of about 51,000 electors, while the 63 O'Connellites are returned by a constituency of only 45,000.

These are curious, and, in different degrees, important facts—they all tend to confirm our hopes of the solidity of the Conservative cause; and, when we finally state that the Conservative constituencies have increased, since the last general election in 1837, by 133,000 electors, while the Whigs have gained but 2900, we cannot but hope that the Conservative strength, which has grown so rapidly in those influential classes, is likely to make a still further progress under an administration which will, we trust, show itself worthy of the confidence of every impartial, honest, and enlightened man. It is on that supposition only that we anticipate, and, for our own parts, desire, its permanent success!

VI. We have hitherto considered only the state of the House of Commons, but the division on the Address in the House of Lords is quite as remarkable, though for a different reason, as that of the Commons. Our readers cannot have forgotten Lord John Russell's repeated attacks on the Upper House, particularly in his celebrated but most luckless speech at Stroud—in which, *inter alia memorabilia*, he said—

‘Among the various CORRUPTIONS which were introduced into our constitution by TORY ministers, who reigned supreme for upwards of fifty years, must be numbered that of POURING INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS SUCH A FLOOD OF PERSONS OF THEIR OWN POLITICAL OPINIONS as to render that assembly the representatives of a particular party rather than a sound constitutional body. I believe I am hardly exaggerating when I say that in the course of fifty years, in one way or another, not less than two hundred persons have been added to the House of Lords. Of course the introduction of so large a mass of individuals, all belonging to one party, has in some respects changed the character of the House of Lords.’—Speech, p. 13.

The Quarterly Review (vol. lix. p. 523) exposed at the time the temerity and fallacy of these assertions—the fallacy of attributing to the Tory administrations anything like the number of peerages stated by his Lordship—the temerity of such a charge—even if it had been true—by one of a Ministry which had ‘poured into the House of Lords a flood of individuals all belonging to one party,’ ten times greater than the proportion inaccurately attributed by his Lordship to the fifty years of Tory administration.

administration. And we further exposed the peculiar nature of this misrepresentation of the Conservative majority of the House of Lords by showing that, on the contrary, it was a minority which was justly liable to the imputation of being the result of lavish and partisan creations, made—not as is sometimes said, from considerations of birth, wealth, talents, or even general political service, but—to a great extent, of persons who had little claim beyond that of being political partisans. Since that time the Melbourne ministry has pursued the same course, descending still lower, and with a still more unbridled profusion. Lord Grey's administration had created 60 peerages—Lord Melbourne has created 51, making 111—viz.

1 Dukedom,  
4 Earldoms,  
84 Baronies,  

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89!!!

of which, strictly speaking, only *two*—those of Lords Brougham and Cottenham—were *required* by the public service. In the usual course of political events, even that of Lord Cottenham might, as well as his pension, have been spared.

We also find that there have been twenty promotions to the peerage—viz.

2 Dukes,  
4 Marquesses,  
13 Earls,  
1 Viscount,  

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20.

Making, in the whole, 109 creations or direct influential additions to that branch of the legislature; a number so enormous, and with the political and household offices held by peers, have, almost irresistibly, made the House of Lords the tool of the Minister, if, fortunately, the excess of the adulation was not excited in all the other peers, and even, to their honour be said, in many of those newly made, so strong a sense of degradation to the peerage and of the danger to the country from such a prostitution of honours, that this '*pouring in of persons, all belonging to one party*' has tended rather to the profligacy of the Ministers than to increase their power.

But, weak as Lord Melbourne was in the House of Commons with all these aids, what would he have been without the support of the Ministry? Take the Minority on the Address.\* The following

\* Public attention was first called to this important point by a correspondent of the '*Times*' (29th August), whose details (inaccurate in a few minor points) were revised, and believe we may now say that the statement in the text is substantially correct.

names, with the *public and political obligations* which the several lords have received, in their own persons or by their wives or sons (we do not go to more distant connexions), from the *No-patronage* Ministry, will, we think, astonish our readers, and furnish a very curious page in the history of the times:—

Duke of Sussex . . .	obtained the creation of <i>Duchess of Inverness</i> for Lady Cecilia Underwood.
Norfolk . . .	the Garter, and his son in office created a peer.
Somerset . . .	the Garter; son in office.
Bedford . . .	his <i>Duchess</i> Lady of the Bedchamber.
Sutherland . . .	dukedom; the Garter; his <i>Duchess</i> Mistress of the Robes.
Marquis of Lansdowne . . .	the Garter; and Lord President of the Council.
Headfort . . .	British peerage; Knight of St. Patrick; and Lord-in-Waiting.
Northampton . . .	( <i>spoke</i> against them).
Anglesea . . .	son called up and Lord Chamberlain.
Conyngham . . .	Knight of St. Patrick, and late Lord Chamberlain.
Clanricarde . . .	Ambassador to St. Petersburg.
Westminster . . .	Marquisate and Garter; and son in Household office.
Normanby . . .	Marquisate and Home Secretary.
Earl of Errol . . .	Knight of the Thistle; British peerage; and Lord Steward.
Cork . . .	Knight of St. Patrick.
Thanet . . .	Lord-Lieutenant of Kent.
Fingal . . .	British peerage; Lord-in-Waiting.
Scarborough . . .	Lord-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire.
Albemarle . . .	Master of the Horse.
Oxford.	
Fitzwilliam.	
Radnor.	
Charlemont . . .	British peerage; Knight of St. Patrick; and wife in Household.
Spencer . . .	(Late Chancellor of the Exchequer).
Clarendon . . .	Lord Privy Seal, and Red Ribbon.
Leitrim . . .	British peerage, and Knight of St. Patrick.
Craven.	
Chichester.	
Gosford . . .	British peerage; late Governor of Canada; and Red Ribbon.
Minto . . .	First Lord of the Admiralty; Red Ribbon.
Morley . . .	in Prince Albert's Household.
Camperdown . . .	Earldom.
Lichfield . . .	Earldom, and Postmaster-General.
Effingham . . .	Earldom.

on De Mauley . . .	peerage.
Wrottesley . . .	peerage.
Sudeley . . .	peerage.
Methuen . . .	peerage.
Langdale . . .	peerage, and Master of the Rolls.
Talbot of Malahide	peerage, both English and Irish.
Leigh . . .	peerage.
Wenlock . . .	peerage twice given to the same generation.
Colborne . . .	peerage.
De Feyne . . .	peerage.
Monteagle . . .	peerage, and <i>job</i> !
Campbell . . .	peerages for self and wife, and Chancellor of Ireland.
Vivian . . .	peerage, and Master General of the Ordnance.
Congleton . . .	peerage.

PAIRS.

l Rosebery . . .	Knight of the Thistle; son in office.
d Hastings . . .	peerage called out of abeyance.
Belhaven . . .	British peerage; and Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland.

Sherborne.

Dinorben . . . . . peerage.

The result of this enumeration is that there remain only *fifteen* (so of them recently in office) who are not under what are ordinarily understood as political obligations to the *no-patronage* ministry—viz.

Marquis of Northampton (who *spoke* against them).

Earl Oxford.

Fitzwilliam.

Radnor.

Spencer (late Chancellor of the Exchequer).

Craven.

Chichester.

Lord Dacre.

Stourton.

Saye and Sele.

Dormer.

Teynham.

Montfort.

Sherborne.

Gardner (late Lord-in Waiting).

Never, certainly, since the House of Lords and constitutional ministries have existed has there been a Government with so tender a provision of what is usually called *independent* support. But let us not be misunderstood. We neither say nor mean to insinuate that the votes of those noble and ennobled persons were influenced by the favours they had received. Our proposition is rather the converse of that. We say that the favours were given on account



account of the, no doubt sincere, political opinions of the individuals—our complaint is not against their Lordships but against the Ministers; and we are driven to make it by one of the Ministers having most rashly accused his adversaries of a series of ‘corruption’ of which they themselves have been demonstrably guilty. Our conservative and monarchical principles do not permit us to complain of a moderate or even liberal exercise of the royal prerogative in creating peers in a due proportion to the progressive circumstances of the country, nor that those created should be friends of the existing Ministry:—we echo Lord John Russell’s complaint, that a ‘Ministry should, such a flood of persons of their own political opinions into the House of Lords’ for the purpose—though it has so fortunately signally failed—‘of rendering that assembly the representative of a particular party rather than a sound constitutional body.’

Such then was the state of Lord Melbourne’s administration of the two Houses of Parliament and the country; and we look with wonder and, we will add, shame at the very fact of its continuance for six years, but more particularly at its existence since the Bedchamber intrigue of 1839. But when, at last, its fate was decided by the vote of the 4th of June, 1841, its conduct became more monstrous, first, as we have already said, in not resigning since it had and could have no hope that a dissolution would give it a majority; secondly, as we have also noticed, in continuing to exert in the most lavish manner the power of the Crown in every feeling, private and constitutional, should have imposed upon them the most scrupulous reserve. We have already referred upon one or two of these posthumous measures, but there are some others so curious and characteristic that we cannot refrain from recording them.

They began by swopping and changing—for no apparent reason—several important offices. Mr. More O’Ferrall was moved from the Admiralty to the Treasury, and Mr. Parker from the Treasury to the Admiralty, and it must be admitted that both were equally fit for either place. The members of the Board of Ordnance danced a reel—the Clerk of the Ordnance, a Captain in the Army, and we believe a very able public officer, danced out—the Mayor of the Ordnance, a Colonel in the Army, took his place, and another Captain in the Navy danced in and took the Colonel’s place. The Under-Secretary of the Home Office became suddenly Secretary for the Board of Trade. Since Lord Holland’s death the Duke of Lancaster had remained vacant; it now, it seems, urgently required a Chancellor, and Sir George Grey was *hocus-pocus* moved from the Horse Guards to Somerset Place, while by a similar operation the Vice-President of the Board of Trade was transferred into the Judge-Advocate of the Army.

All this seems to us—considering the *period*, the *persons*, and the *places*, a most unintelligible jumble :—

‘ Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and grey,  
Mingle—mingle—mingle—mingle—  
All that mingle may ! ’

But in a couple of these *handycaps* we catch a glimmering of motive : there is a small office called Commissionership of Greenwich Hospital, which had been conferred, soon after the *compact alliance* at Lichfield House, upon Mr. Sheil. It was given, or at least, as we have heard, accepted, as a *place for life* : it was found, however, that it was a place during pleasure, and, when held by a Member of Parliament, liable to change with the Ministry ; and Mr. Sheil, the most brilliant speaker on the Ministerial side of the House, very naturally thought that, if he was to have a *precarious* office, he ought to have one more adequate to his services and talents : he therefore vacated it, some couple of years ago, and Mr. William Cowper, Lord Melbourne’s nephew and private secretary, was appointed to it, and so remained till this official earthquake, when he became a Lord of the Treasury, and Alexander Bannerman, Esq., Member for the borough of Aberdeen, was appointed to the place at Greenwich. Now, why this shift was made, or why, for the few days the Government had to exist, Mr. Bannerman might not have been as well in Downing Street as at Greenwich, does not at first appear ; but this we take to be the explanation of the riddle : Mr. Bannerman wanted a place—a permanent place ; and there were two or three chances that the Greenwich one might be of that comfortable class—Sir Robert Peel, in his known moderation and disposition to indulgence, might be induced to wink at the flaw in Mr. Bannerman’s title—or, what was more likely, Mr. Bannerman, who was threatened with a contest, might be beaten, and then, being out of parliament, Sir Robert would surely not be so hard-hearted as to remove him—or, finally, *one* vote being no longer quite so valuable as it had lately been, Mr. Bannerman—a very loyal gentleman—might perhaps not be disposed to offer any factious opposition to the Queen’s Government—in which case all would be safe and snug. We know not how far these surmises may be well founded, but we do know that they afford the only explanation we can imagine for the notorious facts, and they are certainly not inconsistent with the practice of the very most *jobbing* Administration that ever existed, and which only existed by jobbing.

The other case to which we alluded—if indeed it be another, and not part of the same case—is more obscure in its details, though more remarkable in its results, for it ended in nothing less

less than the creation of a *peerage* for a gentleman who had no ordinary claims to that rank, and who, it seems, did not desire it. Sir Henry Parnell, an *Irish* baronet, had, for two parliaments, represented—under the *rational* operation of the Reform Bill—the *Scotch* borough of Dundee. He also—almost unknown to the public—the once considerable Paymaster of the Forces. Of course at the dissolution, the members of Dundee bestirred themselves to secure Sir Henry's re-election. When, lo! just on the eve of the election, they heard that Sir Henry was to be created a peer, and that they must look for a new candidate. This embarrassed them, and they remonstrated with the new peer on the unfairness of his conduct toward them. My Lord Congleton answered them with admirable good sense, giving them to understand that they were not more to be surprised than he himself was,—that he was not thinking of a peerage, when it was proposed to him and accepted, and that he had afterwards announced by him to his *quondam* constituents, who therefore could have no ground for their complaint against his conduct personally; but can any one account for the fact that he was forced on the precipitancy with which at last it was forced on the late baronet—a gentleman of very small fortune, whose only distinction to the title of Congleton consists, we have been told, in his possession of a small farm of some eighty acres in the parish of Bag-Lawton, about three miles from that town, and whose intellectual and personal qualifications would fit him rather for the figure-head of one of Her Majesty's ships than for a place in the House of Lords? We cannot pretend to explain this extraordinary transaction, but we can state a series of facts which may throw some kind of light on it as well as on the case of Mr. Bannerman. Bannerman was made a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, vice Mr. William Cowper—Mr. William Cowper was made Secretary of the Treasury, vice Mr. J. Parker—Mr. J. Parker was made Secretary of the Admiralty, vice Mr. More O'Ferrall—Mr. More O'Ferrall was made Secretary of the Treasury, vice Mr. Edward John Stanley—Mr. Edward John Stanley was made Paymaster of the Forces, vice Sir Henry Parnell—and Sir Henry Parnell was made Lord Congleton, vice—the salary of the Paymaster! We cannot imagine what possible object there could have been for such changes *at such a time*—for thus moving the inferior pieces on the board, when *check-mate* had been given a month before, nor why Mr. O'Ferrall and Mr. Stanley might not have *gone out* just as well in their old characters as the new, nor why Mr. E. J. Stanley might not have been a privy counsellor without displacing an old friend—undoubtedly it was a strict logical *sorites*, in which the *Parnell*-

was to be, through a long meander, the necessary consequence of the *Bannerman-place*!

Thus died, as it had lived, in mystification and corruption, the Melbourne Ministry; whose history, if to be separately written, could not have a more appropriate title than—*the Book of Job*.

But let us turn to brighter and purer prospects.

*What is to be the policy of Sir Robert Peel?*—That is a question which the Whigs pressed even before the Right Honourable Baronet was in office, and which he fairly told them no one should answer but himself, and he only in its proper and practical season. We therefore cannot pretend to anticipate his future course; but it cannot, we hope, be unbecoming in us to suggest, in one emphatic phrase, what we humbly think it *ought* to be; namely—*the very reverse of the policy of the Whigs*. If he should guide himself by that golden rule, he cannot go far astray.

Towards the SOVEREIGN *He* will exercise that dutiful fidelity in the business of the state, and, in all cases, that respectful delicacy and personal deference, to which her station is constitutionally and her sex peculiarly entitled. *He* will never abuse her sacred name to the selfish purposes of her ministers. *He* will remember that that name is second only in reverence to the more awful one which we are forbidden *to take in vain*; and neither he nor his colleagues or followers will inscribe it on the banners of election mobs! *He* will appoint no factious or fanatic partisan to be the chaplain of the Head of the Church; to carry the ravings of a dissenting *Conference* into the sanctuary of the Chapel Royal. *He* will not endeavour to involve her Majesty's individual opinions with questions of 'cheap sugar' or 'cheap bread,' or such-like topics of popular excitement, over which the royal feelings—however benevolent and tender to all classes of her subjects, and especially the poorest—can have, by the laws of nature, no personal influence. *He* will not seek to control or embarrass her Majesty's discretion in the choice of future ministers by false and factious misrepresentations of his opponents. *He* will never condescend to shelter his own unpopularity, if he should happen to incur any, behind the draperies of the throne: and, finally, *He* will vindicate to himself—on whom the constitution imposes it—the responsibility of all debatable measures, and will leave to her Majesty the unimpaired enjoyment of her dearest prerogative—the undivided and unanimous affection of all her subjects.

To FOREIGN POWERS he will show a calm and conciliating spirit, and an attitude elevated and courteous, such as command esteem and respect in private society, and are equally becoming and beneficial in the intercourse of nations. *He* will remember  
that,

that, though he represents a people more generous than sus- it will be his duty to soothe the susceptibilities of othe negotiations he will steer his course by the wrecks of his cessor,

‘Set as sea-marks for himself to shun,’

and will avoid the alternate extremes of waspish haste and like delays. *He* will neither suffer scratches to fester into nor injustice to be diluted by procrastination and If he should unhappily be forced (which Heaven avert the paths of peace, he will be animated by the spirit and by the prudence of his illustrious friend—‘*the foremost all the world.*’ *He* will make no ‘*little wars,*’ nor any little ways. *He* will not be giddily aggressive in Ind contemptibly inconsistent and dilatory in China—nor blundering in America—nor flippantly offensive to France of doubtful faith to the other great continental powers. not lend himself to the abasement of our ancient allies of gal and Holland. *He* will not aggravate the unhappy and Spain, either by an armed intervention, whose doubtful and chievous success shall overthrow the ally it is sent to support a crooked diplomacy, which inflames dissensions it has no to allay. *He* will not send our highest military honour to venturer and usurper, nor will he word and time so str favour with such ridiculous ill-luck or such mischievous be that the alleged reward of *loyalty* shall look like a prent rebellion. *He* will endeavour, we trust, to engage the c sense and common interests of mankind in the ways of p not war in disguise—not a precarious truce amidst rancor ruinous armaments, which exhaust the resources of nations even the barren compensation of glory—but a PEACE of so abiding international confidence, of political and commerci procity, and of free and friendly personal intercourse and equally honourable and profitable to all. We know not v at this late hour such hopes can be suddenly and completely plished, but at least the mischievous courses which led to contrary results will not, we trust, be pursued. And we feel satisfaction at receiving (while we write) the following o tions of M. de Girardin, the able editor of the French new called *La Presse*, to which we have often alluded, and w though it has generally been exceedingly and unaccountab tile to England—is supposed to speak the sentiments of Philippe and his government :—

‘J’ai toujours pensé et dit qu’il s’ouvrirait pour la politique c NOUVELLE ; que le temps était venu pour les peuples de cherch grandeur, non plus dans la guerre, mais dans la paix—non pl l’esprit de rivalité, mais dans l’esprit d’union—non plus dans la

*cit , mais dans la bonne foi—non plus dans de pr caires accroissemens de territoire, mais dans la conclusion de trait s de commerce judicieux et  quitables—dans le perfectionnement universel des voies de communication—dans le progr s de l'industrie—dans la mutualit  et la solidarit  du cr dit. J'ai toujours pens  et dit que l'alliance de la France  tait un avantage que tous les  tats de l'Europe se disputeraient   l'envi aussit t qu'elle aurait affermi son gouvernement et r pudi  cette politique de refrains qui se pla t   lui r p ter incessamment que le monde entier, envieux de sa gloire et de sa libert , inquiet de sa force, est ligu  contre elle ; qu'il en veut   ses institutions, qu'il menace son ind pendance, mais qu'elle n'a qu'  parler haut pour le faire trembler et d cha ner les peuples, “ elle, la premi re entre toutes les nations, la plus  clair e, la plus brave, la seule libre ! ” Politique maladroite et surann e ! qui n'aboutit qu'  blesser de l gitimes susceptibilit s, qu'   teindre d'anciennes sympathies, et qu'  faire contester, en les exag rant, sa gloire, son g nie, et sa force ; politique d'affaiblissement et d'isolement ! ”—*La Presse*, 8th September, 1841.*

These are wise, generous, and statesmanlike sentiments, and we heartily desire, and indeed would fain believe, that they are those which will henceforward animate the cabinets of Europe.

As to our FINANCES Sir Robert Peel's task is one of great and, but for our confidence in him, we should say, insuperable difficulties. It cannot be too often repeated that the Whigs received the Exchequer from the Tories with an annual and growing *surplus* of 2,500,000*l.*, and that the Whigs have handed it back to the Conservatives not merely exhausted, but with an accumulated and growing *DEFICIT* of 7,500,000*l.* Sir Robert Peel has become, as it were, the *Official Assignee* of a most enormous *bankruptcy* ; and nothing but the greatest diligence, prudence, and, we may even add, good fortune, can enable him to extricate the creditors. His means will probably be slowly and cautiously developed, but at least, we think, we may anticipate that he will not imitate his predecessors in the system of recklessly increasing our expenses, and shabbily sacrificing our revenue. *He* will not starve public services that he may feed private jobs ; and, in any case, *he* will not sit down contented on an empty chest, and implore the eleemosynary assistance of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer to help him to replenish it. But we venture to indulge more cheering hopes ; we trust that it may be found possible to reduce these ruinous armaments, and that the novelty of possessing a *government* that is capable of *governing* may give confidence to public credit, and a fresh and fructifying impulse to national industry.

Connected with the state of our finances is a subject of general interest, and of great, and we are glad to say growing, importance in this country : and while our first anxiety is for the safety of the State—to see our expenses and our revenues brought to a due balance—



balance—our next wish is for such a *surplus* revenue enable Sir Robert to indulge not merely his own well-known tastes and feelings, but those of Her Majesty and her Royal Household, in the liberal encouragement of the fine arts, and in the reign of Queen Victoria to rival the reign of Queen Elizabeth, its noblest distinction of being the Augustan age of England, so generous and so wise in works of practical utility, and too long looked at the imaginative arts with the jealous parsimony. She is but slowly learning that, in addition to intellectual pleasure, there is no inconsiderable degree of profit to be derived from works that may, at first sight, be mere ostentatious embellishment; but the examples of Rome and Florence, and, above all, of Munich, Berlin, and Paris, are beginning to open our eyes. It was the great Colbert, we think, on some objection to one of Louis XIV.'s costly *Carousels*, that by calculation, that it would produce from the influx of strangers ten times more profit to the industry of the kingdom than would cost to the royal purse; and we have little doubt that the sums spent on the embellishment of Paris, great as they have been, are already producing, if not a full, at least a satisfactory return, which, if the King can sober down the minds of his subjects to a spirit of peace, will every day become more considerable. We should not forget how and amongst whom the cost of these works is distributed,—not to the idle and the rich, who derive from them only an intellectual enjoyment, but to the artistic and industrious classes, who find in them the actual means of livelihood:—

‘For hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed,  
Work for himself and for his children bread  
The labourer finds.’

It is rather curious to meet in very remote antiquity a great authority on this subject, which we once before quoted. Pericles was creating those glorious works with which he adorned as well as illustrated his country, ‘he too was charged with profusion, and the narrow minds of his adversaries pressed him the specious argument of economy. The answer of the great statesman is recorded by Plutarch; and we can add, more strong, more forcible, and more appropriate, as the erection of national monuments.’ \*

‘Pericles answered this charge by observing, that, as the state was provided with all the necessities of war, its superfluous wealth might be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which, during their execution, would diminish universal plenty; for as so many kinds of labour, and such a va-

\* Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV., p. 546.

instruments and materials, were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself.

. . . . . For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, braziers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land wheelwrights, waggoners, carriers, ropemakers, leather-cutters, paviors, and iron-founders: and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it, like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus, by the exercise of these different trades, plenty was diffused among persons of every rank and condition.'—*Plutarch in the Life of Pericles.*

But these are agreeable anticipations, in which it is, perhaps, too early to indulge, at least to any considerable extent. We must first pay our debts—and be just before we set up for being generous: but when we shall have remedied the frightful derangement of our finances by the Melbourne ministry, we indulge a confident hope that the Government will be forward to second the Royal Taste and Munificence in works of judicious ornament as well as of embellished utility; and we venture to address to HER MAJESTY the admirable apostrophe of Pope:—

' You too proceed ! make falling arts your care ;  
Erect new wonders and the old repair ;  
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,  
And be whate'er AUGUSTUS was before :  
Bid harbours open—public ways extend ;  
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend ;  
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain ;  
The mole projected break the roaring main ;  
Back to his bounds the subject sea command,  
And roll obedient rivers through the land :  
These honours peace to happy Britain brings ;  
These are imperial works and worthy kings.'

But not *these* only,—but such also as may minister to the amusements, the morals, and the health of the People, by creating and extending their opportunities of innocent and intellectual recreation—the most effective rivals of the ale-house and gin-shop ! Who can see the crowds that gather round the barrel-organ in the streets, or the window of the print-seller—or that visit the National Gallery and the Museum—or who throng the aisles of Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoons—or who flow through the newly-opened apartments of Hampton Court\*—or who, in these

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\* We gladly add our humble tribute to the approbation expressed by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons of the administration—in those points—of *Lord Duncannon*, whose good taste and public spirit are entitled to general gratitude; and we are in a peculiar degree bound to make him this acknowledgment, as in the improve-

these fine evenings, inhale health and pleasure in the best enclosures of the Parks—without being convinced there is, in what are called the lower classes of society, a *natural* taste for the arts, and an *innate* susceptibility of mental enjoyments, and it is the duty, as well as the policy, of a wise and benevolent Government to cultivate and improve?

With respect to IRELAND, which Sir Robert Peel's adversaries fondly regard as the stronghold of their future opposition, which perhaps many of his friends look at with a painful anxiety, we confess we have no very heavy apprehensions—for again we believe that even there his task will be comparatively easy. He will only govern Ireland on the principles which he has always professed, and which he has lately deliberately and forcibly repeated—namely, principles of equal and impartial justice—*Justice for Ireland*—tempered withal by a considerate indulgence for a people who, from many circumstances—one of them, we really believe, the national character—are more liable to error and misguidance, than the other portions of the empire. Admitting as we must do the *inconséquence*, as the French call it—the proneness to inconsiderate impulses—of Irish character, and the vast and generally misused political power which the priests have usurped over so large a portion of the population—still we cannot suppose that Ireland is the country in the world incapable of good government. When we recollect that for the last fifteen years it has been covered over with political agitation, and that for the greater portion of that time the *Misrule*, calling itself a Government, instead of endeavouring to damp, has been stirring the fire, we have reason to hope that much of the turbulence is simulated and much of the discontent factitious—and that, when Mr. O'Connell shall have to deal with a ministry whom he can neither corrupt, nor cajole, nor bully, he will find agitation neither so easy nor so profitable a trade as it has hitherto been. We suppose his great engine is to be the *Repeal of the Union*. We cannot understand on what rational or constitutional principle the law should tolerate attempts for the repeal of the Union which would be in fact the dissolution and dismemberment of the Empire. It is idle to cloak its gross illegality under the pretext that Mr. O'Connell only seeks to restore a state that once existed—that state cannot be restored, nor does Mr. O'Connell profess to restore it. Would he restore the *exclusively Protestant Parliament*—the *exclusively Protestant corporation*—and all the other details of *Protestant Ascendancy* which

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ments at Hampton Court he was pleased to adopt a specific suggestion of ours (Quart. Rev., Jan. 1838, p. 32)—though on a more limited scale, no doubt from want of funds, than we had proposed.

stituted before the Union the main link of political connexion between Ireland and England, and without which that connexion could not have lasted a year? Is Mr. Wallace to be encouraged to repeal the *Scottish Union*, or is Mr. Frost to be allowed to return from *New South Wales* to advocate the independence of the *ancient principality*? Mr. Charles Buller, or some less respectable demagogue, might stand up for the duchy of Cornwall—Mr. Cobden for that of Lancaster—and Mr. Rippon may work his resuscitation to political life by raising the standard of independence in the Palatinate of Durham. ‘*Repeal the Union!*’ said Mr. Canning, in one of those bursts which condensed the soundest logic in the most brilliant eloquence—‘*Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy!*’ We do not hesitate to say that an attempt to repeal the Union is virtually and in substance HIGH TREASON—at least as much so as those Chartist projects which Mr. O’Connell himself has lately designated as ‘HIGH TREASON’—and it seems at first sight incomprehensible why such an outrage on the Constitution should have been for a moment tolerated. But there is a reason, or at least an excuse, for this sufferance. The Repeal of the Union is not merely HIGH TREASON—it is also HIGH NONSENSE—and, in the judgment of thinking men, deserving rather Bedlam than Newgate. We do not undervalue the importance of Ireland to England;—our present efforts—the whole course of our political opinions—testify how essential we consider it:—but how infinitely more essential—indispensable— *vital*—is the value of England to Ireland! We will not hold a candle to the sun by insisting further on this topic; suffice it to say that, of all the ruin with which the Repeal of the Union might be pregnant, the first, the widest, and the worst, would be that of miserable Ireland. We dismiss therefore with, we trust, not unjustifiable contempt, all apprehension of any serious danger from the Repeal agitation. We believe the common sense of both countries will put it down. If it should not, the law must.

Sir Robert Peel is a wise man and an honest man, and *he* will, we cannot doubt, do *justice to Ireland*—not a strict, dry formality, but an indulgent, fostering, parental justice. What other motive, interest, or object can he possibly have but her happiness and prosperity? He knows Ireland and would, we have no doubt, say in the words of Cowper—

‘*Ireland, with all thy faults, I love thee still.*’

Some of his oldest and dearest personal friends are Irish—many of his closest political connexions are Irish—Irish too who had always supported the Roman Catholic claims. His own early political life was passed in Ireland, and there he gave the first proofs of that moderation, integrity, and justice which have since developed themselves on a larger stage and raised him to that ex-

tain offensive seal which has been affixed to the return of the members for the county of Fermanagh, I, as Lieutenant of this county, considered it my duty to call a meeting at the earliest moment, for the purpose of giving the gentry an opportunity of disconnecting the Conservative party from the conduct of the individual who has so rashly caused the stigma to be cast upon us.

‘ I feel much pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the protest, signed by all the principal gentry at present in the county, expressive of their disapprobation of such conduct, and of the insult offered to the feelings of the Roman Catholics. I have likewise sent copies to each of our members, in order that they may make what use of them they may think proper in the house.

‘ I trust this document will remove from your mind any impression that the gentlemen and landed proprietors of this county are capable of fostering the feelings imputed to them, or of disgracing by such unworthy and uncharitable actions the party whose principles you advocate.

‘ I have the honour to remain your humble servant,

‘ JOHN CRICHTON, Lieutenant of Fermanagh.’

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‘ *Enniskillen Court House, Sept. 4:*

‘ In consequence of a correspondence having appeared in the last publication of our county papers, and our attention being called to the report of a speech said to have been made in parliament by Sir Robert Peel, alluding to certain circumstances regarding the conduct of our High Sheriff in the recent return of our county members, in which the right hon. baronet states he has been asked whether he intended to associate with parties who have offered a deep insult to the religious feelings of their countrymen, &c.

‘ We take the earliest opportunity, at a meeting convened by the Lieutenant of the county of Fermanagh, of entering our decided protest in condemnation of an offensive seal having been affixed to the return of a writ, as disavowed by our late High Sheriff, and we totally disconnect ourselves with the person or persons who could be guilty of any act which could impair the kindly feelings that up to the present period have so happily existed in Fermanagh between all classes of her Majesty’s subjects, and we feel it right to state that in no part of the empire does greater tranquillity or more marked obedience to the law exist than in our loyal and united county.’

‘ Signed by the Lord Lieutenant and 35 Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates; and several others who had been absent from the meeting have since signified their adherence.’

To this very becoming, right-headed, and right-hearted communication Sir Robert Peel replied with corresponding candour and propriety:—

‘ *To Colonel Crichton, &c. &c.*

‘ *Whitehall, Sept. 9, 1841.*

‘ Sir,—I hasten to acknowledge the letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you, and of the document which accompanies it, expressing, on behalf of the principal gentry of Fermanagh at present

in the county, their marked disapprobation of an act to which particular attention has been recently called, and which was calculated to wound the feelings of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

'I assure you that this document was unnecessary with a view to move from my mind an impression unfavourable to the body from which it proceeds. I could not entertain a doubt that the gentlemen of Fermanagh would deeply lament and entirely disapprove of the act in question.

'But though the document may be superfluous for the particular purpose for which it was intended, I have received with cordial satisfaction the communication which you have made to me.

'I rejoice that at a public meeting of the gentlemen of Fermanagh convened by yourself as Lieutenant of the county, sentiments such as those of which you have been the organ should have been expressed calculated to discourage throughout Ireland provoking and irritating demonstrations of party feeling and to remove the causes of dissension and ill-will.

'The proceeding which you have adopted is calculated to give strength and confidence to the Government which it has been my duty to follow in obedience to the commands of her Majesty.

'It assures me that the course which I have firmly resolved to pursue with respect to the administration of Irish affairs will meet with cordial support of those whose friendly co-operation is almost essential to its success.

'My firm persuasion also is, that it will be followed by consequences much more important than any that are connected with mere party interests; that, by setting the generous example of forbearance, and allaying angry feelings, it will go far to paralyse the agitation by which Ireland has been distracted; and to enable the real friends of that country (whatever be their religious distinctions) to lay the foundation of internal peace and social improvement.

'I have, &c.

'ROBERT PEEL

What could we add to this emphatic exhortation, and to pledge that his administration will be *firmly directed* to the following objects:

—to set a generous example of forbearance—  
—to allay angry feelings—  
—to paralyse the agitation with which Ireland is distracted  
and to enable the real friends of that country (whatever be their religious distinctions) to lay the foundation of INTERNAL PEACE and SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT?

Nobody can doubt that Sir Robert Peel will keep his word, and everybody (except the agitators) must hope that Ireland is the only country on the face of the earth insensible to the advantages of good government, or inaccessible to feelings of gratitude and justice.

The GENERAL DOMESTIC POLICY of Sir Robert Peel has been plainly indicated by the part which he has taken for the last six years, when, as leader of the opposition, he has had a gr



share in all the administrative measures of government—by promoting good and checking evil—than the government itself.

Adverse as he was—and with how much reason we leave the world to judge—to the Reform *Revolution*, he has frankly accepted, and on more than one occasion strenuously defended, the existing system. He is, of all men—by his origin, his education, his principles, and even his taste—the least bigoted to abuses because they are ancient, or averse to improvements because they may be novel. He is essentially a man of the NEW ERA, as M. de Girardin calls it, imbued with the wisdom of the *old*. He stands, as it were, on the brink of the great stream of time, adhering with one hand to our rooted institutions, while he endeavours with the other to seize every passing hint for improvement. *He* will neither reject wholesome reform because it is change, nor precipitate changes under the pretence of reform. Let us not forget what he did during the too short space that he was Secretary of State, even under the old and now much calumniated régime—his extensive amendments of our *criminal code*—his sound improvements in our internal *police*—his frank and powerful association with Mr. Huskisson (even to the extent of differing from those whom he most loved and revered) on the weightiest questions of *trade* and *currency*—and, above all, his noble sacrifice—admitted to be such by those who most regretted it—of all personal and selfish feeling, in the great measures affecting the *Dissenters* and the *Roman Catholics*. Did any statesman ever exhibit a more indisputable spirit of candour, conciliation, and compliance with the new and varying, but, in his judgment, imperative exigencies of the times in which he is placed? For years he was reproached with too much ductility; it is rather too hard that he should be now accused of a bigoted obstinacy. Both charges are, almost equally, unjust. The statesman who is equally open to the instruction of experience, and to the danger of temerity, may no doubt err sometimes—but he has got the key to the golden mean by which alone, in times of conflicting opinion, mighty interests can be conciliated and vast nations governed. Compare Sir Robert Peel with his great parallel, Mr. Pitt, in some of the most important measures of their lives—you will find a strong analogy and the same principle adapting itself to different circumstances. Mr. Pitt began life by proposing parliamentary reform; he ended its most determined opponent. He at one time advocated the Romish claims; he subsequently resisted them. Sir Robert Peel began life by resisting the Romish claims; he subsequently conceded them. He strongly deprecated parliamentary reform; he now frankly acquiesces in it. Does any thinking man who has witnessed, or will posterity when it comes to review, the transactions of the last half-century, charge either of these great men with dishonest, self-seeking

self-seeking inconsistency? Will they not rather consider the features in either career as the highest proofs of moral courage?

Sir Robert Peel has a large field before him, in which, like the original possessors of our soil, he must by turns employ the implements of a cultivator and the arms of a champion. He will have to defend our institutions from a horde of assailants; but he will repair and improve them, that they may be more capable of defence: and the colleagues whom he has associated with himself in this great work are an additional pledge of the *combined principle of amendment and conservation* on which he intends to conduct his government. But not he and they can alone suffice for this great and glorious task:—important and able as they are, they are only the *leaders* of the host—the *guides* of that great body in which the substantial strength and power of the country is lodged; and let not our recent advantages over the Whigs and Radicals—let not the triumphant divisions in the two Houses—lead us to forget or miscalculate the force and numbers of our enemies. Prudence warns and truth obliges us to confess that they are still most formidable, and that nothing but the entire, cordial, and well-disciplined union of every conservative heart, and voice, can confirm and consolidate the success they have recently achieved.

The country must prepare itself for the essential difference which has always existed, and, from the nature of the antagonistic principles, must exist, between a *Tory* and a *Whig* Opposition. A Tory Opposition is seldom, we might almost say, never, *aggressive*, for when it seems most to take that character—as in the recent vote of no confidence—it is tardily and reluctantly adopted as the last resource against the aggressions of their opponents whenever and as long as the Ministers were satisfied to carry on the business of the country with even tolerable fairness, they were always secure of the assistance of the Tory Opposition. We need not remind our readers that during the late Ministry almost the only obstruction to *public business* has been from the Radicals, partisans of the Ministry itself, and we need not recapitulate the almost daily instances in which the Conservatives protected the Administration, and assisted, rather as allies than mere auxiliaries, in carrying their measures: this was so notorious that it passed into a kind of axiom that it was *her Majesty's Opposition that governed the country*. We have even heard of instances in which the Ministerial leaders sought and received the advice and concurrence of the leaders of the opposition; and if the former had not been driven by the indiscipline and voracity of their own *Actæon* pack of dogs to attack in succession the Church and all the great interests of the State, and even their own Reform Bill, they would still have been in possession of office under the protection of the

Conservative

Conservatives, whose first object was, and is, and always must be, the maintenance of order and the undisturbed working of the great machine of government. Very different, we anticipate, will be the conduct of the Whig and Radical opposition, who will, we have little doubt, coalesce into the same violent and disorganising course, of which, even while their party was in office, they showed so many mutinous symptoms, and which they will probably now pursue with their characteristic intemperance and rancour.

The occasional depressions of trade, the vicissitudes of harvests, the temporary aggravations as well as the permanent and inevitable existence of human misery, will be all charged upon the *Tory administration*—in defiance of that melancholy but eternal truth so tersely and beautifully stated by the poet:—

‘How small of all that human hearts endure,  
The part that laws or kings can cause or cure!’

Of this we have already had a specimen. The state of the weather about the time when the defeat of the Whigs became certain had created serious apprehensions for the harvest; every man who during that period talked with a Whig or read a Whig newspaper can testify with what satisfaction they accepted and enforced every sinister prognostic of a scarcity—how the gloomy sky illuminated their countenances, and how—in the spirit of Lord John’s *two-loaf* argument—a *bad* day was hailed as a *Russell day*, and a *fine* day deplored as being favourable to Peel. One prominent member of the party, a gentleman, we cannot say of great importance, but certainly of great *weight*, was observed, we are told, one cold and rainy morning, to rub his large hands and exclaim with great glee, ‘*This will do for Peel!*’ We hope we may be excused for accepting the same augury, and for considering the *bad day* to be in truth a *Russell day*, and the *fine one* a symbol of the success of *Sir Robert Peel*! This leads us to a fact, which—although we have declined to pursue on this occasion the corn-law argument—is too remarkable to be omitted, for it really condenses the whole question into one short statement. The precarious weather during the last month has so raised the price of corn that the *duty* has, at the moment we write, actually fallen so low as 1s.—and that therefore, so far as the calumniated *bread-tax* is concerned, the sliding scale affords *cheaper* bread in the proportion of 1s. to 8s. than Lord John’s fixed duty. We are well aware that this result does not relieve the sliding scale from the objections to which some of its details may be liable—that, on the contrary, it may enhance them; but it proves the general proposition, that, under the sliding scale, as pressure grows the duty vanishes; and that at this hour we are eating bread at a duty of 1s. instead of 8s., as we should have done if Lord John Russell had been allowed to consummate his *cheap-bread*

masses of mankind) sudden changes, adventurous experiments, and a consequent feeling of uncertainty and instability, would be worse evils than any defects or even hardships in the details either of legislation or administration: it is always safer to endeavour to correct such errors *seriatim* and *pro re natâ*, than to overthrow a whole system, of which after all they are only a part—prominent and important no doubt, but not perhaps essential and substantial. Who in his senses would think of suddenly pulling down a mansion built only ten years ago, because some of the details were unsightly or inconvenient—even if there were no grave differences of opinion, as there notoriously are in the poor-law case, as to the extent of the inconvenience or deformity?

Moreover, we ourselves have the misfortune of disagreeing from some of those in whose opinions against other parts of the new bill we cordially agree, on the question of what is called *centralisation*—that is, the existence of a central authority in the metropolis, to ensure a unity, or, at least, similarity, of principle and practice throughout the whole country. That the large class of individual and local cases ought to be and must be individually and locally determined, is unquestionable; and that the existing rules as to cases of extreme and sudden urgency are far too narrow, we are strongly inclined to believe; but who can be so unreasonable as to deny that some broad and general principles, founded on broad and general consideration and experience, ought to pervade the whole? Why should one county or one parish have one principle and another another? Why should not that which is best and fittest and most beneficial be extended to all? We really cannot believe that any serious difference of opinion does or can exist on so self-evident a proposition; and accordingly we find that the strongest adversaries of the central *Board* would only replace it by an equally central authority under another name:—as for instance, a new department of State, to be conducted either by an additional Under-Secretary of the Home Department or by a fourth Secretary of State appointed *ad hoc*. To this we should have no administrative objection, but we see in it great moral and political disadvantages and danger. In this country, where everything runs but too easily and too naturally into *party*, can any one contemplate without the deepest alarm the bringing all the details of the administration of the poor law into the arena of direct political conflict? We ourselves are convinced that such a system could produce nothing but abuse, confusion, and anarchy, and we are therefore conscientiously anxious that every possible precaution and exertion should be employed to sever and separate—as far as can possibly be done—all poor-law questions from the inflammation of political parties. This is a consideration which we beg leave humbly but

most

sisting of so many more gentlemen susceptible, by their station and their talents, of public office than there could be offices to give, it is improbable, and perhaps not desirable, that such feelings should not have a momentary existence: he that should be without an honourable ambition of political distinction would not be likely to feel an adequate zeal in the discharge even of parliamentary duties. But such feelings, inevitable in the formation of a new administration, will subside, if they have not already subsided, in the sacrifice of private pretensions to general advantage.

At least we may be assured that Sir Robert Peel, however alive to the influences of private or political friendship, will never permit them to sway unduly his public conduct. He is neither in the hard condition nor of the flexible temper of Lord Melbourne. *He* will not be driven, like that amiable and otherwise well-meaning man, from the policy which his reason approves, into measures to which only his 'poverty consents;' and *he* has in plain terms and full parliament told his opponents, his supporters, and his country, that no factious injustice from the first, and no unreasonable pretensions amongst the second, shall ever warp him from what he thinks his public duty. 'It is right,' he said in the recent debate of the 17th of September—

'It is right, Sir, that there should be a distinct understanding as to the terms on which a public man holds office. *The force of circumstances and a sense of duty to the country have compelled me to undertake the harassing and laborious task, in the performance of which I now stand before you.* What can be my inducement to undertake that task, and to make the sacrifices which it entails? What but the hope of rendering service to the country, and of acquiring an honourable fame? (Cheers.) Is it credible that I would go through the labours which are daily imposed upon me if I did not claim for myself the liberty of proposing to Parliament those measures which I shall believe conducive to the public welfare? Sir, I will claim that liberty, I will propose those measures, and I do with confidence assure this House that no consideration of mere *political support* shall induce me to alter them. *I will not hold office by the servile tenure which would compel me to be the instrument of carrying other men's opinions into effect.* (Cheers.) I do not estimate highly the distinctions which office confers. To any man who is fit to hold it, its only value must be, not the patronage which the possessor is enabled to confer, but the opportunity which is afforded to him of doing good to his country. (Loud cheers.) And the moment I shall be convinced that that power is denied me, to be exercised in accordance with my own views of duty, *I tell every one who hears me that he confers on me no personal obligation in having placed me in this office.* Free as the winds, I shall reserve to myself the power of retiring from the discharge of its onerous and harassing functions the moment I feel that I cannot discharge them with satisfaction to the public and to my own conscience. (Great cheering.)'

These are sentiments at once so just and so noble—this is a determination

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TO THE

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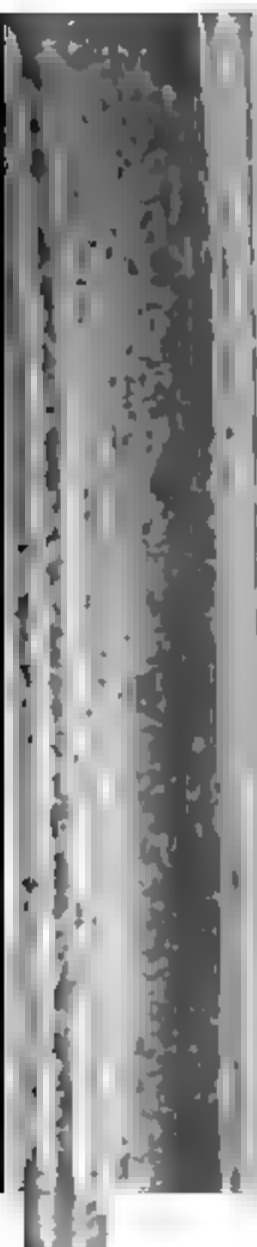
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